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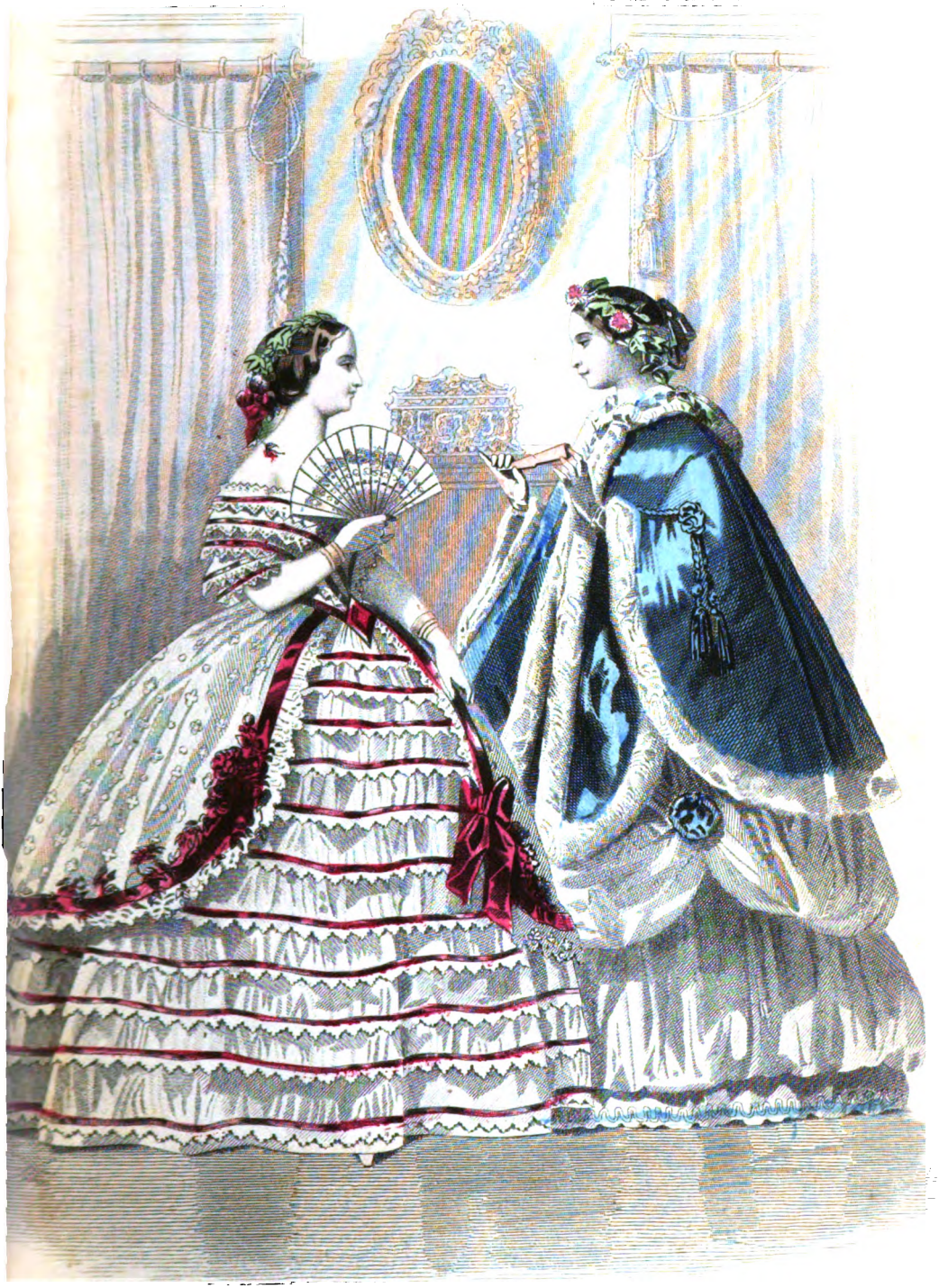

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

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Peterson's Magazine, January, 1860. Pattern for Slipper, &c.

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Blind Man's Buff.
Fashions for January, colored.
The Bouquet of Beauty.
Fashions for February, colored.
The Trial of Patience.
Fashions for March, colored.
This Stupid Lesson.
Fashions for April, colored.
Saturday Night.
Fashions for May, colored.
The Lady Constance.
Fashions for June, colored.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

January Number, Eighty Engravings.
February Number, Sixty-Six Engravings.
March Number, Thirty-Eight Engravings.
April Number, Fifty-Two Engravings.
May Number, Fifty-Eight Engravings.
June Number, Fifty-Three Engravings.

COLORED PATTERNS.

Pattern for Slipper.
Chair Pattern, &c.
Watch-Pocket, in Crochet.
Blue and White Knitted Crib Cover.
Pattern for Handkerchief: Embroidered in Red.
Patterns for Traveling Satchels

MUSIC.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.
Jenny, Darling Jenny.
"Ever of Thee" Gallop.
What Shall I Offer Thee?
New Friends! True Friends!
Jovial Schottische.

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MARRIED AND HAPPY.

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THE TARTAN.

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THE REDINGOTE MAGICIENNE.

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THE BOYARD.

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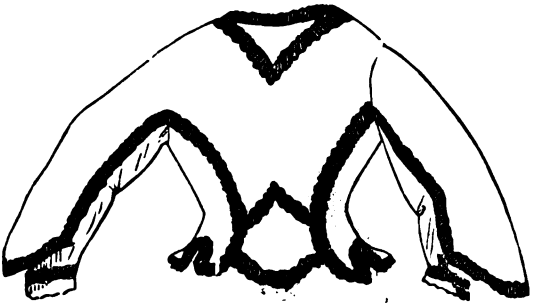

ZOUAVE JACKET FOR A LITTLE BOY, (BACK.)

FICHU.

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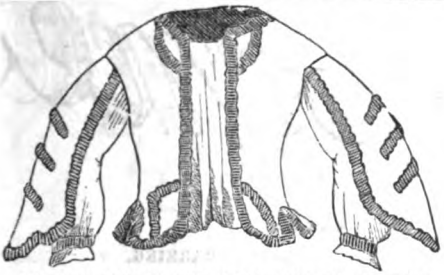

ZOUAVE JACKET FOR A LITTLE BOY, (FRONT.)

HEAD-DRESS.

CHILD'S DRESS.

CAP.

HEAD-DRESS.

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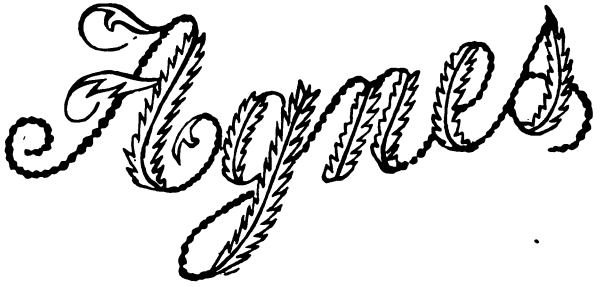
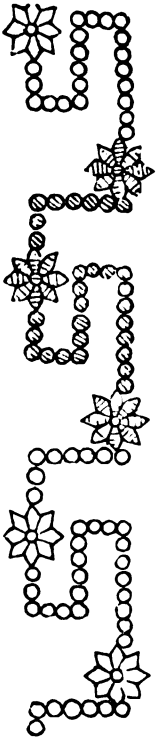
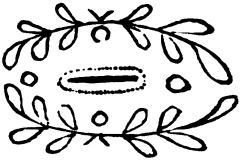


NAME FOR MARKING.

BABY'S CLOAK IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY.



FOR BUTTON-HOLE.

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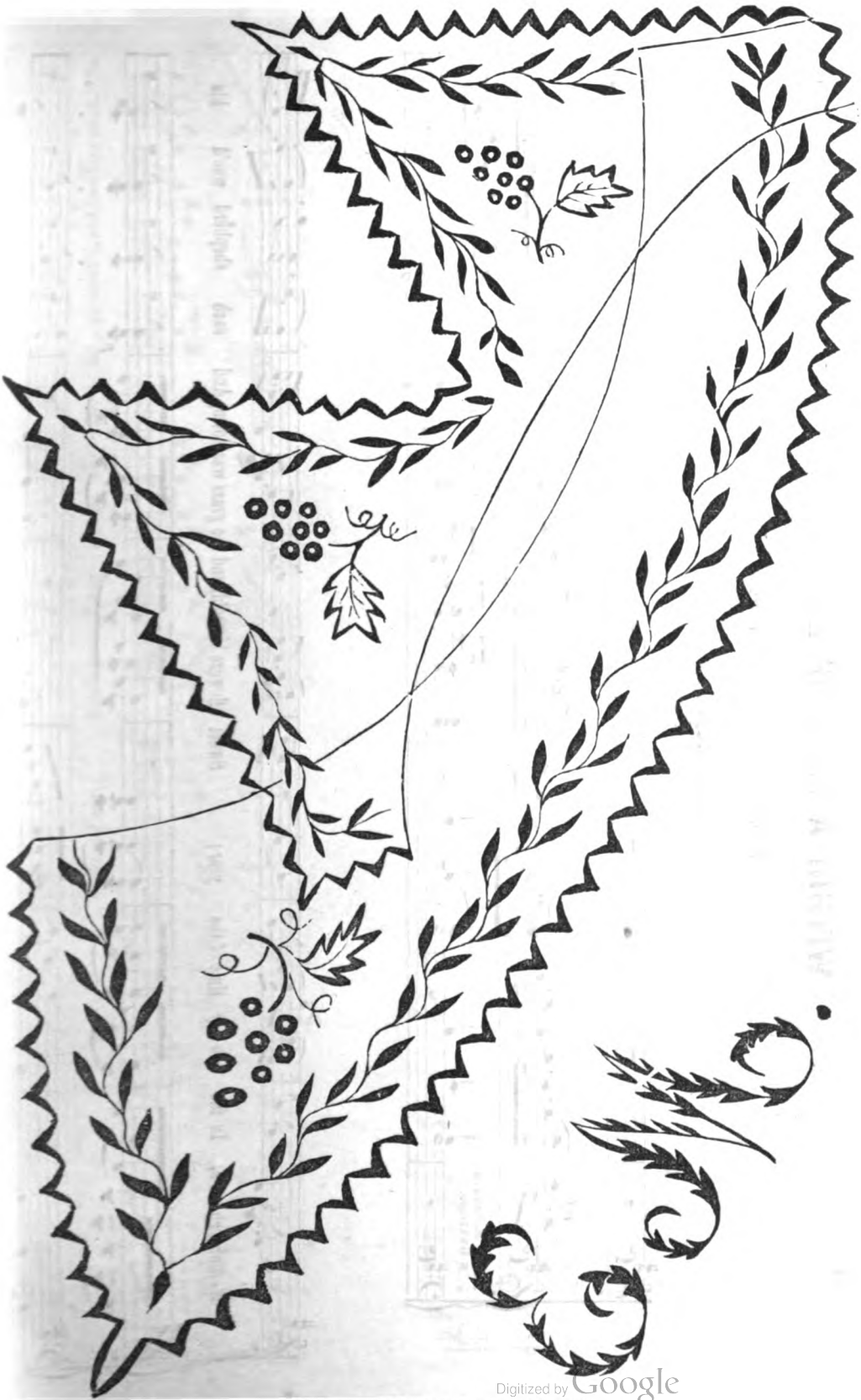

THE NEW STYLE OF COLLAR AND CUFF.

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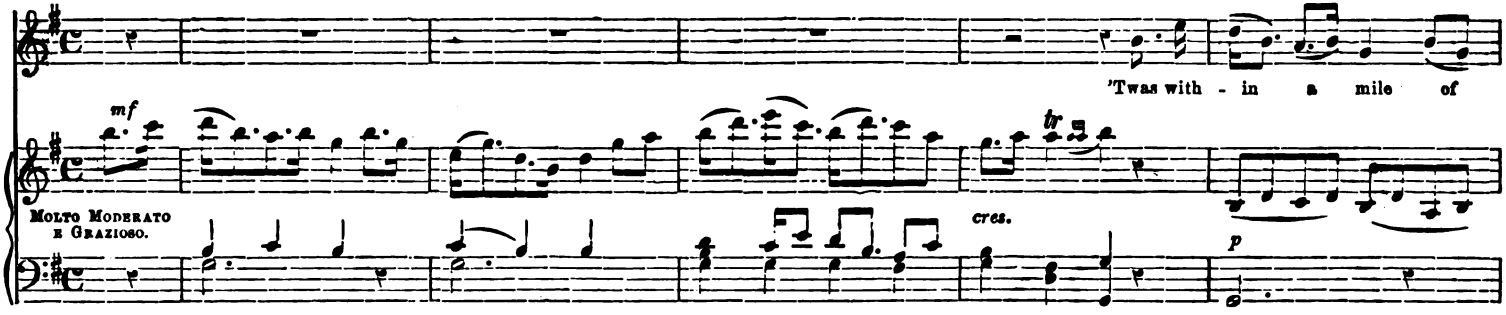
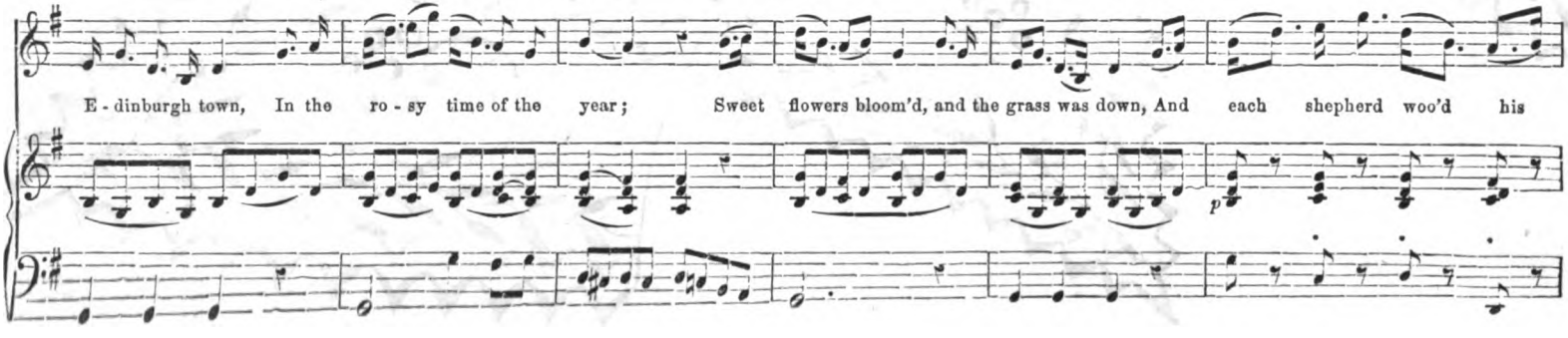
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.





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dear. Bon - nie Jockie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd young Jenny making hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na,

tr *p* *f* *mf* *p*

cres. *p espressivo.*

na, it winna do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun - na buckle to."

pp *mf* *cres.*

Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though lang he had followed the lass;
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread.
And merrily turned up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna, buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

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THE YORK.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1860. No. 1.

A BREAKFAST WITH SAMUEL ROGERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The person of all others whom I was anxious to see, in London, was Samuel Rogers, the poet of two generations, and the man of society. A presentation at court, or even an interview with Victoria, was nothing in comparison with a morning with Rogers.

Mrs. Sigourney, the woman of all others whom I most sincerely honor, had sent me a kind letter of introduction to Rogers, thus linking the two persons I love best to remember in one pleasant thought.

Of course the first drive we took—for there were three of us—was to Mr. Rogers' house. We passed by the old red brick palace of St. James, and up St. James street, a very quiet neighborhood, filled with lordly residences which shut in one side of that most heavenly spot, the Green Park. I should fancy the houses in that region were mostly occupied by people of distinction; and that death had been busy there, for in front of at least three of the dwellings we saw hatchments out and general signs of mourning, which gave something of gloom to the stillness of the street.

ROGERS, AGE 50: FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT.

The house of Mr. Rogers was plain enough in its front. We have fifty more imposing dwellings in every street of New York, or Philadelphia, whose owners do a retail business down town: but still it gave you an idea of superior refine-

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ment, perhaps from the neatness of everything near, perhaps from the stillness that reigned around.

We rang the bell; a very gentlemanly young man came to the door, whose refined exterior gave you an idea of what the master must be.

"No, Mr. Rogers was not at home!"

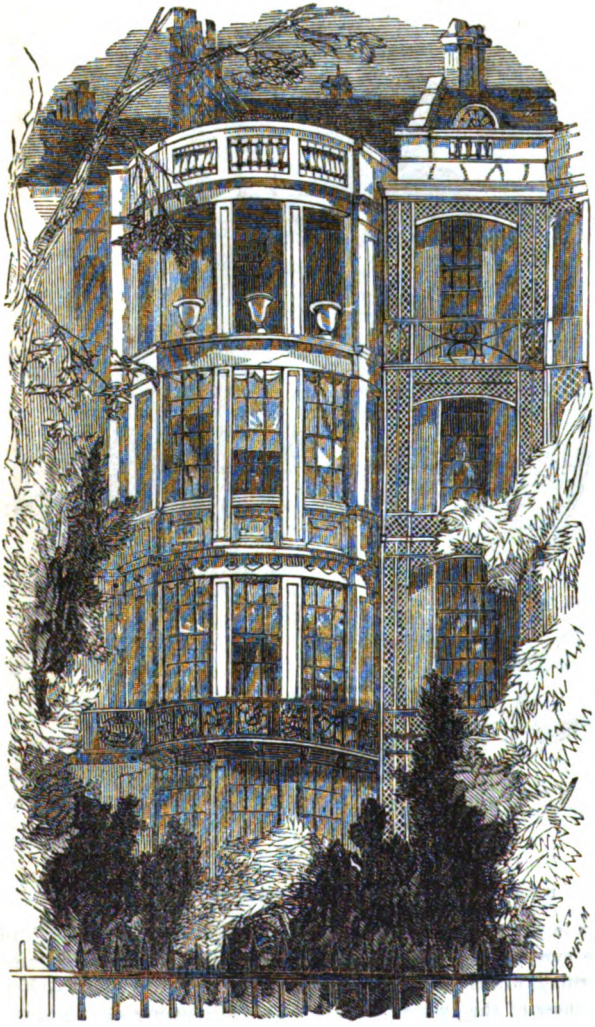
We left Mrs. Sigourney's letter with cards, and drove away somewhat disappointed.

In less than an hour after our return to the hotel, a note reached us, one of the most delicately folded and delicately written notes I ever received.

"Would we do Mr. Rogers the favor of taking breakfast with him on the next morning?"

Of course we would! A few very brief words conveyed this reply: and so at ten the next morning, after a little embarrassment about the kind of toilet proper for a breakfast of this kind, which ended in choosing a simple one, always sure to be correct in England, we started for St. James street. Again we rang, and this time the very gentlemanly servant, out of livery, admitted us into a broad, and almost square entrance hall, from whence a staircase of unpolished white marble led to the drawing-room, which, in London, is usually on the second floor.

At sixteen, in entering to a presence like that, my heart would have been in my mouth, and, though somewhat familiarized with the presence of greatness, I felt it beating hard against my side as I mounted the stairs and stood in the second passage. Here a bewildering consciousness came over me of being surrounded by beautiful things; for the walls were covered with objects of virtu. Arranged on baskets and mounted in frames, Etruscan vases, statuettes and fragments of antique sculpture, met the eye at every glance. But we had no time for a second look; for, coming through the drawing-room door, was an old man, quite bald, except a few soft, white locks that floated around his temples and back of the head. He came forward with one hand extended, and with a bright, cordial smile beaming all over one of the pleasantest faces I ever saw. A father could not have received us more cordially. Without relinquishing my hand, after the first generous clasp, he drew it through his arm and led me into the drawing-room, where several persons were assembled.



ROGERS' MANSION IN ST. JAMES' PLACE.

In this room I began to realize how much of enchantment surrounded the poet in his home. The view from the great bay window, which swept in a semicircle across the lower end of the room, framed in a sketch of the Green Park was absolutely enchanting. The grass was so richly green, the foliage of the great drooping elms so vivid! Indeed I never saw anything so beautiful in my life as that one picture of living green framed in by a single window.

The room itself fifty people

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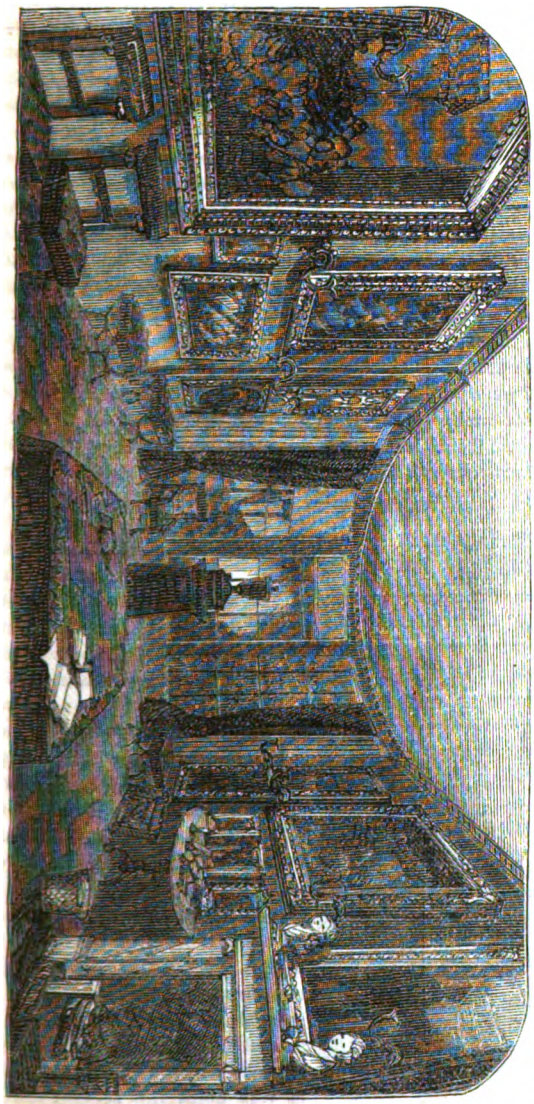
have described, yet I never obtained the slightest idea of it, or really of the old poet who stood smiling upon me, evidently pleased by the admiration I had no desire to suppress.

All have heard of the marble hand, that exquisite bit of sculpture resting on its cushion of velvet—of the pictures so carefully chosen from the best collections in the world—of the Etruscan vases, the gems of art, so minute and varied, that no pen can describe them; but the arrangements, the harmony, and contrast, the exquisite effect produced by a mind full of poetic taste, no pen can describe. This is the perfume which lingers around a white lily, invisible, but felt in every sense.



ROGERS' RECEPTION ROOM, WITH BOW-WINDOW LOOKING INTO THE GARDEN PLANE.

The furniture of the room was of dark, heavy mahogany, upholstered with black, the carpet black, with a moss pattern of crimson running thickly over it. Everything of this kind was made subservient to the works of art that hung upon the wall. On the mantle-piece, which was of black marble, were two glass cases filled with wedding favors, knots of silver ribbon, and tufts of orange blossoms, all evidently a recent tribute. A bouquet of choice flowers filled a splendid vase on the table: and scattered around were numberless pretty and curious articles, all gifts from a host of friends who loved the good old man to his last hour.

All this time I had neither been seated nor taken off my bonnet; in fact, no one seemed to be aware that I had one on. So, as every one seemed free and easy, I laid my bonnet and mantilla on a chair, which everybody seemed to think a matter of course, and found myself chatting with the company present. One of them was a nobleman, and something better than that; another was one of the most learned men in England. In the pleasantest way imaginable, I remember, Mr. Rogers made a little effort to draw out my opinion of his pictures, but I took refuge in my inexperience and begged him to spare me, promising to be very wise and opinionative after I had studied the great galleries of Europe—a rash promise, for merely looking at pictures does not make one a judge, though half our traveled Americans seem to think so.

This frank disclosure seemed to amuse the dear old gentleman immensely, and he took great pains to point out the merits of his pictures, protesting that I knew a great deal more about the subject than my confession warranted, which was very polite, but not in the least correct.

I don't know how breakfast was announced. A genteel young fellow, in black, appeared in the door a moment, caught his master's eye, and glided away. The result was, Mr. Rogers gave me his arm, and led the way down stairs into a room below, corresponding in size and almost in appearance with the one we had left. The same broad, high window framing in that

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Arcadian view, and giving glimpses of a flower garden close to the house, all in a glow of blossoms. The same display of noble pictures, by the old masters, with a Sir Joshua and other modern gems. Here also was the heavy sideboard, carved by Chantrey, when he first commenced his art, from Mr. Rogers' own design. On the oblong breakfast-table stood a splendid bouquet, the gift of some lady friend, under a glass case, which was not removed till we seated ourselves, when the perfume gathered under the case was set free and floated dreamily over the table.

Two young men, both evidently educated and intelligent, waited at the breakfast, filling the transparent china cups with delicious coffee, passing grated ham, tiny French rolls, and *such* butter, with a quietness that made their presence almost unnoticed. The things I have mentioned, with boiled eggs, snowy as the napkin in which they rested, composed the heavier portion of the breakfast. Sweetmeats were introduced, with which Mr. Rogers occasionally fed my friend, a young lady on his left, from his own spoon, she receiving the gallant courtesy with a charming blush.

ROGERS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE YEAR HE DIED.

We remained at the table from ten till one, or rather around the table; for conversation followed close upon the coffee, and such conversation as one joins in but once or twice in a life time. Among the guests that morning was Mr. Babbage, a small, genial person, with light hair and a pleasant countenance; Sir David Brewster, tall, handsome, and benign, with a certain sweet gravity of conversation, that impressed you with a sense of innate power; and Mrs. Jamison, whom Mr. Rogers introduced to us as "the best judge of pictures in all England."

Certainly I never saw a woman more engrossed by any subject. She could scarcely find time to taste of the delicate repast, but soon turned her chair half way from the table, and began to descant on the crimson tints in the robe of a Madonna which hung before us—that rare crimson tint, which, she informed us, was now lost to the art.

Sir David became interested in the subject, and, at last, so absorbed that the two broke away from the general conversation, and lost themselves in a contemplation of the picture. This, after a little, seemed to annoy Mr. Rogers. He bent his head over his plate and muttered, "I hope they enjoy themselves," in a voice that he probably fancied unheard. Instantly some one put a direct question to Mrs. Jamison, which drew both her and Sir David back to the circle, evidently quite unconscious of any offence; at which Rogers began to smile again, and the conversation flowed on as before.

I don't know how it was brought about, but in a break of the conversation Rogers began to tell a story: it was a simple German tale of a woman who had been buried alive—who escaped from the tomb and returned home, where she found her husband mourning for her on the hearth. I never heard anything more impressively told. We all sat breathless, listening, as the bereaved husband did when he heard his wife's knock at the door. Just at this point the servant came in with a dish in his hand. Mr. Rogers had lifted his finger, and bent his head as one listens for an expected sound. The servant saw his attitude and stopped, motionless, on the threshold, where he stood like a statue, scarcely seeming to draw his breath. I never shall forget the

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thrilling effect of the poet's voice as he repeated, after describing the anxious attitude of the husband, "That's her knock!—that's her knock!" His voice was scarcely above a whisper, but it hushed the very breath on your lips.

When the story was done, and we began to recover from its effect, the servant left his frozen attitude and glided into activity again. Indeed it seemed as if this young person was a portion of the poet's own intelligence, for he seemed to understand the slightest look or motion addressed to him. Indeed, unlike any other English servant I ever saw, he hovered around the outskirts of the conversation, and was frequently referred to by both the master and his guests as authority regarding books and works of art. Most English servants make it a part of their duty to study immobility of countenance, till one almost forgets that they are anything more than well appointed machines; but this young gentleman—for in manners and intelligence he was all that a gentleman should be—followed the conversation with his eyes while he waited with his hands. He kept a record of Mr. Rogers' friends, of his reading engagements and correspondents: in fact, was a second mind to the good old man, who evidently regarded him more as a friend than as a servant.

I happened to speak of an English lady of high literary reputation, with whom we had dined the day before, who had spoken of Mr. Rogers as a personal friend. He did not at once recognize the name, and seemed doubtful if he knew the lady.

"Wait a moment," he said, "while I ring for my memory."

He touched a bell, and the young secretary-servant came in.

"Do I know Mrs. ———?" inquired Mr. Rogers, blandly.

"Slightly, sir," was the answer. "You met her at Lord N——'s. It was a dinner."

"Ah! yes, true enough, I do know her," said the poet, turning to me; "a charming woman, I believe!"

But of our dear home poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, he had a much more perfect recollection. He quoted her sayings and her poetry more than once during the morning, and complained with pleasant affectation of anger against the severe etiquette of her letters.

"Why she writes to me as if I were a saint, or a prince of the blood," he said, laughing, "not as a good old friend who would give the world to kiss her hand."

"But," said I, "you forget how much we all reverence and look up to you on our side the water—Mrs. Sigourney, above all others, whose beautiful character is half made up of homage, first to the Creator, and then to genius which springs from Him. In her admiration of greatness, she always forgets that she herself is great."

"But I don't want to be reverenced like a saint, or a grandfather," he said, evidently enjoying the contest. "I'm not old enough for that [the poet was, I believe, ninety that year.] Why don't she begin her letters with, 'My dear old friend,' for that I am, and because she has given me the pleasure of this morning: more so now than ever," bowing to the Americans present. "Then there is another thing, she always will stand on forms about letters. Why can't she write every month? Be so good as to tell her all this, and have it rectified when you get home."

I promised faithfully, protesting, at the same time, that my letters, if they were natural, would be impulsive enough to make him cry out for forms and reverence again.

I really would like to repeat the whole conversation of that morning exactly as it arose. But the fine old poet blended so completely the genius of an author with the exquisite tact of a man who contrasts the best elements of society, that a repetition of his considerate kindness, his delicate arrangements to one's self, and one's country, would sound like egotism; besides, to give them correctly, one must convey the gentle suavity, the low voice, and exquisite delicacy of manner, which is beyond the gift of any pen.

After breakfast, we broke up into pairs and became more intimate with the pictures. Mr. Rogers benevolently took charge of my ignorance, unconscious of the fact, and seemed delighted when I selected his favorites for especial admiration.

There was one picture hanging near the window, on a swing frame, which commanded a perfect light. I am not quite sure of the old master, but know that the picture is of a value proportioned to its rare beauty. It was a woman with a child on her lap, and a bird perched on her hand: to its leg a string was attached which the child held, and a wild, eager little fellow he was.

"See, see," cried Mr. Rogers, seeming to partake of the child's excitement, "see how eagerly he watches the bird: he is inspired to the very tips of his little toes."

And so he was, hands, feet and face. It seemed as if the bird would fly in a moment, and the child leap out of the picture after it. Then the sweet, matronly interest visible in

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the mother! it was a picture of which one's heart judged first, and as mine spoke honestly, I dare say it pleased the old gentleman better than a criticism. At any rate, when we turned away from it, I had another pressing invitation to breakfast, and so on during every week of our stay in London.

I had intended to tell you more of all this charming month; and, above all, to describe our visit to the Park, nearly two years after, when we returned from our travels over Europe; but this one breakfast has taken up all the room allotted by that abominable tyrant, the printer. So I take my leave of the subject, as Mr. Rogers took leave of us cordially in the hall of his delightful home.

THE LONELY ONE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man."—Ps. cxviii. 8.

She lives alone, alone she weeps,
And if (occurrence rare)
Joy is bestowed, she has no friend
With whom the gift to share.
"But she has garments, food, by day,
By night she has a bed;
And wherefore mourn," they say, "since thou
Art sheltered, clothed, and fed?"

Oh! it is not by bread alone,
True life can nourished be;
The mind will ask for exercise,
The heart, for sympathy;
And soon, when starved affections crave,
Soon steals the Tempter in,
Enticing us to seek for bread,
Among the stones of sin.

It is a bitter task, to count
Each hour by throbs of pain;
Compelled to watch the dropping links
Of Life's corroded chain;
And feel, though Time bear off in flight
Our last of mortal years,
We wish him gone, because his wings
Are heavy with our tears.

Yet how may we, frail things of clay,
Refuse that cup to take,
The gall of life, which the Lord of Life
Once drained, and for our sake?
How can we hope for sympathy,
Unfelt when Jesus bled;
Or truth, when His selected ones
"Forsook him all, and fled?"

"Alas! that I had served my God
As I have served my king——"
Is still the cry, which unprized love
From human hearts doth wring;
But those who seek a Saviour's grace,
A different tale can tell;
His friends have never cause to say,
They loved their Lord too well.

BRIGHT SKIES BEYOND.

BY E. K BLACKFAN.

The storm clouds are flying,
The sky is in gloom,
The frost wind is calling
The leaves to their tomb.
Rave on, thou wild maniac,
Thy death tolling sound;
Ye leaves, take your farewell,
And fall to the ground.
The flowers of the Summer
Their heads have bowed low,
Their shroud and their winding sheet—
Earth and the snow;
The tones of the zephyr
In Spring-time were heard,
Are turned to loud wailings;
No longer the bird,
That chaunted so sweetly
Upon the green bough,
Delights the wrapt list'ner,
Its notes are hushed now
The hearth-stone forsaken,
And vacant the chair,
And lonely the dwelling,
Death, too, has been there;
Like the flowers of the Summer,
They've gone to the tomb,
Yet this is their waking,
Immortal they bloom—
Immortal, immortal,
Unfading their joy,
No chill Wintry tempest
Their bloom can destroy.
Around us, above us,
Their voices we hear,
They whisper, they whisper,
We know they are near;
They sing the glad tidings,
They beckon us on,
While glory undying;
Is heard in the song.

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THE HARSH LOOK.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Maggie, Maggie, how could you?"

"Why? what have I done but look at the child?"

"But, Maggie, you looked at her *so* harshly!"

"Well, and if I did—is she too good to be looked at?"

"Oh! but Maggie, she is an orphan."

Maggie Lilburn tossed her head lightly, affecting disdain at her sister's trembling lips, but, nevertheless, the words and the tearful glance sunk into her heart.

In a chamber, richly furnished, two little beds stood side by side. Both were daintily shaped—furnished with soft linen and delicate netting like lace. Refinement floated in the air above them—hung in every fold of drapery about them—touched the rare adornings of the room—laid in each dimple of the rounded cheeks—in each careless curl of hair, threading its golden way over the pillow.

There were two of them—two darling little girls, one in each soft bed; but one was ruddy and healthy, the other pale and more slightly formed. They slept the beautiful sleep of infancy; but, beneath the lashes of one were traces of tears, and the infantile lips curved downward slightly, as with grief.

It was very silent there; and, in the silence, soon a step sounded. Mary Lilburn, a gentle, graceful creature, came softly in, and, pausing, looked at the children. She kissed the brow of the rosiest slumberer; but over the other folded her hands, as if with a benediction, and gazed with a long, yearning glance.

"Poor little darling!" she murmured, at last: "how can any one speak harshly, or give one cold glance to so gentle a child! Poor little orphan! God bless you!" and she bent over and kissed her lips, lingering long on the fair face they pressed, and then she went to her own room.

She had scarcely gone before another step sounded along the chamber; and Maggie, the young, healthful, happy mother, came forward. As she stood there, a shade of regret stole over her beautiful face, and she sighed, "I suppose I haven't got the patience I ought to have with her, poor orphan!" but she kissed neither of the children.

It was the dead of night, and Maggie Lilburn, worshiped wife, happy mother, tossed restlessly upon her luxuriant couch. She had not yet slept. A little figure, looking mournfully out of dark eyes, haunted her. Occasionally she heard a short, quick sob coming from the dim corner in which were outlined the beds of the two sweet children. At last the great clock of the city struck twelve, and Maggie had found the boon her nature craved—she slept. Slept, but not in peace—not in quiet. Her head turned uneasily, her hands moved, the lips quivered, and sobbing sighs and tears attested a troubled dream.

Still deepened the quiet gloom, and larger grew the shadows in the chamber. The babes were moved away; footsteps and whispering voices disturbed the silence. A sombre man, dressed in black, bent over the bed whereon lay Maggie Lilburn. A gentleman, much younger, stood further back, giving passionate way to some strong grief. He was half hidden by the pale blue hangings of the bed. Mary, pale as marble—her beautiful white face an awful sternness in its anguish: the result of strife for self-composure—knelt, clasping one hand of the sufferer in her own. A servant crouched in the distance, hiding her face, and weeping in silence. On the bed lay Maggie, the young wife and mother, no longer restless, but white, faint, and still. Her blue eyes wistfully wandered from face to face; and the lips, so beautiful in repose, were distorted in her vain efforts to speak. At last the eyes closed, the lips were still. She slept, lightly, gently; it was, alas! the sleep that precedes death.

"She will be able to speak when she awakes," whispered the doctor.

His words were true. The dying mother awoke with renewed strength—a sudden meteoric brilliancy that flashed the premonition of dissolution.

"Husband! Mary!" she said, slowly; her eyes wandered from them and her white lips murmured, "My child! my little Maggie!"

They brought the little girl, who wept because her mother was so pale.

"This is the bitterest cup!" said the dying woman. "Oh! Mary—oh! my husband, how can

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I leave Maggie? Oh! this hard world—this cold, cruel world—how can I leave Maggie?"

"She shall be as my own," whispered Mary, the tears raining down her cheeks; "she shall be loved as you would love her; cared for as tenderly. God will give me strength and patience." Her voice failed her, she could only weep.

Quietly lay the mother—her life ebbing out—a troubled expression gathering, and deepening upon her face. Again she essayed to speak. She turned her dim eyes toward her sister; her lips were quivering; the last tears drained from the fount of life, as she said, with a touching manner of self-rebuke, and so solemnly,

"Mary, you won't look harshly at my poor orphan?"

"God helping me, never!" cried Mary. Her voice seemed to ring with supernatural distinctness through the chamber.

The dying woman struggled fearfully, and—awoke!

Springing up in her bed, she clasped her hands together in an ecstasy of joy. The gray dawn crept through the shutters, paling the light of the dim lamp.

"Living! living!" she cried, "my child is not motherless! And oh! my heavenly Father, help me to profit by the vision Thou hast sent. Aid me to remember at all times, that she Thou hast entrusted to my care is motherless. That just as I have, the being who gave her birth, longed for her happiness, wept for her, prayed for her. Never, never will I forget. Thou who art the God of the fatherless, aid me in doing my duty by my sister's orphan child."

Stepping softly to the crib, she lightly kissed the brow of the motherless little one. The child awoke, and flung its arms round her neck, and in that silent embrace, Maggie asked God again to aid her, that she might know no difference between her babe and the little charge He had given in her protection.

TO MY WIFE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Ten years have passed since we were wed,
  And still thou art my bride;
And more to me, as then thou wast,
  Than all the world beside.

When I beheld thee, young and fair,
  And sweet as buds in May,
I loved thee as I never loved
  Before that happy day.

Though thou wast in the morn of life,
  And I was nearer noon,
My sad September seemed to wear
  The verdure of my June.

Warmed by thy sunny smile, my heart
  Was full of bloom once more,
And thus revived, the Autumn leaf
  Its early freshness wore.

And now, though time has stolen away
  Some roses from thy face,
And clothed thy slight and tender form
  With a maturer grace,

I see no change but what has made
  Thee lovelier in my sight;
And the few clouds, that dim thy years,
  But lend a softer light.

Oh! not as dear, but dearer far
  Than in thy maiden pride—
Wife, mother, are thine honored names;
  Yet still thou art my bride.

TELL ME NOT.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Tell me not of future sorrow—
  Tell me not of coming woe;
Wherefore borrow of to-morrow
  What to-day we do not know?
There are golden moments wasted,
  Brooding o'er imagined ills,
Bitter cups of sorrow tasted,
  From the goblet Fancy fills.
Hope her blossoms now is twining;
  Day with sunshine now is bright;
Wherefore come with vain repining.
  Wherefore tell us of the night?

Life and music's all without us,
  Festal light and vernal bloom;
Wherefore wrap the shade about us,
  Whispering low of blight and gloom.
Let us, then, away with sorrow!
  Sound aloft the cheerful song;
No more borrow of to-morrow
  Till its trials come along.
Strive to banish all repinings—
  Fill the heart with love and glee;
There are clouds with "silver linings,"
  If we'll only look and see.

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THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

June 3rd, 1856.

Robin sat to-night, holding his great medical book before him; sat crouching over it with faded eyes, talking of life; wondering why God made us—any of us—especially him and me, since we are none too happy here, and probably never will be; since he certainly did not need us, and probably never will need us; since the rest of the world, so far as we can see, would have the more room, the more to eat, and a more comfortable time, perhaps, if we were not in it. While I, who have far greater reason, never ask myself or another that question, not even when my troubles prey the closest. I have often wished that I could die, so that I might be done with trouble, done with sin, done with this earth; which, with all its nooks of peaceful aspect, seems to have no place of secure rest and joy for me. Then, alas! I have often been angry; so angry that I could have stamped; so angry that everything within me has cried out vehemently and hated. I have said, "I hate my father! Atlas on my shoulders would be no worse than his iron will fettering all my life!"

God forgive me! Especially if it is, in some way, possible for me to bear it patiently, and so not suffer and sin on account of it, as I sometimes think that it is.

At other times, for the most part, when I sit here in my own room, in the quiet summer evenings, I say to myself, as I said to-night to Robin, when he complained, "There is One who knows why, and all about it. He is greater, wiser than we are, and knows. Probably none of our earthly lives are the excellent passages He meant them to be; still means them to be, when we—the human race, I mean; or you and myself individually—can come to it. Probably he meant no part of this earth to be finally a Sahara; but a spot being for the present Sahara, the breeze that in the vale people call "the breath of evening or morning," that comes laden with odors and pleasant sounds, is called there the sirocco, and people bow down before it, or it beats them down and destroys them. Perhaps, for many a human soul, there is also a wide desert into which it strays; where it wanders, suffers, and sometimes is utterly lost; where, at the most, the eye can only see an oasis now and then; now and then hear a bird singing afar off. Perhaps our souls—yours, Robin, and mine—are at the edges of this desert, so that they often enter it a little way, and are scorched and beaten."

When I paused, and Robin looked up with face silently inquiring how I came by my theory, I answered him with a lie; or, at any rate, with far less than half the truth. I said I had seen something of it in a book—and so I had; but the meaning I saw dimly enough until he, Mr. Mayfield, was here, and, with kindling tongue and eye, made it clearer to me—how the soul of the race, and the individual soul as well, is driven from its ultimate good, out of its childhood, its Paradise, where innocence is without reason, love without will or wisdom; how it has to make its own shifts, its own search, on its own oft-burning, oft-misguided feet, with its own outstretched, oft-trembling hand, its own oft-dimmed, oft-deluded eyes; how it, especially the soul of the race, moves slowly, hair-breadth by hair-breadth, so that perhaps the great dial of eternity has not yet struck the high meridian hour of the day that brings it to its new and better Paradise, its home.

"What book?" he asked.

I answered, "'The Way toward the Blessed Life.'"

He wished he could see it, he said, speaking thoughtfully. I wished he could, I told him; wished I could; but I had seen it only once, for a little while, and that was when I was away visiting. And that was all I owned to him. God forgive me! I fear I tell a great many lies, one way and another, if, as Paley says, "a lie is an intention to deceive," no more, no less. I will do a penance for this one, that shall help me when a new temptation comes. My heart shall bend to be smitten as conscience is inclined; I will say to Robin, the next time we meet, "Robin, I lied to you, the other evening, and have been sorry ever since." There he comes, now, in at the gate, up the path, I will meet him at the steps and tell him.

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Later.

"I am glad you came, Robin," I said, pulling a snow-drop leaf, and facing him in the best way I could, with the leaf in my fingers, twirling it. "I told you a lie this evening, I, who, whichever way I look, back through the centuries, or over our own time in our own land, can see no true glory in any life that is not, at least, spiced with some sort of martyrdom. I told you a monstrous lie!"

He smiled, waiting for my explanation. I would have been saved giving it even then. Even the little I gave, was like giving the precious honey of my life, drop by drop out of the scanty store. I said "I didn't exactly get my ideas of the old Paradise and the new out of a book, as I told you I did. They are in 'The Way toward the Blessed Life;' but I didn't so much get them there as from—were you at home when that Philadelphia minister preached here?"

"Mayfield?"

"Yes; did you hear him?" And here, in ethical stringency, was another lie, inasmuch as I knew he was here. I remembered it perfectly; but it was not easy for me to get round my subject. I shrank; I put up the miserable subterfuge as a hiding-place.

"Yes, I was here. Don't you remember how we liked him? how we said we *lived* hearing him? You and Alice met him, I remember, when you were out walking. Alice told me, I remember, that he and Col. Chase were walking, and that, when they met you, they turned, and walked back with you. She said, I remember it now; she said that you and Mr. Mayfield talked of things——"

"I did not talk."

"That he then talked to you of things she couldn't begin to understand; and so she and Col. Chase listened sometimes, and the rest of the way planned a park, as if they had been in old England, she said, not here in the new, where there is no land to spare to beauty. I remember now. But when I asked you about it, afterward, I remember you said 'it was nothing.'"

"And it was not much, cousin Robin; only he spoke of these things, and compared them to Adam and Eve's being driven forth out of Eden, in a way to clear many things—such as the sin and suffering into which God permits us to fall—all up to my mind, and, as it were, make the world all over new to me. That was all, and indeed it was no light thing either. I did wrong when I said it was nothing. I have just done another wrong, in saying 'it was not much.' I do wrong, very often. I am discouraged about myself.'

He stood, thoughtful and silent. I pulled off a half-dozen leaves, scattering them on the door steps. Before we, either of us, spoke again, I had thrown the last fragments away, had brushed my fingers clear of them, and looked up to say, "It's cool out here; come in," when he drew himself up and said,

"Cool to-night. The dew is falling on your thin dress. You go in; I'll go home."

"What did you come for? What brought you?" I asked, detaining him.

"Oh! nothing!" his tones, his smile, with as much sarcasm in it as can come into smile of Robin's, turning the answer into a recrimination.

"No, Robin, say what did you come for? Let there be no more equivocation between us two."

"Even so!" brightening, turning to me, coming up close before me. "Why didn't you tell me the beautiful things Mr. Mayfield said to you in the time of it?"

"Why—why it was noth—no, stay, Robin; I—I don't know why I didn't; I can't tell you why; probably because I was very foolish."

"Good night, cousin Anna."

"Good—a bad night to you, cousin Robin; I'm vexed with you."

"I am not with you. Good night."

I came in quickly, and shut the door without a word, my poor "ginger temper," as Mrs. Eaton calls it, overmastering the commiseration wakened by his tones. His looks I could not discern in the twilight.

Heu me miseram! here I am in the desert, and that little blast of my temper was a sirocco thereof.

The 4th—Morning.

When Robin and I were sitting at his mother's, last evening, after I had got through with my "perhapses" of the soul, of life, he said, "If there is a way to live, better than we, any of us, have found; a way to be content, noble, heroic, over the hoe and the scythe, over the great books of hard terms I go through so stupidly, with such mortal hindrances; a way to be done with all mumbling and fumbling, I, for one, would be glad to find it, and walk in it. What I want," he went on, speaking with increasing earnestness, "is to be really *great* in whatever I do. If I have got to dig and mow my way, (if I could say *carve* it, cousin Anna! if I were artist and not farmer!) I would be glad to get less dust into my coat sleeves," looking down on his arm, giving it one stroke with his hand, "would be less awkward, less tanned, and speckled, and blotched up," now spreading his poor, hard hands before him and me.

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I felt my heart ache for him. I told him to never mind the dust, or the blotched hands, but to keep his eyes on the glory before him. I said "glory," for this is the word, and there is no other that adequately represents the career I see possible to him—possible to me, if I do not get discouraged and lost by the way—possible to all whom God has beneficently endowed with large intellects, delicate sentiments and passions, and placed here in this New World, in this world, anywhere in it, in this time. Seeing it possible for myself—seeing the inspiration, the halo of it sometimes rise before me, as it were, to lead me, "a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night," feeling sometimes the clearness and strength to follow; makes the discouragement utter, that I never do follow; that the cloud and the pillar, moving on, are soon out of my sight, and I am groveling still. What I desire for myself, is not to go hastily to any new arena, but to have patience, dignity, and delight here where I am; to keep my spirit so near the gate of heaven, so far above the dust, din, and oppression of my earthly lot, that they shall have no more power over me, to deaden my sight, or my hearing, or to drag me downward. That this kind of life is possible—that, in fact, this alone is life, and all the rest death, he showed me, while we walked that blessed June evening; he let me see it for the first time in a few fit, melodious words, in the thrills of that life he magnetically gave me. He let me see farther, that to the simple end of living this life, come the heaven-appointed throng of aspirations, longings, "aching words," as the Scriptures best name them, "the teachings of the Holy Spirit," to admonish us of our wants, our pain—to hint to us that, somewhere, if we could but find it, is something better, lovelier, happier for us. We do not understand them, so he said, and are, perhaps, only confused and troubled by them. We complain—we wonder what it is that "tugs at our hearts so, and pulls us about—wonder why we were born; we grope, and stumble, and, at last, poor creatures! are on what people call our death-beds; and then he said our "*Apage, Satanas*," heretofore cried with feeble soul and strong lips—cried now on our death-beds with feeble lips and strong soul—is obeyed; "the world, the flesh, and the devil," get behind us; heaven, Christ, and his beautiful angels, appear before us; but are no nearer us, so he said, than all our life-time they have been; only, blind, deaf, darkened in our understandings, we saw, heard, and felt them not. "May God help us!" he said, sighed, pressed my hand, smiled on me, and bade us "good night;" for, walking with slowest steps, we had reached our gate.

Good night—I say it to him—good night, thou teacher, beloved, worshiped, whom I am never more to see.

CHAPTER II.

Thursday, the 5th.

"She's a Rosenvelt; her half brother was governor of New Jersey, a few years ago," my father said to me this morning, frowningly. He was at the dining-room mirror tying his cravat. "I want you to take pains to meet her—properly," turning toward me, and from beneath his overhanging brows, looking me over. "I want you to be well dressed—handsomely dressed. She's accustomed to this, and will be struck, if there's anything out of the way. There's some money," drawing out his pocket-book, pulling note after note out of the roll and handing them to me, apparently without knowing or caring how much he gave me. "Go to Concord if necessary; get whatever you need; call at Mrs. John Holmes' and ask her advice. I shall be gone a week probably; probably I shall be here in a week from to-day. We shall come by the last train. I've told Mrs. Eaton what to do; she'll do her part, she always does. You have never done yours yet; you——"

"Don't accuse me!" I cried out. "Wait and see what I do this time!"

"No, I *shan't* wait! not without telling you what I expect of you! She's a particular woman, particular about forms and what they call etiquette. She's *used* to being particular, and you must pay some attention to this fact. Your mother always fell a great way short of my wishes in this respect; you are like her, but this won't do now."

Faint, trembling with my anger and distress, I tore a finger-nail to the quick so that it bled, without feeling or knowing it. I looked at him as he stood there, taking pains with his cravat and collar, puncturing my life through and through with his iron will and sternness, and, for a few moments, hated him with a most intense hatred. Then I reflected that it was his father's cold blood in him that wronged me, and said, "Poor man! he, after all, perhaps has the saddest of it with his hard, unloving, unloved life." I say it now, many a time, with raining tears, and think I love him, and that, through all the future, I will so regulate my looks, speech, and ways, that he shall see the love, a light about me and upon all the place, as it were, and shall grow tender toward me on account of it. But I have no power over him.

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Strong, energetic in his *psyche* as in his muscular *physique*, he makes all the atmosphere about him, wherever he is; and I, who elsewhere am one of the strongest, near him am one of the weakest; my strength is turned into turbulence; my quiet into stubbornness, and then I am so wicked! so wretched! After it is over, I cry out, "Oh! God, forgive me!" This is my daily, almost my hourly cry, "Oh! God, forgive me!" when, if I had one thing that I have not, the love of my father, and all the rest that I have were wanting, in the poorest home, under the severest toil, I should feel as if I had wings on my shoulders and my feet, and should, all day long, sing and give thanks out of my heart of joy.

I did not speak to my father again. After a little more adjustment of his attire and his locks, after turning to look his fine form over in the glass, he added, "I want everything to be done that can be done. I've told Mrs. Eaton to let you help her. And, when you undertake to help her, do things as *she* wants them done. You're apt to set up your own will there as you do everywhere else; but this you can't expect to do, for Mrs. Eaton is mistress over the kitchen, over you, when you are in the kitchen. She knows what she wants done, and how she wants it done. You don't. You must remember this."

He went then and started on his long journey, without another word, another look; left me thinking that Mrs. Eaton was mistress of her own actions and of mine, he master of his own actions and mine; that I was bound hand, and foot, and will. I grew faint thinking of it. Then, all at once, came over me a breath of balm thinking of *him;* of what he had said in his sermons of the free soul, how it is able to rise above all things, and conquer all things; so that, as the good, great Paul said out of his calm soul, we out of our calm souls can say, "None of these things move me."

No doubt there are many husbands exacting and stern like my father, with wives strong and clear-willed like myself. His wife, my poor mother, was like me; so all say, and so I believe from what I remember of her. No wonder, alas! that she died early, of "heart disease!"

CHAPTER III.

The 9th.

Mrs. Holmes, who is a spirited, magnificently dressed woman, said to me when we were out to buy my things, "No, no, Miss Burnham! I will not let you get *that!* You have your hands hold of all the drabs and browns! I will not let you get those ugly colors." So I let her do as she pleased, there and at the milliner's and dressmaker's. I could never, out of my sombre, habitual life, have chosen such colors, such modes; but I saw a harmony in all her proceedings, in the colors and fabrics she brought together, that pleased me like a lovely work of art. I felt their suitableness to myself, as I longed to be, felt myself capable of being; I felt myself developing, as it were, at once, into suitableness to their elegance and harmony. She, seeing my acquiescence, my pleasure, called me "dear," "sweet;" and at last, when she saw me dressed, clasping her long, soft fingers in ecstasy before her, she said,

"Oh! you beautiful creature! Did you know you were so beautiful? Did it ever come into your head that you were like that? It never did into mine. I knew you had Grecian features, to be sure. I knew your eyes were soft, and large, and handsome. I knew you had perfect teeth, and a graceful form and movement; but I never thought of anything like this, never! I am as proud of you as I can be!"

Three days more, and they will be here; so, beginning to-morrow morning early, I must be what help I can to Mrs. Eaton.

"I'm glad you come as soon as you *did*," she said to me to-night; "for we've got a great deal to do, to-morrow, and next day, and next; every carpet in this great house to sweep, every bit of silver, and every knife and fork to rub over, (though most of 'em are as bright now, perhaps, as they will be after they've been rubbed over;) the back room floors and back stairs must be washed the morning before they come; it must be cleaned away all round the back doors; and then there's no end to the cooking we must do."

"Hem!" I interposed, sending it forth on a tempestuous sigh. I was growing feverish; I sent my hair back from my temples and ears, my sleeves back from my wrists.

She looked on these demonstrations over her glasses, knit her brows and said, "I've made up my mind just what I shall do. I shall make fruit cake," indicating that that was one, and that all the rest were to follow under numerical assortment, by taking the end of her left hand little finger between the thumb and fore-finger of her right hand, "fruit cake, sponge-cake—frosted and plain—cup-cake, cookies, (and I shall bake some of the sponge-cake in thin sheets to make Washington pies of,) and this is all the kinds of cake I shall make. For pies, I shall make blueberry," beginning again at her little finger, "green apple, then there'll be the

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Washington pies and the tarts. I shall be glad when the squashes are a little bigger. We must get one of the best tongues that ever was, of Cawley, in the morning and boil it. I'm glad we've got such good dried beef—only, I don't think I smoked it quite enough, this year. Another time I shall let it be in smoke jest about one day longer; jest about."

By this time, she was rocking energetically back and forth, in her little, old-fashioned kitchen chair, kept covered always with fresh chintz or delaine, that it may be fit for dining and sitting-room. Her eyes were bright, her mouth was pleasant, she was in the hey-day of housekeeping glory.

"We must have a couple of chickens killed," she was going on, without abatement of her enthusiasm, to say. But, begging hotly, I said, "Don't, please, Mrs. Eaton, plan about that. Put off the planning, please, till morning. I want to rest now, I am tired. I must go up stairs and rest now!"

I am not strong like Mrs. Eaton. If my life were one of play instead of work, I should protest with an equal weariness, if, when one day of amusement were over, and no night of rest had supervened, no morning for arranging my new-born energies, my manager said, "This is what we will do to-morrow; I'll lay it all out, as it were, on a map before you; then you'll see;" if she went on to say, "Here we'll be in our chambers; we won't stir out here, for the dew will be on, and our pretty morning dresses, you know! Here we'll dress as prettily as we can, and go all together and ride through the villages, and up on the hills where there are charming prospects; and berries, too, and beautiful wild flowers; but we mustn't get out for these; our gloves, you know, and nice things! Some day, though, one day some time this season, we'll dress on purpose for it and go off, all of us, with our luncheons, and so on, and have one grand time with nature, at Kearsarge or Webster Lake. This will be nice; we shall like it better, all of us, no doubt, than all the rest of the year put together; we shall wish we were in Germany or England, where we could half live out-doors; but we shall know it don't do here where everybody is so particular, where ladies live in their houses; and grow pale and nervous, I know; but we can't help this; we must do as the rest do. So only one day will we give to nature out-of-doors; the rest of the time we'll give to society and such things, to keeping ourselves delicate, and so on, in-doors. This is the way we'll do, year out and year in."

Escaping to-night from Mrs. Eaton, I put my head back, with my hand already on the balustrade, and said, "I beg your pardon, good, faithful Mrs. Eaton; I wish I had more patience; but I must go up stairs and mend my apron; you know how I tore it to-day on the garden gate."

Escaping from the manager of my play life, with my toes on the lower stair, I should say, "*Pardonnez!* let me retreat! Nature is my mother, let me touch her often. The dews strung on the grasses and gossamer threads are my pearls; and let me look at them now and then, I beg! I wish I could have patience to be hindered, to be barricaded from them with forms and pretty observances; but I should die! Good night!"

Good night.

CHAPTER IV.

The 10*th.*

A LETTER came to-day from my father to my uncle Julius. Uncle came in with it and read, "'Tell Mrs. Eaton that a brother of my new wife, Mr. Horace Rosenvelt, of New Orleans, is here with us.' At Saratoga," uncle explained, looking up from the sheet; "'tell her that he will go home with us. She will perhaps need to do something to some of the chambers, in reference to this. Tell her to do everything that needs to be done. Tell Liscom he'll bring horse, carriage, and dog along. Tell him to get Judkins there, and have the corner stall fitted up new; for he—Rosenvelt, I mean—is particular about his horse and his dog. He don't mind half so much about himself, I see—although he's very rich, and has lived there at New Orleans, where he had plenty of servants and everything he wanted—as he does about his horse and dog. Let Liscom know that he is particular, and that I am particular about his being suited.'"

Uncle Julius, looking quietly in my face, as if to read my thoughts, folded and re-enveloped my father's letter; then, without comment of his own, or remark, he said, "Let's see what you've got this morning that I want," and began looking about him, on table and shelf. For his society is "but a handful;" this is what they often say of themselves, as if mourning; and so, with the best they can do, his salary is but a poor pittance, which the farmers back on the hills eke out, by bringing him butter-balls, quarters of cheese, and of mutton, jugs of milk, and so on; which the villagers eke out, bringing, or sending in pieces of calico, and the like —the number of yards and appearance giving intimation generally, what appropriations were

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made of it in the minds of the giver—now and then a delicately baked pie for dinner, now and then a steak, and word that a pudding will be along by-and-by, if a clerical visitor comes unexpectedly to his gate, if the villagers see him come and spread the news; which he, good soul! ekes out, as he did to-day, carrying home from here, in his pockets, and arms, and hands, apples for pies, corn, in all the green glory of husk and silk, radishes, eggs, tomatoes, brown bread baked in a large loaf, in our large brick oven, slices of ham and cheese, and goes off richer than my father ever is, with his heritage of many flocks and fields. To-day I piled up his arms and stuffed out his pockets, until he was like Santa Claus, as grotesque and as merry.

"When you are married, niece Anna," he said, as he was going, "I'll tie the knot for nothing. I expect this Mr. Rosenvelt, that is coming, is a bachelor. She must look out for that, mustn't she, Mrs. Eaton? Keep your locks in order, niece Anna; pin your collar even, I see it lacks an inch or two of this now—and——"

"Not if he is a bachelor, uncle Jule," I clamored; "not if you say one word; not if you——"

"Tuck your old slippers out of sight, and put on——"

"Not, uncle Jule, if you, or any one, say one word about it, or think of such a thing. I will look horribly, if one word is said!"

"Niece Anna, you're as lawless as a hurricane. But now do be gracious to Mr. Rosenvelt. There is a right and wrong for you, a courteous and a discourteous; do try the right and the courteous; you owe it to yourself. And to uncle Jule, who thinks not a little of his niece Anna, when she does her best; do you understand?"

"Yes, good uncle Jule; good-by. Stop! let me send a couple of Johnny's cucumbers for aunt Mary to eat with her dinner. See how green and perfect they are; and she loves them."

"No, I don't allow her to eat them; they're miserable things; they hurt her."

"You don't allow? *you*, uncle Jule, tender as you are? This is the reason I would never be married. The men won't allow, that's the trouble! I should hate a man, I know I should, I couldn't help it, if he, doing himself whatever he pleased, said to me, or about me, that he didn't want me to do so and so. I could never stand that, never!"

"Who is it," uncle said, resting his full arms on the high, wide shelf, "that has so laid His laws upon you, that you eat, speak, move, feel, and do, whatever you do at all, under them?"

"That is God, and no man," I said, awed within me. "God is so good, I love and know Him so much, that His laws and commands lie on me like bands of roses, not——"

"Not as chains; hardly as laws even; but more as a gospel; this I understand. Be sure you get a good man, sure you love him, and his requirements, his devices will be more rose-bands for you. You'll like them. If he says to you—now come to the case in hand—if I say to your aunt Mary, 'Don't taste the miserable things,' I help her to do what she knows, as well as I, she ought to do. She knows I put out the helping word—call it command, if you will—because I care for her. She knows the nearer one comes to my heart, the more do I care what one does to wrong one's body and one's soul. She understands it, and loves me the better that I try to keep her right. You'll understand it some day, I hope, better than she does; for I hope you'll get a better husband than she has got. Hush! I know what you are going to say. But do you know, niece Anna, if you go to counting my conjugal observances, my moralities, I hate them. That is, I hate them and count them as filthy rags, if you hold them up before me as my righteousness. I have known what it was, months, years, thank God! of my life, when this light shone all about me, as, just now, it does not shine; when my soul, and all within me, praised Him with an outgush of gladness and thanksgiving, as, just now, my soul does not praise Him; when He was so near me, that my hand lay in His, and felt the thrill of the blessed communion; when I could feel no sorrow, no disquietude, no impatience, let what would come; for God was enough for me. When one knows what this is, then one knows the meaning of Scriptures like this, 'Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, have all knowledge, give my body to be burned, and have not charity,' (which means love, niece Anna—which means God Himself—means the brightness of His presence—means more than I can tell,) 'I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' This is what my morality, your morality, everybody's morality is, if he has not, shining on his soul, reflected outward from his soul upon all his deeds, the light of God's love. That Mr. Mayfield, of Philadelphia, who preached here last season—you heard him—knows these things, and keeps himself all the time, I should think, by what he says, where I, and most others who are trying to be Christians, are, only once in a great while. Good-by," lifting his load to go. "I'm going home. You'll hear a better sermon next Sunday, for this little talk I've had here with you. Good-by."

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Later.

I said "Good-by," with my face averted. I am ashamed that my color changes, that my eyes kindle, as I know they do, whenever one names *him*. I am ashamed and grieved; for there is not the least reason. It shows that I am weak and foolish, with no command over myself. Well, no matter whether one blushes, or what changes of the face there be, if one's heart—*eh bien*, there's the trouble, the heart! the heart—what can one ever do here, in this world, with one's heart?

CHAPTER V.

Wednesday, 11th.

"See—to-day—" Mrs. Eaton began, this evening, putting on the look I especially dread, the arithmetical look, and, taking the bare, round elbow of her left arm into her right hand, "to-day we've made the jam and the shrub, scalt the strawberry preserves, (and we came pretty nigh losing them, and no mistake,) we've made brine for the pickles; you've done that good job to this Mr. Rosenvelt's room——"

"Don't tell him, or any one, that I did it," I interposed; "I have reasons; I don't want anybody to know."

"Laud! I shan't tell." She rocked, she brightened; she added, "I expect we shall live like kings, after they all get here. I shall like it! I like cooking!" and the rest; all which was I compelled to hear, with my fingers longing for the pen that lay up stairs on my wiper, my heart longing for one sight, from my windows, of the soft, starry, blessed night. But I sat looking at her, to hear her. I said to my heart, when it bemoaned, "Be still, selfish heart; this is your duty." But I wonder if it was! I suppose it was. I suppose the eye and the ear are not always to lead us as they list; but the will, heaven-directed, is to put their mastery aside and rule them and all their being. If our obedience takes the character of penance, as mine did to-night, I suppose it is because we "are yet in our sins." If our love and our wisdom were equal to what the will, the conscience require, I suppose there could never be suffering in the obedience. I do not know, however. I am as a babe, toddling about with uncertain feet. Would that he were somewhere near, that he might now and then help me.

To-morrow will the new mother come. I wonder, if, looking to see her enter, I shall see that love and peace are with her, one on her right, the other on her left. I fancy her New Orleans brother, who brings horse and dog carefully along, has the look of a brigand. If his moustache does not, on either side, come to a bristling point, if his eye does not gleam through the forest of his brows, if his hair is not stiff and high, his skin dark, I shall be taken aback. I must begin anew with him.

CHAPTER VI.

June 12th—Evening.

Let me look back and see her led in by my father, the stateliest woman my eyes ever beheld. Her eyes are dark; above them is a widely arching and fair forehead. Her cheeks are thin, but deeply red, and shaded delicately with short, light, natural curls. She wears no jewels in sight, save a large, soft-looking cameo, rimmed with pearls, at her throat, fastening her frilled linen traveling collar. A narrow black guard, disappearing at her belt, gives intimations of the eye-glass concealed there. Her gown is a soft, gray traveling silk, trimmed simply, but with nicely matching colors; her shawl, covered with little palm-leaf figures of a delicate fabric, and hanging with careless grace about her, envelopes her even to the hem of her long, wide-spread skirts. She fixes her eyes on me at once, when she enters. And when my father, who does not speak to me, either then or afterward, in the way of greeting, says, "My daughter—Anna—Mrs. Burnham." She says, "How do you do, dear?" takes the tips of my fingers into the tips of hers, lets one arm glide a little way round my waist and kisses my cheek. I am a good deal choked up to see how utterly unlike my own poor mother she is, and that my father does not speak to me, after he has introduced us, look at me. He turns to Mrs. Eaton, smiles, says, "How d'do, Eaton?" shaking hands with her over the traveling bag, shawl, and packages he is receiving out of Mr. Liscom's hands. He asks Mrs. Eaton, familiarly, how she has prospered; smiles and says he is "glad to hear it," when she tells him she "has prospered right well." He stirs about with briskness, sends Mrs. Eaton up with *her*—with my mother; tells Mr. Liscom what to do with this trunk and that trunk; tells Johnny to start the horses along a little and give Mr. Rosenvelt a chance to come up. At that moment appears a big, black Newfoundland dog; and, when our medium-sized pointer, Rover, sees him, he bristles, and goes to meet him with steps and air cautious and haughty. Newfoundland stops and eyes him cavalierly; my father laughs, watching them; tells Rover that he "must be polite to his new acquaintance;" and then, on this side of the low-drooping branches of the elms, appears a horse black as coal, a carriage

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with slight, sun-bright red wheels glancing, and a gent whom I do not stop to see, but whom I hear, as he springs to the ground, while the carriage is yet moving, say, "Leon, behave yourself! Shame, dog!" Next I hear pats on his horse's neck; hear him in a voice that sounds agreeably on the ear, say to my father, "The cars play the deuce with his nerves. He'll show it in his nostrils—see how they quiver and work!—see how wide they are!—he'll show it there and in his eyes, even in his limbs he'll show it, *I* shall see it there, for a week." Then come more pats; he calls his horse in affectionate tones, "Good old chap!" tells him to "go off to the stable with——"

"With Mr. Liscom," my father explains, and adds, "Mr. Rosenvelt, my wife's brother, Liscom. Take his horse along. Come in, Rosenvelt."

Then their steps sound on the brick walk and on the door stones, and I flee.

Morning—the 13th.

But I had better have stayed; it would have been less terrible than sitting here in my chamber, listening to the doors opening and shutting in all parts of the house; to the firm, emphatic feet—hers, his, and my father's—along the hall, on the stairs, along the landing, within the chambers, and every moment dreading to hear Mrs. Eaton's voice at the foot of the stairs calling me.

It came at length, "Anna, where are you?"

"In my chamber," I answered, hurrying to the head of the stairs—the end stairs.

"I want you to come down and help me get supper on the table," she said, speaking with slight impatience, when she saw me. "I can't do it all alone, to save my life; and you must know I can't!"

I told her I would be down in a moment, and then came back into my chamber, to breathe one minute the clear out-door air at my window; to ask myself if that was a specimen of the power I was to attain over outward circumstances; to call myself "a poor, weak thing! if the fear of what two mortal men, and one mortal woman would think of me, could make me so sick and so afraid!" The self-castigation did me good. In a few moments I was able to say, "Poh!" to myself, with some spirit; and then I ran down, lest I should again hear Mrs. Eaton's voice commanding me to come. She shows me little respect when my father is about; her least requests are apt, when he is near, to take the unfriendly energy of commands.

"You've got here," said she, without looking at me.

"Yes," I answered, cheerfully, "and now tell me what I shall do."

"You ought to have been here before," said my father, coming in from the back door, where, as I suppose, he had been standing, counting the minutes to my coming. "Half past five o'clock, when we are to have tea at six, is no time to come and begin to ask what you shall do." Pocketing his watch, he went by me in his new, easy slippers, on his way to the parlors, and soon I heard him and the others laughing, heard rush and frolic between Rosenvelt and both dogs, his and ours, first in the hall, then in the yard, and on the carriage-sweep beyond. Sick at my heart, dreading the meeting at supper, dreading all the future, wishing that I could go to my chamber and stay there, living on crust and water till I died, I brought the rich dishes and placed them on the table; placed them here, and Mrs. Eaton said, "No, no, the strawberry preserves must go here; *this* is the place for the blueberries; bring the blueberries and put them here;" said another time, "No, the plate of tarts here, the sponge-cake there. Now, bring the butter and put it here; the tongue, and put it there; I'll see to the tea, and then we'll call them."

How hot I was! in what trepidation! I should surely do some ridiculous thing at table, to make my father angry, to make—"What is that, Johnny?" It looked like one of Robin's notes, and so it was. I took it to the palm of my left hand, and it comforted every nerve. I had time to read a part of it before they came out. "Cousin Anna," it said, "we've sold Lucifer. I forgot his vices, as you will believe, when they were driving him away, and tried to give one friendly stroke to his neck, but he brought his fiery head round, shook his horns at me, shook them the second time, and then went by me on his way. He's a crossing of several breeds, you see, cousin Anna; and he has never seen a docile day, since we brought him away from his Herefordshire mother. Looking after him to see him trudge away, poor fellow! I told the men to be kind to him; but did I not know that Bill Bradley would not? Ay, and there's no excuse, only this, alack! we made money in selling him, and to-morrow I'm going to Concord to get the books I want! A *crie de joie* for me, cousin Anna! the waters are already in hearing of the thirsty deer."

This opportune glimpse of an earnest, manly life, filled with struggle, carried me beyond my weakness and fear. What were they, I asked myself, when I heard them coming along the hall, what was any one that I should feel my

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whole soul, breathed into me of God, the soul that is His and mine, not theirs, that is capable of such greatness, bend itself before them and tremble? Let me be myself, I said, all that He meant me to be when He made me, and——"

Later.

"My daughter," was all my father said in introducing me to Mr. Rosenvelt.

Mr. Rosenvelt, if I'm not mistaken, gave the first half of the meal to a scrutiny of my features; but, with dear Robin's beautiful life inspiring mine, with his note lying beside my plate, and my hand lying on it, now and then, I did not feel it, as I certainly should have done, if no such help had been near. I was able to answer what remarks he and my mother addressed to me, with ease and a degree of dignity, as I believe; a poor achievement to boast of, truly; but, alas! it is rarely that I attain it, poor as it is, even with common acquaintances, when my father is at table.

June 24th.

Mr. Rosenvelt is not what I pictured him beforehand. His eyes, instead of piercing you, out of ambush, often turn themselves deliberately, sympathizingly toward you, and read you through and through, kindling sometimes as they read. They are not dark; I think they are a light gray. His skin is clear, but red; he is like an Englishman, in his complexion, in his compact but flexible form; and, moreover, as I think, in his genial humor. He laughs and "makes fun," as he calls it, all day long, when he is not "napping." He dozes away half the time between dinner and tea; on his bed, when it is not too hot up there; when it is, he "camps down"—this is his phrase—on one of the sofas, or on the settee in the hall; waking sometimes to set himself and us laughing at his loud yawning, heard in all the rooms about, then going into a doze again. He does not ride so much as he plays with his horse, making him curvet, leap a bar, and prance in many beautiful fashions. He rails at us Yankees, because we work so hard. Others may call us universal Yankees, he says, and he presumes we are; but he shall call us everlasting workers; we are this more than we are anything else. We do not know what it is to repose, sitting, as the Southerners and English people do, and the Germans, and everybody but we Yankees. Every other chair in our parlors is a rocker, and when we can find nothing else to do, we rock with our might and roll the corner of our handkerchiefs. Pooh!—laughing the expletive—who but a Yankee would call that repose? He quizzes "Molly," my mother, hides her glasses, her handkerchief, which she carelessly drops here and there, and has so innocent a face—albeit his eyes are shining like stars—with his elbows on the arms of his chair, and his fingers together at play with each other, or with any chance thing that gets into them, that, as often as he has played the same, or similar games upon her, she seldom fixes her suspicions so unmeaningly as to preclude search, until he laughs out explosively as a merry child laughs, and produces the article, or tells her where she may find it. Then she is half vexed, which suits him. He laughs, looking at the frown on her brows trying to hide the smile on her lips; laughs again and with greater enjoyment when she calls him "a brother," and threatens him.

Later.

"Guess what our sister-mother here has planned for you and me, Miss Anna," said he, an hour ago, breaking off in the midst of one of these laughs, and wheeling himself round so as to face me.

Worried by the expression, half comic, half earnest, with which he looked down on his fingers, listening what my answer would be, I could only keep my eyes on my sewing and say, "I don't know, I am sure. I am stupid at guessing."

"Let me tell you. She says I am old enough, thriftless enough, and helpless enough, in general, to need—but I shan't tell!—why should I? Leon, hi!" springing into his chair, and raising his hand the whole length of the sinewy arm. "Up here! up to my finger and thumb, and you shall have a piece of hot custard pie—hot as fire, Leon, for your supper."

My mother looked now from the dog to him. "No, indeed, he shan't, Horace, for *supper!*"

"Not a word, Molly. Hi, Leon! There, that's a brave dog; the best old chap!" Coming down from his chair and again seating himself, he patted the dog's head, praising him, appealing to my mother and me to "Say! was there another dog quite so manly, quite so handsome?" The dog, meanwhile, looking up with intelligence into his master's face, made answers of gratitude in his mute way; and I, looking on, thought it was a fine sight. Then I thought how there are thousands and thousands of human faces here on this earth where we three are living, acting, and hardly a ray of intelligence, love, gratitude is ever emitted from one of them, if we look ever so long, ever so searchingly. Unless, thought I—and the new thought moved a little the pain of the old—unless we stoop to them, lay our hand on them, look with our pitying eyes into their forlorn eyes, and so call up

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from the soul that is certainly somewhere in the miserablest of these creatures, a ray of the divine. Oh! thought I, and here he stays patting his dog; here she stays, putting the beautiful edge upon her petticoat; here I stay and—die! die daily, hourly, because I do not *live*. God forgive me! God help me! God forgive and help us all! So I was thinking, choked with tears, my eyes blind with tears, when I heard Rosenvelt, speaking to my mother, say, "Mrs. Eaton has promised me a deep custard pie, hot out of the oven, for supper. I wanted one and told her so. I never ate such custards as she makes. I shall never forget them."

He looked and spoke with a dreamy earnestness, by which I knew that Mrs. Eaton's custards are to be one of his regrets after this. Searching my face bent low over my sewing, he may have read a part of my thought; for he said with a long breath, as he was leaving his chair, "Miss Anna is thinking that she hopes there is, somewhere out in the world, some man who is more of a man than I. She thinks a man had better be talking of—of glory, for instance, and leave custards to be praised by the children."

I did nót answer. I smiled a little with dry lips, and then answered. "Come, Leon," said he, moving, "come with your master." When he was passing the window on the outside, he came up to say, "Try to miss us a little, Miss Anna—since now-a-days there's nobody to miss us, out of her heart, without trying."

He was gone. When our eyes met, my mother's and mine, she said, as if explaining, "He was thinking of a particular person. He don't forget her, of course. One never forgets. But he don't love her an atom; he has told me so. And, of course, he don't, for what happened was his own choice; his and hers too. They both chose it; still, of course, they neither of them quite forget, since we *all* have our remembrances. I presume you have, Anna. Yes, I see by the blush that you have, as, of course, you would have. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Yes, and he's thirty-two. Looks young, don't he? He looks no older for a man, than you do for a woman; not a day. But, what I was thinking of, was that, of course, as he had lived twelve years longer than you, he too would have his remembrances. But he don't love any one; didn't, that is, when he came here; and I don't know as he does now. He hasn't said a word. But he wouldn't; it isn't like him. He'll go off now along tramp; a long walk; it is his way when anything stirs him, as something in your looks seemed to; and he will forget it while he's gone. He'll be back, puffing, out of breath and hungry as a child, just as we are ready to sit down to the table. That's his way. He's had it now ever since—he's had it; that is, several years; or, a year or two, at any rate, he's had this habit of taking long walks; sometimes just before bed time, when he thinks he shan't sleep if he don't tire himself out beforehand."

"Yes," I had been answering—"yes—yes."

Now she applied herself to her embroidery; I said, "I will go up stairs awhile;" and, with my heart brightening more and more at every step that brought me nearer my pen, I came.

Now I will go and help Mrs. Eaton. To go of my own accord and help her, gives me no annoyance, sometimes gives me pleasure, I find; to sit here until she calls me, does not give me pleasure, for she calls peremptorily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWILIGHT

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THE day has gone up to its home on high
And the curtains of Heaven in many a fold
Of amber, and crimson, and purple, and gold,
Show its track through the Western sky.

For a glory more bright than the rainbow's hue,
When the portals of Heaven were opened wide,
That the swift-winged hours might homeward glide
From the unseen land came through.

And the Heavens in its beams are all a glow,
It has tipped with crimson the woods and hills,
It has silvered the streams and winding rills,
And made glorious all below.

'Tis slowly fading away on high,
And slowly around the earth doth fall,
A dusky veil enfolding all
Beneath the twilight sky.

'Tis the hour of prayer, the vesper hour,
And Nature, in reverent silence, now
Lifts to Heaven a calm, unruffled brow,
And adores her Maker's power.

And soft as twilight shadows fall,
And silent as evening dews distill,
Comes a blessing the spacious earth to fill,
In reply to the earnest, but voiceless call.

And world-worn, weary hearts are stilled
In the evening's hush, to dream of peace,
Nor know why their restless throbbings cease,
And their depths with such holy calm are filled.

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SUCH A MAN!

BY MARY B. CLARKE.

"Oh! such a man!—such a man!" cried my niece, May Ellis, bursting like a stray sunbeam into my room, one summer's afternoon.

"Who?" I asked, looking up from my sewing to the laughing, blue eyes, tiny figure, and dancing curls of my pet. In an instant she put on a sober face, and said, with a comical affection of dignity,

"Dr. Edward Townsend," and she made a solemn bow.

"Your brother's friend?"

"Yes, Harry has just come from New York, where he accidentally encountered Dr. Townsend, and he has brought him out here on a visit, limits of said visit not mentioned. Oh! auntie, you should see him. Tall as a church steeple, taller than Harry, (and he's tall enough,) and with about as much grace as an elephant on a tight-rope!"

"May! May!" cried an impatient voice in the entry, followed by a tap at my door.

"I'm out, auntie!" whispered May, crouching behind my chair.

"Come in," I said, in answer to the knock, not May: and Harry Ellis, May's brother, came in.

"I thought May was here," he said, glancing round the room; "she ran away after Edward came in, and I thought she came up here!"

A suppressed laugh betrayed the merry girl, and Harry caught her in his arms, and lifted her from her nest in the corner, behind my chair.

"Let me go!" she said, struggling.

"What do you deserve for running away?" was the laughing reply, and Harry released her, saying, "Do come down stairs, that's a darling!"

"To see that long, stiff man? Excuse me! Oh! Harry, where did you pick him up?"

"I will tell you, sister," said the young man, gravely. "When I lay ill of yellow fever in New Orleans, without one friend to give me even a cup of water, the gentleman who occupied the room next mine, although a stranger, remained in that plague-stricken city till I was able to leave it without him, nursing me with a physician's skill, and woman's gentleness. I owe him a debt of gratitude, and I ask my sister to help me pay it, by treating him with attention whilst he is my guest."

"I will come. I'll be done in five minutes. I forgot how kind he had been to you, but I won't forget it again," and tears stood in May's eyes.

Harry went down again, and, in a few minutes, May and I followed him.

When introduced to Dr. Townsend, I scarcely wondered at my merry niece's description. His tall figure, thin and angular, was set off by clothes of the coarsest broadcloth, fitting him as "a purser's shirt does a handspike," to use Harry's comparison. His feet were large, and seemed constantly in the wrong place, while a shock of very curly, very unruly black hair, did not add to the beauty of a pale, sad face. His bow was awkward, and his speech constrained; yet, in spite of all his disadvantages, I felt drawn toward the man. There was a depth of melancholy in his large, black eyes that told of early trouble, and yet the smile which shot over his face, when May made one of her comical speeches as I came in, revealed even, white teeth, and fairly transfigured the sad face. His mouth evinced sensitiveness and refinement, in spite of the awkward manners.

May seemed anxious to show Harry her penitence, and to atone for the forgetfulness of the doctor's devotion to her brother. Seated beside their guest, on the sofa, she chatted in her graceful, easy manner, on many subjects, undismayed by short, often absent-minded answers. He was looking from the window with a sad, earnest gaze at the Hudson, flowing at some distance from us, yet visible through the foliage. The sun was setting, and everything spoke of peaceful quiet, and silence had fallen on all our group. My sister and her husband were absent on a trip to Niagara, and I was keeping house for them, so I stole out from the parlor to see to the tea-table, leaving the young trio bathed in golden sunlight. I looked back on the group as I left the room. May, with her snowy drapery and delicate beauty, between those two black-haired, tall men, looked like some fairy or graceful child who had come on a passing visit to mortals.

After tea we all assembled again in the parlor, and lamps were discarded by a unanimous vote. May sat down at the piano, and Dr. Townsend

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took a seat beside me. Gay polkas and lively songs followed one after another, till the summer twilight faded away, and the moon rose slowly; then silence fell again on our group. In one corner, near the open window, I could see my pet, looking out thoughtfully; the moonlight falling full upon her tiny white figure. Some beside me watched her too. A low strain of sweet, sad music rose on the still air; at first with only one hand touching the keys, May played, then a deep, solemn bass swelled the strain, and I knew that my darling had forgotten the presence of a stranger, and was talking, as she often did, through the medium of sweet sounds. I looked at the sad, grave man beside me. His face was hidden in his hands, his form bent, and I mentally wondered how he could sleep with such music near him. One glorious nocturn succeeded another, and tears were filling my eyes at the pathos of the last, when crash came the white keys, and May sprang up, crying,

"Have I set all present to sleep?"

The doctor looked up. I had wronged him; he had not been asleep; his eyes and the quivering of his lip showed how the music had moved him.

May took a low seat at my feet.

"Tell me," she said, looking into the doctor's face, "what are you thinking about?"

He smiled a sweet smile, as if upon a child.

"I was thinking," he said, gravely, "how much Harry was blessed in his sister."

May looked wonder-stricken. A compliment from this solemn man!

"Such music," he continued, "carries me away from earth, and I can almost fancy I heard my mother's voice, whispering words of heavenly comfort to the son she left in infancy. You, who have a happy home, loving parents and friends, can scarcely fancy how one, homeless, almost friendless, an orphan without brother or sister, longs for an assurance that one gone before may sometimes hover near him, pitying and comforting."

Was it my blythe, merry May who answered?

"Believe it, earnestly believe it," she said, lifting her sweet face to his, "God, in His infinite mercy, cannot mean to leave any of His creatures so lonely, and yet deprive them of the hope of meeting hereafter. What were heaven to your mother, could she know her son lonely and sad, and not comfort him? Believe every happy thought, every good impulse, to be the whispering of your mother's spirit to yours."

His hand fell upon her curls.

"Thank you," he said, earnestly.

"What mischief are you two inventing?" cried Harry, from his sofa in a far off dark corner of the room.

"Mischief!" cried May, with one of her silvery laughs; "be sure if it was mischief you would be drawn over here by magnetic attraction."

Harry took his seat on the piano stool, and sang the first bar of a comical duet he had learned with May.

From her low seat she took up the strain, throwing aside all serious thoughts, and giving the music an arch, merry significance as she ever and anon shot laughing glances at Dr. Townsend at the last line.

"How could you ever dare to think
I'd marry such a man?"

She trilled out the last word, and, springing up, joined Harry.

"Dr. Townsend, come to this window!" she cried, "and see the river and the moonlight. Don't it make you feel poetical?" she asked, as he joined her.

"Poetical!" cried Harry. "Of course.

Oh! moon, moon, moon,
Don't leave us very soon.

There, what do you think of that for an impromptu? Come, Edward, let's have a cigar!" and he stepped from the window into the garden.

"Don't trouble yourself to apologize for leaving us," muttered May, pettishly, as she came back to me. "Come, auntie, let's go to bed. I've done my duty, and had enough of that gawky man for one evening."

Day after day went by, and still Dr. Townsend was our visitor.

"Harry," said May, one day, "is not your friend very poor? His clothes are so coarse, even his linen is coarse, and he wears no studs, and has a plain, old-fashioned silver watch."

"That is Edward's only fault," said Harry, who never called his friend Ned, one would as soon have thought of addressing Gen. Washington as "old boy."

"I am afraid he is mean. His practice in New York is excellent, and yet he works like a slave, and seems to save every cent after providing the merest necessaries. He rents two rooms. His office is comfortable, because he must see some patients there; but his bed-room has no carpet, a poor cot bed, and the meanest furniture; yet his income is ample."

"I hate mean people!" said May, energetically; and just at that moment the doctor entered. He heard her remark, for the hot blood flooded his usually pale face, and his natural awkwardness seemed increased, as he stood there, uncertain if he ought to come in.

"Miss Mary," said the servant, coming to the

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door at that instant, "there's a woman in the kitchen wants to see you."

I went down, May following me, glad to escape after her unlucky speech. An Irish woman was in the kitchen, who accosted me,

"Av ye plase, marm, I'm the woman that was doing some claning for Mrs. Ellis, whin they moved out here in the spring, and I came to ax for a little help. The ould man's down very bad, marm, with the fall he got off the railway, and he hasn't done a hand's turn this three weeks. We'd a starved intirely, marm, av it hadn't been for the docther."

"What doctor?" asked May.

"Meeself doesn't know, Miss; but he stopped in one day, a couple o' weeks back, to rest, and he said Michael's leg wasn't set right at all, and the blessed man! he althered it somehow, and gave me some stuff for the baby that's teething, and he's stopped in every day, marm; but sure he's done so much it's meeself that's 'shamed to ask any more, marm."

"Is he a tall young man, with black hair?"

"Yees; and the gentle hand and sweet voice for throuble an' sickness, Miss."

May left me; and, after the woman had gone, I found her in my room. Her face was flushed, and her hand trembled as she laid it in mine.

"And he heard me call him mean," she said to me, with great tears in her eyes.

That evening, the music was sad and sweet, and May's manner to our guest gentle, respectful, almost humble, in her sincere penitence.

I came into the parlor suddenly the next day, and found Dr. Townsend seated on the sofa, his head bent, his form, attitude, all expressing an extremity of sorrow. Harry had gone to New York, on business, and I had thought the doctor was with him. I am an old woman, and he was very young compared to me; so, taking my age and sex as privileges, I crossed the room softly, and, laying my hand on the bowed head, said,

"My friend, what grieves you?"

Apparently he was in that stage of sorrow that catches at sympathy, for he did not resent my question, but said, in a low, broken tone,

"Only one sorrow more added to a life-time of trouble."

"You are too young to speak so despondently," I said, taking a seat beside him. "Come, I am the confidant of all my young friends, tell me some of this trouble."

The answer came, almost in a sob.

"I love your niece—love her as a man loves but once in his life."

"Well," I answered, thinking of many conversations I had had with May, "I don't think your case is desperate."

"I cannot marry! I cannot ask any one to bear my name! You will not betray my confidence, so I will tell you who I am. My name is not Townsend. I am the son of a man who died, six years ago, in France; who fled from his country for forgery. By rigid economy, I paid, the day before I came here, the last dollar of the money debt; but the shame—the shame remains."

"You paid the sum for which he——"

"Forged another's name! Say it; I am used to hearing it; when I paid each month toward the sum, I always heard it," he said, bitterly.

"And you love my niece?"

"Fondly and truly; but hopelessly. I cannot ask her to marry me."

"How if she comes without asking?" said a low, sweet voice at his elbow.

I had seen May come in, when he first began to speak, but I thought it better not to interrupt him. He started as she spoke, and involuntarily opened his arms. May sprang into them with a burst of tears, and I left them together.

They have been married a month; and my darling tells me that she is daily thankful that her husband is *such a man* as he is.

THE LOST.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

There is an aching in my heart—
  There is a something gone
Out from its altar, as the red
  Goes from the Summer dawn.

My love roams outward, yearningly,
  Searching, and searching long;
Returning to my waiting soul
  A sad, despairing song.

I put my hands out eagerly,
  They clasp the empty air;
My brow is cold, for, yesterday,
  Warm kisses rested there.

To-day, like hungry wolves, the winds
  Above the dead flowers rave;
And Autumn storms his tear drops down
  Upon a new-made grave:

And there is where my light is hid,
  And there is where my love—
Chanting its sorrow to my soul—
  Looks yearningly above.

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THE BROKEN IDOL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

So my brother was married.

The news of this approaching change in our lives came upon me suddenly, but that was not Geoffry's fault, it was unexpected to himself. A friend whom he had known and loved from boyhood died in one of the Southern states, and upon his death-bed he sent for my brother to come to him, urging a plea which Geoffry held as sacred.

I was very lonely during his absence. We had not been separated for more than a day in years and years, and it was very hard to part with him, perhaps for months, but I could not urge him to disregard the request of a dying friend. So I remained in our quiet home during the whole spring, and late into the summer. Geoffry wrote to me as frequently as his occupations would permit him, but he was very busy, for Mr. Wardon died soon after his arrival, and his affairs were left in a terribly unsettled state. He was a widower with an only daughter—poor girl! at scarcely seventeen she was left alone in the world to endure reverses and misfortunes, she, who from her cradle had been so petted and indulged, that her life had been more like one of the fairy tales Geoffry used to love, than a real existence. My brother wrote much about her—I was glad to see that he was interested in her, for I pitied the poor child left to the mercies of calculating and worldly relatives, who seemed to blame her for her father's misfortunes. I felt certain that, before his return, Geoffry would do everything for her comfort, for a kinder, more gentle man never breathed; and it was the hope of saving something for her from the wreck of Mr. Wardon's vast fortune that detained him so long from home.

He returned at last. I had expected to find him depressed and worn-out, but, in spite of an evidence of fatigue, there was a look in his face which I had not seen for years; a joyous exultation in his eyes, such as used to shine there in his boyish days. His greeting was even more affectionate than usual, for he was singularly quiet and undemonstrative, but mingled with it there was a shyness for which I could not account. He talked even more than was his wont, but not in his natural manner; he kept aloof from every allusion to himself—and once, when I asked some question concerning the poor orphan whom he had left, he seemed not to hear me; though when I glanced at his face, a moment after, it was crimson to his forehead, fading in an instant to a painful white, after an old boyish habit he had when much excited.

All that evening, as we sat by the cheerful fire, which I had ordered kindled, knowing well his fancy for the odor of the fir boughs, I felt that a restraint had sprung up between us which never before existed. How it pained me my poor words could never describe! For years Geoffry had been all the world to me, ever since when I was a young woman, and he an affectionate boy; when a great trouble came upon me, worse than the loss of our mother—a trouble which dashed my youth from me and left me solitary upon the strand of life; but it is Geoffry's history, not mine, that I am writing. I only meant to tell how dear the boy—I called him so still—had grown to me; how I, deprived of all hope, had learned to feel that his hopes and aspirations were mine, so that this first and unexpected shadow which had come between our souls, filled me with sorrow and unrest.

I was busy with my knitting, and found ample opportunity to watch Geoffry during the broken conversation, now moving uneasily in his chair, speaking quickly and with an effort, then relapsing anew into silence.

It was almost midnight, and I said something about going to my room.

"Wait a moment, Elizabeth," he almost whispered.

I sat down again, relieved by the thought that he was about to break through this reserve—even painful tidings could have been less bitter than my brother's unnatural manner.

Geoffry moved the lamp behind a little screen, so that the only light in the end of the room where we sat came from the smouldering fir cones. My brother was silent again. A momentary flame shot up from the hot embers and cast its reflection upon his features, then died down with a sharp crackle like an accent of pain.

"What is it, Geoffry?" I asked, unable to bear longer that irksome suspense.

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"I have something to tell you, sister—it will surprise you, but I hope you will not feel pained, for my happiness is vitally concerned in the issue of the affair."

Some dim perception of his meaning shot across my mind; I felt myself tremble, but answered calmly,

"Tell me; I never in my life heard a cruel word from your lips, I am not afraid now."

"I have written you much about Bessie Wardon, but there is one thing I have not told you: I love her, I have asked her to be my wife, and she has consented."

He began hesitatingly: but when he finished speaking his face was a glow, and his voice clear and exulting. For an instant I could not answer; the blow was terribly sudden! For so long he had been my all; I was seven years older than he, and on her death-bed my mother confided him to my care. I was only eighteen then, but I fulfilled my promise; even the rendering up of my life-hope had been a duty forced upon me by difficulty in regard to him—but that he never knew.

As soon as I could speak I did; I could not bear to trouble the anxious heart I saw darkening in his eyes. I rose from my seat and went toward him, parted the hair back with a familiar caress, and kissed his forehead.

"May you be happy," I found strength to say; "no prayers for your future welfare will be so fervent as those of your sister."

He threw his arms round me with an impulsive passion very unusual with him, and kissed me many times.

"I was so afraid that you would be displeased—pained."

"At that which promises you happiness?"

"Always unselfish! You will love her, Elizabeth, you will care for her—so young, so petted—won't you?"

"Trust me, Geoffry."

"I can—I do!"

Then we began to talk more quietly. Geoffry told me how, years since, he had given up all thoughts of marriage, that even during the fanciful season of youth no woman had ever come near his heart. Even to himself it seemed very strange that this thing should have come about. He only knew that from the first moment he saw her, this young girl had twined herself about his heart, that even in the midst of that grief and desolation the feeling had increased, until it held entire possession of his strong, manly nature. After a time, he told me the whole story collectedly, though I could see by the tremor in his voice, and the nervous movements of his hands, what an unwonted excitement agitated him.

When he reached Mr. Wardon's residence, he found him near death, but perfectly sensible of his state, and able to converse upon his affairs. The only thing that troubled him was leaving his daughter unprovided for, but when with the quick perceptions of parental affection he perceived the impression which had been produced upon Geoffry's heart, he was the first to allude to their union. How the matter was really settled my brother could scarcely tell; it had all passed like a dream—he only knew that Louise Wardon had accepted him as her husband, and that six months after her father's death they were to be married.

A thousand trifles which Geoffry related of her made me tremble with an undefined fear; I was never more than a plain, simple body, but the great love I bore Geoffry rendered me clear-sighted. I felt that this girl was an impulsive, warm-hearted child, who as yet understood nothing of her own nature, or what would contribute to her happiness. She was so young still—only seventeen—and my brother, although he was to me like a boy still, had passed his fortieth birth-day. I felt how full of doubts was the future they were about to take upon themselves, but I was weak and timid, and dared not pain Geoffry by hinting of these things, so I shut them up in my own heart for secret thought and prayer.

Then as I looked at his face, which, though it had lost the brightness of youth, was stamped with a manly serenity far more noble and beautiful, it seemed impossible that she should not respect and love him. I had never seen any man who was his equal, and surely that young girl would soon feel this and reverence him accordingly.

So I bade him good night as cheerfully as I could and went to my room. I wept a little, but I remembered how selfish it was, and prayed for strength to resist that unholy feeling. My brother would be so cheerful and happy, and that girl would make the sunshine of our home. If she would only love me—that was my great fear—I was so still and retiring, few people ever did learn to know me, or understand how I craved affection from those about me.

Our house was a pleasant one, only a couple of hours' ride from a pleasant city; and we were possessed of more than sufficient wealth to gather about us everything that could minister to the comfort and happiness of any one.

Days and weeks passed on. My brother was busy in planning and superintending a thousand

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little alterations and additions in the house which would please his young bride's fancy, and I never saw anything more lovely and complete than the suite of rooms he fitted up for her especial use.

The autumn passed quickly—and late in October my brother left again for the South. They were to be married immediately upon his arrival: and, if the weather continued fine, would pass several weeks in traveling. I was grieved that I could not be present at my brother's wedding, but I had not been strong for a long time, and they would not allow me to undertake the journey. So I remained alone in our pleasant home, occupying myself as much as possible in order to pass the time. It was very lonely, but I knew that it was as well I should in part be prepared for the future, since I could never again hope for the undivided companionship which I had found with my brother.

Geoffry wrote me that they were married—the wedding was strictly private, for Bessie was, of course, in deep mourning. With my brother's letter came a tiny note from the dear girl herself, the sweetest, most child-like billet it is possible to imagine. I am given to all manner of fanciful conceits, and I could but think that I saw in my new sister's writing a certain force of obstinacy and wilfulness, mingled with the impulsive, hurriedly formed characters.

They reached home at last, about three weeks after their marriage. It was evening when they arrived, and I had made the old house as cheerful as possible with lamps and fires. I sat down in the library—Geoffry's favorite room—in impatient expectation, which I strove in vain to subdue. At last I heard the carriage, which had been sent to meet them at the station, and hurried into the hall. In an instant the outer door opened, and my brother entered with his young wife leaning upon his arm.

I was faint from excess of emotion; I must have appeared almost cold from repressed agitation, for when I kissed Bessie and bade her welcome, she glanced timidly at Geoffry as if for protection.

When her wraps were removed, and we were seated at the dinner-table, I could but acknowledge to myself that Geoffry had been guilty of no lover-like exaggeration in his description of her. It was not that her features were faultless, but the expression was varying and full of beauty; her clear complexion so changing in its hue, that her face possessed a charm I never saw equalled. Her hair was black, and folded back from her forehead in shining waves; but her eyes were a deep violet blue, growing purple with the slightest emotion. Her form, like that of most Southern girls, was too thin for perfect symmetry, but there was a grace and pliancy about her movements which amply atoned for the defect. After the first hour she talked a great deal, but in an artless, childish way, which made me at once smile and pity her.

I could see that Geoffry worshiped her—that he had made his affection a sinful idolatry, and that pained me. I had never seen him so gay since his boyhood; he laughed aloud many times at her pretty sallies; and she purred around him like a pet kitten, evidently somewhat in awe of his manner, which even then was much more quiet than persons usually are, yet unable to repress the girlish buoyancy of spirits which even sorrow had been unable to subdue.

"We have not shown those pretty new rooms, Geoffry," I said, during a momentary pause in the conversation. "Would you like to see your own special haunt, Mrs. Harding?"

She started and looked round as if wondering whom I addressed, then recovered herself with such a pretty laugh.

"Oh! you mean me! I never shall get used to the name; please don't call me by it—papa called me Bess, and puss, and mouse. Just make your own choice, but don't put me so far off with cold names."

The words were nothing, but her manner was irresistible; from that time she was never called by either of us anything but some pet name, and yet neither Geoffry nor I were given to the habit. She was delighted with her rooms, which were in a wing of the house, and separated from the library by a wide hall.

"I shall be as happy as a bird here," she said, "and do nothing but sing all day long: and you must sing too, grave Mr. Geoffry. I know our sister Elizabeth likes to be useful, and she will manage the house so nicely—shan't you?"

I should like to have seen anybody who could say no to her; it was not in my power, nor in Geoffry's either, for that matter!

So I went to my room that night very happy. My fears were all gone; our sunbeam would brighten our hearts and our home—poor little daisy! I knew she meant that it should be so too.

Before the next day was over, she was as much at home in the house as if she had lived there all her life, flying about hither and thither, dragging Geoffry and myself after her, even into the kitchen—the first time she had ever entered one—and delighting the old cook's heart by her wonderment at the rows of polished tins which were Barbara's chief pride.

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I saw at once that the little fairy had no idea of occupation, or a profitable employment of her time—she was as useless as a humming-bird, and just as graceful. She would call her black girl, Julia, to pick up a handkerchief which lay within her own reach; and as for doing the slightest thing for herself, she never even dreamed that it was possible.

Oh! how delightful those few weeks were! We were too happy—it was sinful, but we did not mean it so. One morning she came into my room. Geoffry had been called to town, and she could not bear to be alone.

"I must stay with you, besides I have a thousand things to say."

I was only too happy to have her society; and she nestled down on the rug at my feet, leaning her head against my knee, and pulling my work-basket all awry while she chatted away.

"I am not going to be so idle any more," she went on, "Geoffry talked to me about it last night. He wants me to read, and study, and have masters—he is so dreadfully wise! I am such an ignorant thing, oh! you can't think, I never would study," and she shook her head mischievously. "But I shall now, you'll see! I want to make Mr. Harding happy, and you, and everybody. You won't mind showing me how, will you?"

I was not likely to refuse, little darling!

"It seems so strange to be married—you can't think! Not that I am so young, either," she added, drawing herself up, "I am turned seventeen! But then papa made such a baby of me—dear, dear papa! He wanted me so much to marry his friend—I was frightened at the bare idea—how I cried! But I am very happy now; yes, very."

How every word she spoke pained me! Poor, ignorant child! she knew no more of herself, or of life than a babe.

The very next day, Bessy began the course of study which her husband laid out for her. He procured the best drawing and music masters, and himself directed her in a variety of lessons which he desired her to pursue. For a short time Bessie was a very diligent scholar, and Geoffry was greatly encouraged. I saw that it could not last; Bessie had no perseverance, and no patience. Soon the drawing hurt her side, practicing the piano-forte made her fingers ache. She had a good ear, would catch any air that pleased her fancy, and sang like a wild bird; but to pass a regular number of hours, each day, at the instrument, was utterly impossible for her.

Not more than a month passed before, with tears and prayers, Bessie persuaded Geoffry into sending off her music-teacher, and soon the luckless instructor of drawing followed.

"Ugh!" said Bessie, watching the last named individual as he went down the avenue; "I feel as if I had got rid of a nightmare—I shall hate pictures all my life."

Geoffry shook his head and tried to look grave; but she would make him laugh, and twisted her shoulders to show him how frightfully deformed she should have become, and he was forced to submit to her whims with a good grace.

Not more than a week passed before my brother's patience was put to a severe test. I went into the library one morning and found Bessie crying in the window seat, and Geoffry standing by the table in the middle of the room eyeing the soiled books ruefully, and occasionally glancing at his wife, as if at a loss what was to be done next.

The moment Bessie saw me she broke out into sobs.

"He is very cruel to me," she cried; "you oughtn't to let him treat me so, Elizabeth—it's barbarous, so it is!"

"Why, Bessie, dear," Geoffry began, but she would not listen.

"Don't say a word! I'm going right home! I didn't get married to go to school; papa didn't make me, and nobody else shall."

Between the pair it was difficult to arrive at the bottom of the matter; but it seemed nothing more serious than an attempt on Geoffry's part to make her more diligent. I softened affairs, and finally reconciled Bessie to life again.

"You dear, good Elizabeth!" she said, kissing me, and then flying off to Geoffry again.

"And I needn't study any more? You don't want to make your poor mouse unhappy! Just put those horrid books out of sight, Elizabeth, that's a dear."

So ended Geoffry's efforts to make his wife a learned woman. I urged him never to attempt that sort of thing again—he might as well have tried to teach a wild pigeon metaphysics!

After that Bessie took a fancy to be useful, and worried the cook nearly to death with her efforts to become a housewife, but that was a very fleeting fancy. Then she was anxious to assist me in my Sunday-school; but the mischievous boys made her laugh in spite of her attempts to be dignified.

So she grew quiet for a time, but seeming very happy in her quaint, bird-like way. They were absent from home for a few weeks during the winter, and on their return I could see that

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Bessie had changed since her marriage. She was growing more womanly and quiet, still very thoughtless and child-like; but I saw in her the germ of the perfect woman, if she could only be directed aright.

I do not know if Geoffry was disappointed in his married life. Certainly his wife was no companion for him, but she had won his heart completely; and if he desired something more in her than he found, he never permitted an expression of that want to escape his lips.

I began to think that my fears had been groundless, and that, in spite of the disparity of years and dissimilarity of characters, they would still be happy, that they would be so was enough of earthly content for me.

Sometimes I wished that Geoffry and I could be gayer and younger; she must have had hours of loneliness but she bore up very well, her little fits of petulance giving way before the slightest promise of amusement. The winter wore on, and still all seemed well with us; so I sat down in the sunshine of the present, and forgot to look for shadows which might lie in the dimness beyond.

A year of their married life passed. Bessie was eighteen years old. Her father had now been dead nearly two years, and, toward winter, she took off her mourning. We invited more company to the house than ever before, and tried our best to make it cheerful and pleasant for her. I was astonished to see how eagerly she entered into every sort of amusement, she had seemed so quiet in our solitude. But that was a peculiarity of Bessie's disposition; she was easily influenced by her surroundings, so facile of impressions that she appeared to take her opinions from those at the time near her. She was passionately fond of the theatre and the opera; and they used to spend a week in town, going out every night either to parties or places of amusement.

I doubt if Geoffry much enjoyed the unusual excitement; but it would have been wrong to have deprived Bessie of all pleasure at her age, he was too gentle and self-sacrificing ever to think of it.

None of Bessie's relatives had visited her; indeed she had no near ones, and even from those she possessed, her father had been, for many years, partially estranged. The only one she appeared to remember, with any degree of attachment, was a step-son of a deceased aunt, a young man who had been traveling for several years in Europe. Bessie knew that he was soon expected to return home, and looked forward to his arrival with much pleasure. Although he was not in reality a relation, she had always been taught to consider him as such, and, during a number of years, had been very intimate.

Bessie's account of him did not please me. She appeared always to have yielded to him in everything, and, from her account, I could see that he had been a bold, strong-spirited boy, full of faults which, if no change had come over him, must have rendered him a dangerous, loosely principled man.

One day Geoffry had gone into town, and we were left alone; and, as it was near the time she expected to hear of his arrival, we naturally conversed a good deal concerning him.

It was dark. Geoffry returned; we had not heard the carriage, and he entered the library before we were aware, followed by a stranger.

"Bessie!" Geoffry said, "won't you welcome your cousin?"

Bessie had been eyeing the gentleman with a puzzled look, but at the words she sprang joyfully forward.

"Butler Hamilton! Oh! I am so happy to see you? Have you just come? How changed you are! I am so, so glad!"

"And I, too," he answered, in the sweetest voice I ever heard. "But you have grown out of all recognition, only the old smile is there."

"And the old heart, too!" she exclaimed, in her impulsive way, which contrasted strangely with his polished air.

Mr. Hamilton was presented to me, and his manner was, what it was to every other lady, courteous in the extreme—the demeanor of a man who felt favored.

It appeared he had met Geoffry, and made himself known to him, and had, of course, been at once invited to the house.

Bessie was radiant with delight, and altogether the evening passed pleasantly; but I—did not like Butler Hamilton.

He was a handsome man, but there was something in his smile from which I shrunk. I could not trust him. He conversed well, and Geoffry was pleased to listen to him; altogether I saw that he liked the young man.

I do not know why it was, but when I found he was to pass a week at the house I felt anxious and troubled, but I said nothing; it would have been an insult to Bessie to have done so.

Mr. Hamilton's visit lengthened to a fortnight. How it was I could not tell, but, before the time was up, I felt that a change had come over the whole house, an indefinable something which placed Bessie at a certain distance from me and from all the rest.

At the end of the fortnight, my brother and

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his wife went down to the city with their guest, and remained there for more than a week. When they came back, Mr. Hamilton had gone South, for a visit, but was to return soon.

Bessie had passed a gay week, and she described to me all her enjoyment; but there was a certain discontented restlessness about her I had never seen before. She complained of the loneliness and dullness of the house, and was anxious to spend the winter in town. Geoffry objected, solely on the score of her health; she had always been delicate, and he feared the effects that such continual excitement would have upon her constitution. She submitted, after a time, and appeared sorry for her petulance; but still I felt that the shadows had crept into our home, and it would be long before any after sunshine could restore the brightness of the past.

In December, Mr. Hamilton came North again. He was much at our house, and indeed we had altogether a great deal of gay company. Geoffry's health was not very good that winter, and often when Bessie had set her heart upon going into town, to spend the evening, Mr. Hamilton would be called upon to take her. I disliked that proceeding more than all the rest of the goings on, but it was not for me to speak.

Someway I gradually grew of less importance in the house. Geoffry was constantly occupied with his wife and his new friend, Mr. Hamilton; and Bessie had so many new plans of amusement, that she found little time for the pleasant visits she was formerly in the habit of making to my chamber.

One morning she came in for a moment, to speak with me about some household affair. She held several books in her hand. I asked what they were.

"Only novels," she said, coloring a little; "it improves my French to read them."

One of them dropped from her hold, and fell at my feet: it was a book of George Sand's, that I knew well by reputation; full of hollow sophistries, false doctrines, bad morality, all garlanded and hidden by the power of transcendant genius, like serpents sleeping beneath a bed of flowers.

"Oh! Bessie!" I exclaimed, "dear Bessie, don't read this!"

"What nonsense!" she said, laughing. "You know nothing about the book; you never read novels."

"Where did you find it?"

"Mr. Hamilton gave—that is, I picked it up in the library, where he had laid it."

I was silent with mingled grief and indignation. I had not been mistaken in that man. He had laid a deep plot against my darling's happiness, and these dangerous books, artfully put in her way, were part of his plan.

"Bessie," I said, earnestly, "don't read this book, I beg, I entreat!"

I spoke with such unusual vehemence, that she was a little startled.

"Why! where can be the harm? You are such a puritan, Elizabeth!"

"Call me what you please, but don't read that book."

"There, then," she exclaimed, petulantly, flinging the other volumes toward me, "do what you like with them. It seems that I am to be deprived of every amusement."

She left the room before I could answer. I felt that it was not Bessie who spoke—I heard only the echo of that bad man's teachings and insinuations.

I was troubled and perplexed. What course to pursue I knew not. I could only wait, sitting down in passive suffering for the present.

So matters went. I think it was the latter part of February that my brother was forced to leave home, for five or six weeks. He was going on urgent business to the interior of Pennsylvania, and the journey would have been so uncomfortable for her, that he never for an instant thought it possible.

The night before he went he came into my room, and sat for some time. He was very much depressed, and, when I looked closely at his face, I saw a pained, anxious look, that had been gathering there, like a cloud, during the past few weeks.

"I never so dreaded a journey in my life," he said, after a long silence; "if I were superstitious I should think it a presentiment of evil."

Now I was superstitious, and his words made me shiver.

"Is it impossible for you to put it off?" I asked, nervously.

"Impossible! Those coal mines must be attended to; any farther delay might be the means of embarrassing us."

"I wish Bessie and I could go with you."

"The journey would be too unpleasant—you are both so delicate. Take good care of Bessie, Elizabeth; it cuts me to the heart to leave her."

There was a short silence which I could not break.

"Sister," he said, suddenly, "have you noticed any change in our darling?—do you believe that she is happy?"

"She ought to be," I said.

"Yes; I have done my best by her—I pro-

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mised her father! Poor little flower! I hope she does not regret it."

He leaned his forehead on his hand, and looked into the fire. How pale and wan he looked!

"Mr. Hamilton leaves in a day or two," I remarked.

Geoffry glanced strangely at me.

"Yes. Do you like him, Elizabeth? I believe he is an upright man—yes, I believe he is."

I made no answer, and the subject dropped. Soon after he bade me good night, and went away.

"Take care of Bessie," he repeated several times; "I leave her in your hands."

When he left, the next morning, I was surprised at the violence of Bessie's emotion. She clung to him, begging him to take her, and, when he at last drove away, fell back, almost fainting, in my arms.

She spent most of the day in bed; but toward evening they brought up word that Mr. Hamilton was below, and we both went down. He remained to dinner, and spent the evening. Prejudiced as I was against him, I forgot it all. I knew now that he exerted all his powers to make me forget my suspicions concerning him, and he succeeded.

When he went away, he told us that some business would detain him in town for another week, and he so managed it that I was forced to invite him out the next day.

During the next week he was with us daily. I watched him narrowly, but how could I fathom his character? At the end of that time an acquaintance of Bessie's came up from town to claim a visit that had been promised weeks before. Geoffry had consented to her going, so that I could say nothing.

Bessie remained in the city for a fortnight, and it was not until I had written several urgent letters that she came back. I had not been well, and she was grieved.

"I am so sorry I left you, dear Elizabeth," she said; "but I will not again."

She clung to me, like a child imploring pardon. That evening we were very happy; but the next morning came Mr. Hamilton again.

"I thought he had gone," I said.

"He bade me good-by, day before yesterday," replied Bessie, faintly; "something must have detained him."

She was pale and trembling; but it passed in an instant, and we went down stairs.

"Here still, you see," said Mr. Hamilton, gaily, as he shook hands with me. "My father has written me that he is coming North; and, like a dutiful son, I am awaiting his arrival."

I believed that to be a lie, and I think my face showed it. I caught Hamilton's eyes—I knew I had made an enemy. That afternoon I was so ill that I could not leave my chamber. In the evening I went to ask Bessie for her company a little while—she had gone out for a sleigh-ride with Mr. Hamilton.

The next morning, I determined to speak with Bessie, even at the risk of offending her. I spoke as gently as I could, but she turned upon me with a violence that alarmed me.

"My cousin was right," she exclaimed, passionately. "You and your brother wish to make me a mere slave. I must think, sleep, and breathe, only as you choose. I will not submit to such tyranny—you do not know me if you believe that I will."

She rushed out of the room before I could speak, and when I went to her door it was locked, nor would she answer me when I called. She would not see me either that day or evening. What I suffered, only one who has been placed in similar circumstances can imagine.

The next morning, as I was passing through the hall, I met Bessie's black girl with a note in her hand. She hid it as quickly as possible, but I saw that it was addressed to her mistress.

My mind was made up as to the course it was right for me to pursue. I sat down and wrote to my brother begging him to return; I gave no reason, only besought him to come home at once.

Bessie came down to dinner, but she was silent and haughty. Mr. Hamilton called while we were still at table, and she went immediately into the library. I followed after a time; Hamilton was holding her hands, and she was weeping convulsively. When they saw me, Bessie rushed out of the room sobbing aloud.

I sat down, and motioned Mr. Hamilton to sit also. I spoke plainly to him as Bessie's connection, and one who should be her best friend. He heard me through, looking full in my face, and sneering all the while.

"I am willing to believe that you mean well," he said, quietly, "but in your ignorance of the world you have insulted me grossly. I am like a brother to Bessie; it does not become her husband's sister to be the first to suspect her of wrong doing."

He left me with those words. For a time I sat there silent and stupefied. It might have been an hour after when I heard the outer door close—he had gone.

I went into the hall and met Bessie. She was very pale, but perfectly quiet; there was a look

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in her face I had never seen there before. She came to me and took my hand.

"Good night, Elizabeth," she said; "don't be angry with me, you have been kinder than I deserve."

Her composure gave way, and for an instant she clung to me, sobbing fearfully; but when I besought her to have confidence in me, she pushed me off and ran into her own rooms, locking the door behind her.

There was nothing for it but to go up to my own chamber. It was now late, and the house perfectly quiet. Still I could not go to bed, but sat partially undressed by my fire, certain that nothing more could transpire that night, and yet haunted by a fear that was like a ghostly presence.

The clock struck twelve, one, and yet I sat there. Again the chimes rung out—it was two o'clock. As the sound died, I heard another noise echo faintly through the stillness—it came from below. I listened intently, but all was silent as the grave; the beat of my own heart was all I heard then.

I stood there perhaps five minutes—it was like the duration of eternity! I seized a shawl and ran down stairs. There was a little door leading from an empty room to Bessie's sitting-room, it might not be locked. I had no light, but seemed to find my way by instinct. I reached the door—it yielded to my touch, and I entered the room; it was empty, so was the sleeping apartment beyond.

"Bessie!" I called, frantically.

There was no answer—not a sound but my own hurried breath. A second of stupefied irresolution, and I sprang into the ante-room, the outer door was ajar. I ran out and fled down the avenue swifter than the wind.

I came in sight of the gates. They were open, a carriage stood before them, and in the misty moonlight I saw Butler Hamilton assisting a muffled figure in.

"Bessie," I screamed again.

I heard a stifled shriek from her, and a muttered curse from the man. As I reached the gate, Hamilton sprang into the carriage and called to the driver to go on.

"Bessie—Bessie," I cried, "don't—don't! Come back—come back."

"Let me out," I heard her frantically exclaim; "let me go to Elizabeth."

I heard Hamilton try to soothe her, but she wept bitterly. Something about the harness still detained the coachman.

"Go on!" repeated Hamilton, with an oath.

"Bessie," I groaned, "remember your father—your dead father—he sees you—he pleads through me! Come back—there is still time—come back!"

I had my hand on the carriage door, but Hamilton resisted all my efforts. Bessie shrieked and fainted. At that moment the horses started forward; Hamilton pushed me back; I fell half fainting to the ground.

When consciousness came back, the carriage was out of sight. The winter wind whistled round me; the moon had set—a cold, gray light lay all around. I went back to the house and roused the only servant I could trust—a man who had grown old in our service. When I had seen him mount his horse and start in the direction they had taken, I went back to my room, and sat there by the dying coals till daylight.

What passed in the house after the servants were up I do not know. I heard a confusion—they came into my chamber—asked questions—I could only wave them off—I had no power to articulate.

All that day I sat there. Late in the evening Robert returned—he had no tidings.

Another day passed thus, and another. On the third night a carriage drove to the door—I knew my brother had returned. I tried to rise from my chair and go out to meet him, but my limbs refused their office, and I fell back like one paralyzed. I heard his step on the stairs—the door opened, I saw a pale face and wasted form like my brother's ghost.

He stood and looked at me. I tried to call out—in vain!

"She is gone," I heard him say.

I know that I muttered his words. Again I tried to rise, fell back and fainted. When I recovered, my brother was bending over me; I remembered then that it was my duty to console him. I prayed for strength, and the angels heard my prayer. There was little I could do! My brother was quiet; he heard my whole story; he never blamed me, perhaps I could have done no more than I had, I had tried to act for the best.

The next day Geoffry came down stairs, calm and still, but oh! the desolation in his face, the utter broken-heartedness in every look and word.

We did all that was possible, but we obtained no tidings. Bessie had left no letter—nothing. Few of her clothes were gone; only the things that had belonged to her before her marriage. Her black servant was gone also—I had not noticed her in my frenzied excitement.

Geoffry was absent from home during several days, but his search was in vain. He came back,

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and we settled down again in a dreary sort of calm which was seldom broken.

Bessie's name never passed my brother's lips. I never alluded to her, although there was not a moment, night or day, when she was out of my thoughts. Geoffry's face never changed from the dreary desolation which had settled over it on his return.

We lived thus for five years; it would be useless to give any details of that period. My brother had grown quite an elderly man, his hair was quite gray; as for me, I had settled down into an old woman. I believe we did not neglect our duties—we tried to perform them all. If we were selfish in our sorrow, I believe that God forgave it; unintentional it was, mingled with a sort of remorse that our love for the lost one had been so near akin to worship.

How that text, "*Keep yourselves from idols*," rang in my mind. It was present to Geoffry also; not that he said so, but in his pocket Bible I found the words faintly underlined.

Five years! I believe that I had given up all thought of ever finding any trace of Bessie—after so long a time there could be no hope.

How startling events come upon us when we least expect them! It was the fifth anniversary of the child's loss. I had been for several hours in my room silently brooding over the past, and the blackness that spread between us and our past happiness.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and my brother stood before me holding an open letter. His mouth worked, but he could not speak. I seized the sheet and saw Bessie's writing.

It was a letter to me, and written from the South, the neighborhood of her old home.

"Come to me, Elizabeth. You will not refuse my dying prayer. I am here and alone. Truly my sin has found me out! I can look for no pardon here, perhaps none hereafter; but come to me before it is too late."

I know that when I had finished, we fell upon our knees and prayed aloud.

There was little consultation needed. By evening we were on our way. In a week we reached the village to which her letter had directed us. Bessie was living with an old servant of her family. From the woman we learned all the particulars that she knew.

Hamilton had forsaken Bessie in Europe, a year before, and she had found her way back to die near her old home.

The woman went up and told her that I was there.

"You won't be hard on her," she whispered.

Hard on her! I only longed to press her to my heart once more, after that I could have died content.

I went up stairs. The woman opened the door, and I went into the chamber. Pale and wasted, Bessie sat in an-easy-chair; she struggled up, fell at my feet, clasping my knees with broken blessings and prayers.

"You have forgiven me," she gasped; "God will pardon me now. Elizabeth, oh! Elizabeth!"

I raised her and laid her upon the bed. After a time she was calm enough to talk.

"Geoffry," she moaned, "Geoffry!"

"Bessie, I am not here alone."

She started up in fear, clinging to me and trembling with a cold chill.

"He will curse me," she cried; "he will curse me!"

"There is no bitterness in his heart, Bessie. See him now, it is better."

After a time she consented, and I went out into the hall where my brother waited. I let him go in alone—it was night. What passed in that interview only they and the angels who listened ever knew; but when, two hours after, I stole into the room, my brother was seated upon the bed, Bessie's cheek rested on his shoulder—she was sleeping quietly as an infant. Geoffry raised his eyes to mine—I saw a silent thanksgiving in his face. For the first time he wept, but, oh! such blessed tears; dew from heaven could not have more brightened that crushed heart.

By the next day our plans were all arranged. Bessie was to return home with us as soon as she could travel—her only prayer was for that.

"Let me die there, it is all I ask, to die there!"

I know not if others would have acted as we did. Probably the world would have sneered at my brother's weakness, but his actions were ruled by a law higher than that of human beings. We went home—it was home again! God had been very good to us, our darling was restored.

At different times Bessie told me her sad story. Up to the very day of her departure she had had no idea of forsaking her husband. Hamilton persuaded her to go to her family—he half crazed her by his sophistries, that, from the moment she preferred him to her husband, she ought to go away. She did go, but not to a place of safety!

She must have suffered much during the four years she was with him, but she never complained.

As for the man, we heard afterward that he died in the Crimea. Perhaps he repented—at least it was not for us to judge him.

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The quiet spring came on. Few will understand me, but those weeks were the happiest season of our lives. In May Bessie died in our arms, a bright, glorious morning. To the end she could speak—her last words were a blessing. There were no tears—we felt no sorrow!

In the family burial ground we laid our treasure. From the windows of my room I can see her grave, with the summer sunlight slanting over it.

We sit there in the bright days of our quiet pleasure, and we know that before long kind hands will lay us by our darling's side, and that in the pure world beyond still we shall meet her never to be parted again.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

The star of morning brightens in the East,
The azure Heavens with new-born beauty glow,
As Bethlehem's rising star first dawned on earth
With tidings glorious, in that long ago.

This day, the dearest to the Christian heart,
Comes to me joyous with its songs of praise,
And to the mourner, grieving for the past,
It comes, a messenger of other days.

Life's path seemed dark and drear but yesterday.
No lingering sunbeams came to cheer the way,
But years of pain and sorrow are forgot
In the glad dawning of this Christmas day.

Again we hear the morning stars that sang
Together, when the Christ-child came to earth,
And lowly hearts re-echo back the notes
Of angel-harps that celebrate His birth.

'Tis not with costly gifts we come to-day
To worship Him, as they of olden times,
But songs of praise and love are blending now
With the sweet melody of Christmas chimes.

And glory to the Highest—Peace on earth—
Good-will to man—the burden of each song,
In anthems joyous rise to the blue Heavens,
And angels bear the tide of praise along.

The Bethlehem star glows brighter in the East,
And Faith has risen with a stronger wing,
And love more earnest seeks His presence now
On this, the festal birth-day of our King.

THE HOMESICK HEART.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

'Tis idle to laud this river's flow
That babbles a weary song;
I know of bright waters that come and go,
And murmur sweet music along;

Ah! I dream of the river's rippling gleam,
Of the rocks and shining sand,
And the graceful flowers that bend and sway
In my own dear native land.

These flowers, I know, are fresh and fair,
The springs are pure and clear;
The rivers are wide, and deep, and strong,
But my heart is homesick here;

For better I love our violet meads,
Where the singing birds soothe the ear,
And the butterfly floats in the dingle wild,
For my heart is homesick here.

And a voice is singing for blest repose,
From out the rosy West,
And I long, sweet friends, for my native home,
Where the homesick heart may rest.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REQUEST.

BY MAUD IRVING.

Bring flowers, fair flowers,
To strew o'er my bed;
That roses and lilies
Their fragrance may shed;
Bring roses the sweetest,
The fairest you find;
And pale lilies with them,
In bright garlands bind.

Search the mountain, the hillside,
The garden, and vale;
Bring them to my bedside,
The sweet violet pale;
I love the soft fragrance,
The sweet violet's perfume,
It drives from my heart
All its sorrow and gloom.

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THE INCONVENIENCES OF IMPROVING ONE'S PROPERTY.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

It was with a happy feeling that Mrs. Livingstone moved into her new house. There is something so pleasant and independent in being in one's own home; no moving on the first of May to suit whimsical landlords; no danger of having the rent increased every year; and no long delay when there is a little repairing to be done; but now everything could go on as she pleased, and, with a light heart, she proceeded to put her new dwelling in order.

Mr. Livingstone, too, was much delighted with his purchase. It was so much better, he said, with their large family, to have a settled home, so as not to be continually moving about. And, although their house was neither immense nor elegant, yet it was just what they wanted, and they were satisfied. This feeling of contentment was very well, so long as the novelty lasted, but poor Mrs. Livingstone was doomed, ere long, to repent of her new possession most sincerely. They had resided in their new home about two months, when, one day, Mr. Livingstone observed,

"I think this place could be vastly improved, with a little trouble."

"How?" inquired his wife.

"Oh! in a great many respects. There is the cellar, for instance, if you could reach it from the kitchen instead of the hall it would be a vast improvement."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, "it is perfectly convenient as it is. It is like all other cellars."

"But think how much better it would be to have the door and stairs in the kitchen; it would be a great saving of time to the servants."

"The saving of time would not nearly compensate for the money it would cost."

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Livingstone. "Why, do you know that this new arrangement will so increase the value of our house that, if ever we should wish to dispose of it, we should receive more than double the cost of this alteration over what it would otherwise bring?"

Mrs. Livingstone saw that arguments were useless, and she accordingly submitted. When our hero had commenced altering his property, the mania with him seemed to increase. He insisted on having all the closets in the lower portion of the house taken apart, that they might be made larger. John, his right-hand man, was hired by the day, and so protracted his job beyond the necessary time.

The closets were, of course, emptied of everything, and the kitchen was in a state of confusion. The cook became indignant at having what she considered her rightful domains so disordered, and, declaring that it was bad enough to live in the country, without having the very floor torn up from under her feet, left without warning.

The sudden departure of so important a domestic was the cause of no slight annoyance to Mrs. Livingstone. She had invited her minister's family to dine with her that day, but there was no help for it now, and, with a sigh, she resolved to do the cooking herself as well as she could. She prepared the dressing for the turkey, and in lieu of a closet, placed it on a table in the kitchen while she attended to something up stairs. When she returned, the dog had succeeded in depositing turkey and dish on the floor, breaking the latter, while he was now dragging the former around the hearth in the dust and ashes. The cat was sitting demurely on the table, satisfying her appetite with the dressing which Mrs. Livingstone had prepared. For a moment the lady stood aghast, and wondering if ever poor mortal was tried as she was; but then a vision of her company sitting down to a table of empty plates, and rising from it with unsatisfied appetites, rose before her mind, and, with a sigh, she proceeded to prepare for roasting a piece of beef, which, fortunately, she had in the house.

Mrs. Livingstone had been an excellent cook, and few could surpass her; latterly, however, she had had so many children to claim her attention, that she found very little time to devote to the culinary department, and now she was out of practice; in addition to this, she was so fretted by the trials of the day that she was continually forgetting the most important elements—her custards were made without sugar, and her pies lacked the under crust. Her eldest daughter offered to assist her; but what does a young lady, who has just escaped from boarding-school, know about cooking? and, with a gesture of impatience, her offer was rejected.

That dinner party was a decided trial to Mrs.

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Livingstone. Having the cooking to attend to herself, she was obliged to keep her company waiting, as she had not finished her toilet when they arrived. When, at length, she entered the drawing-room, her guests were almost startled by her altered looks. She had one of those fair and delicate complexions which intense heat never improves, and now every part of her face was one shade of deep pink. Her usually calm and placid expression had vanished, and the flashing of her eyes, and the nervous twitching of her lips, told of a slightly ruffled temper. Now, however, Mrs. Livingston imagined that her trials were over: the waiter could take up the dinner, and she anticipated that everything would go on smoothly.

When the soup had been removed, and the meat was placed on the table, Mr. Livingstone was surprised to find that he had no turkey to carve. He glanced at his wife, but she was trying to hide her annoyance from her company by doing her best to entertain them, and he proceeded in silence. The dinner was tasteless, something seemed to be wanting; and Mrs. Livingstone suddenly recollected that she had forgotten to season any of the food. At length the tedious meal was over, and dessert was brought in.

"Bring the floating island, Thomas," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"The children were in the kitchen for a few moments, and they upset it, ma'am," replied Thomas, in a low tone, "together with the pile of little fruit plates."

Mrs. Livingstone almost groaned aloud. The little fruit plates referred to had been handed down in her family through several generations. They were composed of the finest china, beautifully decorated with strange, antique figures, and she prized them more highly than if they had been made of gold. She never used them excepting on some grand occasion, and this day she almost expected their beauty to compensate, in some measure, for her poor dinner; and now, when she saw the fruit brought in with some plain white plates, she felt vastly like crying. She was worried, and out of temper, all the evening, and, when her friends departed, it was with a feeling of relief that she bade them good-by. Her husband turned to her, with a perplexed look, and inquired,

"My dear, what has been the matter?"

"Oh! these alterations," replied his wife, "are the foundation of it all."

"What in the world had the alterations to do with your agitated manners and the queer dinner we have had?"

"In the first place, the cook declared she wouldn't stay another minute in any kitchen that was to be always up in heaps, with no place to put anything, so she left me just as it was time to prepare the dinner."

"Well, I should think you would congratulate yourself upon having gotten rid of her so nicely. If she hadn't sense enough to appreciate this improvement she couldn't have been worth much."

Mrs. Livingstone burst into tears, and literally sobbed out her day's adventures, and, when she had concluded, she found her husband fairly convulsed with laughter.

"Why, Emmie," he exclaimed, "you might almost write a book about it!"

Here was his sympathy, after all her trials. It was in vain that she told him how valuable the lost servant had been to her. He insisted upon it (so unreasonable are men) that there were plenty to be had who were far superior to her. She enumerated all the misfortunes of the day; but he replied, that "these little inconveniences" would soon be over, and then she would feel so glad that the house had been altered. She exerted all her eloquence with him, and, at last, succeeded in obtaining his promise, that, when he had finished his present extensive operations, he would let the matter rest for awhile, and with this she was obliged to be contented.

When pretty much the whole of the lower part of the house had been made over, the matter did rest. Mr. Livingstone's family were beginning to enjoy a settled feeling once more; but this state of things was not destined to last, and one day he suddenly discovered that there were alterations required in the chambers. The halls were wider than was necessary, and, by bringing the partition walls farther out, the rooms could be enlarged. This idea he thought even his wife must appreciate; but, when he communicated to her his plan, her face expressed the utmost horror.

"You surely are not going to have us upside down again, are you?" she asked, in alarm.

"My dear Emma, how can you talk so?" he replied, in an injured tone.

"Do, pray, remember the trouble we had when you were altering the closets!"

"Your trouble lasted for but a short time, and I should think you would be willing to bear a present inconvenience for a lasting good."

"It is strange," said Mrs. Livingstone, "that you should be sane upon all other subjects, and yet have such a perfect monomania for tearing down your house."

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Her husband regarded her with such an injured expression that it was truly ludicrous, as he asked, "How can you, Emma, when you know that I am doing it all for the best? The improvement which I am about to make will double the value of our property. I should think you would encourage me, rather than throw obstacles in my way."

Mrs. Livingstone said nothing more. She saw that she was doomed to be a martyr in consequence of owning a house, and she made up her mind to submit with as good a grace as possible. Every two or three months some new idea, which her husband considered an improvement, would suggest itself to his mind, and he would immediately act upon it. It did, indeed, seem, as Mrs. Livingstone had said, that he was a monomaniac on this subject. He would hang and unhang doors, and change their location, and even have new ones manufactured, until their house bid fair to become all doors.

One day there was a fearful shriek from one of the junior members of the family. Mrs. Livingstone rushed to the spot from whence it proceeded, and found one of her little boys—who had the reputation of being always in mischief, and who, for some unknown reason, went by the name of General—lying on his back at the head of the stairs, with a huge lump on his forehead. He had dashed forward, in his boisterous way, intending to go down stairs, and, quite forgetting that a door had recently been placed there, he had been strikingly reminded of its existence. His mother took him up, and proceeded to bathe, in cold water, the cruel bruise. When his father returned in the evening, he noticed the swelling, and inquired the cause. Mrs. Livingstone explained the matter, and, hoping to arrest his mania for "improving," she dwelt upon the little boy's sufferings, and her own anxiety on the occasion, with much fervor. Mr. Livingstone had not been present, however, when the accident occurred, and therefore he couldn't realize the mother's constant anxiety lest some of her children should be killed. He promised to have the door removed to the foot of the stairs, and then felicitated himself with the idea that he had made an immense compromise.

"I never could see the necessity of having a door there at all," observed Mrs. Livingstone.

"I am sure it serves to keep down stairs all the odor of dinner, while it is cooking; and it also shuts out from the upper part of the house all the noise made in the lower portion."

"I do wish I had a house of my own," replied Mrs. Livingstone, "and I would lend it to you right willingly; then you might amuse yourself with tearing up the floors, pulling down the walls, manufacturing new doors, and hanging and unhanging old ones, to your heart's content, and we should not be inconvenienced by it."

The injured husband was about to reply; but he was prevented by the entrance of a visitor. After Mrs. Lane had talked with them for a few moments, she asked,

"May I not see your babies? I have heard so much of those dear little twins."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Livingstone; "come up into the nursery. I know you will excuse a little disorder, for we are altering the house."

"Two prettier children are not to be found anywhere," chimed in the proud father.

The three ascended to the nursery, and arrived in time to see the nurse lifting one of their two-year-old babies out of a tub of mortar which the workmen held mixed in readiness for the next day's operations. The child had been playing in it, when she leaned over too far, lost her balance, and fell in, almost completely burying herself. As the child, kicking and struggling, was held over the tub, the mortar dripping from her clothes, the scene was certainly laughable. Soon, however, Mrs. Livingstone discovered, through the coating of mortar, that the child was arrayed in what she considered her best dress, and she exclaimed,

"I do think, my dear husband, this is too bad! Everything we have in the house will be spoiled, and the children will all be killed before you will regard your property as perfect."

"The accidents are all caused by carelessness," he replied, "Jane should have watched Minnie."

"It is impossible to be always watching, you know the nursery is upside down now, as well as all the other rooms, and the children are obliged to go wherever they can find a standing place."

An injured, martyr-like look was his only answer; and his wife proceeded to accompany her visitor, whose clothes the sociable little twin had succeeded in daubing with mortar, to the door. Mrs. Lane's wishes and thoughts respecting her friend's babies we will not record.

Owing to Mr. Livingstone's peculiarity in regard to his house, there never was any money to be had for other purposes; and when new dresses, etc., were asked for, he would invariably reply that at present his house was taking so much of his money that he couldn't afford it, but that by-and-by, when he had finished that business, there would be plenty of funds for other things.

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"But that is what you always say, pa," said his daughter Fanny, one day, when she had received this reply to her request for a new dress; "my clothes are all so very shabby and so old that I am known by them."

"Fanny!" said her father, reproachfully, "don't you know that I am doing all this for your own good?"

"But, pa," persisted the obstreperous daughter, "I really can't see the good of it; there is that door which has been rehung four times, and now it stands in exactly the same place that it occupied at first, and I am sure I had rather have the money it cost to buy a new dress with."

Mr. Livingstone sighed, and wondered why his family were so ungrateful when he was taking so much trouble to make their home comfortable and pleasant. While his daughter hoped, from the bottom of her heart, that it might never be her fortune to marry a man who owned a house.

"Oh! dear," sighed Mrs. Livingstone, one day, "I wish the chambers were finished, Henry will be home from college in a few days, and I fear he will spend a very uncomfortable vacation."

"It really is dreadful," replied Fanny, "if we are to be in heaps one half of our time! We no sooner know what it is to feel settled, than father begins again with something new, and when the house is in such confusion, the children are always noisy and unmanageable. I think this place ought to be denominated Bedlam Manor."

When Harry returned from college, he brought his chum to spend the vacation with him. As he presented him to his mother and sister, they looked at each other in despair; Henry thought he discovered a want of cordiality toward his friend, and, drawing his mother aside, he whispered,

"I hope you will be very polite to Fred Lawson, for he is my particular friend, and I have received much kindness from him."

Mrs. Livingstone resolved to do the best she could, and when night came she had a bed made upon the drawing-room floor. She apologized for not giving him better accommodations, and explained to him their situation; his frank, easy manners soon put her so much at rest that she was able to laugh over her misfortunes.

This was Fred Lawson's first visit to the city, and the impressions which he now received of city life were not destined to be of the pleasantest kind. He had not long lain on his novel couch, when overcome by the fatigue of his journey, he sank into a deep slumber, from which he was awakened by a detachment of rats (who, now that floors and walls were being torn up, had easy access to all parts of the house) playing "puss in the corner" over his face, at the same time giving him an occasional scratch. Our friend, being peculiarly constituted, didn't fancy his present situation, and accordingly sprang to his feet, intending to surrender his couch to his new neighbors. Fatigue and sleepiness finally triumphed, however, and he came to the philosophical conclusion that it was better to run the risk of having his face again used as a play-ground for rats, than to be deprived entirely of his rest. This time he was undisturbed until day dawn, when General, who was a restless, little mortal, was wandering through the drawing-room, and unconsciously traveled over him. Fred screamed in surprise at being awaked so suddenly, and in so strange a manner, which so alarmed General that he shrieked in terror. The noise soon brought Mr. Livingstone to the spot; he found his guest sitting upright, and surveying, with much curiosity, the little intruder, who presented a decidedly comical appearance—being so continually in the habit of tumbling around, he had come into possession of a chronic bruise, and was generally known in the neighborhood as "the little boy with a bump on his forehead;" now, in addition to the bump which seemed to have taken a lease for life of his forehead, the face of the young original was so puckered up between surprise and fright, that he bore a striking resemblance to the monkey tribe. The father apologized for his little son's intrusion, and carried him off.

At the breakfast table, Mrs. Livingstone inquired, "Did you sleep well last night, Mr. Lawson?"

"Oh! yes, finely," thank you," was the reply.

"Whom in the world have you been fighting with, Fred?" inquired Henry, just then looking up. "Who scratched your face for you?"

His friend colored at finding the attention of so many drawn to himself, as he replied,

"I was called upon, last night, by an army of rats, who evidently mistook my face for the floor."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, in a tone of dismay.

"Is that what you call sleeping finely?" asked Henry, "to be obliged to entertain a regiment of rats, through the night: and to be walked over by a youngster in the morning?"

"I should think that had cracked the climax,"

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observed Nellie, who was famous for twisting sentences out of their original shape.

Fred hastened to assure his friends that his night's adventures were of no consequence, and that they merely served to make a little variety. That night, precaution was taken to put a rat trap in the drawing-room, before the apartment was surrendered to the new-comer.

One evening, as the family were assembling at the tea-table, their attention was attracted by a loud shriek. Mrs. Livingstone, ever fearful now for the lives of her little ones, hastened to ascertain the cause; at the foot of the stairs she found General, his face presenting a decidedly bloody appearance. The offending door at the head of the stairs had been removed, and the child, quite forgetting the fact, was feeling for it in the dark, when his foot slipped and he fell, striking his nose against the steps.

When the weather became a little cool, Mrs. Livingstone took a severe cold, owing to there being such a constant draught through the house, and now she was usually seen roaming through the halls enveloped in a shawl. Her cough rather distressed her husband, and he was continually urging her to have a doctor.

"A doctor could do no good," she replied, "so long as I am obliged to be in a draught. I do wish you would suspend operations until spring, and then altering the house will be something quite new to you. It is so very inconvenient, poor Fanny goes actually shabby for the want of new clothes; then, too, there is no room for visitors while the house is in such heaps, it is really mortifying. The other evening, Mr. Gibson, who, you know, was quite a beau of Fanny's, brought his sister to spend the night—we have frequently invited her—but there was no place to put her, and I was obliged to tell her so, which gave serious offence to both of them. I felt sorry, for Mr. Gibson is a very fine young man."

"I should think you might have put her somewhere," replied the unreasonable husband.

"I don't know where that 'somewhere' is," retorted Mrs. Livingstone, "the drawing-room even was occupied by Mr. Lawson, and up stairs we are fairly sleeping in layers."

"It is strange," replied Mr. Livingstone, with a sigh, "that you should all be so perverse when I am trying so hard to benefit you."

"Well, then, stop trying to benefit us, and see how much pleasanter it will be," observed his wife, mischievously.

Mr. Livingstone's expression was ludicrously reproachful as he replied, "I intend to stop when the business now under way is finished."

His wife's hopes were not much raised by this promise, she knew full well what stopping meant with him, it merely gave him time to think of something still more absurd; and she could not help wickedly wishing that some of the inconveniences and accidents might touch himself more nearly, as this she considered would be the only method of bringing him to his senses; and the time was approaching when her wish should be realized.

Mr. Livingstone had latterly interested himself in politics; he was very popular, and had become quite a favorite. He had strong and apparently well founded hopes of obtaining an office which he was seeking; the time was approaching for the decision, and he was to make a speech. Being fully impressed with a sense of the importance of outward appearance, he resolved to don his best suit, that he might have looks as much as possible in his favor. He proceeded in quest of his trunk, and, after considerable search, found it stowed away in a corner, under a most discouraging pile of heavy chests and rubbish, and the only avenue to it was over a partially dissected floor, which had been taken up in order to extract a squeaking board. He turned away in despair, resolved to make his old clothes answer, but he unconsciously caught the tail of his coat in a nail, tearing it; the dislocated piece of cloth next found itself in a tub of lime, which dripped down Mr. Livingstone's pants, leaving them adorned with a broad, irregular strip of white. In picking his way through the disordered room, he brushed against the door, carrying with him a generous portion of yellow paint on his back. In this original guise, he proceeded to the meeting and ascended the platform—his singular appearance arrested the attention of the audience, and gave them the idea that he was insane. He proceeded with his speech—at first quietly, and with a few graceful gestures; but the eyes of the assembly were riveted on the lime and paint, of the existence of which, poor man! he was in blissful ignorance; presently he became eloquent with his subject; his face lighted up with enthusiasm; he was lost to all consciousness of everything but the fine ideas which were then moving him; in his excitement he walked rapidly to and fro on the platform, his unfortunate coat tail waving like a flag in mockery of his efforts, and irresistibly attracting the attention of all. At length he finished his speech, and, with a sanguine hope, took his seat. He had done his best—he had excelled himself—and now he waited for the applause which he felt sure must follow. Did his ears

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deceive him? Could it be? Yes, he was greeted with an unmistakable burst of laughter. With a heavy heart he left the house—the appointment was lost to him.

When he reached his own dwelling, he went immediately to his room. His wife was lying down quite sick with her cold. As her husband approached her, she inquired what had happened to his clothes, and pointed to the lime and paint. Mr. Livingstone turned to the mirror, and discovered the cause of his failure.

"That is it!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"That is what?"

Her husband proceeded to relate to her his adventures, over which, unsympathizing creature! she laughed merrily. You will not say whether there was not a slight, mischievous feeling of satisfied revenge mingled with her merriment. Whatever prompted her, she could not resist saying,

"I hope you don't regard such little disappointments, for they are nothing in comparison to the grand idea of improving your house."

Mr. Livingstone said nothing; but he looked; and his look expressed considerable.

Disappointment, in his case, did not generate wakefulness; he slept soundly, and dreamed that the office he sought had been secured him. His slumbers, however, were broken up in rather an unnatural manner; his impressions, upon awaking, were indistinct, all that he could remember was, that he heard a fluttering noise overhead, a loud shriek, and then something heavy fell upon the bed; he opened his eyes, but, with a groan, instantly closed them. His wife, supposing the house had been broken into, exerted what little strength she had to cry "murder;" all the inmates were soon aroused, and, adding their voices to swell the cry, they hastened to the spot; the noise reached the police officers who were keeping watch outside, and they, too, hurried in. A light was soon struck, and then the truth of the matter was revealed. General, the usual torment, was addicted to walking in his sleep; and, on this particular night, his fancy led him to make a tour of the third story rooms; but, as the floors had been torn up, he made a sudden and unexpected debut into his parents' apartment, landing on his sick mother. Mr. Livingstone opened his eyes and was blinded by a shower of particles from the broken ceiling. This gentleman was now rubbing his eyes fiercely, thereby increasing the inflammation; his wife had fainted, and General, the unhappy author of all this mischief, was sitting on the bed, and crying pathetically; while the children, who had been attracted to the spot by the noise, were crouching under the bed in alarm. It was soon discovered that the services of a physician were required, and the officers departed in quest of one.

Mrs. Livingstone's recovery was considerably retarded by this little episode, which brought on a fever; while her worser half was found to be totally blind, and but faint hopes were entertained that he would ever recover his sight. As misfortunes are often the means of benefiting those whom they visit, so in this case, when Mr. Livingstone saw the light of day shut out from his vision, the light of reason dawned upon his mind. He gave orders that the arrangements then under way should be completed as soon as possible, and that no more should be undertaken. He submitted to his trial patiently, and his wife, thinking he had been sufficiently punished, generously forbore referring to his past peculiarity.

In the course of time an operation was performed on his eyes, by which he recovered the sight of one, but almost the entire use of the other was lost to him. A feeling of settled happiness once more diffused itself throughout his dwelling; and his wife mischievously remarked he had never begun to see till he became blind.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Isaac, my first, my only love,
'Tis hard this parting for both hearts:
You'll go to getting in your crops;
And I to making cakes and tarts.

I've loved you long and tenderly,
'Twas make believe with Jim, you know,
E'en when I wore his jewelry,
My heart was yours, my seul's true beau.

My Isaac dear, I need not tell,
My pa and yours can ne'er agree;
But, on the whole, 'tis just as well—
You haven't got the dimes, you see.

There's Dick, my beau from way out West,
Looks scrubby as a burroak tree—
His name can never thrill my breast—
His cash more musical may be.

But, should my destined jo soon die—
The fever's awful in those parts—
You know, when mourning days are o'er,
Who'll have a soft place in my heart.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Edward A. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

MORE than eighty years ago, what is now the city of Norwich, was a thriving village scattered over one of the most picturesque hills in the world, with its wildness and its beauty forming a picture one might well go back a century or so to look at, for civilization is most lovely when it improves nature without enslaving and plundering it. Thus the picturesque log-cabins, and the aspiring frame houses on their natural terraces overlooking each other—some peeping out upon untamed rocks, others embowered in trees, and all wildly irregular—were a thousand times more attractive than the perfect cultivation and stately wealth of the present city, which is even now among the most beautiful in our country.

There was not much inland navigation in those days, but now and then a sloop spread its white sails on the Thames below the village; while canoes and rude boats were abundant on the Yantic and the Shetucket. Along the rich valley which lies on the north-west, farms were scattered, and to a considerable extent the wilderness was cut away. The dwellings, so far as the land presented, were gathered in close neighborhood, out of which first a scattering village, and now a town has sprung. But the cove, which sets up to the mouth of the Yantic, was surrounded by one unbroken mass of trees; here and there the blue smoke curled up from some newly built cabin; and the Yantic river, which plunges its wild body of waters into the head of the cove, through rocks, over precipices, and down chasms, foaming and rioting with eager haste to overtake and outleap the Thetucket in a race for the sea, had been forced to yield some of its laughing waters for the use of a grist-mill, with its slow stones that moaned over their task of a few bushels each day; and below this a saw-mill sent its hoarse music into the dash of the waters, which leaped by, shouting back a mellow defiance, that rang through the old forest trees day and night.

Two log-cabins stood back in the woods. To one the miller took his toll at night: and the other was inhabited by the man that attended the saw-mill. In those days, when two log-cabins stood within sight of each other, they were likely to constitute a village and receive a name; but with a grist-mill and saw-mill within hearing, of course this was imperative; so the miller and his neighbor held a town meeting between themselves and baptized the beautiful spot Yanticville, and so it stands to this day.

Down among the farm houses, on the plain, stands to this day a large frame house, with a broad gambrel roof and heavy chimneys. Two or three old trees stand around it, and a substantial fence, half stone, and completed with rails, encloses it from the highway. Even now the house possesses that air of substantial comfort, which is the characteristic of almost all Connecticut dwellings; but in the last century it was a very superior building indeed, and bespoke the growing prosperity which had followed the Norwich settlement from its foundation. The ambition of every farmer and housewife, in those days, was to convert his log-cabin into a stable, and overtop it with a frame house. Sometimes it was years before this house received its entire finish, but stood an imposing shell, with a network of lath on the walls waiting for plaster, and no room but the kitchen thoroughly made comfortable.

This house was no exception to the general rule, the hoarded savings that had erected it gave up when the exterior was completed, and for years the good couple lived in a single room and bed-room in winter, contenting themselves with a broader range of fine airy room from spring to autumn, when the unfinished state was rather an advantage than otherwise. They had a growing family, and so put off finishing the house till gray hairs came thick on their temples, and the only son had gone forth into the world to get his own living. There had for three months been great confusion in this house, the sound of hammers, the grating of trowels; then the low, soft sweep of white-wash brushes completing everything almost thirty years after its foundations were laid, and Mr. Arnold's house had received its finishing touches.

And why was all this haste after such patient waiting? Why was the good housewife so busy upon her knees, nailing down home-made carpets, and rolling up paper window blinds at the windows? Why was that fair young girl, with

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meek, brown eyes, so earnest in her attendance on the mother, holding the little plate of carpet tacks, and helping with her pretty brown hands to stretch the stubborn fabric to its place?

Why it was the day but one before Thanksgiving, and then all those members of the family who had wandered beyond that valley were to meet again under the gambrel roof and have a grand holiday. That only son, of whom the mother was so proud, cousins from neighboring settlements, and a guest or two of foreign blood, who, fond of adventure, had come to see the grandeur of that New World, which was soon to claim a place among nations—all these were expected at the homestead.

The carpet was down in the south room, and the green and red stripes shone out splendidly. Many a long month had Mrs. Arnold and her daughter toiled at the great wheel, the dye-tub, and the loom before the admired fabric was completed, and they both felt all the sweet consciousness of creation to its full extent. Tall, wooden chairs, with backs bent inward like a bow, and divided longitudinally with small, round bars, and the seats curved like a scroll, stood primly against the white wall; a looking-glass with a fan-like ornament of carved mahogany on each end of the frame, and surmounted at the top with a gilt eagle gleaming grandly between the two front windows; a long mahogany table, bright as the mirror, stood under it with claw feet grasping a ball, and long, deep leaves rounded down to the floor. Opposite this was a high "chest o' drawers," each drawer bulging out, and sinking in like a scroll with picturesque brass handles shining brightly up and down the front, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, where it ended in an elaborately carved shell, a wondrous work of art, for which, as a piece of worldly vanity, Mrs. Arnold wished to be forgiven in her prayers, but still regarded with complacency when she observed its effect on the best room.

"There now, I think everything is in order here," said Mrs. Arnold, dropping the linsey-woolsey apron with which she had been polishing the table. "They might come to-day for anything we should care. Dear me, there is a spot on the andirons," and down she went upon her knees, rubbing the tall, brass andiron with both hands, till drops of perspiration hung on her forehead.

"No, no, that is a bruise, it will never come out," said Hannah; "don't you remember, marm, when brother made it, throwing his hammer, one day, when he hurt his fingers cracking walnuts?"

Mrs. Arnold stopped, gazed down upon the dent a moment with gentle thoughtfulness, and arose from her knees.

"Yes," she said, with a gentle sigh, "I haven't forgotten it, Hannah. Your father and I have often made it a subject of prayer; and it has set on my conscience, more than once, that we ought to have punished him at the time, as the Scriptures point out, but, somehow, whipping never seemed the thing for your brother. It always made him fierce and sullen; and I don't know as any punishment besides the rod is held proper for a child. One hardly knows what way to turn with a boy like that."

"He is so brave, so handsome, mother," said Hannah Arnold, "I don't wonder you couldn't find the heart to punish him. It seems like whipping a race horse for wanting to run ahead. Won't he be delighted when he sees what we've been about here?"

Mrs. Arnold looked around, with gentle complacency, upon her pale, sweet face.

"It is real nice," she said. "The roses on the curtains make the room look bright as a flower garden. Come now, daughter, let's go and see to the beds. Bring down the new coverlet with blue and white orange quarters for the out room, and then we'll go into the kitchen and see how Dan and Hagar are getting along. It'll be time for your father to kill the turkeys and chickens pretty soon; it won't do to have the noise about when the company comes. Get the coverlet, Hannah, and then go tell your par, or they will catch us nicely."

Hannah ran up stairs, opened a huge chest, full of home-spun linen and substantial bedding, from which she took the coverlet woven in orange quarters, and came down again.

"Mother," she said, making herself very busy spreading the coverlet under the snowy pillows, while her cheeks blushed like moss roses, "mother, if it should snow to-morrow—it looks like it, I think—and Mr. Trousa, the French gentleman who is coming with brother, should fancy a sleigh-ride, what do you think of it?"

"A sleigh-ride on Thanksgiving day!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, a little horrified

The roses flushed deeper in Hannah Arnold's cheek, and she cast a little deprecating look at her mother, that melted all the prejudices down in that gentle heart in an instant.

"Well, Hannah, I don't quite see my way about the sleigh-ride, if it should snow, and it seems to me I saw flakes in the air a little while ago; but supposing you mention the matter to par; if he doesn't take it too hard, I won't interfere. You can wear my muff and tippet."

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"I didn't mean myself, mother; but the young French gentleman and his sister. You will want me to help about the dinner."

"Never mind about the dinner. I'm capable of managing that with Hagar: we can chop the stuffing and strain the pumkin sauce over night, you know. There now, I don't believe there's a bit of sage or summer savory in the house. What shall we do? These workmen turn everything topsy turvy."

"Oh! yes, there is, mother. I put up two new bundles myself, and hung them on the rafters in the garret, out of the joiner's way. Shall I run and get it?"

"Well, if you'd just as lief as not."

Away went Hannah up into the garret, where any quantity of dried herbs hung in clusters and bundles along the naked rafters, with strings of fresh apples, nicely quartered, and hung up to dry side by side with loops and rings of pumpkins, stretched along poles, and forming massive golden chains across the slope of the roof. On a tow sheet, stretched along one end of the garret floor, which was of loose boards, that rattled as she walked, lay a huge pile of butternuts. Three or four bushels of chestnuts lay in one corner, and a quantity of shag-barks was heaped away farther out of sight.

"There'll be enough for one Thanksgiving, any way," thought Hannah, looking around, as she jumped down from the old chair on which she had mounted in order to reach the herbs. "Brother needn't be afraid of our starving his friends out, any way."

She ran down, with a bunch of herbs in each hand, flushed and pleased that she had remembered something which her mother deemed important.

By this time Mrs. Arnold was in the kitchen, settling the programme of the coming supper, and the next day's feast, with Hagar, the household slave; who was, in reality, rather more mistress of the kitchen than Mrs. Arnold herself.

"Now, Hagar, don't you think we can get along without Hannah to-morrow?"

Hagar laid down the loaf of bread she was cutting, and seemed cloudily doubtful.

"Young folks will be young folks," said the mistress, persuasively.

"Sure enough; there is nature in that 'ar.

Here Hannah entered. Hagar's face brightened at the sight of the herbs. She received them with great complacency, observing that she had just been a-worrying the soul out of her body about sage, and there it came, just like a miracle with an angel behind it.

"Hannah has been very thoughtful," said the mother.

"Yes, and as you was a saying, Miss Arnold, young folks will be young folks, and sleighing is sleighing; that's what I told Dan, not ten minutes ago. 'Dan,' says I, 'you jist go inter the barn, and dust out that 'ere two-horse sleigh, and the cutter as well, for if there isn't two foot of snow to-morrow morning, I ain't a colored purson to be 'pended on.' So in course Dan went. Get along without Hannah! Who thought we couldn't, I'd like to know?"

"But what will Mr. Arnold say to all this?" inquired the mistress, doubtfully.

"He—he told me to ask you," said Hannah, with a demure little smile.

Mrs. Arnold did not smile in return; but a look of pleasure stole over her face.

"Well," she said, "we will think about it! Thanksgivin' isn't exactly like Sunday, being rather an institution of the government: so perhaps if we read a chapter, and have prayers at home, and especially if your father and I go to meeting with a sense of edification, a decorous sleigh-ride would not be wrong. Hagar, I think Dan had better bring out the great bear-skin robes, and we must see about the foot stoves."

"I've 'tended to that," said Hagar, with a sniff of her little nose which reminded you of a squirrel over its nut. "Master carried the robes out hisself, and has been a-dusting them agin the sun fence ever since."

"Now that it is all settled," said Mrs. Arnold, with a gentle sigh, for her delicate conscience was not quite at rest, "we'd better fix up a little, Hannah, for there's no knowing when the visitors may come. Hagar, tell Dan to build a fire in the out room; there is plenty of pine knots under the kitchen stairs, and everything handy."

"I'll 'tend to that," said Hagar, plunging her knife into the bread. "There's Dan coming now with the sleigh-bells in his hand. Suppose he wants me to scour 'em up for him. There ain't no end to his wants."

Sure enough, just as Mrs. Arnold and her daughter left the kitchen, Dan entered, dragging a huge black bear-skin robe in one hand, and with a string of bells jingling in the other.

Dan was rather more than six feet high; while Hagar stood just four feet ten in her highest heeled shoes. Dan was large and portly, with a glossy black skin, and a little stoop in the shoulders; Hagar was straight as an arrow, and held her head back, pretty like a quail when it walks the spring turf. Dan had large feet, large hands, and was altogether a little ponder-

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ous; Hagar was quick, wiry, and, to use one's complimentary way of expressing it, "sharp as a steel trap."

Hagar suspected what her fellow slave wanted, and kept on shaving off slices of bread from the loaf with great diligence.

"Hagar, here is a great long slit in the bear-skin. Master tore it agin the stun wall. S'posing you jes take a needle and sew 'em up, 'cause it's going to be wanted now, I tell you."

"I'se got more to 'tend to now than I'se likely to get along with," said Hagar, pushing aside the slices of bread, and sweeping the crumbs into one hand with the palm of the other. Who's going to help me, I should like to know? There's the fire to build in the out room, and oven wood to get in, and pine knots to split up. Who's going to help me, I say, with all the family going to meeting and every which way?"

"I'll help you, Hagar; who else has a right to that felicitation?" said Dan, bending grandly over the little woman; "only jest get your needle and stitch up the little bit of a tear, jest to satisfy master, and see if I don't come up to the mark."

Hagar dusted the crumbs from her hands, took a wooden needle poppet from her bosom, which Dan recognized, with a broad smile, as his own gift, selected a coarse needle, threaded it, and then explored the depths of her pocket for a steel side-thimble, and, thus equipped, drew the bear-skin on her lap, and soon put it in order.

"Now," said Dan, coaxingly, "if you would jest touch up these 'ere bells a trifle with a little brick dust."

"Touch 'em up yourself," said Hagar, with a toss of her little head. "Bells ain't my work, no how."

"Yes," said Dan, benignly, "scouring belongs to the women folks. How often I've stood by to watch them 'ere hands of yourn a sliding up and down the knives! It ed be a shame for any other person to touch scouring in this house, I've said so fifty times."

"Well, take away the bear-skin and give me the bells. Mighty good care you've taken on 'em."

"Hagar," said Dan, stooping low, and speaking in a bland, confidential voice, "it's beginning to snow. There's half an inch on the ground this minute."

"Well, that's no secret. I can see for myself."

"Yes, Hagar, but I was thinking what's sarse for the goose is sarse for——"

"Oh! git away, Dan, and don't talk poetry to me."

"Wal, then, Hagar, if the rest on 'em are going a sleighing to-morrow, why shouldn't we?"

Hagar gave sure evidence that she was really smart as a steel trap; her eyes began to sparkle, her little figure isolated itself.

"You don't mean that 'ere, now, Dan?"

"Yes, I do. There's the cutter that I painted a beautiful yaller, only last fall, jest the dandy for us; then here's the bear-skin, you'll sit under it, Hagar, as snug and warm as a biscuit; and then them bells—ah! you've got to work at 'em—won't they glisten and jingle? I'll heat a brick, and do it up in flannel for your feet. It needn't be a large brick for them feet, Hagar. Then, as for the driving, perhaps I don't know how to make old Jack go. Gingle! crack! dash! here we go! Snow-balls flying from the horse's huffs, fences running away from us, a jumper every which while in the road, the cutter going slap 'long over it. There, Hagar, that will do. They're bright as a new dollar, every bell on 'em. Much obliged. Now if you would just build that fire in the out room, while I get the cutter in order. If pine knots are wanted, you'll find an axe at the back door, with a beautiful barked log to lay them against. If master'll only let me have the cutter and old Jack, we'll be sure to have that sleigh-ride."

With this Dan gathered up his robe and the bells, made a motion with his hand, threw an imaginary kiss high over Hagar's head, and disappeared, leaving the little negress in a state of hazy doubt whether Dan had been putting all his work on her or not.

Now, in a fair battle of intellect or temper, Hagar was five times a match for her fellow-slave; but then Dan seldom got into a temper, and was sure to meet her acuteness with glozing flattery and that small cunning which is often available where good sense fails. The great, tall fellow absolutely believed that he was superior to the little steel trap, because he usually prevailed over her. So Hagar went down on her knees, and fanned the shovel full of live coals which lay in a heap of glowing red under the fire of hickory wood she had crossed over the tall, brass andirons, and pursed out her India rubber cheeks into a pair of bellows, circling them with her linsey-woolsey apron, which she held tight between her two hands. At last a tongue of flame shot up the fine splinters, and licked the delicate moss from the wood, till the cloud of smoke turned into sheets of flame, which danced cheerily over the tall andirons and brightened all over the room.

Just as Hagar stood on the hearth, regarding

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her work, Mrs. Arnold and Hannah came in, looking quite picturesque and beautiful. You might travel a week anywhere and not find a more charming figure than Hannah exhibited when she came in, with her bottle-green skirt, and crimson short gown trimmed with black gimp, and that fall of narrow ruffles, meeting at the throat, and leaving the shapely neck free in its motions, which were graceful as those of a canary bird when it sings; calf-skin shoes covered over black stockings, with long, crimson clocks at the ankles, completed a costume that Hagar considered quite enhancing.

"Isn't she nice, Hagar?" said Mrs. Arnold, smoothing the soft, brown hair that lay like satin on each side the young girl's head. "A nice, obedient girl, I mean?" she continued, blushing at the motherly pride that broke forth in her words.

"Nice as a new pin," chimed in Hagar, folding her arms, and facing round to take a full survey. "If she don't catch a beau this time I lose my guess."

Hannah blushed, and smiled, and looked slily at her mother; while Hagar stood criticising them both, with her head on one side, and both arms reposing on her little chest.

"Am I too fine, Hagar?" said Mrs. Arnold, flushing a little at the idea; "anything wrong?"

"Wall now, if the crown of that 'ere cap stood up a little higher behind, kinder like a fan, you know, and the ribbon that goes round the head was yaller, or blue, or red, instead of black, it ed be more scrumptious, according to my notion. Then, if you'd make the plaits of that 'ere muslin handkercher fall open in front, jest enough to show the string of gold beads, with a little more of the neck—for it's almost as white as our Hannah's after all—I shouldn't find much fault. The roll of that hair jest back from the forehead is handsome as a picter; and then that brown silk dress has got so much rustle in it. Well, I can't say as there is much fault to find. Now jest set down here, both on you, while I go and get the supper under way. Dan has got to help me to-night, any way."

CHAPTER II.

While these preparations were going on in the old farm house, a little cavalcade, consisting of two gentlemen and a lady, followed by a negro servant, were galloping through a sweep of woods half a score of miles south of Norwich.

They made a merry party, with their gay laughter and jests, as they spurred quickly on over the frozen road, for the day was cold, and it was evident that a gust of snow was fluttering up on the wind from the eastern hills.

The girl was in the first bloom of womanhood; a rich, dark brunette, with cheeks like the side of a September peach that has ripened next the sun, and eager, changing eyes that anticipated every smile upon her full lips, and gave to her face a piquant beauty quite indescribable. She sat her horse admirably, and her lithe, slender form showed to advantage, in spite of the fur wrappings which the day demanded. With it all there was something very un-English in her appearance, although she spoke the language with no perceptible accent. The gentleman at her right hand bore sufficient resemblance to her to betray the relationship between them, but the brother's dark features had none of the brilliant color or expression which gave such life to her countenance. Although he joined in the conversation, and smiled frequently at his sister's lively sallies, he seemed naturally a reserved, silent man; and there was something in the stern, black eyes, and about the firm mouth, which betokened a bitter and vindictive temper when once aroused.

Their companion was a man still young, twenty-seven perhaps, almost handsome at times, although the slightly Roman features looked somewhat cold and severe in repose. He was conversing gaily with the girl, and his eyes, at times, fastened themselves upon her face, with an expression which sent a riper color to her cheek, though a smile would tremble over her lips, in spite of every effort to prevent it.

"And you think I will like your sister, and she me?" she said, laughingly. "Really, if she is so sweet and charming as you say, I doubt if I am acting wisely in bringing Paul within her influence."

"My poor Hannah!" he replied, smiling and shaking his head; "she has no more idea of coquetry than a wood pigeon."

"Oh! don't be too sure of that, sir," she interrupted. "Woman's nature is the same the world over, and I would wager my pet curl that, if the truth were known, you would find that even the most innocent and retired little pigeon had her own ideas about subjugating every pert young male within her reach."

"Is that the principle upon which Miss de Montreuil acts?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh! it is unjust to turn my argument against myself," she said, bravely, though the tell-tale color dyed her cheeks again. "It is only your quiet women that I distrust; I am never afraid of any other where Paul is concerned—do you hear, brother?"

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"Yes, yes," he replied, with a slight accent. "Haven't you learned, Arnold, that it is useless to contend with Laura? When she finds herself worsted, she leaps clean beyond the argument, and brings up in a totally different quarter."

"It is beginning to snow!" exclaimed Miss de Montreuil, only noticing her brother's remark by an impatient shrug of the shoulders. "See there, Mr. Arnold, it is coming toward us quite rapidly."

"We are nearly through the woods now," he answered, "and there is a little town, not far beyond, where we can rest, if it snows too badly to go on."

"Better push ahead, masser," chimed in the old negro; "'tain't a gwine to be much snow, but afore mornin' dar'll be sleighing, or I misses my guess."

"Peter's lame arm is an unfailing barometer," said de Montreuil.

The old negro glanced down at the injured member with a puzzled look, as if doubtful what manner of thing that might be, saying, hesitatingly,

"'Spect it are, masser Paul, and it am achin' doleful all this blessed mornin'."

"Here we are out of the woods!" exclaimed Arnold, as they reached the brow of the hill, from whence the sloping fields betrayed the cultivation of man. "On a bright day, Miss de Montreuil, there is a fine view from this spot."

"But this is not exactly a June zephyr," said her brother."

"Oh! fie! Paul, you never did really appreciate the beautiful. I am sure that it must be very lovely."

"On a day like this it makes but little difference," persisted de Montreuil; "I can see no more pleasure in freezing to death in the garden of Eden than in Nova Zembla."

"There is the tavern," said Arnold, pointing to a long log building at the foot of the descent.

"Is there a little hamlet there?"

"The customary blacksmith's shop and school-house; it would not be Connecticut, you know, without those."

"There is a crowd of men in the field back of the school-house," said de Montreuil; "surely they cannot be holding a patriotic meeting in this storm?"

"More likely a shooting match—remember to-morrow will be Thanksgiving."

"Prime turkeys, I'se warrant," muttered old Peter, elevating himself in his stirrups. "Oh! Guy, ain't it worth while?"

"I have heard so much of these matches," said Laura, "but have never had the good fortune to witness one."

"That comes of being shut up in a city all your life, Miss de Montreuil; see how sadly your education has been neglected!"

"I plead guilty, and lament my ignorance. Is there no way of remedying it now?"

"Oh! certainly! You can watch all the proceedings very comfortably from the tavern window. What do you say, de Montreuil?—shall we beg or hire a rifle and take a shot at the old gobbler?"

"Just as you like, *mon ami;* I should rather like to see the sport."

"I haven't tried my hand for years; I should like to know if I have lost my skill."

"After all," said Laura, "it seems rather cruel amusement."

Arnold's look expressed the most perfect astonishment; then a sneer, which she did not see, altered the lines of his mouth into an expression almost revolting.

"It may be so," he replied, "but Connecticut youths are not trained to think so; our fair saint will give us absolution if we follow the barbarous customs of those about us."

"Oh! I confess to a desire to see the sport, but I don't half like it, after all."

"Come on, then, where your curiosity can be gratified, and I'll warrant that you will forget your scruples."

A rapid ride down the hill soon brought them to the little tavern, where they dismounted, and were ushered, with due ceremony, into the best room of which the house could boast.

The crowd in the field were not so busy with their preparations but that the strangers were duly remarked; and they proved themselves possessed of that laudable spirit of curiosity, which has so fully developed itself in the descendants of the worthy puritan fathers.

Old Peter went into the field to hire a rifle for his master, and a little group immediately gathered about him, plying the old servant with so many questions, that he stood, rolling his eyes about, in open-mouthed and helpless amazement. But Peter's elocutionary powers were upon too grand a scale for him to be long crushed, even by such numbers, and, recovering his speech, he poured forth such a voluble account of the glory of his master and all his family, past and present, that even Yankee curiosity could not well have craved a more complete account.

"And that 'ere's young Arnold with him?" asked a long, gaunt specimen, when the sable servitor paused for breath. "He used to live down to Norridge, and his folks is there yet."

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"And he and that French feller want to try their skill at shootin' agin us, dew they?" asked another, bringing his rifle heavy down upon the ground. "Wall, tell 'em to come on. I'll let 'em have my old soger cheap, though it ain't used to bein' hired out to furreners."

"And what dew they think of imports and taxations?" asked a stout old farmer. "The time's come when a man likes to know who he's a-neighborin' with."

"Oh! get away," rejoined the first speaker, "old Arnold's a riglar true blue, and his son takes after him. I'll bet there hain't a drop o' tea wet their whistles since the last taxation."

"Arnold's got a darter, hain't he?" asked some one.

"Of course he has," retorted the stout farmer; "dew you think Jake Dennis would stand up for him so, ef there wasn't a female in the case?"

"That's all yew know about it," grumbled the discomfited defender of Mr. Arnold's patriotism, when the laugh at his expense had ceased, "I guess you'd better finish your business, if you want any shootin' to-day, and leave me alone."

The hint was a timely one, and the crowd moved away from Peter, and busied themselves about their concluding arrangements. The luckless fowls were taken out of the baskets, and flung, securely tied, upon the ground; and one fine old turkey gobbler, with a blood red crest, was selected as the first to be put up at the "mark."

Several men tried their skill, but proved unsuccessful, as it was only by hitting the turkey's head that the prize could be gained; and, as the old gobbler was by no means inclined to keep his red crested head erect, and allow his enemies a fair shot, the task was by no means an easy one.

The discomfited men were greeted with shouts of laughter; for it is a peculiarity of human nature that we are even more than usually delighted with other people's failures, when about running the same risk ourselves.

Jake Dennis proved the fortunate competitor, and then a variety of trials followed in quick succession. When the sport was at its height, Arnold and his friend came out of the tavern and crossed the field to the match-ground.

De Montreuil gazed about him with amused curiosity—and to one unaccustomed to things of the sort, the scene was not devoid of interest. The animated looks of the crowd, the eagerness of the competitors, the ill-concealed chagrin of those defeated, and the quiet self-complacency of the winners, were excessively amusing.

"Dew you want to try your hand?" asked the old farmer of Arnold, after another fine turkey had been set up.

"If I may, certainly."

He took the rifle which the old man handed him, and, lifting it with a sure aim, fired—the bird's head fell upon the snow several feet from the body. A shout of applause followed the feat, for there had been no shot equal to it.

"There ain't no Tory blood in yew, I'll bet," said the old farmer; "you are the sort to be depended on."

Arnold looked at him keenly.

"You seem a true patriot," he said.

"I guess they'll find me one when the time comes," he replied, with an emphatic nod.

Arnold placed in his hand the turkey he had won, and thanked him for the use of his rifle.

"You and I will have a little talk before I leave here. Come, de Montreuil, as you won't try your skill, let us go, your sister will be tired of waiting. How it does snow, we shall be in the midst of a storm!"

"Where is Peter?" asked the Frenchman, when they had reached the tavern. "I declare the old fool is going to take a shot, and he is as timid with a gun as an old woman."

The truth was, Peter had bragged and vaunted his powers until he found himself in an unpleasant situation. Several slaves had followed their masters, armed with blunderbusses, shotguns, horse-pistols, or any other species of firearms they could lay their hands upon, in the expectation of being allowed a share in the sport toward the close. Now, one bad tempered negro was an excellent marksman, and Peter had irritated him until it was decided that they must either fight it out, rough-and-tumble, or shoot against each other at a mark.

Affairs had reached a crisis; the belligerent negro threatened, and Peter showed the whites of his eyes in terror. His vaunting spirit had carried him further than he intended. He looked about for his master; he was too far off to protect him, nor did he show any disposition to interfere. He looked among the crowd—the matchers had ceased their sport to watch the coming fun.

"My massa wants me," stuttered Peter.

The tall negro extended in his left hand a rifle, and doubled up his ponderous right fist directly under Peter's rolling eyes.

"Yer kin take yer chise," he said, coolly. "Can't hev no city niggers a flourishin' it over 'spectable colored pussons."

"Stand up to him, Jupe!" shouted the laughing crowd. "Don't let any strange darkies impose upon you."

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"I ain't a strange darkey, I ain't, no how, but was born and broughten up in these parts as well as the rest on yer—now, who wants to 'pose upon him?" expostulated Peter. "I'll meet him like a man, but just now marster wants me."

"Can't help it," said Jupe, determinedly; "I wan't yer tew. Now, which is it to be, this 'ere blunderbuss, or a taste of this 'ere," and he brought his huge fist into dangerous proximity with his frightened opponent's nose, which was in all conscience flat enough by nature.

Peter trembled in his shoes; he glanced at the fist and at the rifle—either was bad enough! He grabbed the rifle—shut his eyes—pulled the trigger and fired. They had given him an unloaded gun, but it was all the same to Peter! He gave one bound, while the crowd were in convulsions of laughter, and started for the tavern, followed by a crowd of hooting boys.

So extreme was the poor fellow's terror that he dashed past his master, and flew into the room where Laura de Montreuil stood laughing as heartily as the others.

"Save me, Misses," he screamed; "I'se killed a man and now they want to hang me for doing on't."

With this pathetic appeal, Pete crowded himself under the settee, and it required half an hour's persuasion to get him out. Not till after he had been repeatedly assured that the crowd had dispersed and Jupe gone home with his master could he be induced to come forth; and a pitiful looking object he was when he came into the light. His portly carcass seemed really flattened, his snowy wool was specked with dust, and his neat riding suit woefully soiled.

In pity to his terror they got off as quickly as possible. Peter spoke never a word during several miles, but when they came in sight of Norwich, Peter's spirits began to revive and with them his vaunting spirit returned.

He rode close behind his master and whispered confidentially,

"Marster Paul, 'spec that ar Jupe was wuss skeered than he made believe, but I'se glad I didn't kill him, any how."

The mirth with which this confidence was received excited Peter's displeasure. He snorted disdainfully, drew his horse back and rode on in solemn silence, reserving all attempts to convince himself and others of his bravery until a more auspicious period.

The hour in which one sits, full dressed, to wait for company, is always a tedious one. Until that time, Mrs. Arnold had not really had time to feel of a certainty that her son was coming home. While there was anything to embellish or arrange she could ward off all impatience; but now the very rustle of her dress reminded her every instant that he was coming, and her heart beat and fluttered in that gentle bosom with yearning eagerness to behold him.

Hannah, too, was in a state of considerable excitement. She moved softly from seat to seat, smoothed her glossy hair before the looking-glass, and smiled to see how bright and blooming was the face that looked back upon her.

"I wonder if he will think me improved!" she thought. "The last time he came home, I remember he complained of my stooping. It was because we had just finished the fall weaving, and one gets a habit of stooping in the loom; but he won't find fault about that now. Hagar says I am as straight as an arrow. I wish my hands wasn't quite so brown and hard, he spoke about that, too; but then hard work will show itself, do what one will."

"Isn't that the sound of horses coming down the road, Hannah?" cried Mrs. Arnold, half rising.

"No, mother, I think not. It is father coming round the house in his heavy boots."

"No, no; I am sure—I am sure he is coming."

How that motherly heart began to swell and beat! The glow of tenderness in her eyes was beautiful to look upon.

"He is coming, Hannah. Hark!"

That moment the front door opened, and a face, all tanned and weather-beaten with outdoor work, looked in: a strong, earnest face, such as we seldom meet in these days. You would not have believed that such depth of affection could belong to the face.

"Wife! daughter! he is coming! Our son is in sight."

They started forward in a group, and, standing upon the door stone, gazed eagerly along the road, regardless of the snow that fell softly around them, scattering their heads and garments with floating down.

Three persons on horseback, two men and a woman, were coming full gallop through the storm.

Yes, it was young Arnold and his friends. They rode swiftly up to the gate, both the young men dismounted, and Mrs. Arnold stood waiting, with heart in her mouth, while her son deliberately lifted the young lady from her saddle. Then he came forward, and she fell upon his bosom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE LOST DIAMOND.

BY FANNY L. MACE.

CHAPTER I.

It was past sunset, and the dusk was beginning to creep over the brown hills of Southern Virginia. My steed, which had been making good progress since the early dawn, began to fag and grow restless; and I, too, in spite of the strange mission that had heretofore filled my thoughts, almost imprecated the fate which had sent me wandering in this bleak region. In vain, with straining eyes, I scanned the Western horizon. I knew I must be near my destination, and yet I saw no glimpse of the gabled house which had been pointed out to me as my mysterious goal. Only bare hills stretched away, out of sight.

"I believe the ghost has cheated me," I muttered, impatiently, drawing up my horse, and once more scanning the landscape. "Let me see again what these words mean," and I drew from my pocket-book a note written in a cramped and ancient hand.

"Arthur Dunallen," thus it read, "seven years ago, come Christmas Eve, your kinsman, your father's elder brother, fell by the hand of Rupert Ware. To-night you are of age, and his blood calls to you from the ground. Seek, among the most western summits of the Alleghanies in —— county, for a large gabled house, of grey stone, half in ruins. You will know it, for it bears the name of Ware Grange. There you shall see and speak with

DUNALLEN'S WRAITH."

This singular communication, as startling as it was quaint, had been deposited on my dressing-table, three days previous, by an unseen hand. No one had seen the messenger come or go; no one had heard a footstep, but when I rose from my couch on the morning of my birthday, the note, smoothly folded and legibly directed, was the first thing upon which my eyes fell.

Though scarcely more than a child at the time of my kinsman's disappearance, the circumstances were still fresh in my memory. He was a wealthy landholder, of Scotch descent, owning large estates in the richest section of Virginia. Report said that in his youth he had been a wild rover—that he had done deep wrongs—but of this I know little. I remembered him as a grave, middle-aged man, of thoughtful, even melancholy countenance. He suddenly disposed of all his estates, and, having converted his wealth into money, went into the mountains to visit an old friend, previous to embarking on a long European tour. He never reached that friend's house. I remember well the bewildered anxiety, followed by dread and despair, with which my father waited for news of him, but there came neither tidings nor return. A long and faithful search was equally fruitless, and at last he was given up for lost. His wealth had disappeared with him, all except a valuable diamond, a token of some early passion, which he had left in his brother's care. Two years later my father died, leaving me the last of the Dunallens, and the diamond was my sole inheritance.

My early lessons of self-dependence had imbued me with a courageous and adventurous disposition. It was, therefore, without hesitation, though with extreme wonder and some unpleasant forebodings, that I accepted this mission. I was not superstitious; I had no faith in the ghostly mien of the epistle, but there was a mystery in it which puzzled me, and which I was impatient to solve. I resolved to devote the Christmas holidays to this enterprise, and answer in person the strange summons. Whatever was my uncle's fate, I felt sure it would now be made clear to me, and, abandoning my studies, I set out on horseback for the mountains.

"Cheer up, my good Selim!" I cried, stroking the neck of my steed, when again I had folded the note and concealed it in my portmanteau. "Cheer up! or the night will overtake us in this dismal region, and I, too, may share the fate of the elder Dunallen."

I put spurs to my horse, and soon we had left another weary mile behind; but now, crowning a distant hill, I saw, by the last rays of daylight, a large stone house in the vicinity of a rude little hamlet. At the same moment I overtook a countrywoman, with a basket of wares, resting by the roadside, and I paused to question her.

"What do you call yonder house, friend?" I asked, pointing to the gray roof in the distance.

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The woman gazed at me curiously before she answered, and I perceived a restless, uncertain glitter in her large black eyes.

"It was Ware Grange," was her reply—"and years ago we had right merry Christmas feasts there, but for seven years it has had no master and the gate has been shut to strangers."

A thrill shot through me as I listened to these words. It was the same name which my unseen guide had told, and for the same length of time it had been desolate. All my previous doubts vanished. I knew now that a revelation was to be made to me, and I was eager to stand face to face with the mystery.

"There is a decent inn at the village," added my informer, thinking that my silence proceeded from disappointment at not being accommodated at the Grange. "We call it the Red Thistle, and it's kept by honest Sandy Fitzroy."

I threw her a piece of silver for her information, and would have ridden away, but, springing from the ground, she suddenly caught my hand and held it fiercely, while an expression of intense emotion was visible on her face.

"The diamond! the diamond!" she cried, her eyes flashing with passionate excitement. "Let me see it! Let me see it! Hold it near to me!"

Wondering not a little at this strange manifestation, I held the hand on which the ring was placed, toward her. Her breath came quick—she touched it with her fingers.

"I had one once," she said, speaking slowly and with strong agitation, "and while I kept it, I was happy. But I let it leave me, and with it I lost my peace, my heart, my soul. All lost—lost!"

She dropped my hand as abruptly as she had taken it, and sinking down by the roadside she burst into tears. Pitying the poor lunatic, for such I felt she must be, I would have stayed longer and attempted to soothe her wild grief, but she saw my intention, and catching up her basket, hurried out of sight. I rode thoughtfully on toward the Grange.

I found the inn with no difficulty, a low eaved building with a red thistle painted over the doorway, and having seen to the accommodation of Selim, I entered and sat down by the fire which blazed in the great open chimney. A group of farmers were lounging about the room, and a red cheeked lassie was weaving Christmas wreaths to decorate the dingy little windows. Honest Sandy, in great commotion at having a strange gentleman in his house, flurried about and urged his hospitalities upon me. I was in too much agitation of mind to feel the least craving for food, though I had ridden so far; but I swallowed a glass of wine and threw myself on a long settle to rest, before proceeding to the Grange and to my promised meeting with the Wraith.

For a while so absorbed was I, and lost in vague surmises, that I paid no heed to the buzz of conversation which the countrymen kept up. But by-and-by, a few words startled my ear, and arrested my attention. I listened.

"There never was a kinder man. Was a poor body in distress, he was glad and ready to give him a lift. But he had a curious look with his eyes. I could not be easy when he looked at me."

"No one knew that he ever had an enemy," chimed in my host. "I believe he went suddenly mad and drowned himself."

"He died no natural death," said the first speaker. "Who ever heard of one dying in his bed and then haunting his house ever after?"

"There is a ghost, then!" I cried, growing excited as the conversation proceeded. The peasants, eyeing me curiously, responded,

"Yes, sir. Many a man of us has crossed the hill at midnight and seen the spectre marching up and down the garden walk."

"Describe him, I pray of you."

"A tall, gaunt man in sheeted white," said Sandy, while a shiver crept over the whole company. "He walks in long strides up and down the garden. Did you ever hear of him, stranger?"

I did not want any of these people to know my errand, so I shook my head, and leaving the room, stood a moment in the open door. The stars blinked brightly overhead. It was a clear night and I was not afraid nor superstitious.

"Why not go at once and solve this doubt?" I asked myself. "Delay will but torment and harass my already excited mind. The ghost sent for me and desires to see me. I am come at his bidding; and the sooner we meet, the better."

No sooner thought than done. With swift steps I crossed the fields that lay between the inn and the Grange. I thought of my lost kinsman and remembered his kindness to me in my childhood. It had been told me that I was to be his heir. What if some rich inheritance was even now to be bestowed on me!

The stones of the old court-yard gave a melancholy and lonesome ring as I crossed them, and the solitary fir tree by the gate swung its boughs to mournful music. It seemed a sad, weird place, a fit haunt for unquiet spirits.

All these outward tokens only increased my

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anxiety to go onward. I gave a loud knock at the door. Some moments elapsed, and then it creaked on its hinges, and a withered old man, holding a lamp above his head, peered out upon me.

I expected to have some difficulty in effecting an entrance, but the old servant, scanning my appearance, merely said,

"Are you Mr. Dunallen?"

I was expected then, in this strange place! Replying wonderingly in the affirmative, the door was swung open and I was led across a wide hall to a door in the farther end. This too was opened. I looked in, as the servant drew back, and for a moment paused in dumb astonishment.

CHAPTER II.

The room was richly, even gorgeously furnished. Curtains of crimson fell in heavy folds over the windows, pictures in massive frames adorned the walls, lounges and couches of velvet were placed here and there, inviting to luxurious ease.

A large astral lamp burned on a centre-table, and in its light stood a beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen, richly attired and waiting to receive me.

"Mr. Dunallen?" she inquired, hesitating a moment as I approached her.

I bowed in silence—it seemed to me I was in an enchanted palace.

"I am Geneva Ware," she said, simply, and showed me a seat. "Reuben," she added, addressing the servant who stood without, "bring refreshments for Mr. Dunallen; he has traveled a long distance and must be weary."

"I wish for nothing," I exclaimed—"indeed I will taste nothing. I stopped a half hour at the inn."

Her large gray eyes rested inquiringly on me a moment. "At the inn!" she repeated slowly. "You should have come directly here. Reuben, send immediately for this gentleman's horse and baggage."

I would have prevented him, but her quiet, authoritative manner checked me.

"Since she will have it so, I will stay," I said to myself, "and if this is the ghost, it is well worth journeying to see."

As the servant retired she turned toward me again.

"Do not ask me how I knew that you were coming here," she said, while her eyes fell under my gaze. "You are to stay with us a few days until a certain object of importance is accomplished. In the meanwhile——"

"I will respect the mystery of your house," I interrupted. "Do not fear that I shall trouble you with idle questions. I acknowledge that I do not understand the object of my journey hither, nor the strange rumors that I have heard. Yet I came by request and will remain cheerfully."

She thanked me, more by the expressive glance of her eyes, than by the movement of her lips, and taking some unfinished embroidery, she sat down near the fire. The firelight, steady and bright, fell on her figure; and I looked at her, with a certain admiration, mingled with awe. Her features were softly moulded, bands of brown hair were folded over a Grecian forehead, her lips were mildly beautiful, and it was only when she lifted her eyes, that I became conscious of a quiet strength and dignity of mien, unusual in one so young. There was nothing of the coyness of girlhood about her, neither was there too much assurance, but a maturity of face and bearing, which betokened a life of thought, perhaps of trial.

A few moments she sewed rapidly on her embroidery, but gradually she allowed her work to cease, and a troubled expression came over her face.

"You spoke of rumors," she said, suddenly lifting her eyes. "It cannot be that tales of our unfortunate house have reached the great city, the world in which you live."

"No," I replied; "until three days since I was not aware of the existence of such a family; nor had I ever heard the name of Rupert Ware; nor do I yet know who he is, or how connected with yourself."

"He was my father," she said.

"Was?" I repeated. "Then he is not now living?"

She hesitated a moment, and looked pained.

"When I was a child," she said, "there was not a happier house for leagues about than this. My father and I lived together, and were sufficient society for each other; for my mother had died before my recollection—yet, even in the midst of his lavish kindness and affection, I perceived, as I grew older, that he bore a secret trouble. It grew upon him until it took possession of all his faculties. Suddenly he disappeared. I do not say he died. No one knew of his death, but he vanished from human knowledge. It is all like a terrible dream to me."

"This is a singular story," I said, when she had concluded, "and it renews in my memory the stories that the villagers told in yonder inn. Was it all their fancy that the unquiet master

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of the Grange still walks in his accustomed haunts?"

Her eyes, which were bent upon me when I commenced my question, evaded my eyes as I concluded.

"That I cannot answer you," she said. "If it is so, you will surely behold him. But this is a dark theme, and suggests thoughts too melancholy."

Reaching forward, she took a guitar from its nook in the corner.

"Perhaps you are no lover of music," she said; "or it may be you have sisters who sing far better than I."

"I am, like yourself, alone," said I—"the last of my family; and," I added, "I passionately love music."

Her fingers wandered carelessly over the strings, and she seemed seeking in her mind for a theme of song. Her face was pale, but her eyes shone with a deep, intense light. As I sat there, in that strange dwelling, beholding her so beautiful, yet so mysterious, she seemed to me a sibyl, and not a mere mortal maiden. While I still watched her, half bewildered by my fancies, her fingers swept the strings to more regular measure. Notwithstanding she had desired to change the gloomy theme, the shadow was not yet lifted from her mind. In a clear, but peculiarly mournful voice, she improvised these verses:

"Haunted house, or haunted heart!
Which conceals the deeper smart?
Here are chill and joyless rooms,
Flitting shadows, hovering glooms,
Many a fearful voice and face;
Oh! thou dread and dreary place,
Haunted house, I fly from thee.

Yet the world could ne'er impart
Peace to me, whose haunted heart
Whispered of a promise spoken,
Of a trust which had been broken.
No new faith could give me cheer,
No new promise could be dear;
Haunted house, I cling to thee."

As she finished singing she laid aside her guitar, and, rising, lighted a candle, which she gave to me without speaking. Her lips quivered with suppressed emotion, and her face wore an aspect of patience, long wearied, yet still unbroken. She had seemed a sibyl before; she seemed a martyr now. A martyr to some fierce duty which imprisoned her in this enchanted house, away from the bright world for which her beauty was made.

I took the light, and, with a sober good night, followed the servant, who now appeared, to my sleeping-room. When he had left me, I threw myself on a seat, heedless of all about me. The song rung in my ears, so wildly mournful and foreboding.

But presently, by an effort, I shook off the spell, and looked about me. The room was an old-fashioned bed-room, on the ground floor, furnished with a high, curtained bed, an ancient bureau, and high-backed chairs. A fire crackled in the fire-place, and relieved the otherwise gloomy chamber. Thoroughly wearied, I quickly threw aside my clothing, and lay down to rest.

I knew not how long I slept, but suddenly, out of a deep sleep, I awoke, perfectly conscious, and, rising in bed, looked about me. The fire had long since gone out on the hearth, and the moon, unclouded, shone through the curtainless window. I felt a sense of oppression, of unaccountable restlessness; it seemed to me utterly impossible to sleep longer in that room. Chilly as the December night was, I longed for a breath of its bracing air, and I dressed myself slowly, standing by the hearth. The words "Haunted house, I fly from thee," kept returning and dwelling on my fancy; and I know not to what state of morbid uneasiness my mind would have progressed, had not a sudden sound, a real excitement, at once dispelled my vapors, and roused me to the full possession of every faculty.

The sound was a footstep, slow, distinct, regular, like the precise and even tread of a night sentinel. By this time I was fully dressed, and I stepped quickly to the window.

Good heaven! was that the spirit, the unquiet spectre of the Grange?

A tall figure, not in "sheeted white," as the frightened villagers had told, but enveloped from head to foot in a cloak of sombre gray, was walking slowly to and fro, not a dozen rods from my window. For some moments I stood perfectly motionless, while the blood ran chill in my veins, until I was convinced that I was not deceived, that something, whether flesh or spirit, was really walking before my eyes; and then, remembering my mysterious summons, I threw up the sash lightly, and leaped to the ground.

As I sprang, the spectre paused and stood perfectly silent, with its face toward me. It was so far off, however, and the moonlight was so indistinct, that I could not see the features, only a pale countenance, dim and shadowy. I started toward it, but, at my approach, the figure lifted one arm and waved me back. At the same time the hand, extended, let fall a slip of white paper, which fell fluttering to the ground, and, still keeping its face toward me, still waving me back, the spectre receded, until it was lost in the thick shadows of the grove.

For a moment I hesitated whether I should not

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track the ghost to his hiding-place, but I forbore, and satisfied myself with approaching the spot where he had stood, and seeking for the paper. I found it without trouble, a narrow slip of letter paper, clinging to the frosty ground. With this grasped closely in my hand, I returned, easily re-entered my window, shut it down, and, by the aid of a solitary coal which still gleamed among the ashes, I relit the wax candle which had lighted me to bed.

The paper contained these words, written in the same hand, the same style as my former note.

"Seven years ago, come Christmas Eve, Hugh Dunallen perished, but the hand that slew him forbore to touch his wealth. Vengeance, not avarice, aimed the sure blow. For you, his guiltless heir, it has been safely stored.

"On Christmas Eve, at your peril sooner, follow the river path until you reach three oaks, growing together, near a sudden bend of the stream. There seek and find your inheritance."

I slept no more that night, but paced the room in a tumult of doubts. Was there indeed a murderer concealed within these precincts? and was it for me to seek and to prove the dark crime? Geneva's face, so pure and perfect in its sad loveliness, came before me, and I shrank from the thought of being an avenger, when she, the innocent, must suffer with the evil doer. I resolved to be silent, and to wait until the appointed hour, before concluding my plan of action.

CHAPTER III.

The sun rose as brightly, and smiled as serenely, the following morning, into the windows of Ware Grange, as if no dark gloom had ever overshadowed it, no secret horror clung about its walls. Not yet recovered from the bewildering vision of the night, I felt eager to see Geneva's face again, to learn if she were indeed more than another and fairer spectre of this house of shadows.

I descended to the room in which she had received me the previous evening, but she was not there. Her guitar, however, was in the spot where she had left it, her sewing lay on the centre-table, and various little tokens of her handiwork gave an added charm to the costly apartment.

In a few moments she appeared and cordially bade me good morning; but, while speaking with me, I perceived that her keen eyes were reading my countenance with a secret anxiety. I endeavored, by the cheerfulness of my manner, to conceal any traces there might be of my night's broken slumbers. Apparently I succeeded; for she resumed the quiet and easy manner which seemed habitual to her, and, after a few moments of light conversation, she led me to the breakfast-table.

She had looked beautiful and sibyl-like on the previous evening; but this morning, as she presided at the table, she wore a sweet and womanly aspect, even more alluring. She was attired as gracefully as, though more simply than, the night before; and her face, in place of that pallor which alone had marred its beauty, wore a delicate blush that seemed called forth by the novelty of her position as hostess.

While we were lingering at the table, a sudden, confused murmur arose, outside of the apartment, and, in a moment, the door was flung open, and the woman whom I had met on the roadside entered, with her basket of wares hung about her waist. Geneva turned her head as the door opened, but when the wistful face of the stranger met her gaze, she grew instantly pale, and, rising, looked with mingled sternness and terror on the intruder.

The woman's countenance was even more pale and haggard than when I had seen her first, and her fierce, passionate eyes wandered restlessly about, as if seeking something they never could find. She had torn some red berries from the wintry boughs on her way, and had woven for her head a fanciful wreath. As she met Geneva's eye, she smiled vacantly, and pointed to the garland.

"It is almost Christmas time," she said, "and I am beginning to gather my holly and cedar. You know we shall want to deck all these windows with wreaths, and light candles in every room. You may festoon your gay parlor just as you please; but I am come to deck the north chamber—the gloomy north chamber."

Geneva, pale and trembling, could not speak, but motioned with her hand for her to go away. It was very evident that the woman was insane, but this excess of terror, in one so self-reliant as Geneva, startled me.

"My good woman," said I, rising and approaching her, "I think Miss Ware does not care to purchase of you this morning; you will be more likely to succeed at the village."

Her eyes lighted up wildly while I spoke, and throwing aside her basket, she caught my hand. I did not like her grasp, and withdrew it quickly.

"Oh! it is you I am seeking!" she cried. "You have got the diamond—the precious diamond. Give me that and I will go; I will never trouble you again."

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"Send her away," said Geneva; "she has been here before, and I dread her."

"No, no. Do not send me!" cried the lunatic. "I did not come for your sake, proud girl; I do not know you; it is him I seek."

"Give it to me! It is my own," she said, imploringly, and, with an expression of keen pain upon her face. "It is my diamond. Should I not know it anywhere? and to think it should come to me here! It is my own; my heart would not ache so, if it were not my own."

I did not know what to say. Her distress moved me, and at the same time Geneva's look of terror made me again approach her and endeavor to persuade her away. She paid no attention whatever to my words, but with her eyes bent on the ring she went on half in soliloquy.

"I was so glad, so happy, when he gave it to me first; he told me then it had a charm, and I did not know what he meant. But when I lost it, then I knew, for all my joy went from me—a demon came to me. But I will take it again and go to him. I will hold it to my lips before his eyes and he will forgive me, and my heart will never ache again, and my brain will never burn. I shall rest—I shall rest."

"I cannot wait," she added, in a sharp, angry tone. "Why do you stand there wondering at me? Give me my ring or I will snatch it from your hand."

I repelled her touch and bade her to be silent.

"Let us have no more of this folly," I said. "Go quietly away, or I shall be forced to send you."

Her face changed almost instantly, and she looked so perfectly sane, so grieved at my harshness, that I drew back involuntarily.

"Do not send me away," she repeated. "Do you not know me? I am Margaret—Margaret," dwelling softly on the name as if it pleased her ear. "He gave me the ring, up in the north chamber, and I, poor, false Margaret, I gave it to you."

"Miss Ware," said I, "it is useless to attempt to reason with this poor woman, for my unlucky diamond has quite bewildered what little sense she had before. Let me lead you to another room, for this excitement is making you ill; and then I will return and show this stranger the path to the village."

Geneva, still agitated, moved to obey my request, but the same instant, the woman, who had watched us keenly, took up her basket and left the room. Geneva hastened to the window, and in a few moments saw her gliding away, down the field path. Relieved of her anxiety, she turned toward me smiling.

"You must be surprised to see me so moved at the sight of a harmless unfortunate," she said, "but I have a peculiar dread of her. By fair means or foul she has obtained a knowledge of our family secrets, which I fear she will use to the ruin of this poor house. Now and then she wanders this way, and I am in constant anxiety until she leaves the neighborhood."

"Something more than simple misfortune has rendered her what she is," I replied. "She meant more than we knew when she called herself false Margaret. But I cannot account for her eagerness to possess this ring."

"The diamond has had a peculiar charm in all eyes," said she, thoughtfully. "Have you not read stories of its supernatural powers? Perhaps the sight of it recalls some superstition of her youth."

We returned to the drawing-room as she spoke, and while Geneva seated herself with her needlework, I took a book which lay open on the table and read to her. No allusion was made to the incident of the past night, but casting from us all sad and foreboding thoughts, with books, with music, and with conversation the day passed away. That golden day in my memory! It was the sunrise of love—the dawn of a new existence. I forgot the dark mysteries which hung about my companion. I saw only her entrancing beauty, heard only from her lips the echoes of a heart warm, generous and true, a mind noble and exalted. A thrilling ambition took possession of me. I would, when this fateful Christmas was over, go away and plunging into the labor of life, win fame and glory, and then, when success had crowned me, I would return and win her. How could I ever dream away another hour of life! All my past years looked empty and worthless. How little had satisfied my ambition; how little had filled my heart! Fired by this new passion, all life looked larger and nobler to me, and my pulses already throbbed with the sense of strength and of victory.

But the day, bright and enchanting as it was, must have an end. It was already late when I took my lighted candle to retire, yet even then I lingered.

"Give me one more song," I said, "one of more cheerful mood than that of last evening. It rang in my ears all night and gave me strange dreams."

A warm blush overspread her face, but she took the instrument and preluded a few moments in silence. Then she sung, but sweet as her accents were, their undertone of sadness was still the same.

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"Joyful morn or peaceful eve,
One alone the fates decree,
Each must have a time to grieve,
And a joy for each must be.
Blessed he whose early tears
Sanctify more blissful years.

Youth's sweet flowers may all too soon
Wear the impress of decay
And the glory of the noon
Die in wrathful clouds away.
Morning hours are swiftly past,
Give me only peace at last!"

"And now good night," said she, with a smile, "and may no evil vision disturb your rest."

I did not sleep at once and so deeply as on the previous night, for now that I was alone and away from the fascination of Geneva's presence, my mind was more disturbed by thoughts of what had occurred within the last two days. I half expected to be roused again at dead of night to meet the apparition of the gray cloak. With this expectation, I watched rather than slept, yet so far was I overcome by the unusual excitement, that I lost my consciousness now and then, but was awakened every hour by the regular striking of the great clock in the hall. At midnight I rose and looked out of the window, but all was still, and the placid moonlight rested on the desolate ground. Concluding that the spectre had finally vanished, I returned to my couch and fell into a profound slumber.

I dreamed that it was Christmas Eve, and I was alone, seeking for my treasure, beneath the three tall oaks by the river side. I had cut deeply into the brown turf, and my spade was beginning to strike against something which gave a metallic ring, when a rustle in the bushes caught my ear and almost before I could turn toward it, a serpent sprung from the thicket and stung me on the hand.

With an exclamation of pain I awoke, but was it all a dream? My hand still smarted with the recent pain; I sat up on the bedside and looked about me. The window was wide open, and a piercing wind blew in, scattering my clothing from the chair on which I had thrown it. Again the smarting of my finger drew my attention to it, but—mystery upon mystery—a drop of blood covered a little scratch upon my joint, and the ring, the diamond was gone!

CHAPTER IV.

Early as it was when I sought the drawing-room the following morning, Geneva was there before me, gayly decorating the walls and windows with Christmas garlands. In a few words I told her of the night's disaster. She looked pale and terrified, while her wreaths dropped, unnoticed, to the floor. Deep as was my chagrin at the loss of my diamond, the sight of her sympathy warmed my whole heart with a delicious joy.

"It is—it must be Margaret," she said. "No one else could have dreamed of such an act. There is not a servant in the house whom you might not trust with all your possessions."

"I do not doubt that it is the crazy woman," I returned, "but now is it possible for me to find her? Where are her haunts?"

"I do not know; but the whole neighborhood shall be searched at once. Reuben shall go in one direction——"

"And I in another. I would not willingly lose so valuable a gem, especially when it is all that remains of my family's wealth. I must seek for it thoroughly."

"And I—what can I do?" she said, eagerly. "Can I be of no service?"

I assured her that she could not, and, with as little delay as possible, the two servants and myself hurried away. It was a rough region among these hills, but the old servants were familiar with every covert and glen for miles. With the aid of our horses we searched every recess of the forest, and every nook of the hills, where it was possible that such a wild wanderer would attempt to hide herself. Hour after hour went by, and my anxiety began to merge itself in wonder. We inquired at every dwelling, both in the little village and along the unfrequented roads, but no one had seen her, and at nightfall, weary and disappointed, we turned homeward. The diamond, I felt assured, was irrevocably lost.

My spirits sank as I approached the house. What was it but a haunt of insane spirits, where only one sweet human heart throbbed in loneliness and sorrow!

Geneva did not come to welcome me as I returned, but looking troubled and harassed, she talked earnestly apart with the elder servant. He, too, seemed startled, and, almost without heeding me, they disappeared, hurrying into the house. "What new witchcraft is being wrought out?" I asked myself, easily vexed in my state of weariness and disappointment.

In half an hour I was called to the supper-table, but Geneva was not there, and the meal was lonely and tasteless. But remembering the tour which still lay before me, for it was Christmas Eve, I endeavored to swallow something to sustain my well tried strength. Strange and unaccountable as the whole plan seemed to me,

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I was resolved to obey all the directions of the note, and to see if indeed Hugh Dunallen's treasure was buried in the earth, where he had fallen. If I should find such to be the case, then all doubts of his death by foul means would cease; a real meaning would, by necessity, be attached to the ghostly confession, and vague suspicions would give way to the stern and active search of justice.

I had already, tired of waiting for Geneva's reappearance, supplied myself with a lantern, and started to leave the house for my walk to the river, when, as I stood in the door, her dress rustled on the staircase.

"Do not go!" she said, speaking tremulously and with difficulty. "It is too late for our purpose to be thus fulfilled. Come with me."

I obeyed, laying aside quickly my night lantern, and my out-door gear. She reascended the staircase, and I wonderingly followed her. She led the way to a chamber on the north end of the house, somewhat removed from the other apartments by a long passage which seemed to separate it from the main building. At the door she paused, and looked pleadingly at me.

"Whatever you see," she said, "remember that the wrongs of others brought about this ruin, and forgive—for my sake."

I raised her hand to my lips in silence, for her imploring words went to my heart. She opened the door, and I followed her into the chamber.

A bare floor, a hard field bed, scanty furniture, and darkened windows, in strange contrast to the luxuriousness of the lower apartments, met my gaze, and on the bed, with the large, gray cloak thrown carelessly over him, lay a man, whose pallid cheek and glassy eye betokened that death was at hand. He was not an aged man, but some dark and terrible sorrow had made his hair gray. I knew him at a glance as the spectre of the garden.

Geneva went toward him and sat down on the couch by his side. "He is come, father," she whispered, and then her white fingers strayed among his gray locks, and her eyes rested wistfully on his changing countenance.

Rupert Ware, it could be no other, fixed his hollow, gray eyes on me, and beckoned me to a seat at his side. I obeyed, and then with a long, searching gaze he scanned my face.

"Thank God!" he uttered, at last, "there is no look of your kinsman in your face. You are yet unscathed by crime—but he——

"Let me tell you my story, for you are his nephew, and have a right to know the cause of our deadly enmity," he said, directly.

I expressed my anxiety to know all, to have this mystery cleared up, yet warned him not to exert his strength beyond its limits.

"This Grange, now so neglected," he said, "was once a noble country seat, handed down from father to son, ever since the first Rupert Ware, a solitary, misanthropic man, chose this mountain glen for his homestead. Here, in my youth, I brought my bride, and one more fair never gladdened a bridegroom's heart. I did not shut her up in this lonesome retreat, for having wealth and leisure we traveled from city to city, yearly, sharing in all the gayeties of the world. She was everywhere courted and flattered by the proudest in the land, and I was not afraid. I did not dream of danger. Geneva!"

"Father!"

"Give me wine; I must have strength."

He drank one or two draughts from the cup which she presented, and then with a firmer voice proceeded.

"At a Northern city, on the summer after Geneva was born, we met Dunallen. He was a man of the world, a professed admirer of beauty, and he paid unlimited homage to my wife. I began to see a change in her; she was weary of my society and went more than ever into gay assemblies. Inwardly chiding myself for my suspicion, I yet deemed it wise to return. But I was too late; her heart was already poisoned. We were followed on our journey by Dunallen, but, bold as he was, he dared not come to my house. She seemed happy again, and I thought her safe, but he, serpent like, was lurking in the neighborhood and watching for her whenever she went abroad. At last, one night, I came home to a hearth desolate and disgraced; she had fled with her betrayer."

Again he tasted the wine, but his face was ghastly, his utterance impeded.

"I did not follow them, but I clasped my child to my arms and vowed that sooner or later he should atone to me. I would not seek him then, in the first exultation of his success—my vengeance could wait—wait until he was weary of his ill got treasure—until, perhaps, he regretted and repented his evil folly—until death by my hand would seem most bitter, most terrible.

"Years passed, and I lived only for my child. My heart grew to her as the one thing left of my happiness; and well has she repaid me.

"But I knew the hour would come, and seven years ago this night, it was at hand.

"Long since he had cast off his miserable victim, and she had gone, I knew not whither, to hide her woe and remorse. He too had

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changed and had settled into a grave and sober man—it made my revenge the sweeter.

"Deeming from my long silence that I had forgotten or forgiven my wrongs, he had the boldness to come again, on a tour of some kind, among these hills. I watched for him. As he passed by my gates at nightfall, journeying on horseback, I rode out and took my place at his side. There was no salutation, no need of any words between us, but his face blanched. His steel was as sharp as mine, and we fought hand to hand, but the God of vengeance was on my side and he fell, and where he fell I buried him.

"Nothing now remained but for me to change to gold all the wealth which he carried with him, and to bury that also out of sight, and then I vowed to look no more on human faces. I told my child the fearful tale, and bade her be faithful to me; and then I buried myself and my ruin in this gloomy chamber, never breathing the outer air except in the dead solitude of night. I had yet one interest on earth beside that of my child; I had no desire to rob Dunallen's heir of his just inheritance. For the purpose of restoring your own to you, I ascertained, by means of my faithful Reuben, the time when you would be of age, and on that day I sent my summons to you. It was my plan to fly hence with Geneva, while you were searching in the forest. But it was not so to be. The fearful malady which has consumed my vitals for years past, has been aggravated by the excitement of your coming, and my hours are numbered.

"Geneva has kept my secret—she has been true to me. In one thing only I deceived her—I told her that her mother was dead."

Here Geneva started, and looked with wild amazement in her father's face.

"Not dead!" she uttered. "My mother living?"

"She lives—less wretched than I, for fate has been merciful, and darkened her memory of the past. Margaret! Margaret!"

As he spoke this name in a changed and hollow voice, he raised himself on his elbow, and looked wildly toward the door. Our eyes followed his startled gaze, and I sprung to my feet as I beheld the crazy Margaret.

"Woman, this is the chamber of death!" I cried. "Why are you here?"

She looked toward me, and smiled, and I perceived that her eyes no longer shone with the wild light of insanity; they were mild and tearful. She glided toward the bed, and, sinking down at the sick man's side, she held up to his eyes the diamond ring.

"Rupert," she whispered, "I have found it again—the diamond you gave me on my wedding day. I gave it to him who broke my heart, but God has sent it back to me. Put it upon my finger once more and I shall be forgiven."

His eyes grew fixed and glassy; at the sight of his countenance her anguish became intense.

"Forgive—forgive me!" she cried. "One word, Rupert, before you die."

He reached out his hand, and, taking the ring from her, looked long and sorrowfully in her face, and put it upon her finger.

"Geneva," he said, "forgive your mother!"

The next instant, and before Geneva could reply, his eyes closed—he was dead.

Geneva flung herself upon her father's breast, and gave way to her long restrained tears; but Margaret Ware rose and turned to me.

"May I keep it?" she said. "It was Rupert's gift, and to see it, to hold it even now, has scattered the darkness from my brain. Tell me I may keep it, and I will go in peace."

I should have deemed it sacrilege to take it from her now, and so I told her. She thanked me, and, turning to the bed, pressed a kiss on Geneva's tearful face. Geneva returned the caress, but again shrinking from her, she hid her face on the cold bosom of her dead father. I approached the orphaned girl, and taking her hand tried to lead her away. I called her by tender names, I told her she was not alone, that I was with her, I would be true to her forever.

When at length, soothed and calmed, I led her out of the chamber, her mother was not to be found. She had gone as silently as she had come, and we never saw her more.

I stayed a month longer at the Grange, and as Geneva's betrothed, settled all the neglected affairs of the estate. In the meantime I found the treasure in the exact spot to which I had been directed, and took possession of it, as the rightful heir. This done, I bade farewell to Ware Grange—nor did I go alone. I could not leave Geneva there amid all the gloomy and fearful memories of that haunted house. She went with me as my bride.

We searched vainly for the unfortunate woman whose sin had wrought such direful ruin, but she wandered about no more, and the place of her retreat was securely hidden. Two years after our marriage, a little sealed package was brought to me, one evening, directed to Arthur and Geneva Dunallen. I opened it, and gazing curiously into the little ebony casket, we beheld the diamond ring. There was no word, nor message accompanying it, but we knew that Margaret Ware was at rest.

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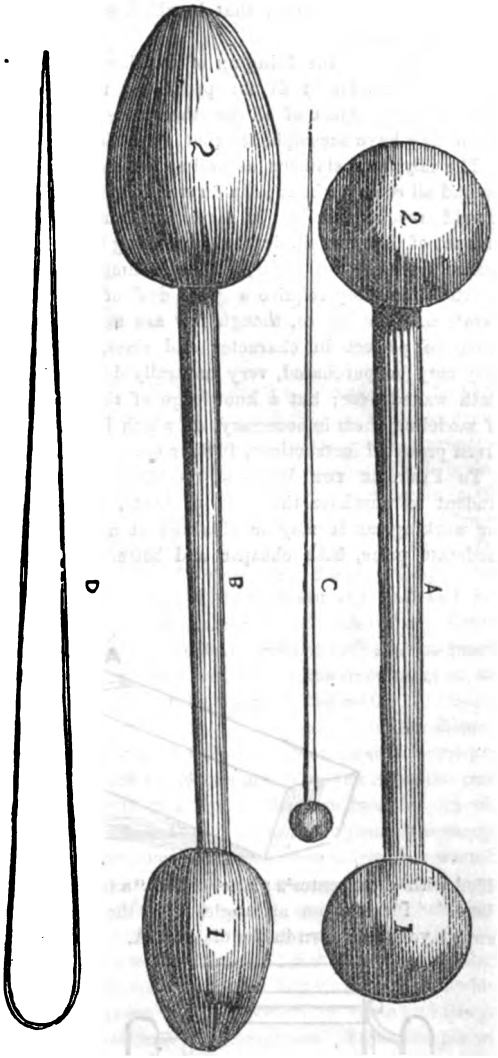
MAKING AND MODELING WAX FLOWERS

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

General Directions.—The following hints on the Art of Modeling Wax Flowers, will be found valuable, though more particular rules accompany each flower, as treated of. In the first place, it is most important for the pupil to be careful in selecting the best wax, principally white, of the thicknesses Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Of colors, I recommend yellows, 1, 2, and 3, two shades of pink, and about six to seven shades of green—from the light primrose-leaf green to the deep-myrtle green. This assortment I consider quite sufficient. As it is impossible to imitate some flowers faithfully in the tinted wax, it is necessary to resort to powder colors.

Having selected the wax, the next requisite is an assortment of powder colors, in bottles: Carmine, three shades of Blues, viz: Cobalt, French Ultramarine, and Prussian; three shades of Yellow (Chrome 1, 2, and 3;) Flake White; Vermilion; Burnt Umber; two shades of Green Down; a bottle of Bloom; half-a-dozen small sable brushes; bottle of liquid transparent gall; half-a-dozen small saucers for the colors; a palette-knife, a fine-pointed pair of scissors; various steel pins, as shown in cut; three sizes of wire, covered with green silk; and a bottle of gum. The tools requisite should be of box-wood, and shaped as shown in engraving.



The Component Parts of Flowers.—As it is necessary to know something of the component parts of a flower, the following concise remarks will materially assist the pupil.

In those flowers which are considered as the most perfect there are seven parts, besides the peduncle, on which the flower is supported.

1st. The calyx, or flower cup, which is an extension of the peduncle in the form of leaves, and not differing much from common leaves in texture.

2nd. The corolla, which is formed within or above the calyx. It is of a finer texture, and often displays the most beautiful colors.

In some flowers there is only one organ, which in those cases may be considered as the calyx and corolla united together, as it has the rough texture of the one on the outside, and the delicate texture of the other within. When the corolla consists of more than one part, they are called petals.

3rd. The stamens, which are thread like substances, generally bearing little knobs on their points. They are ranged within the corolla, and vary in number in different flowers.

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4th. The pistils, which are organs standing on the rudiments of the fruit, sometimes one and sometimes many in the same flower.

5th. The pericarpium, or seed vessel; but sometimes it is wanting, in which case the plants are said to have naked seeds.

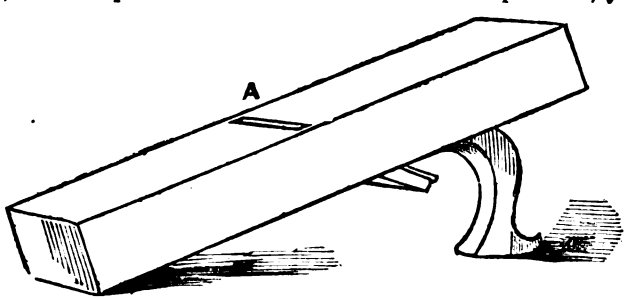
6th. The receptacle, or that in which all the other parts are united.

7th. The seed, the bringing of which to perfection, to render it fit for producing future plants, is the object of all the other parts; and when they have accomplished that, they die.

The calyx and stamens, as well as leaves, may be had all ready to hand; the former I certainly should recommend, as it saves an immense amount of time, which, devoted in making them, scarcely repays the pupil; although simple in construction, they require a great deal of preparation. The leaves, though few are needed, must be perfect in character and class, and they may be purchased, very naturally done in cloth waxed over; but a knowledge of the art of modeling them is necessary, on which I have given practical instructions, further on.

To Prepare the Wax.—I recommend the student to purchase the wax in sheets, ready for working, as it may be obtained at a very moderate price, both cheaper and better than any one unused to its preparation could produce it; but as it sometimes happens, from distance or other causes, that it is impossible to obtain it ready, I have given the simplest method I know of for its production.

First, provide yourself with a deep, wide-mouthed jar; make a cover to it of wood or cork, to fit close; then get a saucepan that will admit the jar, similarly in principle to a glue-pot. The object of the two vessels is, that the wax may be melted by the heat of the boiling water, which prevents its burning or boiling over, and also protects its color. Care must be taken to keep it closely covered, to prevent any steam entering the vessel containing the wax. Procure pure white wax; when melted, add two ounces of tallow and three ounces of Canada balsam; stir until thoroughly mixed; add the coloring matter. The following (ground in oil and in tubes, such as artists use:) Carmine, Prussian blue, Cobalt, Chrome (light and dark) and Chinese white—these will produce all the tints requisite. The next process is to cast the wax into blocks, for which purpose you must be provided with a tin mould, about six inches long by two and a half wide and one and a half inches deep. The most important thing is to cut it into sheets. To accomplish this, you must be pro-



vided with a carpenter's plane, called "a trying plane." Place it on an angle, with the iron toward you, as shown in the diagram A. Then a contrivance, to fix the block of wax in, as shown in diagram B.,—simple in itself, as the longitudinal section will show, being a piece of

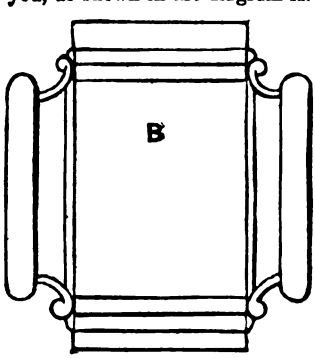
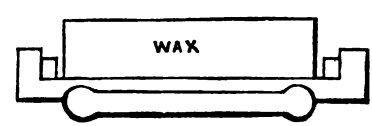
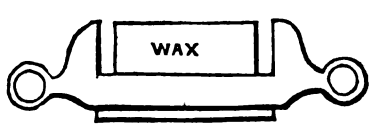


Fig 8.



Longitudinal Section.



Transvere Section.

wood, about an inch wider all round than the block of wax, with a stop at each end; leaving

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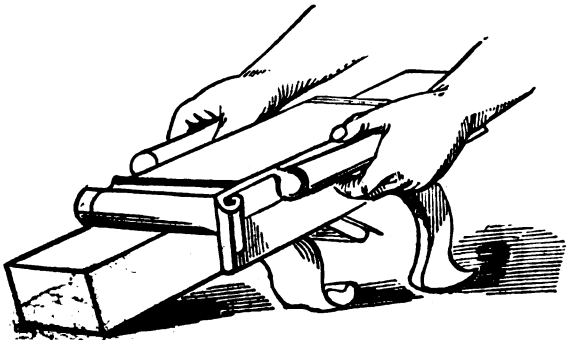
a space of about half an inch between that and the wax, so as to admit of a wedge, to keep it steady in its place. The two *hand-holds*, as shown on each side of Fig. 3, will convey all the necessary ideas, so as to require no further explanation; and the following diagram will show at once the full working of this method of cutting wax; though the sheets of wax purchased at the shops are cut by machines constructed expressly for the purpose, which can be set to a gauge of any thickness required.

To Make Stamens and Pistils.—The thread-



like substances that are seen in flowers are generally made of white, red, yellow, and green sewing cotton. First make the cotton stiff, either with melted gum or starch (in convenient lengths;) when quite dry, dip in melted wax; then cut into the required lengths. The little knobs that are seen on their points are made by dipping the ends in thick gum, then into powder color, suited to the flower for which they are intended.

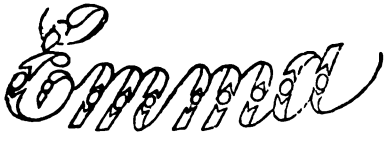
To Make Leaves.—Leaves are made by a method which differs widely from flower-making, but is sometimes adopted in making some of the larger and thickly-petaled flowers—such as lilies, &c.

First, select a perfect and natural leaf, two to three sizes, of a character; get a common flower-pot, pan, or any other vessel sufficiently large to admit it; fill the vessel with wet sand, place the leaf upon it, and form a rim round the leaf, about half an inch from the edge of it, with a strip of card-board about an inch wide; pour plaster of Paris over it (the plaster must be of the consistency of cream) till it comes level to card-board wall. When the plaster is set, take it up from the sand, without removing anything else, only trim round the edges of the model of the leaf, making the plaster as even as possible. Cut three or four holes with the point of your knife, in different parts of the edge of the half-mould, large enough to hold a small pea in each; then grease the edges and holes with a preparation of equal parts of tallow and salad-oil, laying it on with a brush. Place the leaf again in the half-mould, and form another rim of card-board round this, place it in the vessel, and pour in the plaster of Paris as before. When thoroughly set, separate the parts, take out the leaf, and you have a perfect mould of both sides of it. Before destroying the leaf, press it between two pieces of cardboard, just to get the impression of the irregularities belonging to the leaf.

The mould being now formed, take a sheet of green wax the shade required, cut it to the pattern just named, as nearly as you can—the more correctly you cut it, the less trouble you will have. Soak the mould in water just warm enough to bear your hands in; when thoroughly warmed through, take it out, open the two halves, insert your wax just prepared, and squeeze them carefully together, taking care the keys (or little knobs) on the edges of the mould come into their proper sockets. This being done, and the leaf taken out, it will have all the veins and irregular markings of the real one. This example will serve as a guide in making all other leaves.

(to be continued.)

NAMES FOR MARKING.



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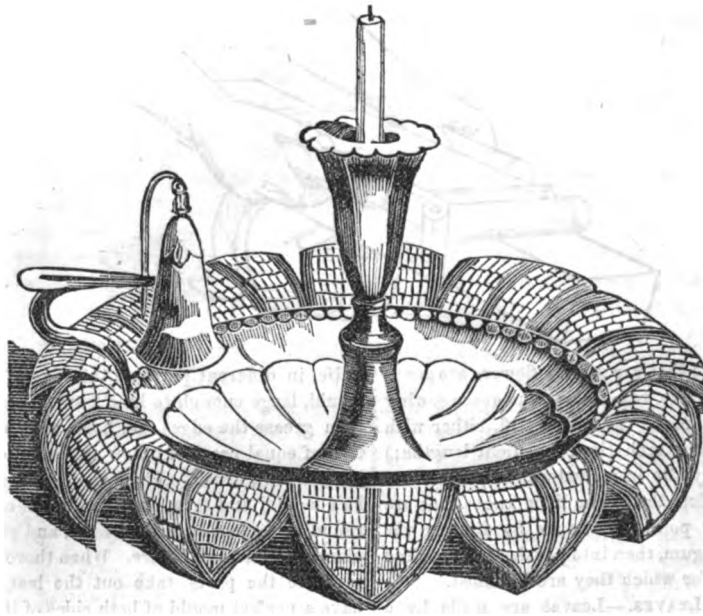
MAT FOR A TAPER CANDLESTICK, OR FOR A WATCH-STAND.

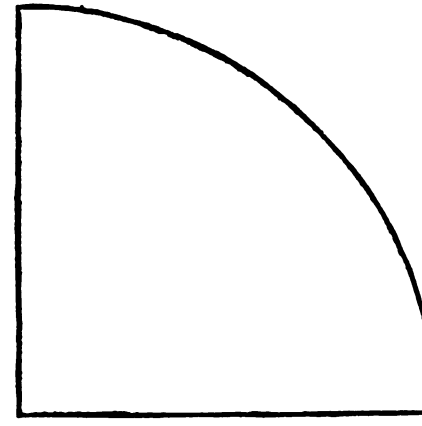
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 20; ½ yard of Penelope canvas, that which measures nine double threads to the inch; four skeins of bright green wool; a rug needle; a piece of card-board, three inches in diameter; a piece of bright scarlet merino, silk, or velvet, five inches square; a little fine wire, which can be had by drawing it from ribbon wire, and some rather strong gum water; two ounces of short, thick white bugles, such that will, when sewed on, lie evenly across the stitch.

First cut out the exact size of leaf in tracing or other thin paper; then either in parchment or lining muslin, gummed on paper, to prevent it from stretching. Now upon the canvas about two double threads from the selvage work thirty stitches in cross-stitch, not drawing the wool tight. Now double the paper pattern in half, and cut out a very narrow shred nearly from top to bottom of the centre; place the pattern with the line cut out, directly over the thirty cross-stitches, and tack it on the canvas each side the cutting. Then, with the needle and wool, run the canvas round outside the leaf, exactly as if it were the running on muslin instead of canvas.

Now, without cutting off the wool, remove the paper pattern, and make another running in the same stitches, or nearly so, to cover the stitches left white in the first row, so that when the two rows are run, there shall be an even and continuous hue of green round the leaf. Now, with the same wool and needle, work a row of overcast stitch over the running, exactly as the edge of muslin is embroidered; this must be evenly



SECTION OF CIRCLE.

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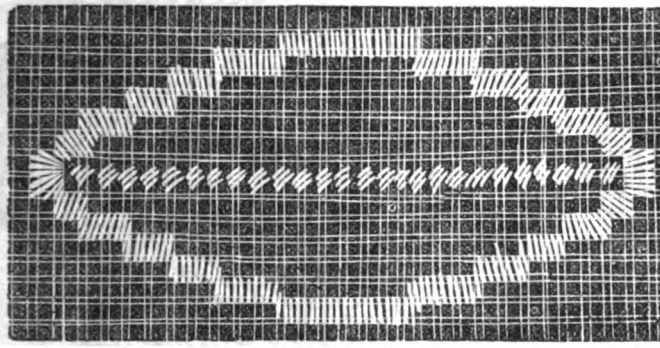
and finely done. When all the ten leaves are overcast, proceed to sew on the bugles. Begin at the point of leaf; thread a fine needle with 20 cotton, fasten into the back, and bring it through at the right hand side of the under part of first stitch of canvas: thread a bugle, pass the needle down through the opposite corner of stitch, thus the bugle will lie from right to left, when the next stitch on the other side the centre line is worked the same; bring the needle up again in the next row, in the same manner as for the first stitch, but below it. Thus each row must be begun at the left hand side, and the needle must be passed down after each bugle is threaded, the bugle set right across the thread of canvas, then the needle passed up again through to the bottom of the next stitch on the right hand side. When all the bugles are sewn on, nail the canvas on to a table or box, right side downward, and gum each leaf well at the back, and particularly the green edges; when dry, remove the nails, and cut the leaves round the edge exactly as if it were muslin instead of canvas; now sew the wire up the centre of each leaf at the back.

Trace the section of centre on to paper, cut it exactly in the tracing marks; fold a piece of paper in form, of the size of section, place the section on it, and cut only the semi-circular edge; open it, and it will be found a circle; place this on some card-board, and pencil it round, then cut it; cut the covering a little larger, gather it round, place the card-board inside, and draw the covering in. Secure it. Then with double cotton sew on the leaves, about half-an-inch from the edge; then gum a piece of paper on the back, turn it downward on a table, place a heavy weight in the centre, then curve the leaves a little.



PAPER STAND MAT, SIZE FOR WORKING.

KNITTED CUFF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—White and gray pearled, black and white castor worsted, middle-sized wooden needles.

Begin with the pearl worsted, 80 stitches, and always knit right. Four rows with pearl worsted, two rows with black worsted, 4 rows with white worsted, 2 rows with black, 2 rows with the pearl. * Knit 8 stitches, and then knit two stitches together, and in this manner through the whole row plain. One row knit plain. In the following row knit 7 stitches, and then knit 4 together and so forth. One row plain, and go on in this manner till there are only left two stitches between those knit together. Then twelve more rows are knit plain and closed loosely. The turned back band is made in the Tunish style described, and with the long crochet needle. With black worsted you begin to knit 39 stitches, and crochet one row forward and one back. White worsted: crochet 16 stitches, take together 3 stitches, crochet 16 stitches and the whole row back. Black worsted: crochet 15 stitches, take 3 stitches

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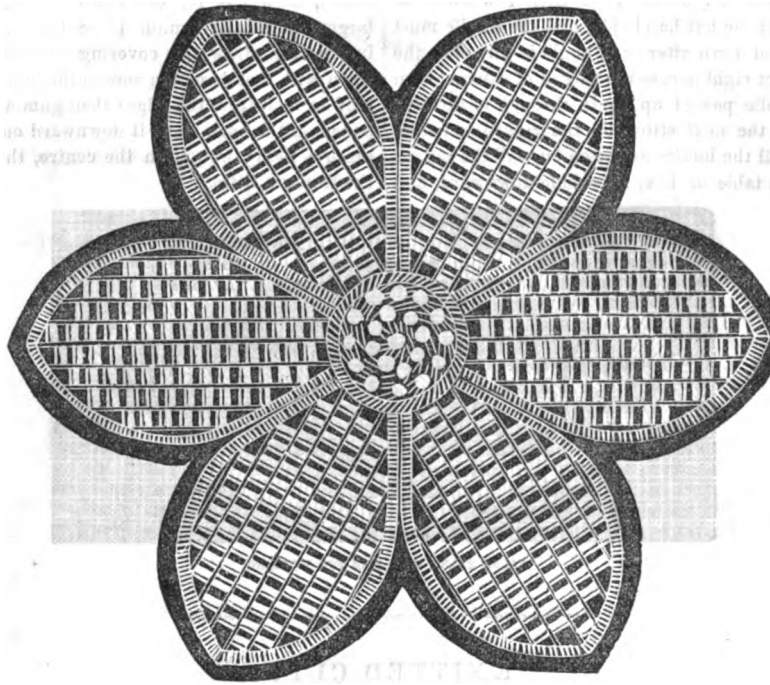
together, crochet 15, and work the row back. Then crochet, † 3 rows with pearl worsted forward and back, and take at once 3 stitches in the middle. Finally you crochet one more stitch without taking any together. The facing is crocheted with black worsted to the right side of cuff, and both parts are sewed together on the wrong side.

A PEN-WIPER FOR A WRITING-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Cotton; 3 nails of Penelope canvas, that which measures 9 double threads to the inch; 1 skein of bright green Berlin wool; 1 oz. of thick, short, white bugles, about a dozen large sized white chalk beads; 3 nails of scarlet cotton velvet, merino, or cloth, and some pieces of black stuff cut into circles. A little gum water, a camel's-hair brush, and ink in which a little loaf sugar has been dissolved.

First trace off the engraving in a broad outline with the brush and ink on paper, when dry, place the canvas on this, and trace the outline with ink and brush.

With green wool and a rug needle, work, or run the outline round, and then overcast the running, exactly as if it were muslin instead of canvas, (this overcasting must be thickly and finely worked by separating the double stitches of canvas). The centre circle is filled up in cross-stitch, and the chalk beads sewed on this.

FOR THE BUGLES.—These must lie across the stitch of canvas, and all one way; be sewed on with cotton doubled, beginning at the point of the leaf—bring the cotton through as if for single cross-stitch, thread on a bugle, slip it down, pass the needle down through the canvas on the top of the stitch. Each row must be commenced at the same side as the first row—that is, when one row is finished, slip the needle under and back to the bottom of the next, ditto under the first row; when all the bugles are sewed on, stretch it with the bugled side downward on a table with five or six tin tacks, then well gum over the work, let it remain till quite dry; then cut away the canvas close to the over-

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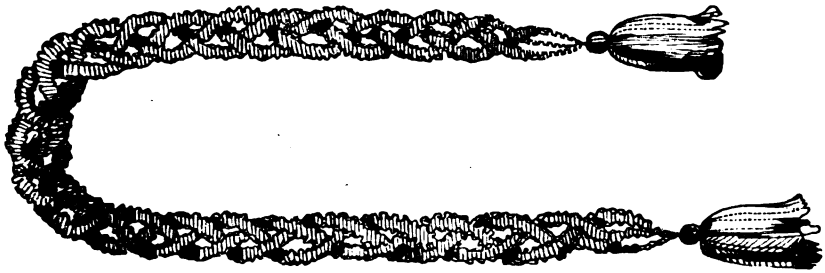
casting so that not a particle of the canvas can be seen; gum the back of the star again, lay it on the right side of the velvet; place a heavy weight on it till dry. When cut leave the velvet about half a quarter of an inch beyond the green outlines. Cut some circles of cloth, so that they do not project so as to be seen, and sew them through the centre of the star.

KNITTED SCARF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This consists of three little stripes knit with zephyr worsted, which are to be twisted together and adorned with a tassel. Each stripe has a width of seven stitches, and is knitted right. When it is finished, you drop the middle stitch. It looks nice giving a shade of worsted of three colors, in which each stripe is one of these colors.

ZOUAVE JACKET FOR A LADY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

There is quite a rage in Paris to obtain a pattern of this jacket. As will be seen, it is without sleeves, and should be made of blue cloth, and decorated with gold braid, or wirh

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velvet embroidered with gold, if to be worn at evening parties.

No. 1. One Front.
No. 2. Half the Back.

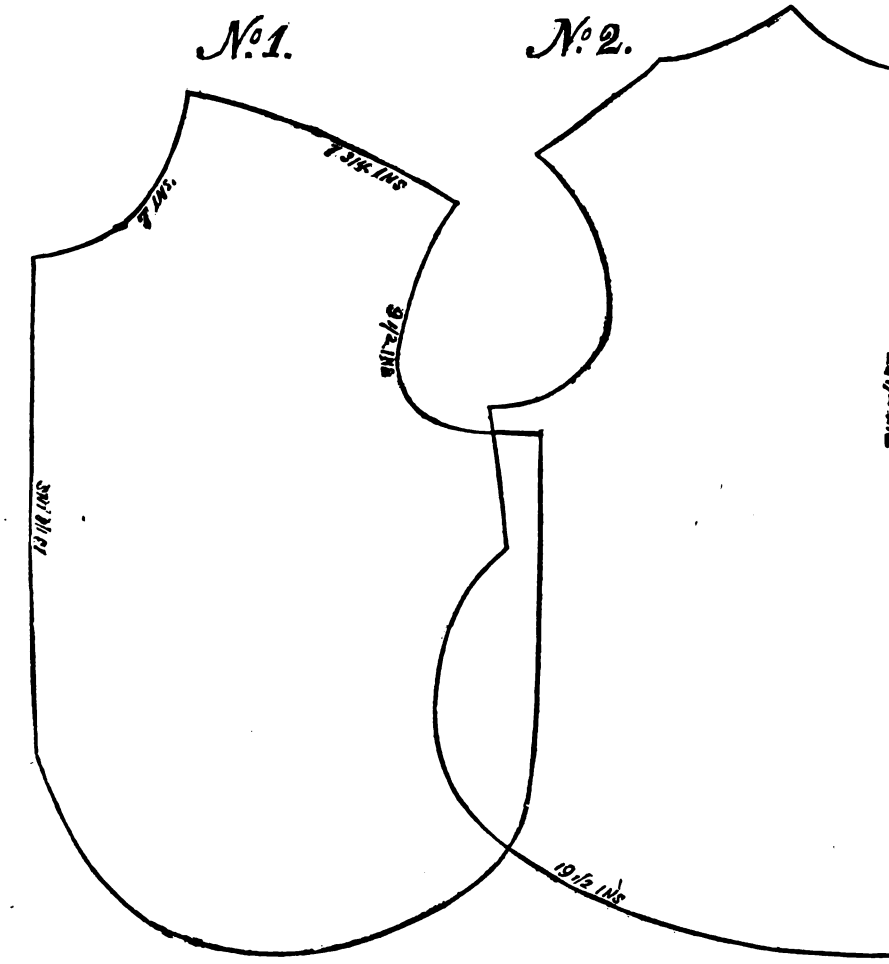

DIAGRAM FOR LADY'S ZOUAVE JACKET.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

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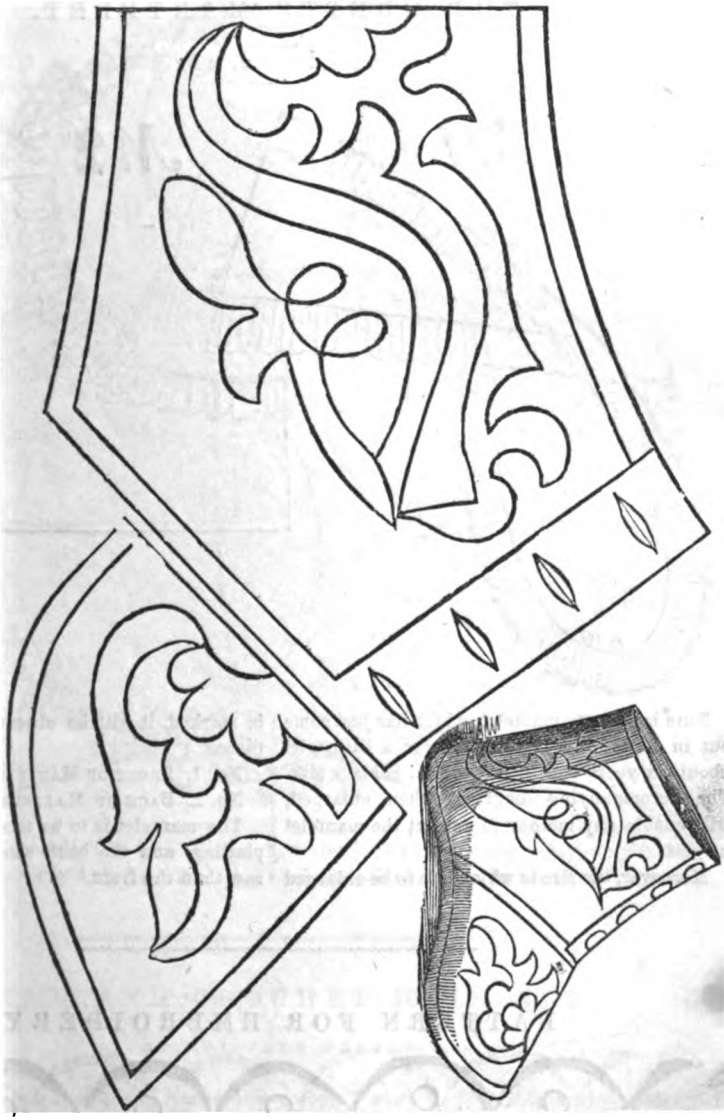
A BABY'S SHOE EMBROIDERED IN CHINESE KNOTTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—White cashmere or fine white flannel; ¼ yard of white silk Persian for lining; a skein of yellow or white Dacca silk (not floss,) (Dacca silk is a twisted coarse silk,) or loosely twisted purse silk, or button-hole twist; 2 yards of white narrow sarsenet ribbon; a small piece of tracing or silver paper; a skein of fine white, also one of yellow sewing silk.

With a piece of paper double the size of the engraving, and with a quill pen and ink, trace off the outline of the boot, and the embroidering portion also, then on the other part of the paper draw a second part like the first, then cut out in stiff paper doubled, the outline of the toe and leg of the boot; then cut out the shape in the material. Tack the tracing paper, on which is the pattern of the embroidery, on to the cashmere, and with fine yellow sewing silk run neatly round the outlines of the pattern and afterward tear the paper away. *For the Knotting*, which must be without these lines of silk, tie a knot in the end of the Dacca silk, pass the needle up through the material, hold the silk loosely under the left hand thumb, place the needle under the silk which is thus held down, with the needle twist the silk over

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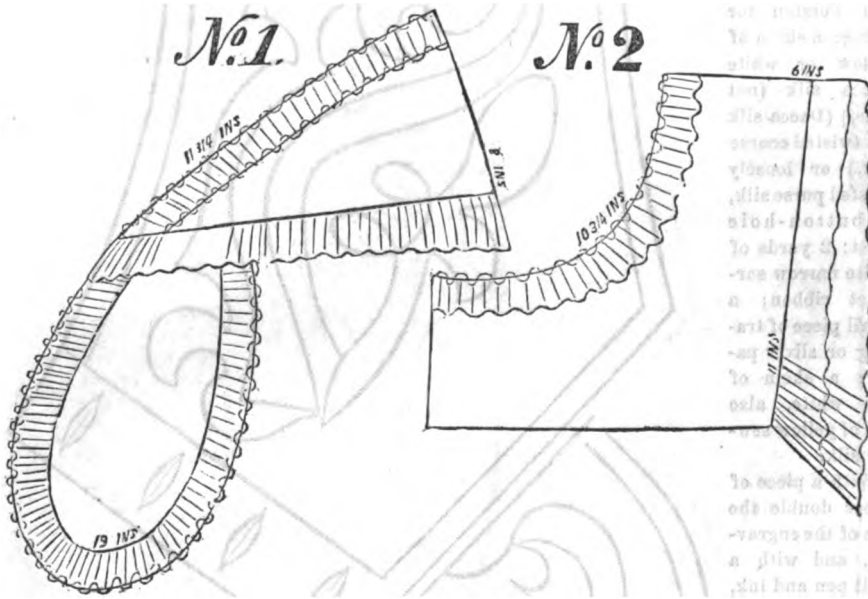
the latter and pass it down nearly close to where the silk was drawn through. Pass the needle up again and repeat the same, but do not draw these knots very tight—they should be quite flat. When the embroidery is finished, tack the cashmere on to the lining, then make up the boot, working the button-holes very neatly with white silk.

THE ODETTE MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This is a pretty mantelet, which has just come out in Paris, and is intended for a little girl about six years old. The material is black silk. The accompanying diagram, when enlarged, will enable any mother to cut out the mantelet herself.

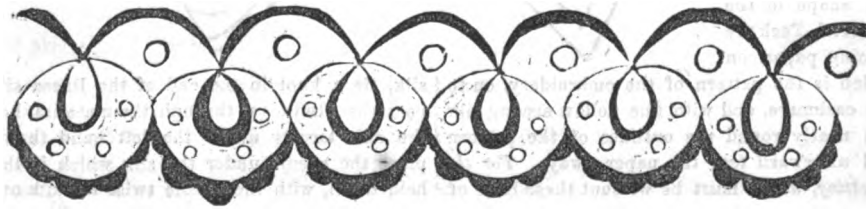
Moreover, the size to which it is to be enlarged is marked, it will be observed, on each of the pieecs.

No. 1. Front of Mantelet.

No. 2. Back of Mantelet.

The mantelet is to be ornamented with a silk plaiting, and the back should have one more row than the front.

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



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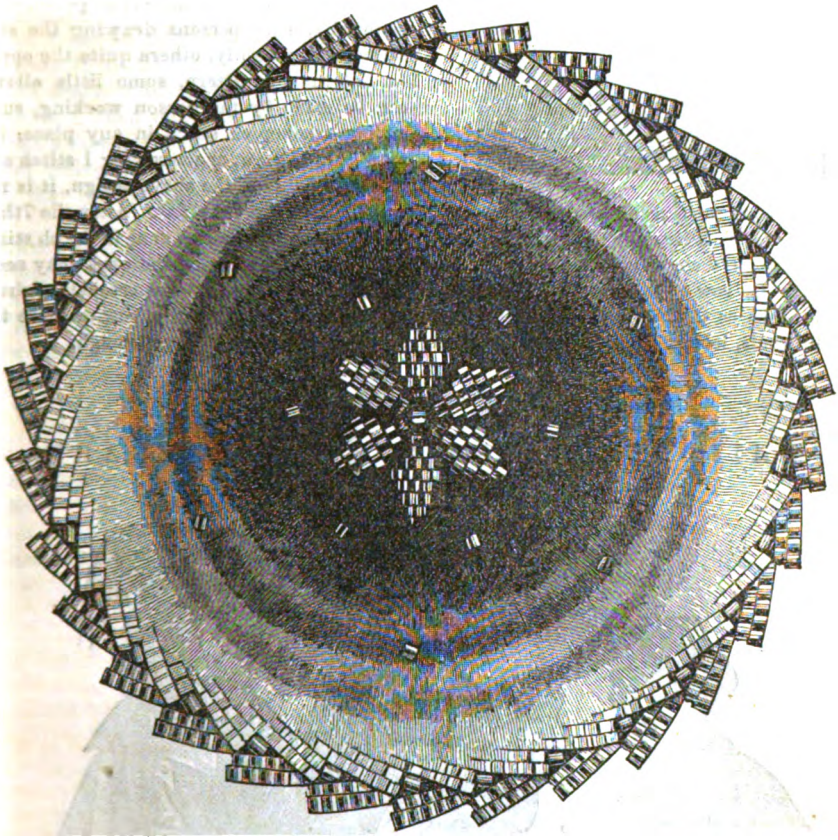
LAMP-MAT IN WORSTED CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS mat is to be worked in four shades of blue, beginning with the darkest. The fringe is be worked in the same way, only in brighter shades, the beads to be sewed on afterward.

BEAD AND CROCHET HAIR NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—6 skeins sadler or purse silk. Black, 3 oz. Jet beads. Fine steel hook.

Thread the beads upon the silk, then make a ch of 6. Join and into it, work 6 dc stitches, with 4 ch between each stitch, putting in a bead at every stitch. This for the 1st row. Then work 7 rows in dc (treble crochet) stitch, with 4 ch between each stitch, widening enough to keep the work flat, one bead at every stitch as before. 8th row, * 1 dc, 1 bead 2 ch, 1 bead 2 ch, 4 dc together, (1 bead between 2nd and 3rd stitches,) 2 ch, 1 bead, 2 ch, * all round. 9th,

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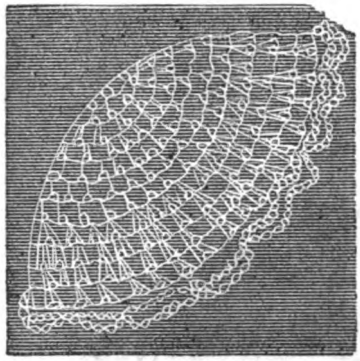

10th, 11th rows same as 8th row, only observing 3 ch, 1 bead, 3 ch between the stitches instead of 2 ch, 1 bead, 2 ch, as in the 8th row.

For the 1st row of border, thread 80 beads, loop as close as the fancy may suggest. 2nd row, 40 beads, looped directly under the loops of 1st row. The number of beads for these loops depends upon the size, of course. The loops, however, should be 3 inches in length for the 1st row: 4 inches for the 2nd. An elastic cord or braid ran in the last row of work, completes the net.

Let it be remembered, in crocheting, that the manner of working, by different persons, varies materially, some persons drawing the stitches through very lightly, others quite the opposite. In following a pattern, some little allowance can be made by the person working, such as adding another ch stitch in any place, if the work should draw, or narrowing 1 stitch should it be too full. In the above design, it is requisite to keep the work flat. After the 7th row, the widening must all be done in the ch stitches, adding one or more, as the work may seem to need it. To a person who crochets tightly, it may be necessary to add a row or more to the work to make the net large enough.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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KNITTED CAPUCHIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials.—Fine double zephyr. Small wooden needles.

Cast on from 80 to 90 stitches, and knit a square from 16 to 24 inches, according to the size of the wearer's head. Repeat this, making two squares. Then fold each square bias, and finish with a lace and ribbon. The ribbon must be sewed under the knitted piece, around the face, so that the capuchin may not stretch too much.

To Knit the Lace.—Cast on 359 stitches, for 14 scallops, which will be sufficient.

1st Row.—Knit plain.

2nd Row.—Knit one. Take one stitch off. Knit two stitches together, four times. Widen eight times, making eight holes, and knit between each one stitch. Knit two together, eight times. Widen eight times for eight holes, as before.

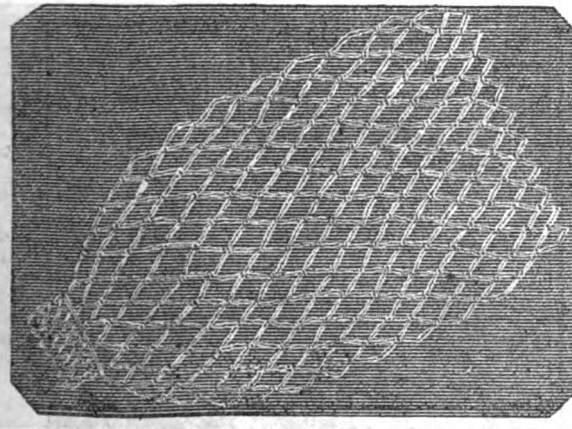
3rd Row.—Knit plain.

4th Row.—Like the second.

Repeat these rows, alternately, until the lace is a quarter of a yard deep.

NETTED UNDER-SLEEVE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials.—1 oz. white single zephyr. 1 oz. blue single zephyr. Mesh ¼ inch wide. Bone netting-needle.

With the blue wool put on enough stitches to make the sleeve ⅝ of a yard wide.

Net in plain diamond netting, 1 row blue, 1

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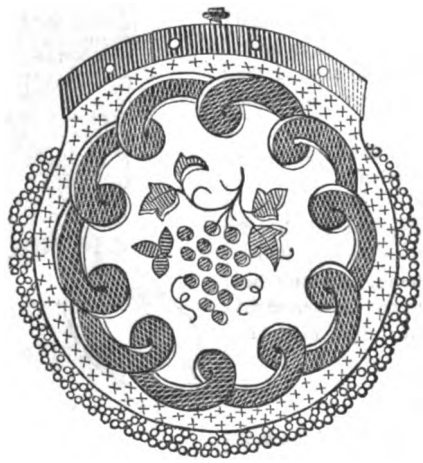
row white, alternate white and blue until the work is half a yard long. Then use a large size steel knitting-needle for mesh, and work eight to ten rows fine work for the band at the wrist. We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

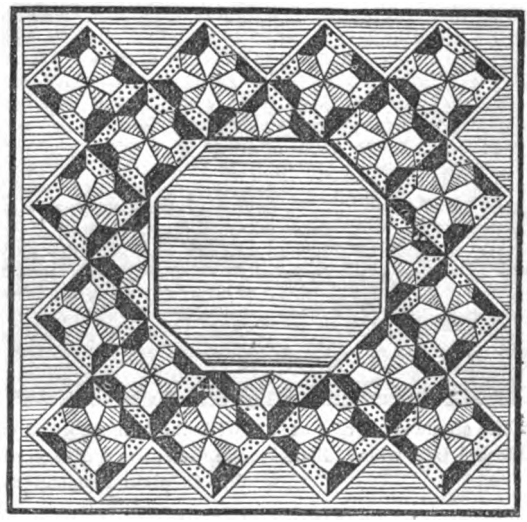
PURSE FOR GOLD DOLLARS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This may be embroidered on either cloth, morocco, or silk, and finished with a fringe of steel beads, according to the pattern. The clasp may be of steel, or silver.

PATTERN FOR PATCH-WORK.



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MAN-AGE: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST, AUTHOR OF "PARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS."

[The acting of charades, in private parlors, has become quite fashionable. The difficulty, however, is to get such characters as require no scenery, and yet are amusing. We have, accordingly, engaged Miss S. A. Frost, who has lately published a successful book of parlor charades, to furnish us with original charades: and we now offer the first of these to our readers.]—EDITORS OF "PETERSON."

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Marston—Kate and Fannie, his daughters—Malcolm Hoyle, Mr. Marston's nephew—Leonard Harding, Fannie's husband.

SCENE I.—MAN.

Scene.—A parlor in Mr. Marston's house.

Curtain rises—Fannie and Kate discovered: Fannie sewing; Kate reading.

FANNIE.—Kate!

KATE.—I am here!

FANNIE.—So I perceive. Put away your book, sister, and come sit beside me. I want to tell you a secret, which has weighed so long upon my mind, that my heart aches with the burden.

KATE.—(*Throwing aside her book.*)—Why, Fannie, what ails you? You are pale, your voice trembles, and (*taking Fannie's hand*) how cold your hand is! Are you ill?

FANNIE.—No, dear, but I am unhappy.

KATE.—You! Our father's darling; the belle of our society; rich, accomplished, beautiful! You unhappy? Come, sister, you must be ill to fancy such a thing.

FANNIE.—It is not fancy, Kate. But I will not indulge in mysteries; I will tell you all in one word: then, dear Kate, I am *married*.

KATE.—What! You! Fannie! Who is the victim?

FANNIE.—That remains to be seen! My husband is a man who——

KATE.—Stop! I can't comprehend it all at once! My sister married, and married to a man!

FANNIE.—You did not suppose it was a woman, did you?

KATE.—No, but—oh! dear. What will pa say when he hears Fannie has married a man?

FANNIE.—But he must not hear it. At least not until next week, when I am twenty-one, and may take possession of the property dear mother left me. Now, Katie, listen. Father told me, this morning, that he expected our cousin, Malcolm Hoyle, to visit us, to choose the wife his father ordered him to select, one of us. Father thinks *you* are too young, and has desired *me* to receive his attentions. As I am already married this is impossible; but as my husband is the son of father's bitter enemy, Mr. Harding——

KATE.—Faw! you haven't married Leonard Harding? Won't there be a breeze when you tell pa?

FANNIE.—(*Sadly.*) I fear so! But, Kate, what I want you to do, is to make our student cousin fall in love with your charming self. You remember him?

KATE.—Slightly. A handsome young man, who always closed the study door at the sound of our voices, and looked like a large encyclopedia bound in an old dressing-gown.

FANNIE.—Right. He has declared his intention of remaining a bachelor, but comes here in deference to his father's command, in hopes we will refuse his offers, meaning to make himself most disagreeable. Yet father declares we must encourage even the slightest attentions.

KATE.—Pleasant, truly! Make love to a beau!

MR. MARSTON.—(*Behind the scenes.*)—Fannie! Fannie!

Enter Mr. Marston.

MR. MARSTON.—Oh! here you are! Now, my dear child, look your prettiest. You must conquer our modern Timon, and secure one of the wealthiest husbands in the country. Why what a face to meet a lover! Are you ill, my child?

FANNIE.—(*Forcing a smile.*)—No, dear father, quite well.

MR. MARSTON.—Then cheer up! Come, you have looked sad ever since I told you of my nephew's expected visit. You surely do not dislike him.

KATE.—(*Beginning to sob violently.*)—Oh! oh! oh!

MR. MARSTON.—Why, Kate, what is the matter?

KATE.—(*Still sobbing.*)—You don't love me! You d-do-n't ca-a-re for me!

MR. MARSTON.—Not love you! Not care for you! Why, what new freak is this?

KATE.—Why don't you pick out a husband for me?

MR. MARSTON.—You! Why you are barely eighteen! Nonsense, child, nonsense! Go to your room while I have a little serious conversation with your sister. When you are old enough to be married, I'll attend to it!

KATE.—(*Going.*)—Thank you (*aside*) for nothing. *Exit.*

MR. MARSTON.—Fannie, I want to tell you something that grieves me. I was informed, to-day, that you were seen walking with the son of my worst enemy, Leonard Harding. Is this true?

FANNIE.—(*Agitated.*)—Not to-day! I have not seen him to-day!

MR. MARSTON.—Leonard Harding walking with my child! The very thought annoys me.

FANNIE.—As a neighbor, dear father, I——

MR. MARSTON.—Neighbor or not. I hate him. Do not let this happen again. Hark! I hear a strange voice! It may be your cousin. I must see! *Exit.*

FANNIE.—Now all depends upon Kate! If Malcolm fancies Kate, father may forgive me, in the pleasure of securing the fortune for one of his children; if not, I am free next week, and must assert my independence.

Enter Kate.

KATE.—(*Laughing.*)—Oh! such a man! Such a man!

FANNIE.—Our cousin?

KATE.—Yes, he has come! Stiff as a ramrod. Bowed as if he had no joint in the back of his neck. (*Bowing stiffly.*) Good day, uncle Marston. Hark! he's coming.

Enter Mr. Marston and Malcolm. The latter wears a traveling-dress, shabby, an old hat, has his hair in disorder, and carries a huge volume under his arm.

MR. MARSTON.—These are my girls, Malcolm! Fannie, Kate, your cousin Malcolm.

MALCOLM.—(*Bowing stiffly.*)—Your servant, ladies.

KATE.—(*Courtesying very deeply.*)—Good cousin, yours.

FANNIE.—(*Coldly.*)—Cousin Malcolm, we are happy to welcome you to Flowerdale.

MALCOLM.—(*Sitting down and opening his book.*)—I was reading, as I came here, a treatise on the culture of black-eyed beans, which is very curious. (*Reads.*)

MR. MARSTON.—(*Aside.*)—Bless my heart! this is a pretty beginning.

FANNIE.—(*To Kate.*)—You will have your hands full to civilize him.

KATE.—(*To Fannie.*)—I'll do it, though, never fear.

MR. MARSTON.—Well, girls, I'll leave Malcolm with you

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for a short time. I wish to speak to my gardener about the magnolia tree. *Exit Mr. Marston.*

FANNIE.—(*Aside to Kate.*)—I'll leave you. He seems absorbed in his book. *Exit Fannie.*

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—This beauish student is very handsome. How can I open the campaign? First, I'll make him look up. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! (*Aside.*) He does not hear. (*Aloud.*) Ahem!

MALCOLM.—(*Reading without looking up.*)—As regards the structure of this stupendous monument of art, language is inadequate to depict its wondrous excellence. We may gaze, may pause before it daily, yet never——

KATE.—(*Loudly.*)—Mr. Malcolm Hoyle.

MALCOLM.—(*Looking up with an absent air.*)—I beg pardon, did you speak?

KATE.—Are you aware, sir, that you and I are left to entertain each other?

MALCOLM.—(*Looking round the room.*)—Ah! indeed! So we are. (*Bends over his book again.*)

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—Provoking fellow! (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, it is usually the gentleman's part to speak first. (*After a moment's silence.*) I say, sir, it is usually the gentleman's part to entertain the lady.

MALCOLM.—(*Pettishly.*)—What a noise! Really, if this is the country quiet my uncle promised me, I shall again retire to the city. (*Reads again.*)

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—An iceberg is quite a genial companion compared with this man. (*Aloud.*) Cousin!

MALCOLM.—(*Reading without looking up.*)

"What cracker is this same that deafs my ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath."

KATE.—(*Indignantly.*)—Sir?

MALCOLM.—(*Quietly.*)—Shakspeare, cousin. (*Reads.*)

KATE.—You are insulting, sir. (*Aside.*) He does not seem to *hear*, much less to *heed*. (*Aloud.*) If, sir, you wish to be impertinent—(*louder*)—I say, sir, if you wish to be impertinent——

MALCOLM.—(*Reading, not looking up.*)

"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
And shall you fright me with a woman's tongue——"

KATE.—This is too much. (*In a loud, indignant tone.*) Mr. Hoyle!

MALCOLM.—(*Calmly looking up.*)—I beg pardon, did you speak? (*Reads.*)

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—One might as well scold a stone wall. I'll try coaxing. (*Aloud, tenderly, laying her hand on Malcolm's arm.*) My dear cousin!

MALCOLM.—(*Rising and removing her hand.*)—Young woman, you annoy me! *Exit Malcolm.*

KATE.—(*Looking after him.*) Oh! such a man! Man? He's a bear! *Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—AGE.

Scene—Same as scene I. *Enter Fannie.*

FANNIE.—To-day it must come! I must tell my father of my marriage, and, as I am of age, assert my independence. Yet, if he would but love my husband, how happy it would make me! I fear there is no hope of it. Kate's suit does not seem to prosper, spite of the spirit with which she pursues her point. There are times when, I fancy, Malcolm's eyes follow her with a look of fondness, yet they so soon fall again upon the book, that it is impossible for me to be certain. Oh! if he would only propose to her, I might, in the first pleasure my father would feel, gain a lenient judgment for my rebellion. *Enter Leonard.*

LEONARD.—I am punctual, dear Fannie. This is the hour you appointed for me to claim my bride.

FANNIE.—Oh! Leonard, I so dread my father's anger.

LEONARD.—It seems rather hard that an old quarrel between your father and mine should separate us.

FANNIE.—True! Well, come, we will have it over.

LEONARD.—How you tremble? Never fear, darling. If your father is harsh, trust your husband to be all love, and make your future so bright that you will forget past unkindness.

FANNIE.—Dear Leonard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Malcolm.

MALCOLM.—A pretty fellow I am, to be sure. I came here resolved to force my cousins to reject me, and leave me to my beloved books, and now I would give the whole library to win Kate for my wife. My bonny Kate!

Enter Mr. Marston.

MR. MARSTON.—Ah! Malcolm, my boy, you are here? Without a book! why what will happen next?

MALCOLM.—I was about to seek you, uncle, to ask your consent to my paying my addresses to my cousin——

MR. MARSTON.—You have them, my boy, of course! I thought that was understood. I told you, the day you arrived, that Fannie——

MALCOLM.—But, sir, it is not Fannie. I admit she is charming; but I love Kate.

Enter Kate. She stands back, not perceived by the others.

MR. MARSTON.—You! You in love with my daughter Kate!

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—Seems to me that conversation is an interesting one.

MALCOLM.—It is true, sir. I have tried in vain to conquer the feeling. I do, indeed, love her.

MR. MARSTON.—Tut! tut! A mere child. Now Fannie—

MALCOLM.—Is lovely, I grant; but Kate, and Kate only, is mistress of my heart. Such vivacity, such wit, beauty, intelligence! Oh! uncle, let me woo Kate!

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—Oh! that is delicious.

MR. MARSTON.—But her age——

MALCOLM.—Eighteen! the most charming age in the world.

MR. MARSTON.—But if I consent, have you spoken to her?

MALCOLM.—Not yet. But I will win *her*, never fear.

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—Will you?

MR. MARSTON.—Well, well, if she is willing I suppose I must not be too cruel.

MALCOLM.—Thank you, dearest, best of uncles. *Exit.*

Enter Fannie and Leonard.

Kate comes forward with them, as if just entering.

MR. MARSTON.—My dear fellow, I—(*seeing Leonard.*) Hey-day, what is this? What are you doing, sir, in my house?

FANNIE.—Hush! Leonard, let me speak. Father, I will explain——

MR. MARSTON.—Explain! I will hear nothing while that man stands beneath my roof. Leave my house, sir, instantly!

LEONARD.—If, sir, you will allow me to speak——

MR. MARSTON.—Not a word! Have I arrived at my age to be bearded by a boy?

FANNIE.—Father, for pity's sake let me speak! I have done wrong, perhaps; yet (*looking at Leonard*) my love——

MR. MARSTON.—What! your love? Have you dared, Leonard, to make love to my child?

LEONARD.—Mr. Marston, I am proud to call your daughter my wife!

MR. MARSTON.—Your wife! It is time this was put to a stop. (*To Fannie.*) Go to your room, Miss.

FANNIE.—I must, for the first time, father, refuse to obey you. Leonard is my husband, and, as to-day I am of age——

MR. MARSTON.—(*Sadly.*)—So my child's first act of freedom is to marry her father's enemy.

LEONARD.—Not so. Do but smile upon our union, and no father ever had a more devoted son than I will be to you.

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FANNIE.—Dear father, listen to him for my sake.

KATE.—And mine.

MR. MARSTON.—You, too. Well, as you are of age, and I cannot help myself, I suppose I must forgive you this time.

FANNIE.—(*Joyfully.*)—And we promise never to do so again.

MR. MARSTON.—(*To Kate.*)—But do not imagine, if you follow their example, that I will be so lenient a second time.

KATE.—Never fear. I promise not to elope till I am of age. *Curtain falls.*

SCENE III.—MANAGE.

Scene—Same as scenes I and II.

Enter Kate and Fannie.

KATE.—This is enchanting! My most studious and ungallant cousin a suitor for my hand, and so certain, too, of success. Really his lordship seems to consider that he is conferring a personal favor.

FANNIE.—Have you seen him this morning?

KATE.—Not since Leonard left us to prepare the house for you.

FANNIE.—Imagine him, then, in a suit of fine broadcloth, clean linen, glossy hair, patent leather boots——

KATE.—Stop! stop! My fancy is not sufficiently vivid to paint such a picture. Malcolm well dressed! Oh! Cupid! Cupid! What a potent warrior you are!

FANNIE.—But, Kate, I pity you.

KATE.—You need not, for, tell it not, Fannie, your madcap sister has fairly lost her heart to that modern Timon.

FANNIE.—That is why I pity you. Malcolm, who imagines, from your wayward freaks for the last week, that you are quite his slave, will rule "*en grand Seigneur!*"

KATE.—Will he? What will you say if he hands me my pocket-handkerchief upon his bended knee.

FANNIE.—Impossible! Fortunes could not force him to the position.

KATE.—But I will. Leave me to manage him.

FANNIE.—Well, success attend you. *Exit Fannie.*

KATE.—(*Sitting down at a table.*)—Now to pay my lover for a week's indifference! (*Takes a book and opens it.*) Hark! he is coming! (*Begins to read.*)

Enter Malcolm, well dressed.

MALCOLM.—(*Aside.*)—She is here. Reading, too. What a white hand supports her head. (*Aloud.*) Kate! (*Silence for a moment.*)

MALCOLM.—(*Louder.*)—Kate!

KATE.—(*Looking up absently.*)—I beg pardon, did you speak? (*Reads again.*)

MALCOLM.—(*Surprised.*)—Why, cousin, I never saw you so studious before. I wish to speak to you. We are alone. (*Aside.*) She does not hear a word. I say, (*louder,*) cousin, we are alone!

KATE.—(*Looking round.*)—Ah! so we are. (*Reads again.*)

MALCOLM.—Usually in such cases conversation takes the place of study.

KATE.—(*Reading without looking up.*)—

"Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. The place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court."

MALCOLM.—Cousin Kate! Kate! I say.

KATE.—(*Pettishly.*)—Fie! what a noise! One never knows an hour's peace, with a man in the house. I must retire to the city for a little quiet! (*Reads again.*)

MALCOLM.—(*Aside.*)—

"What change comes o'er the spirit of her dream?"

My madcap cousin a student! Is it love prompts her?

KATE.—(*Aside.*)—I'll cure him of *that* impression speedily.

MALCOLM.—Fair cousin, may I speak a word with you?

KATE.—(*Reading without looking up.*)—"I wonder you will still be talking, Signor Benedict; nobody marks you!"

MALCOLM.—(*Indignantly.*)—Do you mean to be personal?

KATE.—(*Quietly looking up.*)—Shakspeare, cousin!

MALCOLM.—The quotation was quite too pointed to be unintentional. (*Aside.*) She does not listen. (*In a loud, decided tone.*) Miss Kate Marston!

KATE.—(*Looking up.*)—I beg pardon, did you speak? (*Reads again.*)

MALCOLM.—I did speak. I wish to inquire why you insult me—after—(*aside.*) Is she deaf? She does not *seem* to hear. Ah! I see! She is feigning indifference to hide emotion. Dear girl, I will relieve her mind. (*Aloud, tenderly, leaning over Kate's chair, and taking her hand.*) Dearest, best cousin Kate!

KATE.—(*Withdrawing her hand.*)—Young man, you annoy me!

MALCOLM.—(*Angrily.*)—What does all this mean?

KATE.—(*Rising.*)—This constant talking really jars upon my nerves. I will retire to my own room to meditate and study. (*Going.*)

MALCOLM.—Cousin Kate, stay one minute.

KATE.—(*Returning slowly.*)—Certainly, five if you like. (*Looks at her watch.*)

MALCOLM.—Are you so pressed for time?

KATE.—Well, sir, you have called me back. (*Drops her handkerchief.*) Dear me, my handkerchief!

MALCOLM.—I wished to say to you——

KATE.—I have dropped my handkerchief.

MALCOLM.—(*Carelessly.*)—So I perceive.

KATE.—Well, sir, it is customary for a gentleman to hand a lady what she drops.

MALCOLM.—Is it?

KATE.—Certainly. Since you will not restore that one, I must go to my room for another. (*Going.*)

MALCOLM.—Stay! stay! Here it is! (*Picks it up, and offers it carelessly.*)

KATE.—Is that the position to assume when you offer anything to a lady? Kneel, sir!

MALCOLM.—I! I kneel to a woman, never!

KATE.—We waste time! I must go to my room to study.

MALCOLM.—No! no! (*Kneels.*) See, I comply.

Enter Fannie, unseen by Malcolm; Kate motions her to be silent.

KATE.—Now that you are in a proper position, speak! I listen!

MALCOLM.—(*Rising.*)—Cousin——

KATE.—Do not rise!

MALCOLM.—But Kate——

KATE.—(*Going.*)—I go then.

MALCOLM.—(*Retaining his position.*)—Be it as you will. See, I kneel to tell you I love you. Will you return my love? *Enter Mr. Marston and Leonard.*

FANNIE.—Marvelous!

MR. MARSTON.—What do I see?

LEONARD.—Malcolm Hoyle on his knees to a woman.

MALCOLM.—(*Rising.*)—I wait my answer, cousin. Do not mind these intruders.

FANNIE.—(*To Kate.*)—How did you manage it?

KATE.—(*To Fannie.*)—That's my secret. (*To Malcolm.*) Cousin Malcolm!

MALCOLM.—(*Coming to her side.*) I am all impatience for your answer, Kate.

KATE.—And it shall be a quotation from your favorite, Shakspeare:

"To you I give myself, for I am yours."

MR. MARSTON.—So! so! You did manage to win my girl's heart, Malcolm?

MALCOLM.—(*Taking Kate's hand, and speaking to audience.*)—If we can manage, also, to win the favor of our friends here, our efforts will not have been made in vain.

Curtain falls.

Position of characters at fall of curtain.

FANNIE. LEONARD. KATE. MALCOLM. MR. MARSTON.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Happy New Year!—A happy New Year to our readers, one and all. Many thanks for the pleasant past, many hopes for the teeming future accompany our wish.

There is in almost every one a portion of that charming Oriental mythology, which so loves to endow inanimate things with life and beauty, and which would give the very rock a soul, and the earth a language. This feeling is a spiritual recognizance; a proof that divinity dwells within us. It is this poetry of nature that idealizes the seasons. It personates spring crowned with flowers, hovering by the rivers, and the sweet, singing brooks, drawing the white bars from their icy prison houses, and sending them, leaping and rejoicing, through the sweet meadows, to wake up the grass and the flowers. It portrays summer, with more matured loveliness, thickening and darkening the foliage of her trees—her very smile opening the dreamy eyes of the wild roses, her glance crimsoning the strawberry, and flushing the soft cheek of the peach. It loads autumn with grapes, and sheaves, and bursting corn; and sends winter, warring like a grim old soldier, with storm and tempests, shaking the very battlements of earth with his giant tread.

Stand forth, O! Time—thou immortal artist—let us see now the triumphs of thy wondrous pencil. The mighty curtain is drawn aside, and the faces of the old year gleam mistily and solemnly down through the gloom that ages upon ages have gathered between time and eternity. Each bears upon his forehead the impress of strange Providences. Some tell of famines, of death by flood—of revolutions—of the downfall of empires, and the uprising of powerful nations. Some speak of the voluptuous grandeur of kingly courts, when gorgeous pageants and devotion to the table usurped the throne of intellect; when it was thought not infamous to deify the passions and bow down to them as to gods.

Others spin fine stories of the days of chivalry, when the deadliest perils were encountered for a woman's smile; others thunder out new and startling wonders in science; some are marked with the red stain of war, and point to the legions of gory dead that have been swept, unknelled, alike to honored and dishonorable graves—and still others develope strange, unhappy delusions, and make old-fashioned people quake for fear that the world will need another overthrow.

The dawn of 1860 silvers the clouds of night. The heralds with their trumpets stand by the couch of the wan old year, plaintiing one dying, melancholy strain, as he floats into the ether to swell the train of his departed brethren. Then, like the heir whose golden prospects dry his tears for the lost, too soon they will celebrate, with boisterous rejoicings, the regal honors of the young king, whose birth finds him a man full of strength.

And now, as he begins his reign, who will join with us in making it, as far as individual effort can, a happy one? If we conquer any bad principles, or accept any new truth, the coming twelvemonth, we shall aid in diffusing happiness. If we give the hand that anger has withheld, with word of pity or pardon—if we forgive those who have sinned against us, the year will be happier for our efforts. If we regulate our passions by the word of God, and overcome our prejudices—if we strive to make home Eden-like—if we govern our little ones with no less kindness, but more firmness—if we live so that every night we can feel our peace is made with God, what a happy year will this one be! Shall we not unitedly try?

Grandma Winter and the What-not.—"La! what a mercy's sake's that?" cried grandma Winter, as the man brought in our new purchase.

"Why! it's a what-not, gran'ma," said little Nelly, flinging back her bright curls.

"A what-not!" repeated grandmother Winter, bringing the old horn-rimmed "specs" to bear upon the suspicious-looking object—"well, I should think it was a what-not. Now what airthly use is that consarn going to be? La! dear me! what is fashion going to bring us to, I wonder?"

"Wait a minute, mother," said her daughter, "till the girls have fixed it up; we got it to please them, and after all, it's a pretty piece of furniture in itself."

"La! yes, it's pretty enough, but I shan't trouble my old head about it; I'm going to take my nap."

So, with a smile, grandmother Winter sought the luxurious rocking-chair, whose ease she did not object to, (though folks wasn't so lazy as to use 'em in her time,) and while the good old lady slept lightly under her load of eighty years, the what-not was furnished.

"So, ho! that's what it's for," she cried, emerging from her snug corner. "Why it's a sort of baby house for the children—oh! I see, I see. There's Tommy's sugar dog I gave him, and there's Genevra's cups and sarcers. Well, if I ever! so you hold your poor grandma up to ridicule; how ever came you to put that red, high-heeled shoe that I wore sixty years ago on the topmost shelf? And there's that graven image, I'm sure it would be no sin for the heathens to worship that, for it ain't made in the likeness of anything that I ever see. There's the box our Sam had for a Christmas present, and there's your silver mug, and the prize fork, and the napkin ring. Well, you've got all sorts o' things on it, haven't you, children?"

"Yes, that's what we mean, grandma," said little cousin Nelly. "Don't you know when you speak of cousin Jimmy, you say his brain is full of notions and what not?"

"La! yes, child—I never thought of that. Well, it's a n-i-c-e thing, on'y won't it git 'mazing dusty? Well, how times changes, to be sure. When I was a child, we made the old kitchen shelf a what-not. I remember we used to have three brass candlesticks, two pewter plates, a show tinder-box, two 'chiny' shepherds, and—there, that was all. It's a very n-i-c-e idea, children—a very n-i-c-e idee!"

And grandmother Winter fell to work on her stocking, every now and then chuckling as she glanced toward the pretty what-not.

"Peterson" Ahead.—A fair subscriber writes:—"I have been taking your valuable Magazine for sixteen years, and shall probably continue it during life. In the meantime, I have done all in my power for its circulation. Last year, I commenced with a club of eight, and during the season sent several more. This year, there will be three or four clubs branching from the one I sent last year; and I shall send eight or ten subscribers myself." Such letters pour in on us by scores, showing that "Peterson" is the most popular of all the Lady's Magazines.

Little Red-Riding Hood.—Everybody is familiar with the beautiful nursery story of little Red-Riding Hood. Doesn't our mezzotint, this month, bring the dear little heroine before you? It is, at least, *our* ideal of her.

Blind Man's Buff.—A charming picture—isn't it? And it is one of the finest of what are called line and stipple engravings on steel.

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"PETERSON" FOR 1860—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1860. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers, while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1860 will be even better than for 1859. Our three copyright novelets will be

THE RULING PASSION,

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

REDMAN'S RUN,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

In order to suit every taste we have got up a splendidly illustrated LADY'S ALBUM, bound in morocco, gilt, which we will send as a premium for getting up a club, to such persons as prefer it to the mezzotints of Niagara. This Album is entirely different from the one sent last year, and, we think, much more beautiful.

We repeat: now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson" if its claims are but fairly presented. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

AVOID COLD FEET.—We have often cautioned ladies against cold feet. Now that winter has come, we repeat the caution. There is no more fruitful source of pulmonary disease. Cold feet cannot possibly occur if the circulation is properly kept up. A sense of coldness in them is an indication that they are not sufficiently protected by clothing. Our bodies are often over-burdened with overcoats and wrapping shawls, while our limbs are but imperfectly covered. Health requires that the feet should always be warm and dry. Recall some of your past experience, and you will soon discover that two-thirds of the colds you have suffered from were produced by getting cold and wet feet. The Indians understand this fully. In their wigwams they always lie down with their feet to the fire. When they are traveling in cold weather, and are compelled to camp in the open air, they dig a hole in the earth, in the centre of which they build a fire, and then lie down in a circle, each one hanging his legs into the hole. In this custom they have the simple guidance of experience. We repeat it: beware of cold feet.

AN ELEGANT NEW PICTURE.—"The Rector's Ward," from the charming new Episcopal story, "The Rectory of Moreland." This is a sweet face, drawn by Barry, who is so celebrated in his "Motherless," and shows the beautiful heroine as all will see her while reading the book. It was published in October, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, as a crayon portrait, nearly life size, on fine tinted paper, a fac-simile of the drawing.

"THE LITTLE PILGRIM."—This unrivaled monthly for children is still edited by Grace Greenwood, and furnished to subscribers at its wonderfully low price of fifty cents a year. Every family ought to take it. Address L. K. Lippincott, its publisher, Philadelphia.

FIRST IN ALL THINGS.—The Roanoke (N. C.) Cresset says: "We have been exchanging with Peterson's Magazine for a number of years, and have always found it to be the first on our table, the first in the point of beauty of stories and engravings, and the first in the hearts of the ladies."

THE SLIPPER AND OTHER COLORED PATTERNS.—This costly embellishment, it will be seen, gives several patterns. In addition to the full-sized slipper pattern, there are two circular patterns, which, if worked on small-sized canvas, will make pretty sides for porte-monnaies, or, if worked on large canvas, will make tops for music stools. The zig-zag stripe may be used for a slipper, a chair-seat, a cushion, or a border. The two small patterns, at the top, will make stylish borders, or may be employed for various other purposes. By working the circles, alternately, on a plain blue ground, a pretty chair-seat may be made. Or a chair-seat worked in the zig-zag pattern, with a border of blue, in which the circles are worked, would be pretty. There is no end, indeed, to the combinations which may be made. We intend to inaugurate a new era in Magazines, with our Berlin, crochet, and other colored patterns, for 1860.

THE PET OF THE LADIES.—An old subscriber, sending a club for 1860, says:—"Peterson's Magazine is the pet of the ladies in this place." We expect, before long, to hear this from every post-town in the country. We intend, at least, to deserve it for the Magazine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hows' Ladies' Reader. By J. W. S. Hows. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—Teachers and all who are interested in the art of elocution must hail this book with pleasure, for it supplies a want which has long been felt in that important study. Professor Hows has done his work admirably, and given us a most charming and complete volume of selections from nearly all of the prominent writers of this country and Great Britain. None but a man thoroughly acquainted with the literature of an age gone by, as well as that of the present day, could have compiled this work, and it adds new lustre to the reputation which Mr. Hows has already acquired by his former compilations. As a teacher of elocution, he has long been without a rival; and several of our most distinguished actresses are proud to acknowledge the benefit which they owe to his valuable instructions. We are certain that the book needs only time to supersede all others in our schools for young ladies: and to all who desire to possess a collection of literary gems the book will prove invaluable. Although we recognize many familiar friends in the selections, they are by no means the hacknied bits which have made up most similar works; and any author must be pleased to see his most choice compositions framed in such goodly company. One of the most charming poems in the book, we are happy to say, is from the pen of our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. We consider her "Dropping Leaves" alone worth the price of the book.

History of Independence Hall. By D. W. Belisle. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: James Challen & Son.—This work will really be an acquisition. It not only traces the annals of Independence Hall from its foundation to the present time, but gives biographies of the signers, and historical sketches of the relics preserved in that sanctuary of our country's freedom. The facts are collected from every source, and are well arranged and told. Engravings of Independence Hall in 1774, as it appeared from the street; of the famous liberty bell; and of the interior of the Hall, embellish the volume.

The Sea of Ice; or, The Arctic Adventurers. By Percy B. St. John. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.—This work originally appeared, in England, under the title of "The Arctic Crusoe," which was, we think, a better title than the present, certainly a more descriptive one. It is a book for lads, and is excellently adapted for its purpose, as we find boys eager to read it. The American edition is neatly got up.

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Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India: being extracts from the letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson. Edited by his brother, the Rev. George H. Hodson, M. A. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—It is an every day complaint that the age of heroism is past. We have never thought so; and this book confirms our opinion. Major Hodson was one of the most brilliant of those dashing soldiers, whose self-reliance and bravery, after the Bengal mutiny, saved to England her Indian empire. At the siege of Delhi, and subsequently at that of Lucknow, where he fell, he performed deeds that recall the days of Agincourt and Cressy, of the great Armada and of Worcester fight. Like all true heroes, too, he was modest, as his letters abundantly show. If ever England is called on to defend herself against invasion, as seems now not an improbable event, it will be men of this stamp, taken from the body of her people, who will save her in that terrible crisis. The Havelocks, Hodsons, and other heroes of her Indian wars, are the true descendants of the Drakes and Raleighs of the great Elizabethan age. It is not in the veins of the Dowbs or Lord Vanes, that the real "red blood" of England runs. The book is intensely interesting. It is issued in the usual elegant style of Ticknor & Fields.

The Physiology of Common Life. By George Henry Lewes. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a work of great value. It brings down to the commonest understandings the great facts of Nature, so that no man, or woman, hardly even a child, need now remain ignorant of them. When we consider how necessary a true appreciation of these facts is to right living; how many hours of sickness might be saved, how many lives might be prolonged, if they were more generally understood; we cannot too highly recommend this work. The chapter on "Digestion and Indigestion" alone is worth the price of the book. Another volume is promised, in a short time; and we shall await it with impatience.

Loss and Gain. By Alice B. Haven. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—Mrs. Haven, better known as Alice C. Neal, is one of our most popular female writers, and deserves that popularity more than most do. We think this the best of her novels. It is full of interest, without belonging, in the least, to the sensation school; is imbued with a truly religious sentiment, that never degenerates into cant; and sparkles, here and there, with those felicitous hits at the foibles of society, in which Mrs. Haven peculiarly excels. The book would make a capital holiday gift, especially as it is handsomely printed and bound.

The Money-King and other Poems. By John G. Saxe. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Some one has called Saxe the Hood of America. It is a comparison, that, on the whole, is not incorrect; though Saxe has never yet quite risen to the pathos of "The Song of the Shirt." But in humorous verses where is Saxe's superior? What can be better than some of the epigrams in this volume? Where is keener satire than in "The Money-King?" Or racier fun than in "The Jolly Mariner?" A portrait of the author adorns the volume.

Book of Plays: for Home Amusement. By Silas S. Steele. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: George G. Evans.*—This is a collection of original, altered, and selected tragedies, plays, dramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, charades, lectures, &c., carefully arranged and specially adapted for private representation, with full directions for performance. The author has executed his task in a workmanlike manner, while the publishers have issued the volume in a neat style.

Leaves from an Actor's Note-Book. By George Vanderhoff. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A lively book, abounding in well-told anecdotes of the green-room and stage, in England and America.

The Great Tribulation; or, Things Coming on the Earth. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D. First Series. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton*—This is by the celebrated English preacher, Dr. Cumming, and embodies a portion of his peculiar views respecting the end of the world. A second series, in continuation of the subject, is in press.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Part I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is the first of a new serial, to be issued in monthly numbers, by a healthy, manly author, whose real name we are glad, at last, to hear. The story opens well. The price of each monthly part is to be twelve cents.

A History of the Four Georges, Kings of England. By S. M. Smucker, LL. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A gossiping book, full of anecdote, which will suit many a literary palate. In addition to the lives of the four Georges, Mr. Smucker gives biographical notices of their chief ministers, courtiers, and favorites.

The History of South Carolina. By William Gilmore Simms. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Redfield.*—Few states in the Union have so noble a history as South Carolina, and we are glad to see that history, at last, narrated as it ought to be. The volume is handsomely printed and embellished.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Advice About Teeth.—An eminent surgeon-dentist gives the following useful hints about the care of teeth:—

In the first place, the teeth should be fairly used. By this I mean, not made to perform the duties of crackers for nuts, experimented on to ascertain their strength, or, by ladies, to rival scissors in cutting thread; for, rest assured, in every case, more particularly the last, the party having recourse to such practices will surely some day rue them; the teeth, so unwittingly injured, being always first to part company with their fellows. Those who indulge in such or similar habits, may truly be called the dentist's friends. Cleanliness is absolutely essential for the preservation of the teeth, and they should be well brushed at least morning and evening, that any feculence which may be attached to them, either during sleep from the stomach, or by day from meals, may not be allowed permanently to adhere, causing, firstly, discoloration, then tartar, and subsequently, if I may so express myself, undermining the constitution of one or more, as from their position they may be more or less liable to corrosion. In order that the teeth should look natural, that is, retain their natural color, a dentrifice, free from the smallest particle of acid, should be used at the matin hour, and the mouth rinsed with tepid water; for extremes of heat and cold are most highly prejudicial, not only to their color, but also to their durability; and I know no method so simple of converting a really useful and ornamental set into one of pain and subsequent extinction, than the use of washing in either one or the other. The person who habituates him or herself, to any extent, to hot soup, tea, or other drinks, assuredly rivals the friend to the dentist just named. Brushes for the teeth should be of medium substance of bristle, and those made on what is called the penetrating principle are best. I would also observe that children at an early age, should be instructed in the use of a tooth-brush, and taught the value and importance of the teeth, in order to inculcate habits of cleanliness, and a due appreciation of the ornaments of the mouth. A brush properly selected (not too hard) may be used by children of five years of age, every morning; and by being part and parcel of the general ablution, and thus directing habitual attention to the teeth, a useful and cleanly habit will be engendered, which will probably insure for them proper care through life.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.*

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.

For Cakes of Various Kinds, Puddings, &c.—These recipes, with the exception of a very few, were obtained from a celebrated cake baker and confectioner.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Pare, and core about eight apples, put them in a saucepan, adding just enough water to cover them, and stew them until they become soft; then pour the water from off them, and beat them very fine. While hot, stir in a quarter of a pound of butter, sugar to your liking, a quarter of a pound of finely grated biscuit, not quite half a nutmeg, three large spoonfuls of brandy, two large spoonfuls of rose water, the peel of a lemon, grated; and when cold, add a quarter of a pint of cream, and the yolks of six eggs, well beaten. Put paste on the bottom of your dish, and pour in the above mixture.

Cheese Cake.—Beat six eggs; boil a cupful of milk, and then stir the eggs into the milk; add to this two ounces of bread, quarter of a pound of sugar, (beaten to a cream,) one wineglassful of brandy and rose water, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, quarter of a pound of currants, and two eggs, well beaten, and put in after the other ingredients are mixed.

Apees—No. 1.—Ingredients: One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, two pounds of flour, four eggs, and a wineglassful of rose water.

Apees—No. 2.—The ingredients are: Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter—which must be cut up in the flour—and one pound of sugar; add, also, one glassful of liquor, eight drops of essence of lemon, a teaspoonful of mixed spices, and two glassfuls of water. Mix the ingredients together, and knead them up with an extra pound of flour.

Almond Cake—No. 1.—The ingredients are: One pint of eggs, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of sweet almonds, quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, and one gill of rose water.

Almond Cake—No. 2.—The ingredients are: Eight eggs, beat light, half a pound and two ounces of sugar, a quarter of a pound of bitter and sweet almonds, a quarter of a pound of flour, some mixed spices, and a teaspoonful of rose water and essence of lemon.

Apple Pudding.—For a sufficient quantity of apples to make two puddings, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, three eggs, one gill of cream, one glassful of wine, brandy, and rose water, and half a pound of sugar. Bake it in paste.

Cocoanut for Four Pies.—Beat together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and half a pound and two ounces of butter; then add one glassful of liquor, and the whites of twelve eggs, well beaten. Lastly, stir in three-quarters of a pound of cocoanut, grated fine.

Common Buns.—Add to two pounds of flour, one and a half wineglassfuls of yeast. Warm together four cupfuls milk, and half a pound of butter, four eggs, and a little cinnamon. Put all to rise; then add half a pound of sugar.

Black Cake—Beat one pound of sugar, and one pound of butter together. Pour in one glass of wine, brandy, and rose water; add twelve eggs, well beaten, and one pound of flour.

Plum Pudding.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs, and the whites of four eggs, mix them with a pint of good cream and one pound of flour; beat them well together, and add to them about one pound of beef suet, very fine, one pound of currants, half a pound of jar raisins, stoned, and chopped small, quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of citron, the same quantity of candied orange, cut small, and a large nutmeg, grated; also, the rind of a lemon. Mix all the ingredients well together with half a gill of brandy; then put the mixture into a cloth, and tie it up close; it will require four hours boiling. If you make it without suet, it will require two hours and a half boiling. Garnish it with powdered sugar. Serve it with wine sauce.

Paste for Winter.—Ingredients: One pound of butter, half a pint of water. Put your flour on the pie-board, and pour a little water in the centre, mixing it all the time; take care not to put all the flour in that is at the edge. Knead it until it becomes pretty soft, then roll it out. Then spread the butter over the paste, adding a little flour, and roll it out again. Brush off the flour frequently, to prevent its becoming too stiff. Roll the paste out three times, folding it up each time, and brushing off the loose flour.

Custard Pudding.—To six eggs take three pints of milk, flavored with essence of lemon, or rose water. Sweeten it to your liking. Butter slices of bread, pour the mixture into a pan, and lay the bread on the top.

Cap Cake.—Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, three eggs, half a pint of milk, and some cinnamon.

Coloring for Cakes.—Ingredients: One ounce of cochineal, one ounce of salts of tartar, two ounces of green tartar, one ounce of alum, and one gill of water.

MEATS, &C.

Yellow Pickle.—Procure some hard heads of early York cabbage, split them, rub them with salt, and lay them in a hot sun for three days, turning them occasionally. Then put them in a strong, cold vinegar, with a small bag of turmeric; let them remain thus for two weeks, and then put them into a second vinegar, prepared in the following manner:—One pound of sliced dried ginger, one pound of mustard seed, washed and dried, one ounce of mace, and one ounce of nutmeg; put these ingredients into a jar, and pour on them two gallons of strong cider vinegar, (it is best to prepare this some weeks previous to using it,) add, also, a bag of turmeric, which should be rubbed occasionally in order to color the vinegar, (about two ounces of turmeric is the proper quantity,) and a plateful of sliced onions, which improves the pickle. Instead of using sliced onions, you can put into the pickle a dozen or more whole nutmegs; let them go through both vinegars.

To Cook Rabbits German Fashion.—Skin your rabbits, and cut them into pieces, as small or large as you may prefer them. Wash them very well in two or three waters. Lay the pieces of rabbit in a deep dish, season them with salt and black pepper, strew among them some whole pepper, a few cloves, and three or four bay leaves. If you have rye bread, lay two or three small slices on the bottom of your dish; and, if agreeable to your taste, two or three sliced onions, and a slice or two of lemon. Rub a little sweet marjoram over the rabbit; then cover it with one part vinegar, and two parts water, and let it stand two days. Afterward stew the whole gently; and when nearly done, thicken the gravy with some nicely browned flour.

Method of Curing Prize Hams.—To one hundred pounds of pork, take eight pounds ground alum salt, two ounces of saltpetre, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce and a half of potash, four gills of water.

Mix the above ingredients, and pour the brine over the meat after it has lain in the tub about two days. Let the hams remain six weeks in the brine, and then be dried

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several days before smoking them. It is a good plan to rub the meat with fine salt when it is packed down. The meat should be perfectly cool before it is packed.

Pork Sausages, of a very superior flavor and quality.—To one hundred pounds of pork, add eight ounces of mustard, eight ounces of ground pepper, two ounces of saltpetre, one pound of sugar, and six pounds of fine salt.

OMELETTES, &C.

Omelette Soufflee—Ingredients: Six eggs, six ounces of powdered sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Extract the strength of the lemon peel on the sugar, (by grating it on the sugar). Add the sugar to the yolks of the eggs, and beat them up as light as possible. Beat the whites, separately, to a stiff froth; and then add the lemon juice, slowly, to the yolks and sugar, and after mixing them well together, pour the mixture slowly on to the whites of the eggs, stirring constantly. Pour the compound into a deep dish, filling it completely, and bake it immediately. The oven must not be too hot. It will take twenty minutes to bake.

Mushrooms—Ragood.—Take large mushrooms, peel them, and take out the inside; broil them on a gridiron, and when brown, put them into a pan, with as much water as will cover them, let them stand ten minutes, and then add to them a spoonful of white wine, the same quantity of browning, and a very little vinegar; thicken it with flour and butter, boil it a little, and serve it up.

Oyster Pancakes.—Mix together equal measures of oyster liquor and milk. To a pint of this mixture put a pint of wheat flour, a few oysters, two eggs, and a little salt. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into hot lard, and fry them a nice brown.

Omelette of Farina.—Prepare the farina as you prepare the ice pudding, and when blood warm, stir into it eight eggs, well beaten, with some salt, parsley, and leeks. Fry it brown.

BEVERAGES, &C.

Egg-Nog.—Take eight eggs to one quart of milk. Separate the yolks from the whites. Beat each separately. Add to the yolks, after they are well beaten, eight tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, still continuing to beat them. Continue the beating about five minutes after the sugar is added, and until it is all dissolved. Then pour in slowly (stirring, or beating incessantly) half a glassful of Jamaica spirits. After it is well stirred in, add—in the same manner as stated above—a whole glassful of brandy, and after further considerable stirring, add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth. Then pour the mixture from one pitcher into another, for the purpose of completely incorporating the ingredients.

Elder Flower Wine.—Take the flowers of elder—be careful not to use any of the stalks—and to every quart of flowers put one gallon of water, and three pounds of loaf sugar. Boil the water and sugar three-quarters of an hour, then pour it on the flowers, and let it work three days. Afterward, strain the wine through a hair sieve, and put it into a cask. To every ten gallons of wine, add one ounce of isinglass dissolved in cider, and six whole eggs. Close it up, let it stand six months, and then bottle it.

Lemonade.—Take the rinds of six lemons, pared very thin, and put them in a pan, with about twelve ounces of sugar, and a quart of water, made not too hot. Let it stand over night, and then squeeze the juice of the lemons into it, with one spoonful of orange flower water, and run it through a bag till it looks clear.

Imperial Water.—Put two ounces of cream of tartar into a large jar, with the juice and peel of two lemons; pour on them seven quarts of boiling water, and when cold, strain it through a gauze sieve. Sweeten it to your liking, and bottle it. It will be fit for use the day after it is made.

Elder Wine.—Strip your berries from the large stalks, put them in pans, and place them in the oven after the bread comes out; let them remain there all night. Next morning squeeze your berries, and to every quart of juice, add one gallon of boiling water, and four pounds of coarse sugar. To every ten gallons of wine, add one ounce of allspice, one ounce of cloves, and two ounces of ginger. Turn it as soon as the sugar is dissolved, and it becomes somewhat cool. Toast and yeast must be put to it to cause it to work.

Ginger Wine.—Take four gallons of spring water, and seven pounds of sugar, boil it a quarter of an hour, and skim it well. When the liquor is cold, squeeze in the juice of two lemons. Boil the peel of the lemons with two ounces of ginger in three pints of water for one hour. When cold, put it all together into a barrel, with two spoonfuls of yeast, a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, beat very thin, and two pounds of best raisins. Close it up, let it stand seven weeks, and then bottle it. The best season to make it is the spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potato Cheese.—In some parts of Germany, a kind of cheese is made of potatoes, and is much sought after. The recipe is as follows:—Select good white potatoes, boil them, and when cold, peel, and reduce them to a pulp with a rasp or mortar; to five pounds of this pulp, which must be very uniform and homogenous, add a pint of sour milk and the requisite portion of salt; knead the whole well, cover it, and let it remain thus three or four days, according to the season; then knead it afresh, and place the cheese in small baskets, where they will part with their superfluous moisture. Dry them in the shade, and place them in layers in large pots or kegs, where they may remain a fortnight. The older they are, the finer they become. This cheese has the advantage of never engendering worms, and of being preserved fresh for many years, provided it is kept in a dry place, and in well closed vessels.

Vermicelli Pie.—Take an earthen dish that is pretty deep, rub the inside with two ounces of butter, then spread over it two ounces of vermicelli; make a good puff paste, roll it pretty thick, and lay it on the dish. Take three or four pigeons, season them well with pepper and salt; put a good lump of butter in them, and lay them in the dish with the breast down; put a thick lid over them, and bake the pie in a moderate oven. When done enough, turn the pie on to the dish you intend to serve it on, and the vermicelli will appear like thatch.

To Paper a Pan.—Grease your pan well with a brush. Cut some white paper, a little larger than the bottom of your pan. Then cut four pieces of paper for the sides, about five inches wide, and twice as long. Put your paper in the bottom of the pan, making it lay even; then arrange the side pieces, and grease the ends, so that they will cling to each other, and to the pan. Let the paper reach three or four inches above the top of the pan.

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FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TULLE, trimmed with eleven narrow tulle flounces, edged with blonde and narrow currant-colored velvet. A tunic of spotted tulle is trimmed with a broader velvet, a long wreath of velvet flowers, and a large bow of velvet ribbon. The sleeves and the berthe, which is of a heart shape, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Wreath of green leaves and velvet flowers.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE CRAPE.—The edge of the lower skirt is ornamented with a blue ribbon quilling. The upper skirt is festooned on one side with a large blue rosette. Blue satin opera cloak, trimmed with heavy cords and tassels, and bands of swan's-down. Cleopatra wreath.

FIG. III.—THE BAYARD.—This exceedingly stylish cloak is made of heavy beaver cloth. It hangs like a loose sacque, and is made to close down the front. The large sleeves, the collar, bottom of the skirt and front, are trimmed with a rough, fuzzy cloth, called Astracan.

FIG. IV.—THE YORKE.—An elegant cloak of black velvet. The back part is made to fold over the front and form a sleeve.

FIG. V.—THE REDINGOTE MAGICIENNE.—This style of dress is at present very fashionable in Paris. The material is black silk. The body is high, and ornamented with a cape or pelerine, trimmed round with a narrow puffing of silk. The sleeves, which are shaped to the elbow, are demi-wide, and are finished at the lower edge by a turned-up cuff, bordered with a small quilling, like that on the cape. The skirt and body are both made open in front, and the redingote is fastened from the lower edge of the skirt to the throat by a row of buttons. On each side of the skirt there is a pocket covered by a small flap, trimmed with a quilling, and fastened in the centre by a button. This flap is fixed to the dress by a narrow band of plain silk. The front hair is dressed in flat bands, and the back hair enclosed in a silk net, edged with two rows of crimped fringe; at each side a tuft of the fringe is arranged so as to have the effect of a bow with two ends. Collar and sleeves of worked muslin.

FIG. VI.—TARTAN CLOAK OF BLACK CLOTH, trimmed with bias bands of gay plaid, and edged with fringe.

FIG. VII.—MARIE ANTOINETTE CAPE OF WHITE BLONDE, trimmed with white and black lace, and on the shoulders and the back with narrow black velvet. The blonde is laid in deep plaits from the shoulders.

FIG. VIII.—BREAKFAST CAP (*back view*) OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with a ruffle of muslin edged with Valenciennes lace, and having long tabs in front, which are confined under the chin by a bow of currant-colored ribbon. Long loops and ends of currant-colored ribbon ornament the cap on the top.

FIG. IX.—HEAD-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET, composed of loops, bows, and ends.

FIG. X.—CAP OF WHITE LACE, with a deep curtain trimmed with lace. It is ornamented with two large rosettes of blue ribbon, and long, blue strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Among the new materials for the dresses of the present season we have observed some very rich silks, consisting of moires, striped and figured with bouquets, or with single flowers. Plain silk is becoming decidedly fashionable for dresses, and it is now worn in almost every tint. Of figured silks there are a great number in very pretty patterns. Plain and chequered satins and poplins have also appeared in great variety.

FRONT TRIMMINGS for the skirts of dresses continue in vogue. This style of ornamenting dresses forms a variety to the mode at present so popular, of trimming them with flounces.

DRESSES for home and the promenade are made high, closing in the front; the bodice fitting tight have the waists round, or but slightly pointed; bows or knots of velvet are worn down the centre, that at the waist terminating in long flowing ends. For dresses that have no flounces or second skirt, *papillon* or butterfly bows of velvet are very fashionable, they are placed entirely down the front of the dress. The small pointed *pelerine* or cape is in favor, or the body trimmed with a frill to imitate one, some ladies preferring the latter mode.

SLEEVES are of various shapes. Some consist entirely of puffings reaching from the shoulder to the wrist. Others have small puffings above, and the lower part formed of one deep frill. Pagoda sleeves, or those narrow at top and wide at the lower part, are among the favorites. Sleeves are sometimes made nearly close to the arm, and are finished at the end by a mousquetaire cuff. Those consisting of several frills, one above the other, are among the prettiest.

AMONG the prettiest dresses lately made, there is a dress of plain black silk which has just been completed. The skirt is trimmed with two deep flounces, each edged with two narrow gauffered frills. The corsage, high and buttoned up the front, is ornamented with a berthe pointed before and behind, and trimmed with two very narrow gauffered frills. The sleeves are wide pagodas, cut on the bias; they are finished at the lower edge with a double gauffered frill, and at the shoulder there is a gauffered trimming in the form of an epaulet. A ceinture of ribbon with a buckle is worn round the waist.

BONNETS, for this season, are rather larger than those worn during the past summer. They also sit closer round the face, and the brim advances somewhat more over the forehead than heretofore. Several have round crowns. They are composed of various materials, and the trimmings consist of feathers, flowers, velvet, blonde, lace, and ribbon. We have seen a bonnet of black velvet having the edge bordered with a row of red velvet; the curtain, formed of black velvet, is edged with red. On the left side of the bonnet there is a cock's plume in red and black. Another bonnet, composed of white silk, has been trimmed with a brown ostrich feather. The curtain is composed of brown silk, and the strings of brown ribbon.

CLOAKS are made full and rather long, and several have wide hanging sleeves. Some have hoods, and others are covered at the upper part with a pointed pelerine, or with a square collar. One which is likely to be much in favor, is composed of gray cloth, and has wide flowing sleeves. It is pointed behind, and the point reaches to within a short distance of the edge of the dress. A small pointed pelerine or fichu covers the upper part, and the trimming consists of passementerie. Another cloak is in the shawl form, and is composed of black velvet ornamented with embroidery. It is trimmed with three very deep flounces of black lace. Another black velvet cloak has a fichu-pelerine ornamented with embroidery and a trimming of fringe.

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JACKETS OR DEEP BASQUES are also exceedingly fashionable; they equally divide public favor with the cloaks. They are made of black, gray, or striped cloth, and are large and ample, having a peculiarity in the sleeve, which is cut extremely wide, and put in large plaits into the armhole, from whence it falls quite unconfined. This jacket has also a small collar and pockets.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The prettiest novelty for the season in the way of ornament for the hair, is a circlet of medallions, worn across the forehead. These are sometimes in cameos, sometimes in coral, and sometimes small gilt coins laid on a band of black velvet. We have also seen some gilt butterflies on a bandeau of black velvet, and scattered over the bows of black velvet behind the head, which had a very tasteful and fanciful effect.

Ladies in the country may like to have a simple cap suggested to them, which they can easily have made. Fold a piece of black net to about an inch wide, and let it be just long enough to reach to the sides of the face. Cut two little lappets about three inches long, and round at one end; tuck into them a very slight wire, and sew them on to the end of the foundation band. Attach a round crown. Fold a piece of net, and set it on as a curtain behind. This forms the foundation of the cap, which is to be trimmed with bows of ribbon at each side, placed on the lappets, and with bows and ends behind. Over this lay a row of white Maltese lace, plain in the front and fulled round the ears and behind; and over this a diamond of black lace, or one crossed with ribbon velvet, finished round with a narrow black edging. In this way one of the prettiest caps of the season will be produced.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR A BOY ABOUT EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OF AGE.—Blouse of black velvet, and trousers of pale gray cloth. Cap of black velvet, and necktie of gray silk.

FIG. II.—OUT-DOOR DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS OF AGE.—Cloak of black velvet; the cape and revers at the ends of the sleeves consist of gray Astracan. The hat, of gray felt, is trimmed with a cock's plume and bows of ribbon. The dress, which is scarcely seen in our illustration, as it is nearly covered by the cloak, consists of plain green silk. The body is low, and the sleeves are short, and trimmed with two narrow frills.

FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Paletot or coat of cloth of any dark color; the collar, cuffs, and facings of the pockets are of black Astracan. Leather cap, and cloth gaiters of a hue corresponding with the color of the paletot.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A CHILD OF ABOUT THREE YEARS OF AGE.—This dress is of crimson merino. The body is cut square, and made with lappets or *revers* both on the front and back, but opening on the shoulder. The upper part of these revers forms the shoulder piece. The sleeves are full and short, and gathered into a broad band. The skirt is put on to the body in very wide box plaits.

FIG. V.—ZOUAVE JACKET *(front view)* FOR A LITTLE BOY.—This jacket can be made of cashmere, merino, velvet, or cloth. It is to be worn over a white linen body or shirt, with long, white sleeves, as the sleeve of the jacket is open all the way up the arm. It is to be trimmed with braid or galloon.

FIG. VI.—BACK VIEW of the above Zouave jacket.

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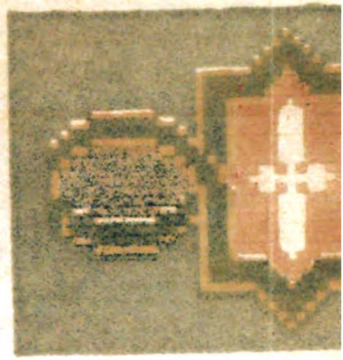

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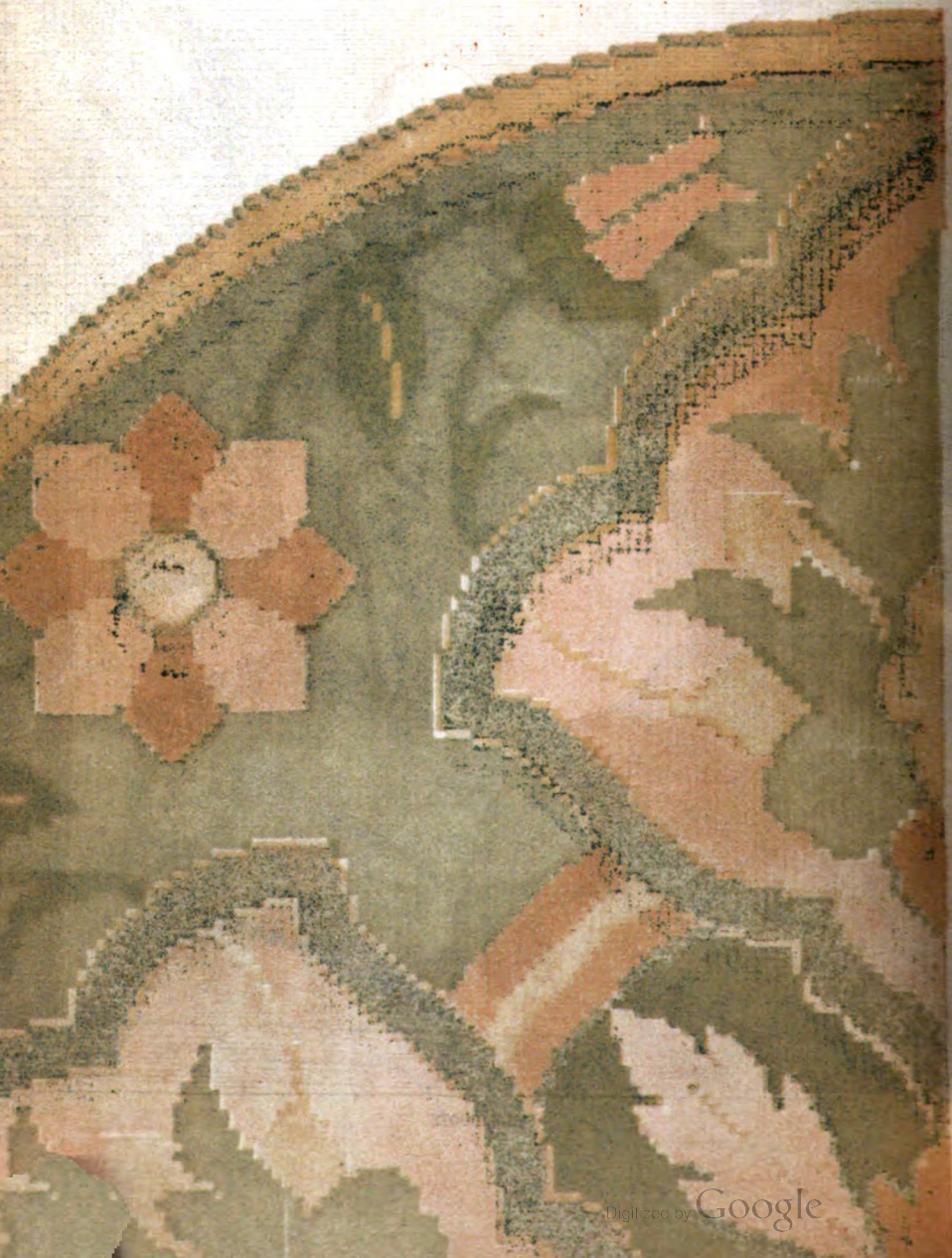

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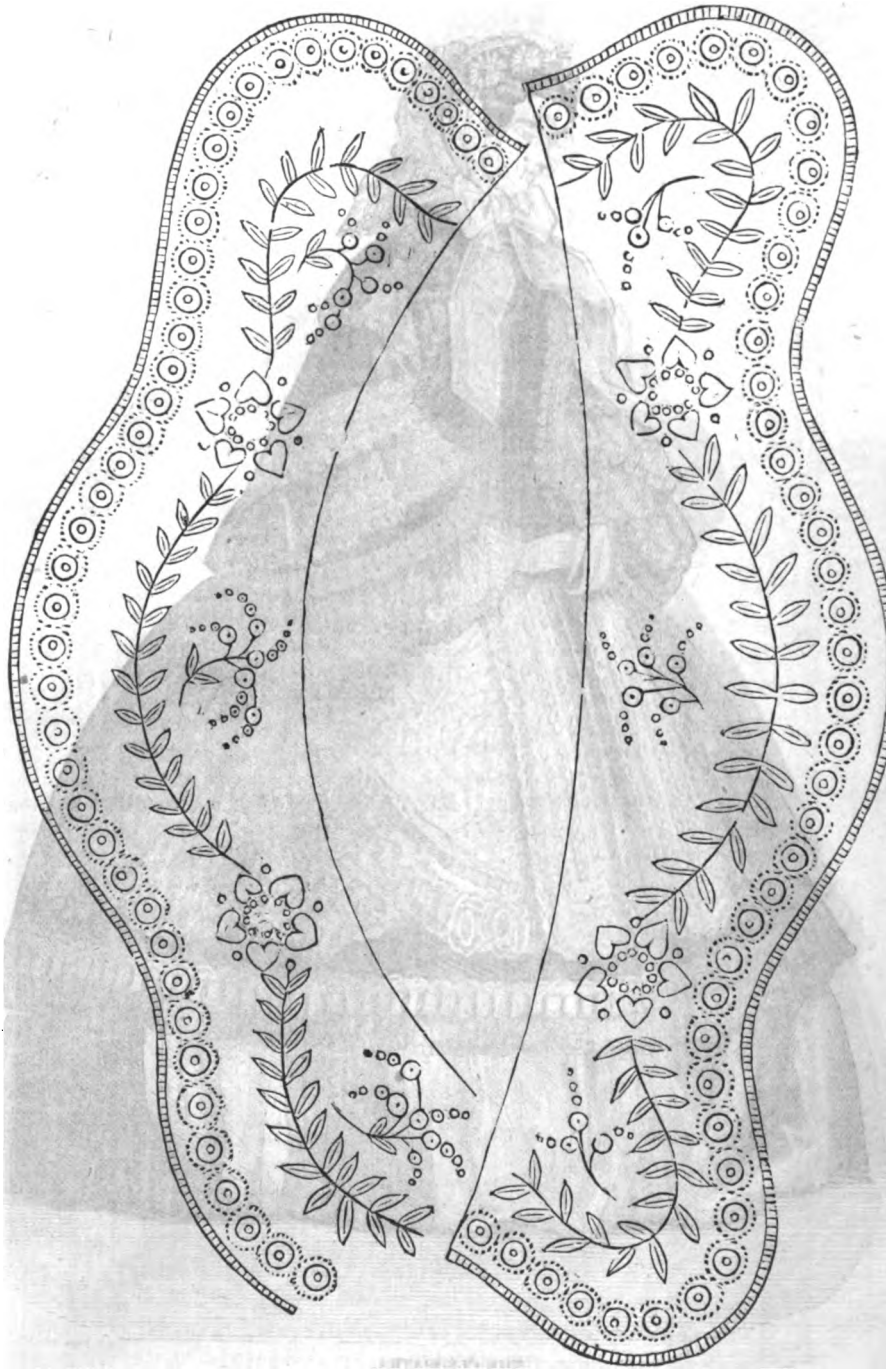

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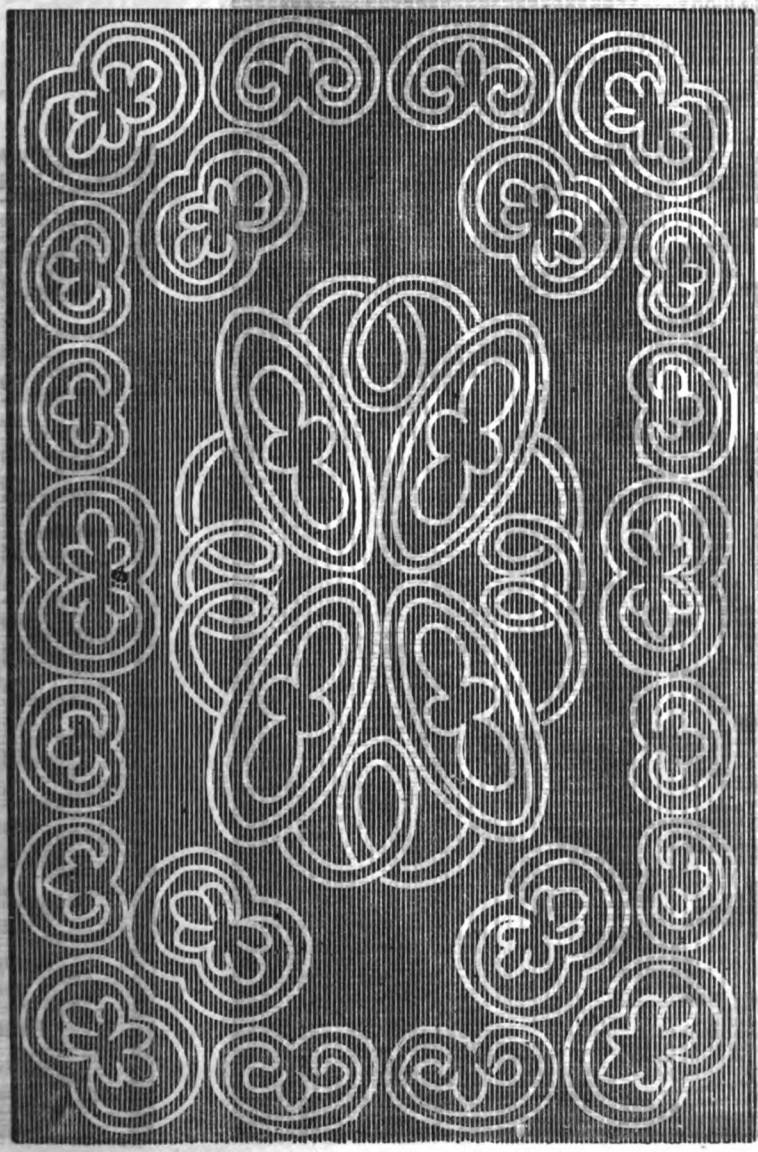

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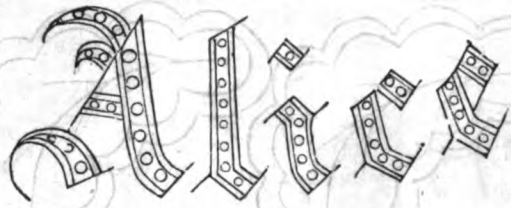

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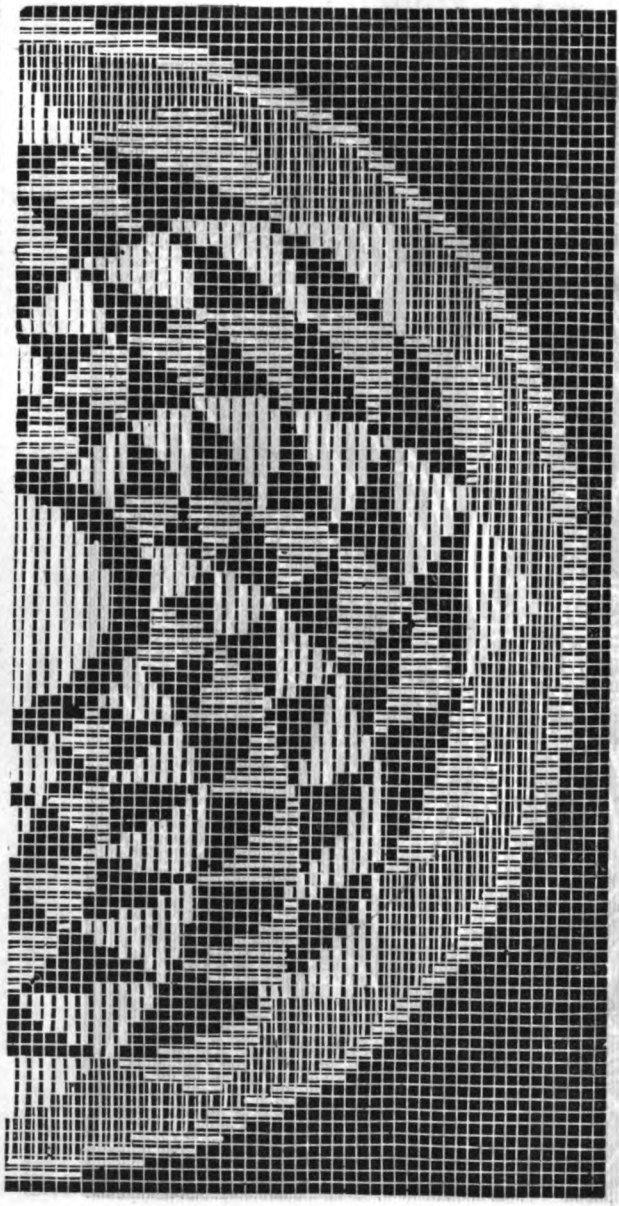

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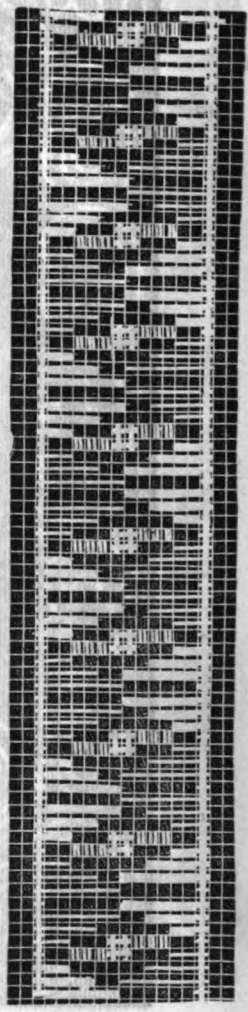

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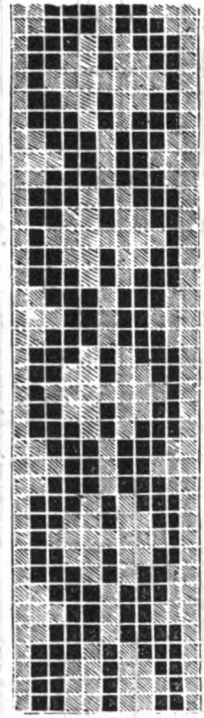
SHIRT FRONT.



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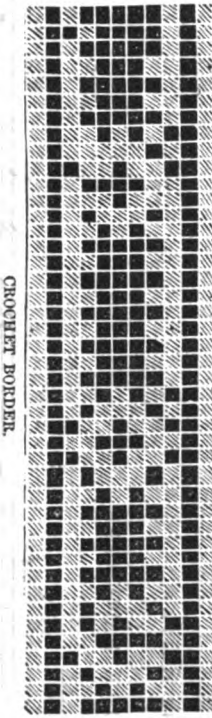

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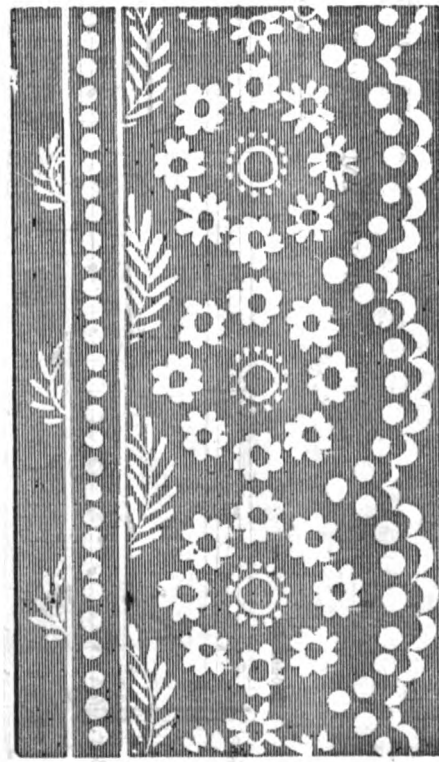

PETTICOAT BORDER.

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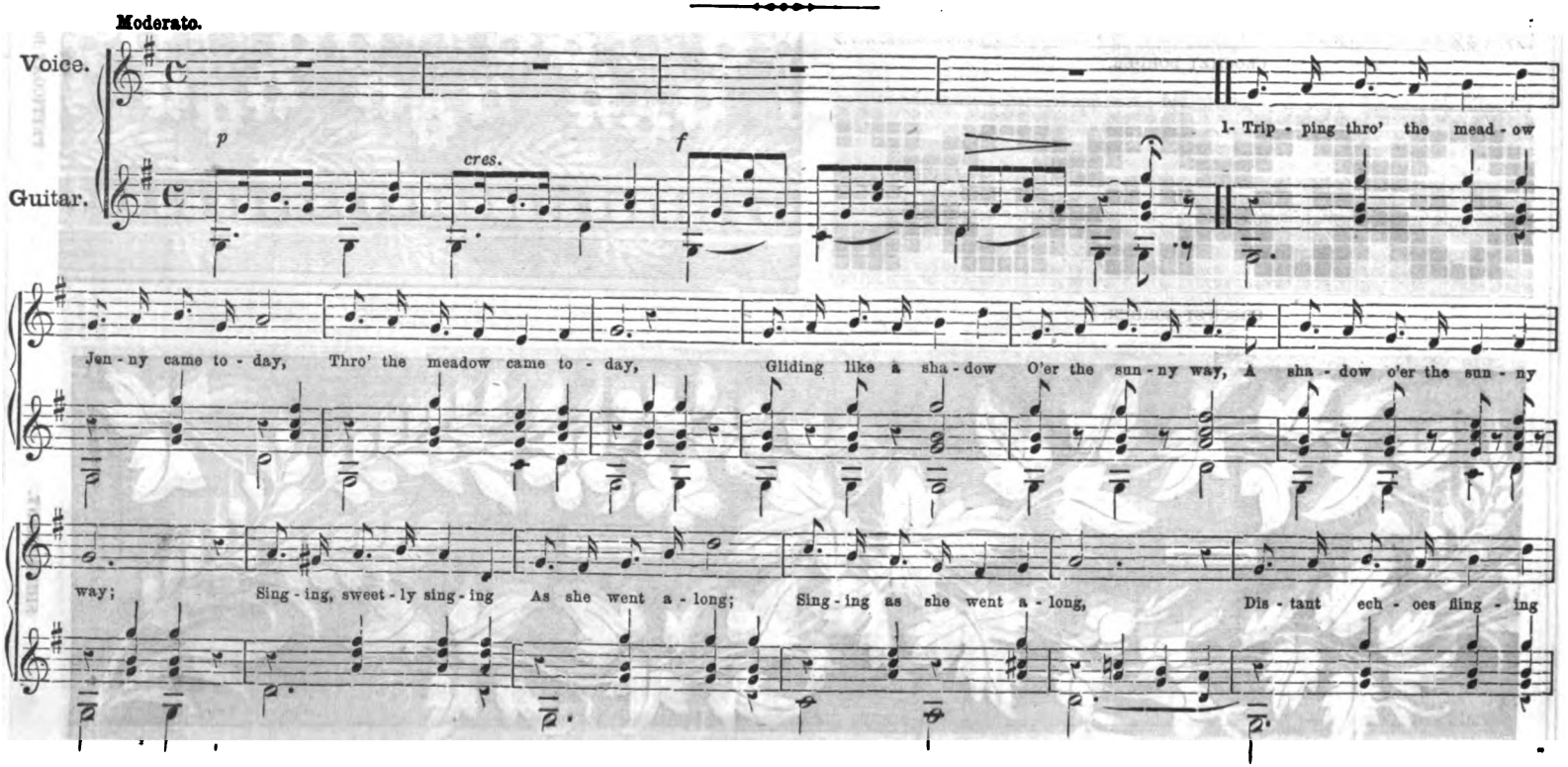
JENNY, DARLING JENNY.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.



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Chorus.

back her mer - ry song; Flinging back her mer - ry song. Jen - ny dear, Jen - ny dear, Jen - ny, dar - ling Jen - ny— Oh! Jen - ny dear, my

gen - tle Jen - ny, Darl-ing, darl - ing Jen - ny.

Symphony.

2. What to me is sweeter Than its gentle tone, Sweeter than its gentle tone, As I chance to meet her Coming all alone; Meet her coming all a - lone.

3. Jenny's eyes are beaming Ev - er with a smile, Beaming ev - er with a smile, And my heart is dreaming Of her all the while; Dreaming of her all the while.

Repeat Chorus.

Maidens there are many Others may adore; Many, others may a - dore; None to me like Jenny, Search the wide world o'er; Search the wide, the wide world o'er.

Daily do I wander Where her feet have been, Wander where her feet have been, Ev - er growing fonder Of the welcome scene, Fond - er of the welcome scene.

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Arthur

NAME FOR MARKING.

THE DUCHESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1860. No. 2.

HOW PRUDENCE OVERREACHED ITSELF.

BY CATHARINE R. SILLIAM.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Jacob Hollister was a bachelor of forty-five. Now when gentlemen have reached that age without taking on themselves the yoke matrimonial, the case is generally regarded as desperate; yet neither Mr. Hollister nor his lady acquaintance so viewed it. In the first place, he was still very good-looking; portly, erect, dignified; courteous in manner; unexceptionable in the blackness and glossiness of his attire; and best of all, provided with that charm, which, taking everything into consideration, is best adapted to win and retain the affections of maid or widow—a full purse, whose contents he dispensed with liberal hand. No wonder the feminine population of Baldwin were very, very loth to relinquish hope of him. On his own part, Mr. Hollister by no means purposed going to the end of his days in a state of single blessedness. When a young man, beginning the world with nothing, he had deferred the thought of marriage till he should be able to keep a wife in comfort; and when that time arrived he had become so prudent, so fearful of being duped, that he hesitated to commit himself. He was much in ladies' society, and very welcome there; occasionally he devoted himself to some fair one in particular, but the faintest jest on the subject, the least shadow of a hint that his attentions were noticed, and lo! he was off at the antipodes. For the rest, Mr. Hollister was perfectly good-tempered, though rather severe in his judgment of some matters; a little too much disposed, thought his best friends, to make his own opinion the law for others; a trifle too prompt and lavish in offering advice which nobody wanted to hear. But he was honest and honorable; a true Christian, a most thorough friend: and none doubted that his wife, when he should choose one, would be a very happy woman.

At last, however, his attention was caught by one whom all regarded as likely to bring him to the point, and make him a joyful Benedict. Miss Sarah Norris, for such was her name, was a pretty, gentle-looking girl of twenty-three or four; she dressed with good taste, was amiable in disposition, and neat in habits; moreover, she belonged to the same church with our friend, and made herself very useful in the Sunday School, the choir, and all "society" matters. "Just the woman for him," said every one, except those who wanted him for themselves; and for a time it seemed as if Mr. Hollister thought so too. He talked much with Miss Norris at parties, he called frequently at her father's house; he drove her out in that sweet little carriage, which was the admiration of all Baldwin. But suddenly his attention slackened; he scarcely saw Miss Norris except by accident; he took Catharine Carter and Leo Simmons out to ride; and gossip was on the *qui vive* to know what could possibly be the matter. Poor Sarah, too, had her own sad surmises as to the cause of such singular conduct; she had allowed a very kind feeling toward the recreant Jacob to take possession of her gentle little heart; and it pained her beyond measure to find herself thus deserted without fault or explanation. But, of course, she was powerless to remedy the evil; she could only hope and wait.

Now Mr. Hollister had a friend, a young man, some twenty years his junior, for whose opinion and advice he had a great esteem; and this friend having recently perpetrated matrimony on his own score, and finding his account therein, was naturally anxious to place his friend in the enjoyment of the same happiness as himself. He had frequently remonstrated and advised, but now he took the liberty to rebuke.

"I can tell you one thing, Jacob," he said, "the way you are treating Sarah Norris is a little too bad for anything. If it were done by

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a regular flirt like John Backers, or Peter Van Schoonhoven, it would be all in character; but for you, a man of your age, a man of religious principle, the fact is, it's shameful!"

Mr. Hollister blushed like a maid of seventeen. "Why, Hobart," said he, "seems to me you are rather severe! I am sure I wish Miss Norris every happiness. I would do anything in the world for her."

"Except marry her, which is the only thing you are wanted to do."

Mr. Hollister's blushes became more crimson. "Marry her!" he repeated; "I don't know that she would have me."

"And what business have you to know till you have asked her? Do you suppose I knew when I spoke to Helen? I can tell you I expected nothing short of a downright refusal; but she took me, and you see for yourself how happy we are! And you may do just the same, if you like; she has given you all the encouragement consistent with delicacy. I am not her confidant, of course, but I believe the game is in your own hands, and I say, Go in and win!"

Mr. Hollister did not at once respond to the friendly outburst. His words, when he *did* speak, were of rather a deprecatory nature.

"You see, Hobart," he observed, "I don't feel entirely certain of her character; she seems amiable, to be sure, but then I can't tell how she may be when there is nobody by. Then she always looks neat, but, whenever I see her, she is either in company, or might reasonably be expecting it. I can't secrete myself in the house, and see how she behaves with her mother and the children, or how she dresses at breakfast; and how am I to know?"

"How, indeed?" said Hobart. "The truth is, Mr. Jacob Hollister, you are a little too exacting in your demands. Your wife must be pretty."

"Well, yes. I am a great admirer of beauty."

"And young—because you're so juvenile that she wouldn't be suitable otherwise—and stylish. I put it to you if it isn't so?"

"It's true. I do like to see a woman that's well dressed. There is something so proper—so—so—agreeable about it."

"And then she must be amiable, economical, and pious."

"Oh! certainly. I couldn't possibly do without those qualifications."

"Now Sarah Norris has all these gifts. I must conclude, then, Hollister, that there is one thing more which you have never named, and yet consider requisite. She must be rich; yes, my friend, you are a fortune-hunter!"

"No, no!" cried the bachelor; "you do me wrong. If she has expensive habits, of course, I should like her to have something of her own, because my means couldn't afford it."

"Fiddlestick for your not affording it. Why, man, what do you mean to do for her aside from conferring on her the supreme honor of becoming Mrs. Jacob Hollister? give her the privilege of looking after your house and wardrobe? furnish her with goods from the store at cost?

"Don't jest, Hobart; I assure you it is a serious thing to me."

"I wish it were, for then you would do as you ought. No man has a right to place a girl in the position you will put Sarah Norris in if you leave her without saying anything more. Her acceptance of your attentions has already drawn remark upon her; people will say she was willing to have you, but you did not give her the chance. It isn't generous, it isn't fair. If you know your own mind so little, or were so doubtful about her worth, you ought never to have been so attentive to her. Come, Hollister," he continued, "do be persuaded. Lay aside a few of your old-maidish notions, and act like a sensible man. Sarah Norris appears to be all that you wish; and, should she have a few opinions or habits different from yours, her affection will doubtless teach her to conform to your views hereafter; or, if not, you can agree to differ. Helen tells me Sarah talks of going to Chicago to spend the winter; if I were you I would not let her go. Keep her at home and make her consent to have you before Christmas."

Mr. Hollister hesitated; then half promised; then said "he would take the matter into consideration."

A few mornings later found him in Mr. Norris' comfortable parlor. Sarah was looking her very prettiest; her blue eyes were unusually gentle, her fair cheek wore its softest rose. She was very busy with some wonderful tidy in crochet; and, as she sat near the table—now intent on her work; now raising her head and looking at him as she joined in the conversation—he decided in his own mind that she would form a charming piece of furniture for any drawing-room. Imagine, now, that he had purchased that handsome house of old Squire Baldwin's; imagine the large front room, east of the hall, fitted up as their daily parlor, handsome carpet and curtains, sofas, and all that; he could afford to have things handsome, and he would have them. Then fancy Sarah there as mistress; the lamp lit, the curtains drawn; himself not so very far off; her smiles all for him; her

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thoughts for him; the picture was delightful! He was almost tempted to run every risk, and offer himself the minute Mrs. Norris should step out of the room, and give him an opportunity of doing so.

But then came up the old doubts; oh! what would he not have given for a clairvoyant power to see whether the foot inside that pretty shoe were just as neat and as pure as it ought to be; whether the attire, not seen, were as cleanly and delicate as what was outwardly visible. How he wanted to know whether the kind, pleasant voice always sounded as gently as it did now to him! Above all, how he wished to be certain what Sarah's answer would be! She had seemed encouraging, but then one never knew; perhaps she was engaged to somebody else all the time. With all his fine qualities, his undoubted piety, our good Mr. Hollister had his share of vanity; he would have liked, as little as anything, to have it known through Baldwin that Miss Norris had rejected him. So he looked, and longed, and lingered, and hesitated, and finally went away without declaring his mind. The next day Sarah set out on her journey to Chicago.

CHAPTER II.

"HOBART," said Mr. Hollister, a few days after, "you can do me a great favor, if you like."

"Well," returned his friend, "speak, and command me."

"Would you be willing, now," said the bachelor, coaxingly, and blushing like the morn—"would you object, that is, to write to Miss Norris?"

"Why, under the heavens, should *I* write to her? Write yourself, if you want to hear from her. What do you suppose Helen would think?"

"She might see all the letters on both sides. You see, people say that one's real character comes out so in a correspondence; and she wouldn't be on her guard with you as she would with me."

"Mr. Hollister," said Hobart, fixing a severe eye on him, "don't expect *me* to be a party to any such paltry plan. In this world, sir, we have to walk by faith in other than spiritual matters. How do I know that you are not a pharisaical hypocrite—a devourer of widows' houses? How do I know that all the men I associate with are not thieves and gamblers? I can't go following them around in every act of their lives; if they seem upright and good, I must believe them so, and treat them accordingly. I advise you to do the same thing with your lady love. And just remember that ours are not the days of Methuselah; and, if you spend all your life in making up your mind, you will be in the country where there are no marriages, and your chance will be over."

Poor Mr. Hollister! he sighed and deliberated; he thought often and long of Sarah; sometimes he *almost* wrote, but he never quite made it out. So the winter slid away, and when the spring was well advanced Miss Norris returned. But not quite as she went; there were rumors, talks of special attentions in Chicago; jests about a tall, dark-haired gentleman, &c. Sarah was as discreet as young ladies usually are, and nothing was really known about it. But the rumors reached Mr. Hollister, and decided him at once. Sarah grew doubly valuable now that there was a possibility of losing her. He did not believe the report; she used to treat him so kindly, and he was sure she could not change so much in one winter! But there was nothing to be gained by waiting, and he was certain he preferred her to any woman in the world. So he made an early call on Miss Norris, distinctly proposed, and was as distinctly, though courteously, declined.

Mr. Hollister was aghast! He begged to know the reason—was there any other attachment?

Miss Norris hardly considered that it was a question he had a right to ask; yet, since he wished it, she would inform him. Yes, there was another attachment.

"And you are engaged?—you will be married, Sarah?"

"I hope to be, certainly—some time, it is probable during the next month."

Mr. Hollister forgot all prudence, all caution. "Oh! what a fool I have been!" he cried. "Why didn't I ask you this question the night I was here last fall? Oh! Sarah, I know you liked me then. Tell me, was it not so? Or would your answer have been the same as now?"

Sarah colored, and hesitated. "Perhaps it is as well to be frank with you, Mr. Hollister," she answered. "There was a time when I felt a true regard for you; I thought your manner had authorized it. I thought you showed more interest in me than in any other woman, and I preferred you to any other man. I do not say I loved you, for that would be too strong an expression; but I was sufficiently interested to feel a good deal of sadness when you so suddenly, and as it seemed without reason, ceased your visits and attentions. Of course, were I not now most happily engaged to a man whose

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worth I cannot doubt, you would never have known of this; but I think it may do no harm to warn you against such fickleness and vacillation. I trust, if you should be again placed in the same circumstances, you will have more regard for yourself and another than to treat her as you did me."

She spoke hastily and with feeling; and Mr. Hollister was considerably moved. How he regretted those poor habits of caution, so impossible to explain, which had come between him and happiness! But it was too late to help it now, and he left the house a sadder, and, as he thought, a wiser man than he entered it.

The wedding came off in due season, and Mr. Hollister, with other friends, was present. He had made the bride a very handsome gift, and he wished her joy with unusual warmth; but, poor man! he was thinking every time he looked at her, so sweet and graceful in her snowy robes, that, but for his own folly, *he* might have been in the bridegroom's place; *he* might have been the one who was to claim in future her cares, her company, her affection. They were mournful meditations truly, but they could not undo the past.

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR passed on, and Mr. Hollister, warned by sad experience, had been shy of ladies' society; particularly cautious about devoting himself to any especial person. But, in the second summer succeeding the marriage of Sarah Norris, a new belle appeared in the Baldwin circles. Miss Anna Chambers dawned on an admiring village. Our friend, always an adorer of the dashing and stylish in woman, was very much captivated at first sight. Miss Chambers was above the ordinary stature, of a full and finely developed form. She had a dark, rich complexion, dazzling teeth, raven hair, and great black eyes, flashing like jewels. Then she dressed beautifully; in excellent, though rather brilliant taste; but that corresponded with the style of her beauty. Her manners were very fascinating; quiet, but easy and graceful. She had always enough to say, but she never fatigued one with liveliness, never made weak or trifling remarks. All the young men were wild about her; even Peter Van Schoonhoven, who had come up from Schenectady for his annual term of ruralizing, and who was the most redoubted flirt in the state, was dragged at her chariot wheels in triumph. But on none did she smile so sweetly and encouragingly as on Mr. Hollister; and the heart of our bachelor was deeply moved. He began to think he had found the twin soul; and that he was amply paid for all his years of waiting. No thought of caution now; no fears of careless habits, shrewish temper, extravagant tastes. The mere idea of such things in connection with that angel would have been profanation.

Ah! could he have lived but a little while in her native place? Could he have seen her father's house, so illy-ordered, the large family of poorly-tended children, the mother worn-out with labor and care, while her daughter led a life toilless as the lilies. Could he have seen the beautiful Anna in her slatternly home-attire, and heard her "snub" her little brothers and sisters, and even her parents, when she was out of temper, as not unfrequently happened! But he could not; and Miss Chambers played her part well. She soon inventoried the worth of her various admirers, and found that with the exception of the gentleman from Schenectady before mentioned, they were all young men with their way to make; and the one exception was too thorough a coquet to be relied upon. Mr. Hollister was undeniably the best card in the pack. Miss Chambers was well up to the world and its wisdom; she was twenty-eight if she was a day, although to look at her fresh and beautiful face you would never have thought it. She felt that it behooved her to lose no time, and she laid close though decorous siege to Mr. Hollister's heart. She was very regular at church, and sometimes attended the "monthly concerts" and the Saturday evening prayer meetings, observing on all these occasions the most becoming gravity and close attention to the services. She regretted that there was no class in Sunday School that she could take during the few weeks of her stay; she praised the society of Baldwin in that it eschewed cards and dancing—of which, she said, she had formerly been fond, but now saw her error. She conversed about various preachers and styles of sermonizing; she was always industriously employed. Yet she was never too busy to lay aside her work and sing for Mr. Hollister's benefit. All misgiving fled from his mind. He knew, indeed, that she was not a "professor," but she was so serious, so religiously disposed, that he was sure that need form no obstacle. He ventured to ask his friend Hobart's opinion, but that gentleman dismissed him rather shortly; he had given his best advice before without result, and Jacob must now "gang his ain gait." It was just as well, for he was too much in love to have heeded any rational opinion. So he declared himself, and was graciously accepted, and Miss Chambers went home to prepare for

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her nuptials, feeling that she had done "a good stroke of work." An excellent establishment had been secured by a short campaign, and a very moderate outlay of thought and trouble. Her father's slender purse was taxed to its utmost capacity to provide funds for the approaching occasion, and Miss Chambers reveled amid silks, and feathers, and laces, and ribbons. Soon all was ready, and Mr. Hollister being duly notified came on, and was made the happiest of men. After the bridal trip they came back to Baldwin, and a few weeks were pleasantly occupied in getting settled in their handsome house, receiving and returning calls, attending parties, &c., &c. But after three months had elapsed, the fair bride began to weary of perpetual complaisance, and to think she should enjoy having her own way again.

"Come, Anna, it is time for you to get ready," said Mr. Hollister, one evening. "The bell is ringing."

Mrs. Hollister raised her eyes from the book she was reading.

"I don't intend going out to-night," she replied.

"Not go out, Anna! Why it is our regular prayer meeting."

"Very well; but as I am not a member of the church, I see no occasion that I should attend so constantly; I have been every time before since we came home. And besides, I am in the midst of John Halifax."

Mr. Hollister looked grave. He had, as we have before stated, a love of advising, and could hardly be expected to forego his favorite pastime on this opportune occasion. "I should think, Anna," he remarked, "that you might find some volume more suitable as a preparation for the holy Sabbath now so closely approaching." A pause. "I am astonished. You told me you did not care for novels."

"And I didn't then, you dear, cross creature," she replied, "my mind was entirely taken up with you. Don't frown so savagely, or I shall think you are really angry with me," and she put her beautiful arms round his neck, looked laughingly in his honest blue eyes and kissed him. Jacob was too much a lover yet to resist this tender argument. He went off alone to the meeting, and his wife finished John Halifax at forty-five minutes past eleven.

But things could not go on thus always. Causes of discomfort became too serious to be laughed or kissed away, even if Mrs. Hollister had always been disposed to employ that mode of treatment. But her temper, not good by nature, could not bear opposition and fault-finding. Sometimes she laughed, it is true, but often she answered sharply.

"Anna," said Jacob, one morning, at breakfast, "how *does* Bridget make this coffee?"

"I don't know, indeed," she returned, with provoking coolness.

"You ought to know; it is your duty as mistress of the house. The coffee tastes as if it was made from burnt potato skins, and I send home regularly old government Java, which is now at a very high price, and ought not to be wasted in concocting such a vile draught as this. It is my wish, Anna, that you look to this and other household matters; you have no right to neglect them."

"If you intend to make a drudge of me, Mr. Hollister," replied the wife, with spirit, "you will find yourself mistaken. If you wished for a servant you should have married one."

"Not the slightest need of getting in a passion, Anna. I don't exact or expect a servant's part from you—only a wife's. You have two girls in the kitchen to perform all the drudgery. Pray see to them a little; the spoons are nearly black, and the knives look as if they had put on mourning. The biscuit are sour, the meat is overdone, and the table-cloth would be a disgrace to a fifth-rate boarding-house. It was understood, when we married, that there was a mutual compact; I was not to furnish you with everything you wished, and have my own comforts totally neglected in return. I hope I shall not have to speak again on this subject, I trust your own good sense will be enough."

Very good, reasonable words, but uttered, alas! to a "stony ground" hearer. Anna enjoyed luxuries, but she did not care for neatness. The charms of glittering steel and silver, of clean table-cloths, laid square and even, all the folds "straight as a die," were unfelt by her; fresh napkins she was indifferent to; she did not know good bread from poor. It would have needed a great deal of resolution, a great deal of real love for her husband to overcome her native indolence, and change her into a tolerable housekeeper; and these she had not. Poor Jacob had to learn the lesson of endurance.

Her personal habits, too, caused him great annoyance. Beautifully dressed away from home, or when expecting company, she was extremely careless when they were alone. During the earlier years of their marriage, Jacob sometimes ventured to remonstrate. "Anna," he would say, "your hair is not tidy—your stockings are full of holes. It would be very easy to take a little time every week, and look over your stockings and put them in order. And if

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you would comb your hair every morning, when you got up, you would feel much more comfortable, besides being really much more to be respected than you are at present." Sometimes Anna laughed, sometimes she sulked, sometimes she "flared up" fiercely; but she never reformed. It was not pleasant to the husband to find how much more other men's opinion was valued than his own; to see the hurried flight up stairs when Mr. Van Schoonhoven called; the quick exchange of the wrapper, with the large grease spot on the front breadth, for the new silk, the Mechlin set, and handsome jewels; he felt that, as he had paid for these things, he had a right to see them put on occasionally for his own gratification. But Mrs. Hollister thought otherwise. Neither did he approve of her manners to young men. Not that he at all feared her bringing discredit on herself or him; but it was not pleasant after he had been receiving all day the benefit of her peevishness or *ennui*, to see her beam forth all gladness, animation, and smiles on every one that approached. It showed him too clearly how little she respected his opinion or valued his regard.

Poor Mr. Hollister! his punishment was hard. If his friends had not been too sorry for him, they might have laughed over his defeat and disappointment; but they *were* too sorry. They dreaded for awhile lest the petty and vexing trials of home should undermine his religious character: but there he was too firmly fixed. He was constant as ever in duty, and liberal as ever to each good cause. He was a shade less severe, less prone to insist on his own opinion, but that was a change for the better. And the friends who valued and pitied him, could only console themselves with thinking that this life was short; and that in a few years it would be all the same whether his wedded life had been a happy or a thorny one.

This, however, is a view of the case which we would find it easier to adopt for our friends than for ourselves.

IN MEMORIAM

H. S. H.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The Autumn's latest leaves are gone,
Its richest glories dead,
And hopes more bright than Autumn skies,
Have with that parting fled.
The gayest heart that treasured life,
The voice of truest glee—
Of all the friends that death might claim
I had not singled thee!

We parted in the Summer time
When life was bold and brave—
I did not think the Autumn leaves
Would rustle o'er thy grave;
A year ago we two had watched
Their gorgeous brightness fall—
I little dreamed that those of Spring
Were woven for thy pall.

I stand within the darkened home
Thy presence filled with mirth.
And mutely watch the broken band
Around thy father's hearth.
I listen for thy coming step,
And cheated by each sound
Look sadly on thy household gifts
That still are grouped around.

The very chair where thou hast sat
Recalls thy face to mind,
And not the simplest act of yore
But hath a spell to bind.
The rustic bird-cage for the wrens,
The trellis for the vine,
The little plot of Autumn flowers,
And spray of mountain pine.

The treasured books thy hand hath touched,
The drawings on the wall,
They speak with voice articulate—
A memory in all!
The old familiar room is changed—
The sun has ceased to play
So brightly on the garden porch
Since thou art gone away!

And yet I would not call thee back,
To cull youth's short-lived flowers,
For souls like thine are first to leave
This dreary world of ours.
A brighter sky bends o'er thy way
Beyond this earthly gloom,
And fadeless light around thee falls
Where Eden's roses bloom.

There aspirations checked below
To fuller life have sprung,
Unfettered by the thralling weight
That here around them clung.
The glowing hopes that duty stilled,
The dreams of holy light,
These too have found a higher aim
Beyond our earthly night.

But yet these human hearts will ache
And throb with yearning pain,
And blindly toward thine upper life
Our spirits reach in vain.
Amid the gloom of worldly mists
Our erring footsteps roam,
But thou, more pure and blest than we,
Wert first to reach thy home.

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UNDER THE MAPLE TREE.

BY ANNIE BREWSTER.

Yes, under this broad maple shadow has been my favorite seat for many, many years. I had this bench made here when I first came as a bride, here I used to come with my babies, and here I now sit as a matron, with the rich purple shadows of my autumn glowing up warmly and lovingly around me.

There lies our little town at the foot of the hill, some houses slowly creeping around the river side. When I first came here, this place of ours seemed likely to be the centre of the village, and now it is quite in the outskirts, the town following its natural bent toward the water side. How the place has grown! Five times at least its original size a quarter of a century ago.

I have often wished I could write like Miss Mitford; for this Western village of ours had in it so many original characters, and our mode of life, both in our occupations and pleasures, was so peculiar, so totally different from the habits and customs of any Eastern or Southern town, that a sparkling, vivid mind, possessing creative faculty, would have seized on these peculiarities, and made life-like sketches as interesting to the American reader, as were those of "Our Village" to the English.

Just run over the material collected here, at that time. Soldiers from the elder Napoleon group; philosophers, whose dreamy speculations had agitated Europe; visionary professional men; poetical *savans* whose names will go down as remarkable in the history of science, all banded together, pursuing the great thought of their day education—the perfection of coming humanity by material, mortal means.

Then the wives, and daughters, and sisters, were like the men, clever, cultured, but more striking from their breaking loose from social conventionalities than were the men, because women are naturally conventional, you know.

Old Herbert says that a servant who sweeps a room as for God's pleasure,

"Makes that and the action fine."

You are saying the whole verse to yourself, I see by the movement of your mouth. How those lovely, quaint old things well up in the memory and overflow the lips!

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

And so it was with us. To be sure not from the same pious motives the old churchman meant, but from a pure motive nevertheless. So filled were we with the faith of being able to relieve life, both domestic and social, from what may be called Adam's bequeathment of glorious curses, that no occupation seemed laborious or vulgar.

We held ourselves under strict discipline of temper and morals, in order to produce strong impressions for good on the infant minds of our children, born and unborn. We would not permit life's duties to be disagreeable, therefore our work, much of which was laborious, and had to be performed by our own hands—as domestic help was a luxury almost unknown in this then frontier village—was done with a *gout* and enjoyment not often thrown into such occupations.

For some years it was a real golden age; and though I cannot say I have the same firm faith in mere human means and education alone, that I once had in my "defiant season," as some one has cleverly called youth, yet I must say, the children born and bred under those influences I speak of, have grown up, in many respects, quite superior to the ordinary run of children.

But I did not bring you out here under the maple shade, to spend the whole of this glorious sunset in talking on my favorite theme, our old life in Concord—as we fancifully, and yet innocently called our town—it was to tell you something about Mrs. Turner, with whom you say you were so charmed when you met her in Switzerland, last year, and which I did not care to talk of before the girls this morning.

"So clever, so fascinating, so beautiful," you said. Yes, she is all that, but the finale of your praise sounded curiously to me, who knew all her glorious past. "So much the lady!" were your words, I think," a woman who bears so plainly in her presence, that she was fashioned by nature as a rare and precious vessel, never to be put to vulgar uses. It is so beautiful to see one perfect woman nobly planned, "not marred and disjointed by the wrenching and tossing of trouble." I was sure I remembered your very words. Now let me tell you about Edith Turner.

I think it is full twelve years ago—yes! it was

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when my Oscar was a babe, and he is twelve this sweet autumn——

Look at those beautiful trees sweeping up that opposite hill-side, with the setting sun beaming gloriously over them, and that sky, and those clouds! Oh! my friend, is it not all as beautiful as anything we saw in Europe? You assent! when I know you do not agree with me. You arch hypocrite! You only say "yes" to get me back to my starting point.

Very well then! It was twelve years ago this coming December, when, one cold night, St. John came to me with a most perplexed countenance.

"My dear," he said, "my old friend, Fowler Foulke, has just arrived at Concord, with all his family. You remember—from Manchester—whose father, a dear old friend of grandfather, made such a fine fortune in trade, which the son has known how to spend so readily. He wrote to me a year or so ago about buying property out here, and I purchased the large Saxon Farm for him. Surely you have not forgotten. He says he has come out to farm it on my recommendation. I am certain I do not remember advising him to do anything of the kind. I know I counseled the buying of the place, and very probably have said in my letters, that an experienced, sensible agriculturist could not do a better thing than undertake the working of it; but I could never have been so absurd as to advise a man like Fowler Foulke, who never saddled his own horse, or lived one hour without a valet, to come out to the wild American West to manage a backwoods farm."

While my good husband went grumbling on, I put on my bonnet, overshoes, and warm wrappings, to accompany him to the hotel, as our inn now calls itself, to see this broken down English family, who had literally come out to seek their fortunes in the American West.

Poor things! I kept thinking, but I said not a word, for the temerity of their undertaking startled me, who am not easy to startle in the way of bold adventure, and I never talk, you know, when matters look threatening and desperate.

I found the family consisted of father, mother, and eight children. The eldest was a girl of seventeen, the youngest a babe in the arms. Oh! dear, it was a doleful sight!

Mrs. Fowler Foulke was a confirmed invalid, and had been for years. A sweet, gentle woman, who had always been accustomed to the luxurious comforts of that highly civilized English life, which makes such charming ladies and gentlemen. She had never dressed her hair since she was born—never eaten her breakfast before twelve in the day, and never ordered even, much less looked to, the preparing of the simplest meal.

Mr. Fowler Foulke was a sanguine, warm-hearted English country gentleman, perfectly *au fait* in fine dogs, blood horses, English country life: in short, a pleasant, amiable man, most delightful to meet with socially, but as totally unfit in his way, as was his wife for their new career.

I looked from them to the children; and as my eye rested on the eldest boy, I took courage. He was only fifteen, but he was capable and energetic-looking.

"Where is Edith?" asked the father.

"She is with baby," said Mrs. Foulke; then turning to me, she continued, "Our head nurse left us at the first sea-board town, New York; and the under nurse very shabbily did the same thing at our next stopping place. I have no one to take charge of the children, but my own maid, Janet, who is very delicate and quite unfit to attend to them."

"Oh! that evil will soon be corrected, my dear," said the hopeful Mr. Foulke. "So soon as we are settled at the Saxon Farm, we shall find numbers of the poorer classes of the community quite pleased to have a settled position in a private gentleman's family; a thing they are not much used to, I fancy, St. John."

You know St. John's look when he feels a person to be entirely in the wrong, and a struggle is going on between his good breeding and candor, that inimitable lifting of the eyebrows, pursing up of the lips and involuntary shrug of the shoulders. I relieved his struggle by saying, with a kind laugh, which I meant as a softener to my damper,

"Ah, Mr. Foulke, 'help,' as we Americans call servants, is just the very thing that cannot be found out here in the West."

"Aw, yes!" he responded, in a cheery tone, "among the speculating or working persons of small means, to be sure—but it is quite a different affair when it comes to light service, good wages, with a comfortable, steady home."

St. John's eyebrows grew higher, and lips pouted more than ever. We threw glances across at each other, and he seemed to understand what I wished to say, that there was no use arguing with the man, he must have experience before he could know anything, for he did not attempt to set his friend right, and with that little toss of his head, which expresses such utter hopelessness, he commenced talking about their old memories of England.

I sat beside Mrs. Foulke, trying to listen

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patiently and sympathizingly to her conversation, which was like that of all confirmed invalids on her manifold sufferings. I could not, however, help smiling at the complacent consolation she took in the fact, that as far back as great, great-grandmothers on the gentle blood side of her descent, the women had been thus afflicted. Poor, useless, worthless, gentle blood! Better a rougher current, even though not so pure, if it could not bring any other heritage than feeble spines, so soon as nature called on it to perform its healthy duties.

Finding that stereotyped monosyllables were all Mrs. Foulke required, I turned my attention to the gentlemen, while courteously appearing to listen to her. They were talking about the Saxon Farm. How lamentably unfit for his new life every word Mr. Foulke uttered betrayed!

St. John is no agriculturist, but he has good sound common sense, and though a visionary and beautiful dreamer about humanity and all that, he takes practical, straightforward views of life. Work is work to him, and he draws the distinction between bodily and intellectual labor, giving just credit to both, and also knows, what so few do, the difference between real work and make believe. Oh! how high up the eyebrows went, and the ridges of wrinkles in the forehead grew painful to look at, and his poor mouth, which is anything but the handsomest feature of his face, became so hopelessly drawn up and pouched out, that I feared Mrs. Foulke might think it an unfortunate deformity.

St. John tried to set Mr. Foulke right at every turn, but in vain. He was like I was, the first year after my marriage. I had come from a well filled, old established household, where everything was in abundance, and housekeeping appointments had accumulated to a superfluity. I, in my new house, fancied it was the same way; on all emergencies I was incessantly applying mythical, imaginary articles of furniture or crockery.

"What shall I put this in, ma'am?" a maid would ask of some new purchase.

"That! Why do you ask? Of course in a jar, or keg, or basket, or bowl," (as the thing might be.) When probably every jar, keg, basket, and bowl in my possession was filled with its appointed thing. I fancied, very drolly, that such things ought to exist without doubt in quantities, in the recesses of every well regulated household.

So with Mr. Fowler Foulke, he believed that head gardeners, head farmers, and capital tenants were waiting, most certainly, in this out-of-the-way place for his use, and doubtless would be enchanted to secure such a service as he could offer them.

"So few gentlemen's estates here, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "that's so lucky! It will give me the pick and choice of my work people."

"Poor man!" said St. John, that night after we had returned home, "did you ever see any one, Mary, so hopelessly ignorant of that simplest law, only the general necessity for a convenience creates it?"

While they were talking the door opened, and Edith entered the room. She was presented to us, and then went to her mother, to give her, in a soft tone, a little information about baby, and other etceteras of their suite. She arranged her mother's pillows on the sofa—or settee, rather, of the hardest Western country fashion—gave her some drops out of a gold mounted flacon, taken from one of the best appointed London dressing-cases I ever saw; and then seated herself near her brother Ralph, to look over a map of the Saxon Farm St. John had made, her mother interrupting her every ten minutes for some useless little service, or to send her to see how baby, &c., were.

Edith Foulke was one of the finest specimens I ever met with, of that finest creation in humanity, a country, lady-bred English girl. Now you know I am ordinarily severe on the English, and not at all disposed to exaggerate their merits. I did not come of an old Yankee yeoman family for nothing. But there are some things the English get up better than any other nation, and let them have the credit of them. Among these "some things" ranks a country girl brought up under the influences of cultured associations. She is generally finely developed in body, cleverly enough in mind, and with those delicious, frank, natural manners, which are as free from boldness as from vanity.

Such was Edith Foulke. Although in her eighteenth year, and better developed in form than any American girl of her age, she looked quite the girl yet; there was no appearance of young ladyism in her. She was still a child, ready to come and go at bidding, quiet and unpretending, but quick with response if spoken to, with an open, captivating, intellectual look, and air that had no consciousness, shyness, or boldness in it.

She was fine-looking, too. A good size, carried herself well, every movement told of her country life and habits; a good flower gardener doubtless, a capital horsewoman, and clever executant on some instrument. Her hands and feet were not so small as ours, but large and

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capable-looking. "Heroic hands," as our artist friend R—— says, whose beautiful pink, tapering ends turned flexibly back from the first joint. She used them very little, except in good service. If she spoke, they did not move about as we Americans make ours—as graphically as if eager, hot Italian blood flowed in their veins—hers laid still before her, calm, white, and strong-looking.

She had a good face. A great quantity of rich, light brown hair, that waved beautifully over her well-shaped, well-balanced head, and looked as if it longed, like "the gadding vine," to break from the restraint of fillet and comb, and dance down in rippling curls. Her eye was an index of her character, a rich, deep gray, with fiery brown spots starting out ray-like around the pupil, telling of energy and force. Then the look out of them was clear, and open, and as innocent as that of a child. She was a fine, handsome, strong girl, and if my heart took courage at the sight of the good, steady-looking Ralph, it took double courage as I looked at Edith.

The next day I invited them to come to my house to stay with me, as the inn was so uncomfortable for them; and they came, the whole suite, father, mother, eight children, and delicate lady's maid. Poor Janet! she, like her mistress, was a hopeless invalid. Don't laugh, for the woman was really and truly a sad sufferer. She had been brought up with Mrs. Foulke, her foster sister, the child of her nurse; and like her mistress, had only known life's gentlest, tenderest uses. But she was a good, sensible creature, and the few months she lived, after their settlement at the Saxon Farm, she was of infinite use to Edith.

I made them all stay with me until spring. Mr. Fowler Foulke went backwards and forwards between Concord and the Saxon Farm, never discouraged, never seeing things in their real light, and always looking forward to the establishment of his family at the farm, to right everything that went wrong.

"Like a kaleidoscope, madam," he would say to me, "this most admired confusion will settle down into some sort of form and shape. Grotesque probably, but nevertheless form and shape—form and shape."

Edith watched my housekeeping and management closely. When allowed to absent herself from her mother and baby, she attached herself to my steps like a pet kitten. She took to work bravely; insisted on being taught everything, and it went to my heart to see that tenderly bred girl grow hot and crimson over the weekly ironing and baking, showing the eager enthusiasm she might have displayed in studying some pleasant, but difficult accomplishment.

When the spring opened, they all went to the Saxon Farm. I accompanied them, and staid a fortnight with them. It was a tolerably comfortable house, quite Western in its build, not like it is now in any way, but in the same pleasant position, that same grove of oaks extending across the north, and the same sweetly sloping hill in front, but oh! so wild and comfortless within and without.

Their furniture was of the most useless kind, for when their boxes arrived, after costing them an enormous sum for duty, transportation, &c., I found in them only costly, luxurious articles of drawing-room, library, and bed-room furniture, totally unfit for their present circumstances. Edith's fine, grand piano; Mrs. Foulke's superb harp; all Mr. Fowler Foulke's fine collection of valuable books, prints, some pieces of statuary; a few lovely paintings, that had cost so much of their lost fortune; richly canopied bedsteads; costly D'Aubusson carpets, and tapestried-covered lounges, but not one real, useful thing for actual house service.

"We left behind all the common, ordinary things," said Mr. Foulke, with an approving nod, as the various articles emerged from their boxes, "and brought only those the least likely to be met with here."

"And the least needed," I thought, but I said nothing; and Edith, whose perceptions were so quick, looked aghast without uttering a word. Not a sheet, not a towel, not an ordinary table or chair. A superb set of plate, and some lovely china, but not one dish or cup fit for every day use. I had not foreseen this at all, or during the long winter I should have counseled the preparing of these actual necessities. But it was too late now to lament over that, so we sent off down to New Orleans for what was absolutely needed, and until they could arrive we all contributed in Concord from our own things. And yet Mr. Foulke remained delightfully unconscious of his absurdity, attributing all the inconvenience to the miserable half savage state of the country.

It would be an endless story if I were to enter into detail over that housekeeping and farm keeping. The housekeeping was the better of the two, however, although to accomplish it, it hurried poor Janet into her grave the first year, and made a sad drudge of my beautiful Edith. Those hands showed themselves truly "heroic." Poor girl, how she labored! Her father's six o'clock dinner, and two o'clock luncheon; her

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mother's twelve o'clock breakfast, and long toilet preparations, and the children! Oh! my dear, it was a fearful amount of labor, for very often she had no help but her brothers; the two youngest, being unfortunately girls, were too young to be of use.

But those boys! Ralph, Edgar, Fowler, Alfred, and Philip, they were real treasures. They gardened, and carried wood, and built fires, and did everything in their power. Alf had what Topffer calls *la bosse*, he was a true artist, and clever at everything. He was of the most use in the housekeeping, and in cooking was a marvel. He used to put on a white apron and pointed cap, when he assisted Edith in the kitchen, and call himself "Ude."

Mr. Fowler Foulke knew nothing of these vulgar details of the housekeeping, he always ignored them. If a dish did not suit him, he would say,

"Edith, my child, draw the attention of the cook to so and so," as the thing might be.

Then Alf would look quizzical on Edith, listen as seriously as though her *cuisine* contained all the numberless appliances and attendants of their fine English one at Fowler Hall. I was, of course, let in behind the scenes, and knew all their makeshifts and straits.

Mrs. Foulke lingered on a few years, adding a ninth baby to the family, which only waited a few weeks, and then was gathered up into the good, blessed rest of death, with its mother, and both were laid in the same coffin and grave. Poor Edith! how hard her mother's death was for her to bear!

"My darling, my baby mother!" she sobbed out so touchingly, as she leaned over her poor, wasted body. "Oh! Mrs. Dalton, I had hoped to keep her always. It was so sweet to nurse her! And why could she not have lived? So many invalids live longer than healthy people. Dear Mrs. Dalton, what am I to do without my mother?"

Poor child! Her trouble and hard labor began to tell upon her, and I feared she would soon follow the mother and baby, in the long illness she had immediately after their death, but she rallied; youth and womanhood is so persistent.

Mr. Foulke's farming did not succeed. Yearly his crops failed, of course, for he knew nothing of managing the affair. Poor Ralph tried his best, but his father constantly interfered with, and thwarted his plans; then he was but a boy, and inexperienced also. Matters grew worse and worse, and one autumn, about six months after Mrs. Foulke's death, when affairs looked their darkest, St. John found poor Fowler Foulke dead in his library. A laudanum bottle in his pocket told the story, but we destroyed the bottle, and encouraged the children to think his death had arisen from some natural cause. Poor, poor fellow! just think what a state of despair and anguish must have been reached, to have led that gay, merry-hearted, hopeful man, who shrunk so sensitively from all pain, physical as well as mental, to take such a fearful step.

After the funeral, we held a consultation amongst us, about the disposing of the family. We concluded to divide them among us, to consider them as our own children, but to leave to them the division and choice of home. When St. John and I first told them of it, we were surprised to see the manner in which the children received our offer. They all grouped around Edith, those five brave boys, and the two little girls. Edith looked rigid and pained. She remained silent for a few moments, as if summoning up not energy or strength, but perception and judgment, then turning to the boys, said,

"Take Agnes and Bertha, and leave me to talk alone with our good friends." She held out her hands to them, which they eagerly grasped, adding with a hard smile that looked as if cut in stone, "Trust to me, boys."

"I know," she continued, as soon as they had left the room, "that all is gone—all! We no longer have a right to the roof we live under, and yet I have promised those boys to keep one roof over us. Now tell me how this can be done? In the last letter from England before——" she stopped an instant, then heroically swallowing her choking sobs, she continued in a low, husky voice, "I received news of a little legacy left me by my godmother; it is not much, only about seven hundred dollars, but it will buy us a little home, and then we must work. You generously offer to give us homes, give us work that we may live united. I cannot let these children be separated."

Such a laudable desire was to be encouraged, of course. St. John disposed of the farm, and of the remaining articles of costly luxury, which had not already disappeared silently to meet the former emergencies of the family, and with Edith's little legacy bought a portion of the Saxon Farm, that pretty place called the Glen, where then stood a small, one story cabin; this was enlarged, the boys helping in the carpentering. It was only a little distance from Concord, so some of the mothers, who had grown tired of teaching their children themselves, concluded to make up a school for Edith; my Fanny and Constance went to her for music.

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Brother Dean took Edgar to teach him engineering. Ralph was to farm the little fields of the Glen, and to be employed by the new owner of the Saxon Farm. Fowler and Philip were still young, they helped Ralph and studied with Edith. Alfred, the cook, was a delicate boy, and unfit for rough uses; Edith's ambition was to give him the education of an artist; therefore he was the only unemployed,one. He was too young to start out into the world to seek his fortune, so, for a year or two, we all concluded it was most advisable to let him stay at home, and wait for his future to shape itself first.

Edith was, of course, much admired, and could have had many a comfortable home of her own for the mere smiling for it, but she had no heart for any one but her family. Brother Dean had a hard struggle with himself to submit calmly to her sorrowful rejection of him, but he got over it bravely, and was always her best adviser; and our excellent friend, Mr. Fisher, of the Maple Hollow, who is so rich, you know, would not take Edith's "no" for an answer.

"I have only a sister and daughter heart," she would say, laughingly, when we would teaze her about marrying.

The fact was, Edith was too highly cultured to feel much heart sympathy with the men who offered themselves to her. They were good, intelligent men, but they lacked a certain polish, which is more to such women as Edith than intellect.

One fine summer, who should come to pay us a visit but my cousin, handsome Tom Turner? a fine young bachelor of comfortable means and charming presence. He had inherited a nice fortune from his father, but save me he had scarcely a near relative living. He was Boston bred. You know I am true Yankee, although I have lived out West half my life, therefore I think "Boston bred" of some consequence. After his majority, he had gone to Europe, where he had traveled and lingered about for some years. Now, on his return, he had come out West to pay me a visit, and seek some new amusement, and he found it, for he and Edith fell desperately in love with each other, of course, for they were just suited, and fitted. The wonder was, they should have ever met, for such capital matches rarely encounter one another. It was one of those things that when they occur in life make us say, "If we had read it in a book, we should have said it was unnatural."

But natural or not, it took place, and for six months created about as much delicate distress as love affairs do that seem disposed to go awry. Edith, to our surprise and vexation, rejected Tom as positively as she had brother Dean, although she made no secret of loving him dearly. She would not give any reason for her no, nor hold out any hope for the future: in short, was as unreasonable as we women are, when we take it into our heads that we must make martyrs of ourselves unnecessarily. Suddenly it flashed across my stupid comprehension why she acted so. She would not leave her family, and she could not ask Tom to marry them also.

"Impossible!" cried Tom, when I told him my suspicion, "she cannot, for one instant, suppose I intended to separate her from them. Why it's one of her greatest charms. I loved her first for that alone, for hanging on to those children—then you know how I have always coveted a large family of brothers and sisters."

And he put on his hat, and wrapping his Tweed around him, tramped off over the frosty ground in the bright winter moonlight, near bed time as it was, to the Glen. He found the family all assembled around their English supper-table. Walking right in to the midst of them, he said,

"Boys, I have come to ask you to take me among you as your brother, and marry me to Edith. I shall not live anywhere hereafter, but right in the midst of this family. I want to be elder brother to all of you but Edith—will you take me?"

And the handsome, frank fellow held out his hands to them, which they all seized with a fine frolicsome burst of laughter, for the boys were very fond of him. They gave a hearty consent, adopted him as their brother on the spot; while poor Edith sat by, growing pale and red by turns, "looking as handsome as an angel," as Tom said when he reported the scene to me.

But Edith was still inexorable. "He was infatuated," she said. "He might grow tired of them. It was asking too much of him. It was not just," &c., &c.

I felt not a little provoked at her scruples, but Tom did not. He was patient as a saint.

"I'll manage her," he said; and one day came in announcing himself the owner of the Saxon Farm. "Ralph, Fowler, Edgar, and I, are joint masters," he added. "I shall get the boys from her, for even her shadow, Alf, is on my side, and has consented to go to Rome with me next year when I take her, and Agnes and Bertha advocate my cause. She'll yield by spring, see if she does not."

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And she did. In the latter part of winter they were married, and for their wedding trip they went to Europe, where you met them, taking with them Alf and the girls.

Tom settled on the girls the Glen Place, and, during their absence, a rich coal mine has been discovered on it, making both of them fine heiresses. The Saxon Farm and an adjoining one are to be farmed for the benefit of the family; and Ralph, who is manager, is to have one division as he pays for it, out of his profits, which are not small, I assure you, for Ralph is a successful farmer. Next year we expect Tom, Edith, and the girls home.

I knew you would be charmed with Edith. She is a darling. As you say, "A perfect woman, nobly planned." My Vivian thinks Agnes quite as lovely. I should not be surprised at a double marriage in the family, for, to tell the truth, which is a secret just now, Ralph and my Fan are to be married so soon as the family return from abroad.

There's Ralph now! Look how superbly his horse leaped that gate, and my pretty Fan stands in the porch, looking as proud of him as if he were an Alexander. She's pretty, is she not? And that vine-covered door-way and brilliant setting sunlight make a beautiful picture of the whole—maiden and lover, and the panting steed beside them, with the quaint old house and rich woods in the background.

I wonder where my Vivian is, he ought to be down from the Hill Farm this evening. I must go and ask Ralph about him. And there's St. John coming up the walk, and Fan crying out that the coffee will be cold, standing waiting so long in the library, if we do not come in. Saucy girl, little she cared how cold it got until Ralph arrived. Here, give me your arm, and after one look from my dear old maple tree, we will leave the hill and go in.

Ah, my friend, this is a beautiful world, and human life is its loveliest possession, for even the trouble and wild wrath that cut deep into the hearts of many—giving them a measure of darkness fearful to think of—does not mar the beautiful thing, for there is a mysterious blending going on of love and joy with the anguish, that works marvelously together in the great labor of the soul's development.

TWILIGHT.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Ever deepening solemnly
Falls the gloom,
Falling, filling silently
All the room.
Every dusky nook pervading,
All the windows softly shading,
Covering, with its downy wings,
All these old familiar things.

Near the darkening window there
Long ago,
Often, in that very chair,
Seated low,
I have seen a proud young form,
Now a dweller with the worm!
One whose early-closed eyes
Now have looked on Paradise.

Mirror! bright with day's last glance!
From thy plane
Never shall that countenance
Beam again.
He, whom once thy depths reflected,
Now, we trust, is with the elected.
Of all miens thou e'er hast shown,
Would thou couldst have kept that one!

Now the lingering twilight blush
Leaves the West.
Will the darkness and the hush
Bring us rest?
Calm is night; the soft stars thrill not.
Earth will sleep, but Memory will not!
She asserts her mightiest power
In this dim and lonely hour.

Dreams and visions long since fled
Dimly throng,
Faces of the buried dead
Float along.
Not as when we saw them last,
With death's mystery o'er them cast,
But with smiles that used to glow
In the Summers long ago.

All earth's happiness is brief,
False and vain;
All her gladness turns to grief,
Joy to pain.
Is our heart on forms of clay?
Death will hurry them away,
Bitter grief will overtake us,
Only God will ne'er forsake us.

Faster now the shadows fall;
Deeper gloom
Covers, like an ebon pall,
All the room.
The dim faces disappear
From the darkening atmosphere;
Shapes no longer rise and fall,
Darkness broodeth over all.

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THE FAMINE TIME.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

NELLY—do you not know her? All Nellies are alike in one sense, and in another delightfully unlike all things else on earth.

Can you think of a Nelly who is ill-bred, one sided, her perseverance obstinacy, her energy wasted in kicking against the pricks of life, and striving to drag things after her, whether they run in their proper grooves or not?

No. Nelly sets wheel in groove, and the car rolls of itself; she stoops, and with delicate fingers picks out the prickers, one by one, in such a sweet, childish way, that presently you, husband, brother, who set them there for a trial, are on your own knees picking to save her the pains!

Nelly—you meet her under all circumstances, in all lands; it is as if some soul, too full of grace and genius for earth, had been parted, quicksilver-like, and scattered far and wide; yet each portion unchanged in its nature, holding still the graces of the whole.

And she doth guess this dimly. When looking in the eyes of some stranger, you recognize the Nelly of old, how wistfully she gazes back in yours, as who should say, "Give tidings of my scattered being, give hope that it yet shall meet and be once more united." Ah! Nelly, doubtless it will!

It is charming to see the transformations through which this spirit passes and changes not. I left her in July by the sea-shore, in the July time of her beauty, a gipsy, tall and stately as a palm, with dark blue eyes, with thick, dark, curly hair. Yesterday, here at the mountains, I met her again, a slender blonde, with gentle eyes, and few fair curls, active, noiseless, delicate as light.

This Nelly had come from the Emerald Isle, as she loved to say—rolling the r's—and a long illness, from which she was not yet recovered, had made her feel that, perhaps, she was journeying on to greener islands in the Eternal Sea. In more than the ordinary sense she was,

> "A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveler between life and death;"

therefore common, daily existence to her, as it might be to us all, was more vivid than any drama, more deep and sweet than any romance.

We were strangers. But had I not always known her? Else why did I watch with such interest as she worked a corpulent kitten in worsted, on a sofa pillow, sewing in beads for the eyes, and for dew on the flowers about plump Grimalkin, and dropping words the while that were gentler than dew, and brighter than strings of crystal beads? Ah, me! I was thinking, how, while we creep to a corner and plan romances, some beings are all romance, from the threads of their golden hair to the tip of their dainty slippers!

Nelly is somewhat clairvoyant: letting the worsted kitten fall, and folding the little thin hands on the bright-hued silken border of her sea-green poplin dress, she said suddenly, "What are you looking after in my eyes?"

So I told my thought; and she answered,

"But I seldom read a novel, and could not compose one for my life; all the romance and tragedy I know is true, oh! awfully true! You that dream over fancied sorrows know nothing of such."

"Instruct us then, will you? We know well enough that these griefs and mysteries we make are only shadows of the real: teach us better!"

She sprang to her feet, thrusting pussy, worsteds, beads, and all on the sofa. "Come! let us walk down toward the lake, it is too lovely a morning to waste in the house: and how can one talk beneath a wooden roof?" this as we shawled and veiled ourselves.

The perfect summer morning, and the beautiful prospect silenced us at first. On every side stood the watching hills, bathed in sunlight, or folded in purple shadow from the clouds; beneath us the lake lay, all wreathed about with summer woods, and shining brightly as it mirrored back the sky.

"How peaceful it is over there!" I said, pointing where, past the village, the mountains stood calm in a sunny haze. "We are too young to feel it fully; how the aged must rejoice in the look of tranquil strength and unearthly repose! Now see the velvet shadows!"

So Nelly awoke to speech. "Yes, the cloud-shadows move over Graylock, and the sky wears this sweet blue, the lake sparkles in beauty, and the flowers blossom round our feet; it is so every year, so this minute, and yet think!—this

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very minute the world is whirling on with its deep, terrible, heart-rending sorrows—does Nature care? Or do we care much who walk here tranquilly under the tranquil hills, admiring the graceful shadows that hover over Graylock? I'm thinking of shadows that hover over human hearts, and are never lifted, that settle down on whole generations and neighborhoods—and the sky just as sunny, and just such gentle shadows flitting over the hills!"

Being used to moralize, I said, "Nature would make the trouble worse by frowning at our woe, or raining her tears day and night: it is her sweet way of consoling, to hint at a tranquil and unchanging life, and point beyond this little stormy sea of Time, to those eternal shores where the lashing of strong waves shall be forgotten."

"Nay, I do not believe in making light of realities: trouble is everything to us while it lasts. But you do not know the meaning of that word in America. I could tell plain, unvarnished tales, that would seem too exaggerated to write out for romances; besides being, perhaps, too homely and awfully real to please such as have peace and plenty all about them, and can afford to stand and watch the cloud-shadows creep over Graylock!"

"Tell then, and let me judge: they must be deep miseries which make you bitter against Nature herself." Nelly bitter! I should as soon have expected her worsted kitten to rise up and scratch me; but the exception often proves the rule.

"Well, you see I went through a terrible experience before leaving home. It was the famine time in Ireland; you have heard of it, for Americans sent us out relief—God knows we needed it! People were dying about me by hundreds, starving to death, fevered, and no one to bring a drop of water, naked, shivering, and I had not the garments to cover them! It took all the money we could get for medicines, and for coffins, and shrouds. Rich and poor alike were dying; and our warm-hearted peasantry seemed changed to other beings by their griefs, their sympathies, and instincts all reversed. You look disturbed, maybe you'd rather sit here by the lake and dream over the beauty of Graylock! but I cannot; once wade into the deeps of existence, and you never emerge again, I believe; human life becomes so thrillingly real, and earnest, and you feel, with all your race, the distant and the near!"

"Go on then: into the deeps I follow you."

"I never can realize but the poor are human like ourselves: hunger, and cold, and disappointment, and loss, are as hard for them to bear—tears come in their eyes, and the color leaves their cheeks, and the courage leaves their souls just as it may leave ours. Ah! and to see them, people I knew so well, and remembered as fine rosy girls, and brave young men, languishing there by the roadsides."

"By the roadsides!"

"Yes, when the fever was at its height, and there were none to attend the dying, and go from house to house for the dead, there was nothing left but to collect the sufferers together where they might attract the notice of passers by, and so gain a good office now and then—a coin, or a cup of cold water. We had pits dug along the roadsides, in the warm sand, and placed the sick there, side by side; and you wouldn't believe how it agreed with them! It was airy, and clean, and the sky had a cheerful look overhead; and the famine and misery had opened all hearts, so that they had from strangers as much help as they really needed.

"There's a deal of character and of romance about our Irish peasantry, though you'd hardly believe it from some of the specimens that come to this country: many lose their wits on the voyage, I believe. There's a mixture of poetry and superstition in their minds, of faith, and short-sightedness; they are so charmingly improvident! no cold calculations, but straight into the midst of what they want, and then—there's time enough to calculate!

"Human! They have quite as delicate feelings as ours; they will starve for love, and die for disgust. I have witnessed it."

"I do believe you are coming to the romance."

"I was proving to you that all life is one, *me deare!* How can I tell my story to American ears? you look on our peasants as poor, wooden-headed worms, I'm afraid. Not quite?"

"Not at all, let me assure you."

"We have, at home, many marriages of convenience arranged at ale houses, between the parents of the betrothed, merely to renew an old friendship, or unite two estates: and, likely as not, break two hearts in attempting it."

"Do hearts break?"

"Yes! Think of being forced to marry a man you have never seen, or never wish to see twice, an old man, or an ugly one, or ill-tempered and intemperate, merely to please two millers at a tavern, or join two bits of land!

"You would not? Everything depends upon custom, *me deare*, and there's the habit of submission, and influence of the priest.

"But you would die first? So some of our poor people feel; human alike, you see! I

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remember a farmer's daughter, who was a near neighbor of mine, and a friend also—she was young and lovely, and far too refined for her position—and a rich old widower set his eye on her, and wove one of those ale-house webs till he had her betrothed to him; and she hated the sight of his face, and, what was worse, loved another.

"The true lover, of course, was, poor as he was, winning and generous; and the girl had grown up obedient and religious, so all she could think of was to throw herself at the priest's feet, and beg him to save her from the evil fate. I saw it myself—saw her beg and entreat her parents first, and then fall down and put her arms around the old man, and look up, with her sweet face all tears, entreating to be released. He would not be moved more than to smile a little pityingly, and tell her 'twas only a foolish fancy she had; that the bridegroom was rich, and good, and she would soon become accustomed to him.

"So they were married—my blood boiled to witness it, though I was only a child—and ten months afterward that old priest stood beside her again, for the blooming girl was dying of mere disappointment and disgust. She had done nothing but pine from the wedding day, and now here was the end; and I was glad for her in my soul. The husband, a good man enough in his way, looked on, and wept, and wondered; and the parents wondered, as they wailed, how she should die and leave so good a home, and the estates so well joined. But the priest understood; the woe and remorse in his face, as he bent over her, told me how well he knew that it was his work—the blighted life and the early death! So the old man learned a solemn lesson, else he had never feigned as he did in the story to which this, *me deare*, is only a prelude.

"There was another ale-house match arranged, between a good-looking girl and a man disagreeable enough, if there had not stood in his way a fine young lover, without one fault except his poverty; and, if that were a fault, a very sinful man he was, for he hardly owned the clothes on him, and in truth they needed patching.

"Ellen Flannigan might have been more or less religious than my own Mary that died; she felt it a sin to sell herself for money, and told the priest so, when she went, as the custom is, to confess, before her marriage. 'Why!' he asked, 'what will you do? Are not your own guests waiting in my kitchen to witness the ceremony?'

"'Yes, your reverence, and there's some one waiting outside the window here—a boy I love as truly as I detest that Mike Connaught—long may they wait before I marry him!'

"'And what then?' said the priest.

"'Then for the sake of love, and honesty, and the gratitude that's all we can give, if your reverence will have pity——'

"'Tush, girl!' said Father Carroll, 'do you suppose I'll make myself unpopular in the parish, and disappoint all these people, and lose you a good husband just for a whim? Go along to the kitchen, and when I have read this chapter I will come and marry you, maybe!' and the fun twinkled in his eyes through the tear.

"Ellen Flannigan fell at his feet, kissed them, and went out quickly from the confessional, leaped from the entry window close by, and joined her own lover.

"When half an hour more had passed, Father Carroll went to the kitchen, and exclaimed, in great indignation, 'Is this the way my time is to be wasted? Where is the bride? And why have not you called me?'

"'Troth that's what we wanted to ask your reverence, only we dared not intrude,' said one, and the parents began to fret, and the deserted lover turned pale, for he saw how all would be likely to end.

"The friends started off in pursuit, by which they gained nothing; for they went by the shortest path to the next parish, and the lovers, having cautiously taken a circuitous route, did not reach it till after their pursuers had returned home. The priest, being used to such affairs, asked no questions, but married the two, and they went forth from his house.

"And they might as well have turned one way as another, for they had not a place to call home, nor a farthing to spend, nor a friend to give them aid or work. The night was coming on, and Ellen in her white gown, and the flowers and bits of finery she had decked herself with for the wedding; and Barney in his clothes that needed patching, two young things!"

"How improvident!"

"Ah! it was so delightfully Irish! They wandered on, looking at the stars, and discoursing of the fine way they'd keep house if they had one to keep, when it occurred to Barney Moore—they were Mr. and Mrs. Barney Moore now—that he had an old aunt living alone in the woods somewhere, and maybe she'd give them a shelter.

"So they traveled on till they came to her poor hut, roofed with turf. The aunt was angry because they awoke her at night, and more

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indignant still when she heard the cause; till it came out that the rival lover was a Connaught, and she had a hatred for all his clan; so her mood changed, and she gave a true Irish welcome to the best of all she had—her one room, and her one bed, and her poor, starved table.

"From this time the three relatives lived together; and though ere long the number increased, the husband and wife worked so faithfully that they brought the old aunt many comforts in her home. As for the children, they just took care of themselves; they paddled in the soft bog mud, and built castles of sticks and stones, and grew very fat and healthy. The cabin was enlarged, and dignified with windows, and, one by one, there came pigs, hens, geese, a cow; and at last the earnings amounted to sufficient for the purchase of a donkey, that, with Barney to work him, was very much in demand in the neighborhood, and his services well paid. So now the family might be considered in prosperous circumstances.

"And now came the famine time. The aunt was stricken with the fever first, and Ellen came to me for medicine—this was the first I knew of her—and next she asked medicine for her husband, too; and then food for them all, since in his sickness, the donkey stood idle, and their means of support was taken away; and next she wanted a coffin and shroud for the old aunt —ah! at that dreadful time—these requirements followed each other so rapidly, were such sure precursors of each other!

"Could I administer to the sick? Oh! yes, I was on the relief committee, and the physician had given me such general instructions as he could, and supplied me with remedies for the most prevalent diseases. With my scales and phials I measured doses like an apothecary: and how I doled out meal and clothes, and preached economy to the poor, sick, starving things!" and Nelly looked down at the silken border of her poplin dress. "You would scarcely believe how far a little money went, and how precious a little was in those terrible times! We had everything systematized, the districts divided into wards, and in each of these we made statistics of the sickness, want, and ability to work, and received from the general supply in proportion, and gave as we could from this.

"Ellen Moore came again on a fine morning like this, when cloud-shadows were moving over our hill-sides, as gently as these over Graylock now; there was not a tear in her eye. 'Would I give her an order for Barney's coffin and shroud? and, if I pleased, would I obtain leave for her to work the donkey, as she was all alone, with four children to support, and not a dust of meal, and the cow drying up?' Her eyes were bright and hard as steel, but not one tear in them, as she took the order and went home.

"I obtained the desired permission, and she went forth, day by day, to work with the donkey, earning thus four and sixpence a week, which is more than your dollar, and a goodly sum it was then. But one day Ellen came for medicine again, the eldest child was ill, and then for the shroud and coffin; and then another child, and another was taken down. It was fearful to see the regularity and the calm despair with which she came on these bitter errands; not a tear, not a word of complaint, but—'a coffin for little Barney, if I pleased,' or 'some drops for little Meg,' that was named for the good old aunt.

"At length only the baby was left; and this clings closest to a mother's heart, you know—the most precious because the feeblest, and the baby now was her all; so I trembled when, from my window, I saw Ellen once more approaching the house. In any other woman I should have felt reassured by the firm step, and the erectness of her attitude; but that in Ellen might only be indicative of despair.

"And thus I found it. Hastening to meet her, I reached the head of the broad stairway, and never shall I forget the picture, as she stood there at the foot, in her old red cloak, her tall figure dilated, and arm upraised, and tearless face, and the light of the window pouring full upon her, her customary meekness gone, and her patience quite gone.

"'Ah! the poor baby!' I thought, and was wondering could I afford it a coffin; for so fearfully had the deaths increased, that in some districts it was customary now to make one coffin serve for many in turn, using it only as a bier.

"I was aroused by her stern voice, 'I have come to ask you what I have done? Tell me what I have done that God Almighty should treat me thus!' I thought to myself, 'The baby is gone.'

"There was not a tear nor quiver of the lip—she appealed to me as if I stood in the place of Providence. 'What have I done, that last night the donkey should fall into a fit and die? and the rest of us may as well follow, for there's our last hope of bread.'

"If ever a donkey committed suicide it was that one, for he had eaten only hard straw for three months. It was vain attempting to comfort Ellen; she went away, and came again in a softened mood to ask food for the baby,

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medicine, a shroud; and then the cabin was locked; and she resolved to cross the sea, and hide her sorrows in America.

"I thought this an unwise plan, and offered to take her into my own service; but she would not listen; and we parted, hardly expecting to see each others' faces again.

"Little did I dream that this new world would become my own home; yet it was so ordained; and walking in the street, one day, whom should I meet but my old acquaintance Ellen Moore.

"Slim, and wrinkled, and brown she was, much changed since she had wandered through the woods in her white gown, with Barney, that summer night; changed even since she had buried the six that made her little cabin a home, and had locked the cabin door.

"But true to her first love, a lonely woman still, she was toiling and saving, in order to return and have masses performed for her dead; and to thatch the old cabin, and have it look like home once more—their home.

"I did not reveal to her that the land was sold, the cabin was torn down, and a new house stood on its site; there was no need to interfere with her pious purposes, for I saw too plainly she would pass by a nearer way, to that home where no storms beat off the thatch, and where she would be taught—poor heart!—why 'God Almighty' had ruined all her hopes below."

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

BY HELEN A. BROWNE.

Trust, my child, no Syren's whisper,
Weave no web in Fancy's loom,
Build no castles for the future,
For the golden days "to come."
Garner up no earthly treasure,
Bear no idol in the heart,
Learn to banish all allurements,
Early choose the "better part."

Life has more or less besetments,
More or less of grief and woe,
Shadows always check our pathway,
Sunbeams only come and go.
Earthly pleasures are but fleeting,
Fairy visions fade away,
Brightest blossoms soonest wither,
Summers do not always stay.

Learn to trust in something higher,
Have some noble aim in view,
Seek the "pearl of purest water"—
Live alone for what is true.
"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Out upon the waves alone,
You will find it drifted to thee
"After many days have flown."

"Love thy neighbor as thy brother,"
Bear his burden with thine own,
Always watchful of his footsteps—
Strive to seek his good, alone.

Ever hoping and enduring,
Ever pray'rful on the way,
May you reach the golden entrance
Opening on Eternal Day.
Then you'll hear the angels' summons
Ringing out in joyous chords,
"Welcome! to thy Heavenly mansion,
Come ye, blessed of the Lord's."

OUR DARLING.

BY LILIAN HOPE.

Day after day,
Pattering footsteps are ev'rywhere heard,
Down the green alleys and in the long hall,
And voices are sweet as the song of a bird,
But May's is the voice that is sweetest of all,
The dearest, and clearest, and sweetest of all.

Surely we know
Harm cannot come to the zephyr-tossed curls
Of our blossom, our birdie, our beautiful May;
Yet with the dear little boys and the girls,
Not for a long time has she been at play.
Where has the little one wandered away?

Looking for her,
Minutes were growing to sorrowful hours;
Sunset had opened the gates of the night,
Pet was asleep on a mattress of flowers!
Mosses and roses enveloped her quite—
Mosses and roses concealed her from sight.

What do you think?
Angels were guarding our darling in sleep,
We heard the soft rustle of wings on the air;
Only for joy did we linger to weep,
Murmuring words of thank-giving and prayer,
We knew that no danger could come to her there.

Beautiful May!
Roses were crushed in the curls of her hair;
Cool was the night, and her white garments thin,
Softly we raised her with reverent care,
Hoping the angels would follow us in;
I always have thought that they followed us in.

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A PROFESSED COOK.

BY FANNY SMITH.

"WANTED, a situation by a professed cook. The best city references given."

"The very thing," I mentally exclaimed, as my eye fell on this advertisement in a morning paper. "Yes, I'll try a professed cook this time, for I verily believe that 'good plain cook' is only a synonym for bad coffee, lumpy potatoes, and juiceless meats."

I put on my bonnet, and hurried off to secure the treasure. To my great disappointment she was not in; but, leaving word for her to call in the evening, I went away, hoping that the guests, who were to arrive in a day or two, would not find me cookless, as I had at first feared.

Evening came, and with it a cook. I had been running over in my mind the various questions which I intended asking her, and the various duties which she was to be told she must perform, determined that there should be no excuse hereafter for any omission, because she did not know that such and such a thing was expected of her. I went into the dining-room, (where she had been ushered,) and found her standing in the middle of it, deliberately surveying it.

"This is Margaret McNully, I suppose?" I said, as I went in.

"Yis, ma'am," was the answer, with a slight brogue. "Are you the ould lady's daughter?"

I smiled at this, no doubt; for how could I help feeling the flattery? I, who had been married more years than I choose to tell.

"No. I am the mistress of the house," I replied.

"Oh! yis, I jist supposed ye was the misthress of the house from yer seeing me; but isn't there an ould lady, too?"

"No," I answered, forgetting, in my astonishment at her questions, to put any of my own.

"Thin this isn't Mr. Gordon's house?" she said.

"No. Mr. Gordon hasn't lived here for some years."

"Oh! well, he did live here, and I knew the ould lady couldn't be you; for, you see, I was well acquainted with the family."

"Can you give me good references?" I said, asking the first question I had been able to do in the interview.

"Oh! yis, I can jist give you the best riferences in the city. You see, ma'am, I'm a professed cook. I can do iverything in the way of cooking in the world. I can make all kinds of soup, and pastry, and fancy dishes you can name; and as for desserts, there is nothing I can't do."

My heart fell. I began to fear that she could do too much; but I thought of my expected guests, and determined to give her a trial, at least.

"If you can do all those things, I ought to be satisfied," I said. "Can you make Charlotte Russe?"

"Well now, ma'am, you see Charlotte Rushe is the only thing I can't make. My hand ain't good at Charlotte, somehow; but I can make Italian creams, and French creams, and syllybubs, and souffles, and iverything you can mention, ma'am, but Charlotte; I ain't good at Charlotte. What wages do you give?"

"Two dollars and a half a week," I replied.

"Well, I *have* lived out for two dollars and a half a week; but I mostly have been getting three dollars, ma'am. You see I'm a professed cook, and can do iverything."

"We need not talk further of it, then, Margaret; I shall not pay more than two dollars and a half a week."

"Well, ma'am, as I like you, I wouldn't let fifty cents a week part friends; I'll take two and a half, but I give you my word of honor, ma'am, that I have an offer at Dr. Howell's, down the street, at eleven dollars a month. Mrs. Howell said she had never paid more than ten dollars; but the doctor, he said he liked my face, ma'am, so he said that he would give me eleven dollars if I'd go; but still fifty cents shan't part us, ma'am. What's your name, ma'am? I don't think I rightly heard it."

"Newton," I answered, much amused.

"Newton! Oh! yis, I've heard of it; it's a very respectable name indeed; a very good family, ma'am!"

"But you have not told me yet, Margaret, where you have been living; I am not willing to take a cook without a recommendation."

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"Oh! here's a bit of paper, ma'am, that I got from Mrs. Wilson, where I lived last—a kind of recommend, you see—for when——"

"That will not answer. I never take a servant from a written recommendation; I must see some one with whom she has lived."

"I intirely approve of it, ma'am, intirely; besides, it's not fashionable now to have written characters, I believe."

I was getting desperate. "Where does Mrs. Wilson live?" I asked.

"Oh! she's moved. She lives on —— street, on the right hand side of the way; only a moderate sized house, but you'll find it nately furnished. You don't think we could strike a bargain now, do you? I would come and stay a week, and you could try me, and in the mane time you could inquire my character, and if we didn't suit each other, why no harm done."

I was breathless with all this volubility: so, opening the door, I told her to call the next day, at noon, for her answer.

She had gone half way down the hall, when she turned and asked,

"Have you stationary wash-tubs, ma'am?"

"No."

"Not stationary wash-tubs? That's strange; there's always stationary wash-tubs in the first families. I suppose you've a range, and hot and cold water pipes in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma'am, could I see the kitchen? I always like to see a kitchen before I engage to go to a place."

"It will be time enough for that when I make up my mind that you will suit me," I answered, walking resolutely to the front door.

Nothing but the fear of my friends coming and finding me without a cook would have induced me even to inquire into Margaret's character. The mistress of the "moderate sized house, nately furnished," gave her a sufficiently good reputation to make me willing to take her on trial. She had been installed in the kitchen but a few hours, when I was sent for, and found all the pots, and kettles, and, in fact, every kind of cooking utensil, out in the middle of the floor.

"I'm very particular, ma'am," she began, "about the things I cook with. You'll have to get me another sort of a tin kitchen; I can't roast with this up and down thing at all."

(My last cook had discarded the old-fashioned tin kitchen for an upright one to fit the range.)

"And this beef-steak broiler, why it ain't fit to cook with in a gentleman's family."

So she went over nearly every kitchen article before her, sometimes condescending to praise a thing very faintly, or saying that perhaps she could make it do, but requiring me to spend twenty dollars for new articles.

Of course I waited for the first dinner, with much anxiety, and I need hardly say that it was a failure.

The soup had a very French look, to be sure, for it was thin and black, but utterly insipid; the potatoes came on in fancy pyramids, but were heavy and cold; the cranberries, beautifully moulded, were burnt; and the meat scarcely warmed through. However, I consoled myself by thinking that perhaps the dessert might prove more successful. But alas! the pastry was as tough as leather, and the custard like water.

I worried through a week with my "professed cook," but at the end of it we all had dyspepsia, and my store-closet was not nearly so well filled as when she came. It may be that professed cooks require more articles to get up their meals with, are naturally more extravagant than others, but I suspect that Margaret had sisters and friends, to whom she was benevolent at my expense, so I dismissed her, and I am sure that I shall never again have the temerity to try a PROFESSED COOK.

OUR WILLIE.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

WE sometimes from the bud can guess
The glories of the coming rose,
The colors through the leaves express
A hint of what Time will disclose.

So little Willie's eyes, too bright
To give their full expression here,
Foretold that in God's fuller light
His soul must find a perfect sphere.

We mourn him now, and yet we know
A brighter light illumes his eye,
A fuller radiance wreathes his brow,
To blossom he must needs to die.

We give to God what first He gave,
We bless Him with our weeping eyes;
Our bud sleeps not within the grave,
But sweetly blooms in Paradise.

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THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.

CHAPTER VII.

Morning—June 25th.

He made a noise as if he were a great wind when he came, depositing his cane, setting the door wide open against some chairs, purposely tumbling over the footstools and cushions, which, as he says, my mother always has in the way. He brought this message from my father, who was in the field, to my mother; she was not to keep tea waiting for him; a heavy, black cloud was in the west; a shower was coming, and he must stay to help the hay-makers. Alas, for me, I was glad! tension went from hands, arms, feet, brain, as if, gently and at once, all the cords with which my being is habitually tightened, and strained, and kept from natural, satisfied action, were loosed and I was free. My heart bounded with gladness; but the next moment it sank, that it had such cause for such joy.

Rosenvelt, in the midst of the meal, asked, "Did you miss me?"

He was looking into his teacup, and I did not answer: not until, turning his head toward me, he waited for me to speak. Then I said that I did not; certainly I did not. I went up stairs, busied myself and did not miss him.

"That was rascally! Leon, wasn't it rascally?" After sitting a few moments in silence, one hand on Leon's head, and the other balancing a spoon on the edge of his cup, he "often wondered," he said, "whether anybody would miss him if he were to disappear altogether, he and Leon. What was Leon's opinion? What did Leon think about it?"

Leon looked up with grave eyes; that was all the answer he got from Leon It made the master's eyes grave.

"What do you say, Molly?" he asked, intently listening. I fancied he could hear the hard beating of his own heart, he listened so intently.

"I? Why I say that I should miss you; of course I should; you know I would, without asking."

"Less than you would your crinoline though, I imagine, if you couldn't replace it."

"What a boy!" said she; but he waived the subject.

I cut the pie and gave him a large piece. When he saw it coming, saw what a large piece it was, he glanced with quick inquiry into my face; and, seeing that it was a grave, sincere face, the color rose to his cheeks, overspreading his forehead. He looked pleased and grateful, like a good little child; said, "Thank you," like a good little child.

"Poor man! poor man!" I said, inwardly, pitying him.

Poor man! I say now, pitying him. If a man dies for truth, for the good of others, or wears himself out working for his family, or even for his own enlargement, I do not pity him. I say, "Work on, thou precious, thou beloved. Give if thou canst, for the world has need of such; die if thou must, and in thy death and after it thou shalt be a help to the world."

But Rosenvelt is an idler. We are all idlers. We have and do not give. We cook rich, ingenious dishes, and eat and drink them, and are the worse for them, the grosser, the more fiery, or the more stolid. We dress—that is, my mother dresses elegantly; I half dress, for I hate the pains I take with myself. We embroider everything; hunt everywhere, but in our own souls and up in the heavens, for what we shall say to each other, and come back with flattest common-place, armfuls of it. Then when another day is gone and it is ten o'clock at night, we lay ourselves down to sleep; we wake in the morning to a new day that shall be like the old. Only yesterday we had corn cakes for breakfast, boiled fish and pudding for dinner; to-day we have buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and a roast and pies for dinner; a sufficient difference, Mrs. Eaton thinks. My mother varies her toilet and expects Mrs. Bell will call to-day; yesterday it was Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Bean; difference enough for my mother.

Well, after this, perhaps Rosenvelt will like me a little for the custard I gave him; perhaps I shall like him a little for the gratefulness he showed; and this will give my to-morrow one

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slight, to be sure, but blessed, rare advantage over my to-day.

June 28th.

This scrap is written in a delicate, painstaking hand, upon a fly-leaf of Rosenvelt's "Gil Blas."

> "The day is quenched, the sun is fled;
> God has forgotten the world!
> The moon is gone, the stars are dead,
> God has forgotten the world."

He gently took the book out of my hand when he found I had finished it, and shut it. This was his answer to my raised look of inquiry.

"You think you've heard singing music, out of the human throat," said he, after having sat a few moments in silence, holding his book; "but you never have. At least, I don't suppose you ever have; perhaps though you've heard, in your own voice, for I have intimations of what is done sometimes when the—when the soul itself pours itself out. But I've heard such sounds—and it makes me strong enough to move this house!" his color rising, his eye flashing with a green and red light, "when I think of one voice, the face of light turned up to the sky—such a face as you never saw, certainly, nor are likely to, thank God; for you will never see a situation like that. What stirs me so, is that such women, with such faces, such voices, can, through their love and helplessness, become, as it were, the very slaves of such men even as I am, and I am no brute, as you know, Miss Anna. In many respects, I am a human being, with kindness in me, and some conscientiousness and truth." He walked the floor a minute perhaps, and then was seated. "But we hold them," he added, "when it is a daily torture to us, just as you've seen men here in this 'moral' place—for, I suppose, this is what your nice-looking ladies call the place—just as you've seen them, while innocent as babes in everything else, hold the cup, for instance, that damns them and many innocent ones beside; innocent wives, innocent little children. Most of us, in this world, hold something that damns us more or less, else why are we all more or less damned? dragged away from the original likeness? This is what I know, for I've seen it. It's one sin here, and another sin there; the world is full of sin. Christ is the pattern, your uncle Julius keeps saying; and he is some like him, but nobody else is; so it isn't for one man to go round, or to stand where he is, spying out the cobwebs that hang in his neighbor's house, but he is to turn the cobweb weavers, every one of them, out of his own house, sweep all the rooms clean, and sit down in them like a god."

I looked steadily and with sympathy at the flushed face, the fire-lit eye, but did not speak.

"Then," added he, after a pause, "he isn't to come out to his outer door and to the streets, and say peremptorily and like a Pharisee, 'See what *I* have done! *I!* I've done so and so, so and so, and you haven't. Go and do as I have done, or you'll be'—vilified, in short. When he comes back he finds the spiders weren't all dead, nor are likely to be. He brings in the dust and mud of the street corners, and besoils his rooms from doormat to couch; and, with the fever in him, the dust and egotism on him, he nevermore sits in his own house like a god. He is spoilt, excellent as his beginning was."

"What should he have done? How should he have done it?" I asked.

"It is hardly for me to say; and yet I know; I can see. He should have sat there, and others, seeing the beauty of such a life, the serenity, would understand the silent logic of his example, and do the same; first, one by one, then tens by tens, then hundreds by hundreds."

I thought of One who went from place to place, telling men whence he came, what works he had done and could do, and trying to persuade men; went, his "feet covered with the dust of travel." When I mentioned Him to Rosenvelt, he started and said quickly, "He never brawled. He never said 'I'—'I,' or 'you'—'you,' with imperiousness and passion and human hatred. He was 'meek and lowly in heart,' do you remember? and was perfect, divine. He had a right and authority to speak. If he denounced the pharisaism, for instance, of a man, or a set of men, he was not denouncing that which was, perhaps, better than his own life; not those who differed from him, only in having different vices. Don't you see the difference?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Later.

I CONFESSED that I did see a vast difference. But was it not possible, I asked, for a man to come out among men, plead with them, paint the wrong they were doing, get dust upon his feet, but keep his soul gentle, loving, full of patience, and all manner of sweetness? Did he not believe such a life possible and most beautiful?

"Oh! he didn't know. Did I? did I believe it possible?"

"Yes, I did."

"Had I ever looked on such a life?"

"Yes, I believed I had."

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"When? where? whose?—ah, you blush, Miss Anna!"

"I am ashamed that I do, for there's not the least reason. I was thinking of a Mr. Mayfield, of Philadelphia, who stopped here last season on his way to the mountains, and preached for uncle Julius one Sabbath. I never saw him before, I shall never see him again; hear that!" Night had been stealing on as we sat there on the door-steps; a whip-poor-will was beginning to sing over in the orchard, just as a pain was beginning to settle on my heart and gnaw there.

"Yes," said Rosenvelt, after listening and reflecting a few moments. "But it's the dismallest of all sounds. I'd give a good deal never to hear it again. So you don't suppose you'll ever see this—this—what's his name?"

"Mayfield." I felt that I bowed my head in speaking his name; felt that I had nothing to do with the name, but silently to adore it, since he is so high, since I am so low.

"Mayfield," he repeated. "So you don't suppose you'll ever see him again?"

"No."

"Do you want to?"

"No. That is, I don't want him to see me again ever." I was thinking that I would love to sit in some back seat afar off and see and hear him.

"Why?" He was not looking at me; he was looking down on his fingers; but he listened.

"Because he is so great and I am so little. I am as nothing before him."

"Ho! this sounds dangerous," he replied, his voice stirred with emotion of some sort. "You, who would brush past pope and potentate with very little respect for them, as I fancy."

"With very little respect for their robes and crowns, I hope: with respect for nothing but their true nobleness."

"I wonder what a woman like you can think of a man like me?" he asked, speaking thoughtfully.

"What does a man like you think of himself?" I answered.

"He! he's in thorough disgust toward himself," and then he stopt abruptly.

Directly he spoke again. He was saying with a troubled voice, that he wished he could find one person, man, woman, or child, who was happy. He longed to look round him and see none but happy people. He came up here to the North, longing for it. "But there are no happy people here," he added. "You're all straining your souls and bodies apart, straining your eyes out, straining the flesh all off your bones, with work. Everybody wants something. Want, want; work, work; strain, pull, drive, sweat, worry, fret—this is what you all do here at the North; I don't believe there's a truly happy man or woman in all this region. You don't believe there is, I see, you poor child! You droop, sitting here, as if you were a Magdalen, instead of the child of a perfect worldly prosperity. You feel too much strained and shut up, here, with so much work, so little play, with so many masters and mistresses!"

I said, "Yes."

"I wish I could do everything for you I'd like to," said he, speaking thoughtfully, and with tenderness. "I wish I could make you happy. I believe this would content me. It seems to me that if I could see you at rest in a beautiful home, if I could see you sitting and moving about there, queen of the place, your own queen—my own queen—pardon me for saying this, but it seems to me that, if I could see you so, and know that you were happy, that the happiness was of my own providing, I could feel that my old sins were wiped away, perhaps, that now, after so many weary years, was the time for me to be thoroughly content."

He moved nearer, for he was speaking low. He took my hand into his, palm to palm, nerve to nerve. Sitting so, I felt all within me surrender itself to him. I saw the beautiful, peaceful home, as he saw it; saw myself there, a new creature, a queen, even as he had said; free. Beside me he stood—Rosenvelt—and he was king, even as I was queen. What a lovely picture was that! When I withdrew my mind from it a little, so as to know that it was a picture and must vanish, my soul longed inexpressibly to retain it. I looked upon my actual, every day life with shuddering and shrinking. I did not know what I was about to do; but now I know that I shrank close to Rosenvelt, and felt it a comfort that his arm encircled me, that he plead with me and said with his manly tones, "Be mine, Anna. Let us see together, whether there is not really such a thing as happiness in this world. I believe you can love me after awhile, faulty as I am, when you see how I try to make you happy. I am sure I can love you. Perhaps I love you already; I believe I do. Can you say yes? Try to, I beg!"

The 30th.

Now that the time had come to reflect, to answer him, I waked. I felt myself tossed hither and thither with sudden conflict. I saw a pale, heavenly face look serenely, but, as it seemed to me, in sorrow and mild reproach, at me. It

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was Mayfield's. But I turned hastily away from it; the face had nothing to do with me, never would have; I had nothing to do with the face, but to remember it as I remember how Christ once walked this low, sinful earth, blessing every inch of it that his feet trod, every landscape on which his eye rested, every star whose ray fell upon him. Sick at heart, with a long-drawn sigh, I let the face go; and then I looked on my home here, which, out of this little retreat, my own room, is no home to me, nor ever can be; saw my father looming beside me, high, wide, and stiff; saw his taunting looks, heard his taunting voice; knew that he would be more at ease here in this house, if I could nowhere, in any of the apartments or passages, appear before him; disliking Mrs. Eaton, feeling no affection as yet for my mother, believing that he who still held me—albeit, as I now perceived, with loosened arm—would protect me with kindness; I thought I could say yes. So, when he repeated the inquiry, I said, "Yes," adding, as something counseled me, "if you desire it, after thinking more of it; if, after we have thought more of it, we both think it best."

His arm lay loosely about me, yet another moment, in which he appeared in deep thought. Then sighing faintly—I just heard it—he pressed me closer, close, to his side, kissed my forehead and said, "Thanks; thanks, best Anna; my Anna; we will both of us be happy after this. We will have a beautiful home; you will be perfectly beautiful, taken care of as I will take care of you. Do you know how beautiful you are, I wonder?" touching his lips to my cheek.

"Oh! no," sighed I, dissatisfied, wondering dreamily what words he—Mayfield—would speak to me, if he and I were just betrothed, vowed to each other, for the rest of our days on earth.

"You are capable of wonderful beauty; but you haven't had much chance yet. Sighs? we must be done with sighing, now, you and I."

Then I smiled, although with faintness, as I am sure. I said, "I must go;" rose, said, "Good night." Then he asked me for "a good night kiss—just one—one!" I gave him my hand only, let my face droop out of his way, said, "Good night," again and came. I fear he did not like my refusal; but this must take its chance; I refused him and am not sorry.

But midnight has come and gone as I sat here. I must sleep if I can; and, if I sleep and dream, not one dream can seem less real than the reality (I am in a fright; I wonder whether it was a reality) enacted this night between him and me—and *he* in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

Morning, July 1st.

I AM beautiful, Rosenvelt said, that night, "capable of wonderful beauty;" said it as if congratulating himself. He will not let a hair of his beautiful horse lie amiss; the restive creature undergoes torment, daily, in the sponging, drying, combing, to which he is daily subjected; and therefore he has fiery eyes, vexed nostrils.

Now, in the morning, I look out habitually on the bright landscape, hear the birds, see them, and am often inexpressibly lifted, comforted; and, meanwhile, I dress myself without care, or endeavor; brush my hair back into the habitual morning plainness, put on the habitual ninepenny morning-gown of light colors, the habitual slippers, with dust, perhaps, in the embroidery, and incipient holes on the side. But the next morning I took pains and was spoilt by it; spoilt in comfort, spoilt, as I think, in care and comeliness of personal appearance.

Later.

I was half way down stairs, in my clean, light starched gingham, a clean stiff collar that fretted my neck, new slippers that fretted my feet, and my hair done up tightly, when I heard voices, heard Rosenvelt say, "Time enough for that, Mary! She will understand what becomes her as my wife and do it by-and-by; don't hurry and worry her."

"But I don't think she cares," argued my mother. "I think she will, perhaps, as you say; but she ought to begin now; and——"

Ought to begin now to make myself the slave of a new sentiment, his admiration of beauty, the slave of a new mistresses, fashion, conventional propriety; this was the meaning my soul caught; and, turning, with trembling haste I came back, loosened my hair, took off the unaccustomed coverings that did but make a mummy of me; and when I had slipped on the old, soft-flowing gown, the old comfortable slippers, and the black lace-and-jet collar I had worn every morning for a month, there I was, myself. As myself, must he take me, or not take me at all; for, myself would I be, all the days of my life. I would improve my soul, I hoped, in goodness, in spiritual grace and beauty; these, shining out, might give new grace and elegance to my face, my movements, even to my dress, if they would, legitimately. But, for my body would I not—so help me God!—care, directly, assiduously what I ate, what I drank, wherewithal I was clothed.

I went down stairs, and there I was, with my hair even less tidy than usual, complacently saying, "Good morning," to them. They looked

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at me. I looked at the morning, and said, "Isn't it beautiful?" I felt a marvelous lightness and freedom. I thought of the Sisters of Mercy, putting on their dun robes, their deep, close bonnets, and saw how humility and godliness, chastened and deep, came at the same time that they cast off all thought for the body, and took possession of their souls. I was lifted up; then I bowed my head, and said, inwardly, "Thank God. If he takes me, he takes me as I am."

He came to stand by me, in the window opening upon the piazza. "You are well this morning," said he. "One needn't ask."

"I have a compliment for you, Anna," said my mother, coming up. "He," smiling on her brother, "he says you'll be the most splendid woman in New England, by-and-by."

"Oh!" begged I, with sudden pain, "don't say these things to me. I despise beauty, if it lies merely upon the face; and I know well enough what I lack elsewhere."

As to that, my mother said, we were none of us perfect; we mustn't expect to be perfect here. Would I let her pin my collar? it wasn't exactly even, not exactly; there. No one could expect to make oneself perfect here; but, pardon, she had heard *excellent* men say that beauty was a gift, a great gift, and that one ought to be thankful for it, and improve it, as one would any other great gift. Did I know? my hair would be prettiest, there was so much of it, it was so inclined to wave, naturally, if I dressed it something as Mrs. Bell did hers. Didn't I think that a beautiful fashion? As to beauty, why, of course, beauty of the face wasn't worth much, if there was nothing else.

My father, coming in that moment, said, "Anna, Mrs. Eaton needs help," and stood back out of the path for me to go out by him.

"Mr. Burnham," I heard my mother say, "come here a minute."

My father was very airy at breakfast. His child was to be taken away out of his sight; he had received the welcome intelligence, and it made him wonderfully airy.

CHAPTER X.

July 9th.

He asks me if I will ride with him that morning; if I will walk with him that evening; and, walking or riding, he looks out for some beautiful spot where "we will build our house."

I say, "Yes, where we will build it, if, after we have known each other long enough, we still think it best, both of us."

"Yes," he says, smilingly, as if there can be no doubt; and then, pointing with his whip or cane, he goes on laying his perfect plans. My mother tells me he will dress me as I have never seen one dressed yet. He will keep as many as three servants, a man for the garden and stable, and two women; for he'll keep open doors. We shall go winters to Boston, New York, and to other large towns, she says; of course we shall; people with the money that we shall have, the tastes that we shall have, always do. Summers we shall go to the mountains and watering-places; of course. In that way, and with Concord so near, of course we'll soon have a great many friends visiting us in the spring, and autumn, and friends, too, out of such families; that we will be obliged to have things beautiful. She hoped I would not have children to take care of, for years, she said, to-day; it was such a confined life! She didn't know what to make of it, she said, when, answering her, I told her I would rather have a little baby in my arms and know it was mine, the darling! and stay right at home with it and its father, and wear calico gowns, than to be a queen in society, with adorers all about me. There could be nothing on earth, I said, so good as having a little baby! especially if one loved and honored its father dearly.

"Oh! if I wasn't curious!" she said, and laughed.

CHAPTER XI.

July 12th.

Robin looks at me with dull eyes, when I come; is no longer inclined to sit down close at my side, to show me what pages, or what page, he has mastered that day, to tell me what acres he has mown or raked. When I look over to where he sits or stands, and ask him, he comes, looks pleased, but says, "You don't care about this dull plodding now-a-days."

"Yes, I do, cousin Robin," I say, grieved. Then he looks still better pleased, sits down by me, and, a little while, we talk as we used to, only a little while, however. There is always, at home, some ride, some walk planned, some visitor to receive, some visit to pay, or my mother will be expecting me, (she hunts all over the house for me, we must "plan" this or that, she says,) or Rosenvelt will be expecting me; so, after sitting in the old comfort awhile, I sigh—then smile the instant Robin looks up—draw my shawl up, and say, "Well, I must go." Then Robin shuts his book, and sets his elbow on it; aunt Rosalia, looking up from her patient sewing, says, "Well, come again, dear, when you

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can. Come as often as you can, stay as long as you can." Alice, laughing lightly, and perhaps skipping in her young grace, says, "Isn't it curious that he and I—your Rosenvelt and I, I mean—haven't met yet? I like it! I mean to see, now, how long it will be before we meet, so as to speak to each other. I've been gone both times he has called here, you know; he has been gone every time I've called there. "To-day," she said, when I was in, this evening, "I should have met him in the street, but I crossed over and pulled my hat down." Her eyes sparkled, she clasped her little pink fingers low before her, (and her round, straightened arms were as pure as marble,) laughed, took her dancing steps, keeping a graceful poise, when she stopped to say, "I peeped under my hat, I did, Miss Anna; and I'm done with all the heroes of all the novels I've ever read; I'm going to worship *him* after this." Again she danced. Again she stopt to add, "And I'm going to keep out of his sight. He'll know there is an Alice Bishop; but, if he don't begin to think she's something of a myth, by-and-by, I'm mistaken."

Robin told her more likely he wouldn't think of her at all; why should he?

Aunt Rosalia, looking at her with the pride in her beauty and grace she could not help feeling, shook her head, sighed, and called her "a wild girl."

Sad was my heart—for some reason, I know not what—coming home. I schooled it, censured it, asked it if it would ever grow so reasonable as to be content. It only grew the sadder making me answers.

CHAPTER XII.

July 14th.

"You are Minerva," said Rosenvelt, this afternoon, sitting at my side, playing with my fingers, his face toward me. "I've been reading her up to-day in your uncle's Homer and Dwight; chiefly in his Dwight, I confess, because I had the impression you are like her, and you are; and your cousin Alice, (I believe that's her name,) that sly little puss over there," laughing, tipping his head lightly toward aunt Rosalia's pretty cottage, which is seen from our upper balcony, "is Psyche. Psyche or Venus, which do you think?" In a moment I knew it was Psyche, and said so. I told him she was Psyche, the tender, beautiful creature, at sight of whom even Cupid, direct from Minerva, direct from Venus, lays down his bow and arrow, and loves. My mind went on with the story, giving to Alice even the spiritual attributes, which in the flat routine she calls her life, do not appear; but which it may be will appear and attest themselves in forming a creature nearly perfect, if the time comes that she really lives.

Rosenvelt was Cupid, playfully persistent, willful Cupid; persistent now in adoring her, in building for her, as Cupid of old did for Psyche of old, the magnificent palace, surrounded by beautiful groves and beds of flowers, and in making her the mistress of invisible attendants, by whom her commands were instantly obeyed. I had lost my betrothed, it is seen; but I felt neither loss nor pain. On the contrary, I felt a release, felt delight in the great beauty of palace, grove, and flower. I admired almost breathlessly the bridal pair standing in their midst?

And there was I, Minerva, alone. First, my heart sank a little, then it rose; and I knew that I was not alone. I was the eternal God's, the eternal God was mine; I was the dear world's, the dear world was mine. He, the blessed friend whom I am never to see again on earth, but who, on earth and in heaven, as I believe, is to be my blessed, my beloved, he was my Prometheus. He, far away, was to do his beautiful work, bringing down to men his gifts of fire and warmth from heaven; I, here, God being my helper, was to do those serviceable deeds, symbolized by Minerva of old when she span, embroidered in wools and silks, reared the olive, pressed out the oil and gave forth the branches to comfort men, to urge them to deeds of valor and humanity. I was so to live, that my life should not be simply patient, enduring, faithful in the obligatory forms of service, minutely obedient to the law, but should be spontaneously loving and heroic, so filled with bright, spiritual service, so filled with peace and love, that each word, each act, each look, each movement, even each condition of completest repose, should be, as it were, a gospel among men.

When I came out of my thought and was once more aware of realities, of the real mortal man at my side, I knew that I liked him heartily then, for the first time. Not loved, but liked. Looking at him, I saw that he was just coming out of his thought, was just drawing himself up to say, "What makes her so sly?"

He laughed, thinking how sly she is, just as she laughs, thinking how sly she is. He seemed to enjoy it just as she does. Pretty soon, when he was looking my hand over, examining each finger tip and nail, each vein upon the back, each line upon the palm, spanning the wrist with his palm and overlapping fingers, he said, "Your hand is a perfect one, Anna; larger than the smallest, and so it ought to be, for one of

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your height and breadth; but the shape is perfect, and so will the softness and coloring be, by-and-by, when I get you away from all this kitchen work. I know beforehand how happy I shall be, taking care of you, doing everything for you, seeing that nothing rude or troublesome comes near you."

Later.

When he kissed my hand in ending, as a token of his tenderness toward me, I kissed his hand, as token of my tenderness toward him. When he would have drawn me toward him, as if it were to shelter me from the rudenesses and troubles of which he spoke, I knew that it was not for me to be so drawn and sheltered on his breast. On the contrary, I longed to draw his head to mine and give it rest. I did lay my palm on his forehead; he settled back as if tension were giving way through all his being, and said, "That is good!—how cool and good it is! my head must have been hot, but I didn't know it. You don't know, you can't think, how good your hand is on my head, Anna."

Then, after awhile, he sank into silence; then, without drawing himself up so as to look at me, he began to ask questions about my cousin Robin, about his plans, his means. And, when I told him what a hard time he has, how good his heart is, how indomitable his perseverance, he answered with quickness, "'Indomitable'—yes, this is the word for these granite men of your Granite State. I admire them. They're positively stupendous to my mind. Your Mt. Washington isn't a grander object in the natural world, than one of these earnest, striving, achieving men, in the psychological. Webster was yours; he is gone; and nowhere on this earth now, is there a Webster, or, as it seems to me, one equal to him in gentle, but, after all, indomitable power. Cass is yours—I don't know so much about Cass; but I know he must be a strong, good man, to get such a hold upon popular estimation and keep it so steadily, from the time that he is a very young man, until he is an old one."

CHAPTER XIII.

July 17th.

Rosenvelt sat where my mother and I were sewing, telling me how he used to hate study, and shirk it by one device and another; as he recounted, getting hold of one of my mother's little thin curls, stretching it out, pulling it more and more, asking her did it hurt? did it hurt awfully? laughing to see how perversely she said no, even when the sudden smart of it drew tears to her eyes. He had at last, by a tweak more merciless than the rest, brought out against him a rattling discharge of hot protests, and was laughing his heartiest, when Johnny came in with the mail and threw it upon the table before us.

"The deuce!" said Rosenvelt, the expression of his face changing instantaneously to a look of extreme vexation and wonder. "Excuse me," he went on to say, after having got the cause of his disturbance—a tiny, embossed envelope—into his hand. "Excuse me." He did not look at us in speaking; he did not know with clearness what he said or did; his face was a deep red; it seemed to me, it seems to me now, that I saw tumult and throbbing in the swelling veins of his temples; his eyes had a blood-shot appearance, and out of the pupils, which seemed black as night, came uneasy gleams of green and red light. Or, so it seems to me, now that I look back to that moment. He tumbled the rest of the mail over, said, "That's for you, Molly; that's for Anna; that's for—I don't know whom—I'm going up now to read my mail—and have a long nap."

He left his chair feigning a yawn, throwing his arms out a little into a feigned "stretch." He feigned to go leisurely, stopping by the way to look out at a window and say something about a shower, to take a newspaper from the window-seat, look at it and read a few words, the heading of some common paragraph, to peep into a flower-vase and say to me, without looking at me, or in the least turning his head, but moving on toward the door instead, "You must see to that vase, Anna, some time; the flowers have drank the water all up. I'm going; good-by, now."

We neither of us looked at our letters; or, at any rate, we neither of us in that moment cared enough about them to open them or touch them. I was cold; I shuddered, my jaws were unsteady with the cold as if it were mid-winter. I sewed; but just as a machine sews. I neither saw my work, nor gave direction to my fingers. I hardly knew that my mother was there, until she began to say, "It must be from *her*. No letter from anybody else could disturb him like that. It is too bad! Ever since he was twenty-two, now, he has been liable any time, to have his peace broken in upon any minute by her; for ten years, now, I don't believe he has known, hardly an hour at a time, what it was to feel perfectly at rest; for, although she had her hours of content, she must often be crying and torturing herself and him; and yet she couldn't let him go; she would say she couldn't live without

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him; she would show herself so attached, she was really so magnificent a woman! *you* can have no idea of it! here at the North you never see such a glowing face! and I might say such a glowing form, such a glowing life; for she seemed all alive with her love, her beauty, her musical passion, her passion for all manner of elegance, for all manner of soft, luxurious dress, and for ornament in her rooms! Her flowers must be not only of the richest imaginable color and make, but of the softest, most delicious perfume; and then how she loved to group them, to turn her eyes on them and keep them there! She made a perfect little beauty of her babe; the softest lace, the softest linen, the finest embroidery! the little thing looked like an angel with beautiful clouds round it. She named it Angel, Angel Rose—just one of her fanciful, but, after all, appropriate whims! So he couldn't help being fastened to her. But it grew worse and worse. Another passion got hold of her and tore her; this is her word—'tore her;' a passion for—for a different life. It came, she said, after looking down into her baby's face, seeing how like a pure angel she was then, and might be, perhaps, all her life, if she could take her away to a condition of—to the *right* condition somewhere. Oh, dear! but 'tis the longest, saddest story! you've no idea what a sad story it is, Anna!"

"Perhaps it is one I should not hear, mother, unless he chooses to tell it to me," I said. My lips and tongue were parched; it was hard for me to speak at all.

A start in her movements, a flash crossing her features, corroborated my doubt. "I didn't think!" she said. "I didn't think but that I told you all, the day we spoke of this, or of his having had some connection, some entanglement before. I'm sorry; for, although he let his manner tell you something that day, and something more this, although I have no doubt his manner, over which he has as little control now as he had when a boy—and bless him! what a good, plump, honest boy he was! I have no doubt his manner would have let it all out, in a little while; and his words would all have come to help let it out; for he has the same honest disposition he has always had. You can know this, Anna, any day," speaking with tears in her eyes, "that, if he has done one great thing you must consider wrong, he has done a thousand generous things such as would never come into the thoughts of one of those men who haven't *his* fault, *his* error, but have others, which, in the sight of God, who sees everything—all the circumstances, are a thousand times greater. I don't excuse him; he don't excuse himself; he accuses himself with terrible force, and calls himself a dog, a wretch, for the wrong he has done; but, what I want you to see is, that *others* do wrong too, and that he has done what he could to atone for his. He let her go; her, and the child he loved so well. He gave her a fortune for herself and the child; enough to support them, if they never lift a finger. He went himself to Limonar, Cuba, a delightful inland retreat for strangers and especially for invalids—and she wasn't very well; this was where she wanted to go and fix her residence; and he went and took a house for her and made all the arrangements. She had, of course, lived in close retirement at New Orleans, so that there was nobody to recognize her if ever so many went to Limonar from New Orleans; so she took another name, (I don't know what it was; Horace never told me,) and went. I was there at the time. I saw her; I had seen her once in awhile, from the first; my interest in my brother compelled me to. I somehow couldn't keep away from her and the child many weeks at a time when I was at New Orleans. So I used to go; and, as true as you live, I loved Clara! I loved the child! The child was nine years old, when they broke up last October; a beauty, they say, although I haven't seen her for three years now; a—ah! yes, Anna, I see what I am doing! But I don't care. I am sure he would tell you all, supposing some new trouble has come; supposing Clara is going to die, for instance, as I believe she is—for I thought she would. She looked like it; her voice sounded like it when she spoke; oh, dear!"

Evening.

I tried to reassure her, comfort her. I said that, although the outside of the letter had disturbed him, the inside might be perfectly pleasant to him.

"Yes, Anna, so you may think—and for your sake, dear, as well as his, I wish it might be so; but I fear it is impossible. In the first place, he must have known the writing; and, if I saw right, the post-mark was Northampton. Think how bad it will be if she has come there with the child! It will just about kill him; for you haven't the least idea how he suffers, when he does suffer!" She breathed with difficulty, loosened her collar with trembling fingers; and again, when it was done, sighed, "Oh, dear! a world of trouble, isn't it, Anna? He seemed pleased as a good little boy, when he thought he had got everything settled. 'Now it's all over,' he would say, as if it was a mountain off.

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But we never know in this world, it seems to me now, whether a thing is really over with, however nicely it may seem to us to be smoothed and fixed."

"True," I said; adding that "I supposed none of our actions, connections, and their consequences, are ever really over with, in this world, or in another, so that our souls and the souls of others do not feel them. I supposed we must expect them to be stirring ever after; must know that, any time, they may appear before us, or within us, to bless or to afflict us. But, I added, one thing was certain, we could bear whatever came, and ought; since only so much could come as was just; all the rest God would lay off from us. Her brother could bear whatever had come. This earth, the affairs of this earth, were not all; there was a blessed, eternal heaven, ready to begin here on earth, to those who were ready to have it begin, and a God in whom we could all trust. We could all do *right;* and then there was nothing to fear." A blessed influx of peace came to me as I spoke; and I was glad to see that my words comforted my mother.

"Yes, to be sure!" she said. "To be sure, let what would come, it would destroy none of us. She was foolish to be so overcome." So saying, she began to look the mail over for what belonged to herself. There were notes from Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Grant, and from Gen. Hastings. They came to say that my mother's invitations were accepted. (My mother had sent notes, the day before, inviting them to meet a large party of Boscawen and Franklin people here, next Wednesday.) "She was sorry they would come," she said, in renewed tremor; "was sorry she had thought of giving a party; she hardly saw why any one in this world should ever think of giving a party; of filling one's house up with all manner of people, some of them with vulgar, gossiping, inquisitive minds and habits. She had no doubt she had invited more than one woman who had nothing friendly in her toward anybody; whose meat, whose drink, and whose very breath of life it was to get hold of everything, all manner of what should be family secrets, and, worse still, all manner of surmises, if there were any looks she didn't understand, to hug them up, armfuls of them, and then carry them from house to house, opening them in every house, showing them and talking them over. Think! if this affair of Horace's were to get into the budget of such a woman, of a few such women! think what work they would make of it! and what was most provoking about such women, was, that they were ten times worse in God's sight than the man they destroyed; since he had erred without hatred or malice, but with love; since they err through envy, malice, spite. Oh! it was awful that there were such women here in this world, where there would certainly be suffering enough if no man or woman ever abused and wronged another man or woman! Did I not dread such women terribly?"

I said that I dreaded all manner of sin, it made such work with the soul that God meant would be very loving and lovely, very happy. But I had seen, I said, that kind, pleasant thoughts could be put into the minds, that, left to other circumstances, were habitually censorious and unloving; so I liked to get near such women and see, that if charity does not dwell habitually in them, if she is often shut out and censoriousness shut in, in her place, they are ready, almost at any time, to let her in—to let charity in, I mean—if she stands and knocks with a warm heart, a warm, loving heart, that understands and is patient.

"Oh! well, my mother did not know; she dreaded them," she said. And then she went out through the hall to listen for sounds of her brother moving in his chamber. She came back sighing; saying she had heard no sound; and added, "The noisiest creature in the world, as you've had a chance to find out, when he is at ease; if anything comes to trouble him, you hear nothing more from him, perhaps for days. He hardly moves, speaks, eats, or sleeps. Poor boy! poor boy! I am sure now, you see," her eyes, anxious and troubled, raised to mine, "of his having had bad news. He would have been down before this time, or we should have heard him. He would have been down to hear what answers Gen. Hastings and the rest have sent."

She called him, later, at the foot of the stairs. He was sleepy, he said; he was going to have another nap; after that he would come down and hear about it. What? the general coming? all coming? ah! well, he would be down by-and-by to hear about it. Good-by.

So she came as she went, sighing, and her forehead knotted with anxiety.

He did not come down until my father returned and supper was on the table. Poor man! the inward storm still went on; the blood still pressed, the eyes still gleamed as they averted themselves. He did not eat; "He had been up there in the heat too long," he said; "he didn't feel like eating; he felt stupid. So the general was coming?"

"Ah?" my father said, brightening. "You've heard then? Well, I'm rather glad they're all

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coming." His looks showed that he was indeed very glad. "They are rather superior people, all of them, as you'll see, when you've seen more of them." He was speaking to my mother. He did not look at her; that is not his way; he seldom looks at any one; he indicated that he was speaking to her, by turning his head a little toward her; or, at least, by not turning it toward Rosenvelt, as he always does when he speaks to him. "Rather superior people, they are; and I'm glad they'll be here; for, if one is going to do a thing, if one is going to give a party, it is best to do it in the best manner. That is, in the best manner possible. Rosenvelt, you'd better be helped to something. No? that's strange. I never lose a meal unless I'm sick; and that don't happen very often."

The moment my father left the room, my mother turned her eyes wholly on her brother. I said I would go and carry some things to Mrs. Edson and her children, and left them.

I saw nothing of Rosenvelt on my return, but was met at the door by my mother, who, having helped me in the completest silence to be rid of my basket, bonnet, and shawl, took me in completest silence into her sleeping room, seated herself in one chair, and motioned to me to be seated in another close to hers. And then, in low, rapid, earnest words she told me what follows.

Clara was at Northampton, Massachusetts, at the Florence Water-Cure, sick of consumption, likely to die. And the child was with her. Clara wrote that she came North because she *could not* die, leaving the child alone and unprotected. She would have taken her in her arms and carried her, she wrote, dragging her, sinking at every step, if this had been necessary, before leaving her unprotected. The poor child, she added, would be an orphan all the rest of her days on earth; this she, Clara, knew. She did not expect him to be anything to the child; only, would he sometimes, standing afar off, inquire, or commission some one to inquire and know how it was with her? If it was found that she pined and suffered in her isolated life, especially if it was found, by-and-by, that she was wronged, would he stir up some benevolent heart of her own sex to go and be kind to her? Oh! if he would promise! "He showed me one page of the letter; I read it," said my mother, after having, in an agitated manner, given me this account. "It was enough to make your heart bleed; still, I could see that she forced herself to be calm, writing it; I know her way. I asked Horace—or, I saw how he looked and I said, 'This makes you feel terribly, don't it?' He said it made him feel as though he wanted to curse himself and die. What right had he, he said, to offer himself as a husband, having lived the life he had, to one noble and pure like you?"

"Oh!" cried I, out of a worn heart, that, at sound of the unmerited praise, bowed itself down even at Rosenvelt's feet, where he had remorsefully trampled upon his own heart, bewailing its single error. "If he puts his heart beside mine, comparing them, he does what he ought not; for my life has been very sinful; I have so much of the time been full of ungrateful, blind little complainings! I have been so often rebellious against all God's dealings with me! so often have been angry and wretched, when I ought to have been giving thanks! He must bring his heart, his life, and lay it before God; tell him so. God is the only one before whom he is to humble himself. Tell him this is what I think. Tell him I have not the least doubt, that, in God's sight, his heart is as clean as mine. Tell him we can, none of us, trust in what our own outward lives have been, in what our morality has been; but, when we've done all, our trust must still be in God. This makes us poor, wandering, erring creatures nearer equal than we any of us know, probably."

"Then you like him as well as you did before?"

"Better!—not for the ten-years-long error, of course; but for the goodness that shows itself in his turning away from it, and in the sorrow he feels this hour."

Now the knots on my mother's forehead relaxed themselves; now something of the old complacent tranquillity came and settled again about her mouth. She was glad, she said. She must go now and see to—she did not say what; but I knew when I came out and she was nowhere to be seen, that she had gone to her brother. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELEANOR LISLE.

GENTLE and loving is Eleanor Lisle,
Pleasant her glance is, and pleasant her smile,
Goodness around her, her mantle has cast,
She's girdled with beauty that ever shall last.

Angels, bright angels, guard Eleanor Lisle,
Soothe her in sorrow, and keep her from guile.
May the blest regions her heritage be,
On earth while she walks may she journey with me!

F. H. S.

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THE MODERN VESTAL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

By way of doing penance for my sins—I can think of no other motive which could have actuated me—I once went to pass a summer in the country in company with a young artist friend of mine.

I had known him for quite a length of time, and had always considered him a "charming fellow." Of course he had the thousand peculiarities which are so thoroughly monopolized by artistic and literary geniuses in general. He would be moody when he ought to have been full of life; irritable, sarcastic, deeply impressed by the idea that he was not properly appreciated; but I never noticed those little foibles—I had lived before in the house with a live genius, and, from my experience in that sort of thing, knew exactly how to pass it by.

So the early summer days came on, and Langley entered my room on the brightest and laziest of mornings, where I sat with a pile of blank paper before me, a pen in my hand, an unopened letter by my side from a certain Magazine publisher, the contents of which I could have deciphered with my eyes closed as easily as Dan Hume, or any other medium or clairvoyant, for everywhere I turned I saw before my eyes, "Late in the month—press waiting!" Bless you, I had already a pile of letters nearly as high as myself, for I am not, I grieve to confess, a tall man, and my good friend, the publisher, might have spared himself the trouble of rewriting the same familiar phrases by just jotting down, "Please refer to my last letter, it will be just as applicable this month as last."

There I sat, biting the feather of my quill, and gazing as anxiously at the window of the opposite house, as if I expected to draw inspiration out of the closed shutters, when our young artist entered in his usual *nonchalant* way, and flung himself in a graceful attitude upon my sofa; trust genius for finding by instinct the easiest seat in the room, it has great capacities in that respect!

I pushed aside my paper, consoling myself for my idleness by thinking it was necessary to be polite, and lent my attention to his detail of grievances. The city was so stupid, so conventional—he must have fresh air and nature, or he should die! The upshot of it was, that he proposed that I should accompany him on a summer excursion, and I, unsuspecting creature, readily consented.

I finished my article as best I might, packed a few traps into my traveling trunk, and armed with the last new novel and a fishing-rod, was quite ready to start. We had a pleasant trip up the river, sitting upon deck in the moonlight, while my friend raved about the glorious night, and I smoked my meerschaum regardless of the horrified ladies who passed, listening to his fine sentiments, which puzzled me quite as much, coming from him, as they had done when I originally read them in Ruskin. I insisted upon going to bed at last—if getting into one of those animated boxes in the state-rooms can thus be termed—and fell asleep with Langley's ravings about the delights of country life and nature ringing in my ear—dreamed that Ruskin was punching me in the side with his last article, which had assumed the shape of a brass pointed umbrella, and woke to find the artist giving me vigorous thumps in the region of my liver, and shouting that it was daylight, we at Hudson, and only ten minutes in which to reach the railway depot.

I may lay claims to good temper when I say that I rose without grumbling—I, who hate a morning that has the impudence to present itself before ten o'clock, and unaccompanied by hot coffee and buttered rolls! Rise I did, and breakfastless, still in a short space of time we were whirling on as fast as an express train could bear us.

Our destination was a spot I had never visited, only three or four miles from the Shaker village of New Lebanon, at the base of the Berkshire hills, and within an easy walk of Queechy, and other wonders. Even to the eyes of a hungry man it was a pleasant sight! An old farm house surrounded by great trees, overgrown with vines, and not another dwelling near!

Not a female to be seen but the farmer's sensible wife—no delicate ladies to be cared for, no quoting of poetry, no love-making, no petitioning for album verses! I fairly shouted with delight. Here one might wear a blue shirt in freedom, go unshaven, and smoke a short pipe unmolested—it appeared to me a new Utopia.

After breakfast we sallied out. A few moments

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walk through the fields brought us to the borders of a small lake, partially surrounded by mountains, and altogether the loveliest spot one can well imagine.

That day was given to delightful indolence. We sat under the trees, took little voyages in the sail boat, hunted for flowers, and passed a truly happy morning. I went to bed at night equally pleased with my friend, the good wife's biscuits, and the world in general.

Before I fell asleep, my conscience reproached me that I had ever allowed myself to think Langley had any of the faults, such as selfishness or egotism, with which I had occasionally reproached him.

The next day was equally bright, and passed off tolerably well. I went out with him while he sketched, and as it happened to be in the woods, sketching in the open air struck me as a very pleasant occupation. But the next, and the next, and the next! Oh! shade of Lorraine, Turner, or whoever you please, I shudder as I recall that time!

The demon took full possession of Langley's soul—yes, I assert it, nothing else could account for that man's vagaries and enormities. He dragged me out of bed by daylight—he insisted on my climbing hills to see the sun rise—he forced me to accompany him on walks of several miles to his sketching places—he gave me the heaviest of his traps to carry, on the plea that their weight made his hand shaky—he trotted me about, dragged me up and down, till I looked like the ghost of myself, and had not even the energy left to expostulate.

He would be seized with a desire to draw pitcher plants, or some other diabolical things that grew in the swamp; up to my knees in the mud must I follow to watch his operations, and praise every stroke of his brush. Language is weak to express what I suffered!

I have sat for hours perched like a partridge on the top of a rail fence—I have groaned for half a day in a wheat field exposed to a July sun—I have crouched on the lake shore and held the boat still by main force, while he sat in it and worked away at an old gray rock—I have stood for every figure imaginable, biped or quadruped, erect or on all fours, that was required in his middle distances, and all without a murmur. It never occurred to Langley that I could be tired—never entered his mind that I might prefer some other amusement to that of being useful.

Nor with it all is any one to suppose that he was more amiable than the children of genius are wont to be. Every misfortune was my fault; I was blamed for the heat of the day; or if it rained, I was fretted at as if my prayers had brought it down. As he was still a young artist, his sketches often did not meet his expectations, then he would indignantly tear them up, and in less than five minutes, by some ingenious theory, show that it was not owing to his want of practice, but to my stubbornness, ignorance, or the like.

I bore this for three weeks. Will my worst enemy ever again call me unamiable? I humored that young wretch in everything, almost forgot that I had a will or a wish of my own.

On the third Saturday I went to bed with an excruciating headache, the like of which only a nervous person can comprehend. Some innocent people may suppose that my young artist stayed at home with me. He did, just long enough to tell me that people who fell sick in the country ought to be gibbeted, that it was nothing but pure willfulness, and so on. I think I should have seriously injured the physiognomy of genius had he remained much longer; but having delivered those delectable opinions he flounced out of the room, and I had a day of delicious quiet.

The early tea was over, and I, feeling much relieved, was seated by the open window smoking my pipe and inhaling the fragrance of the clambering roses, when Langley returned.

I saw that he was in a state of great excitement; he could settle down to nothing; the sketch he had taken with him was not a quarter finished, and it was quite evident that something out of the common order of things had happened. I saw that he wished me to ask what was the matter, and I consequently held my tongue; it is a rule of mine never to gratify that amiable weakness in anybody.

"Such a day as this has been," he burst out at length, unable longer to keep silence.

"A very pleasant one to me," I replied, quietly; "I find that I am charming society for myself, and don't make constant demands either on body or mind."

"Now you are going to be sneering and sarcastic!" he exclaimed. "You are the most unsympathetic fellow in existence."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why here I come home with my head and heart full, anxious for some one with whom I can talk freely, and——"

"I won't even ask you what the matter is! My dear fellow, I knew that it was quite unnecessary; I am acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of genius—you couldn't keep it to yourself if you would."

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Langley frowned and parted his moustache; but as I only laughed and insisted on keeping my temper—the most irritating thing in the world to an angry man—my excitable painter was forced to recover his good nature.

"Now, do be a nice fellow," he said, coaxingly. "I met with the prettiest little romance to-day—I can tell you about it, though I wouldn't any one else."

Now I am only human—true, I may possess sundry little perfections—but I am human still, and I do love a little romance or a bit of gossip! I softened gradually into a state of serenity, and after a little smoothing of his ruffled plumage, my companion grew quite amiable and confiding.

"When I went out this morning, I meant to have a good day's sketching, but somehow I dawdled away all the forenoon in the woods above the Shaker houses, and hardly got my sketch drawn in.

"In the afternoon several of the Shaker girls, guarded by one or two of the old mother dragons, came up into the field after strawberries. I was lying behind a fallen tree where they could not see me, and I remained quite still watching them. How they did chatter! I believe if you made a woman pass her life shut up in a bandbox, she would find something to talk about! There was one little thing I couldn't help but notice—as graceful as a fairy even in that ugly dress, and her face looked all the prettier from its contrast with that diabolical bonnet.

"I must have lain there for an hour, and was just thinking about jumping up suddenly to see them scamper like so many quails, when the pretty girl wandered off by herself, and sat down quite near me. She looked so pale and sad, it was really pitiful. The rest gradually picked their way down hill, until a little hollow at the foot hid them from our view as effectually as it concealed us from them.

"My little Shakeress gave a weary sort of sigh, and rose to follow the others, when a clump of wild roses, growing very near me in the edge of the woods, attracted her attention. She set her basket down, and ran to pick them; but, just as she passed my hiding-place, her foot slipped, and she fell heavily against a log. I sprang toward her, and raised her up. She was quite stunned for a few moments, but I carried her to the spring close by, sprinkled water in her face, and, when she recovered her senses, she found herself half lying on the grass, with her head on my shoulder.

"Such a little strangled shriek as she gave! But I explained it all to her, and, like a sensible girl, she thanked me warmly, although she was trembling from head to foot with excitement and fright. I made her sit down until she was wholly recovered, and, as I flatter myself that I am not a very terrible object, she soon forgot her alarm, and we conversed quite freely.

"The dearest, sweetest little thing! She is only seventeen; she has been with the Shakers four years—an old gorgon of an aunt, to whose care she was left, joined the society, and brought her there. The old hyena is dead, and poor Lucy!—that is her name—is wretched enough.

"I can't tell you how I found it all out—she is the most modest thing, but so frank and innocent! I swear to you I would have carried her off by main force, then and there, and trusted to her loving me afterward, but, just at that moment, the wretches below set up a howl after her, and she had to run."

I listened in perfect silence, and even after he had done made no remark.

"Wasn't it strange? Did you ever hear anything more romantic? What do you think of it?"

"I think we will leave this place to-morrow."

"The deuce we will! Why I want you to go to the meeting and see her, and next Monday they are going strawberrying in the same place."

"What is that to you? What right have you amusing yourself at that poor girl's expense, exposing her to the anger of the society, and making her in every way wretched?"

"I am not a brute, sir! I love that girl, and I mean to marry her. She will be just the wife for me—all nature—not like the girls you have flirted with for the last ten years, bepainted and betwittered till they are as hideous as hot-house plants."

I gave a prolonged whistle, but was soon obliged to confess that Langley was quite in earnest. I knew what an impulsive young wretch he was, and only wondered that he did not carry the young girl away before the very eyes of all the elders in the settlement.

"Now will you stay and help me?" he asked, after half an hour's insane recitation of the girl's perfections. "Are you my friend or not? This is the time to prove it. Go, if you choose, but here I stay till Lucy consents to fly with me."

I knew that it was entirely useless to oppose him, and I promised to go next day to the meeting. The truth was, I loved the young reprobate much better than he deserved, and would not for the world have left him at such a time.

All night he could neither rest nor let me, and the next morning he was quite insane, until we

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were safely ensconced in the farmer's old wagon, and driving toward the village as rapidly as the stiff-kneed plough horse could carry us.

Everybody who has visited New Lebanon must remember the two rows of ugly dwellings, and the great yellow meeting-house at the foot of the hill. There were not many visitors at the springs that summer, so there were but few strangers present in the church.

It always had a singular effect upon me, that cold, dreary building, with the men and women seated in motionless rows at either end. The brethren were in general repulsive-looking enough; but many of the younger women had singularly interesting faces, and, sitting there with their shroud-like gowns, they reminded me of so many sepulchral images.

The early part of the services was tame enough; sermons and exhortations from several of lthe elders, a hymn or two; then all rose simultaneously, the seats were moved back, and the dancing began.

Langley was busy looking about for his new charmer, so I sat for some time watching them in silence. A little knot of men and women gathered in a circle, and began a dreary chant; then the brethren, in procession, two by two, started around the building in a sort of serpentine march, followed by the women. To me there was nothing ludicrous in it; I felt as if I were watching a procession of the dead; their eyes were blanks; they seemed to see nothing; their movements were so measured and mechanical that I shuddered. I felt as if they were tired ghosts doomed to march on thus through all eternity without cessation or repose.

Suddenly Langley clutched my arm. An elderly woman and a young girl were passing. The girl was nearest us, and her eyes fell upon Langley; a vivid flush mantled over the paleness of her face: it was the first touch of humanity I had seen in any of the countenances.

She was really very lovely, even in the close muslin cap, and her movements were singularly graceful. I did not wonder at Langley's infatuation, and it was dreadful to think of her wearing out her beautiful girlhood, and going on toward old age in that monotonous, soulless life.

After that first involuntary glance the girl never raised her eyes toward the spot where we were seated, although Langley insisted upon remaining until the meeting broke up, in the hope of receiving some other mark of recognition.

I tried, on the way home, to argue with him, but found, as anybody will who tries, the uselessness of attempting to convince a man in love. He would hear neither reason nor persuasion, and I sagely concluded that my interference would only make matters worse.

The next morning he idled about the house until after our primitive dinner hour, then quietly took his departure without so much as hinting that my company would be desirable. I was rather grateful than otherwise, for it gave me a few quiet hours over a favorite novel.

He was back before sunset, more wild and excited than before.

"I have seen her!" was his first exclamation. "I have told her everything. Oh! you can form no idea of the treasure I have found. She will not meet me again alone. It seems her old frump of an aunt told her all sorts of horrible stories about the world in general, and young men in particular; before she saw me she really thought they were a set of roaring lions going about to see whom they may devour."

"She certainly has fallen in with a wonderfully favorable specimen."

"That isn't your affair! Now will you prove yourself my friend?—will you help me?"

"First answer two questions."

"Questions to a man in my state of mind!"

"Do you mean to marry this girl at once?"

"The very moment she will run away with me."

"Do you believe that you love her well enough to make her happy?"

"I know that I do! You may laugh at the suddenness of my passion, but there is a fate in it."

"Ta, ta! You needn't do the transcendental to me! If you choose to be a fool you are accountable to nobody! I do think the girl a thousand times too good for you, and if you treat her badly I give you my word I'll blow your brains out."

"You have my leave! But now listen! You have promised to help me—there is just one way: Lucy can't get out alone, moreover she wouldn't come; but there is a woman she can trust—an old maid, as silly as any you ever met elsewhere. Now sister Margaret forsook the world in disgust, because nobody would marry her, but since she became a Shaker she is haunted with the idea that somebody will come along and fall in love with her."

"The unworthy old vestal! But what of that?"

"You must go with me into the woods tomorrow; Lucy will bring her there, and you must do the fascinating to her, while I talk to my little girl."

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"I make love to an old maid? I'll see you shot first!"

"Oh! yes, you will! The best of it is, that sister Margaret noticed you yesterday—she was dancing with Lucy; she thought you were staring at *her*, and really believes you are the long expected man."

"What! that tall, long thing? Why she has lost her two front teeth."

"Of course she has, but it isn't in the bargain that you are to kiss her."

"I can't do it, Phil! I've been a martyr to my friends all my life, but that is too much."

"Then you will ruin my happiness," he cried, rushing off into a spasm of high tragedy at once. "If you do, I swear I'll shoot myself."

The consequence was, that I gave way, and we spent the evening arranging how the matter was to be carried on, though I shuddered inwardly whenever the cadaverous face of that venerable spinster presented itself to my mind.

Still a change from the laborious duties of the past fortnight would be pleasant, and there was something romantic in the idea of helping to run away with a young Shakeress, so, finding that opposition was useless, I wisely held my peace.

The next morning, we took our way to the Shaker woods, and seated ourselves where Langley had first met Lucy Moulton. We had, each of us, a sketch book, by way of giving a natural look to our presence; besides, mine was to serve another purpose. I possessed some little skill in drawing faces, and I thought that to commence a flattered water-color sketch of the antiquated maiden's features might materially assist our design.

It was not long before we saw Lucy and sister Margaret coming up the hill-side, with their baskets for gathering strawberries on their arms. We knew that the girl would lead her companion toward the place where we were sitting, and, once discovered, it would be my duty to exert all my powers of fascination, in order to detain the old maid.

It was not long before they approached our lair; sister Margaret noticed the flowers, and pointed them out to the artful little gipsy, who instantly proposed gathering them. They had reached the rose bush before the spinster perceived us.

"Two men!" she exclaimed; "thee must come with me, Lucy—come quick."

"I have hurt my foot!" pleaded Lucy, sinking down on a log.

Of course we both ran toward them, but the younger found time to whisper,

"Good gracious! Margaret, it's the very man that was at meeting on Sunday."

The old maid was in a tremor of agitation and surprise. She evidently felt it her duty to run away, and yet destiny seemed to bid her remain where she was. The influence of the teachings and spiritual manifestations of mother Ann Lee, was not strong enough to hold its ground against the natural weakness of the sex. The Shaker virgin wavered, consequently she was lost, and the upshot of the matter was, that, in spite of her little cries and expostulations with Lucy, she remained, and in an incredibly short space of time was conversing as amiably as possible with me.

She still kept a watchful eye on Lucy. Having been guilty of a weakness herself, was no reason why she should tolerate the least approach to one in her young sister. It was necessary that I should engage her whole attention, if Langley was to obtain any opportunity to induce Lucy to forsake her present home, and follow his fortunes through the world.

I showed sister Margaret my sketch-book, and even hinted that I should like a sketch of a female in the Shaker costume.

"Such things were only vanity," she said, but I took my pencil and began drawing the outlines of her face, and in a few moments she became so much interested in the undertaking, that she was induced to sit down and let me make a sketch. I placed her with her back to Lucy and Langley, bade her not move an inch, or she would ruin the portrait, and began.

To do the old maid justice she sat there like a statue—she must have quite forgotten her young charge. The amount of nonsense I poured into that female's ears was really startling! I came to one conclusion, that a Shaker dress cannot change a woman's nature.

I sacrificed myself heroically on the altar of friendship, and fully performed my part. If the antique damsel had ever read novels, she must have taken me for a Grandisonian hero just stepped out from between muslin covers.

But there is no necessity for exposing myself to the imputation of vanity; it is enough to say that it was Lucy herself who had at length to propose, and even insist upon going, for it was late.

Sister Margaret received her solicitations quite fretfully, but there was no help for it, go they must. It was arranged that they should return the next afternoon, if possible for them to get away unobserved. I did not see Langley's parting with Lucy, but I am bound to say that the old maid was only decorously tender.

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When they were half way down the hill, she turned back and waved her handkerchief, a large flowered, cotton affair, that fluttered like a banner in the wind. Of course I returned her parting salutation; and the spinster passed slowly on.

"You have made a decided conquest," Langley said, laughing.

"Hold your tongue!" I cried, furiously. "How much longer do you expect this nonsense to go on? I will not come again, I warn you of that."

"Oh! but you promised! Lucy says she hasn't yet made up her mind to desert the Shakers. I believe on my soul, the little witch wants to prolong affairs, to have the fun of watching you and your venerable Dido."

"Dido be hanged!"

"Now don't be cruel! Show me the sketch you have begun of the sweet creature."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I retorted, "both you and that artful little Lucy of yours! I hope to goodness we shall be found out—I would willingly take a good cudgeling from the elders, for the sake of seeing you and the girl properly punished."

Of course my hero was in a violent passion immediately. This was the friendship I had vowed for him—he saw now the sincerity of all that I had said! There was no such thing as truth in the world, except, of course, in his own immaculate bosom and that of his inamorata. I was glad to purchase quiet by any promise—I would do anything for peace always. Master Philip was quite aware of my weakness.

The next day the two Shakeresses did not keep their appointment, they had been unable to frame an excuse for leaving the house. Langley was in a terrible way; he would rush at once into the houses and carry Lucy off by main force—there was no project too ridiculous for him to contemplate. I only succeeded in quieting him by making him see that this restraint rather favored his cause than otherwise: the restraint placed upon the girl would disgust her with the Shakers sooner than anything else, now that she had a reason for desiring a little freedom.

However, the day after, the two came up the hill, and I spent several hours again in the society of sister Margaret. The portrait got on but slowly—she insisted upon talking and being talked to. She told me that she detested the Shakers—she had joined them because the world looked cold and dark to her—if she could only find a congenial soul she would desert them at once.

She waited for an answer! Of course there was nothing for it but to say that I had just that sort of soul exactly. Sister Margaret cast down her eyes and blushed under her Shaker bonnet.

There is nothing so enrages a man as being forced to do the sentimental and affectionate to the wrong person. I solemnly vow that my fingers quivered with eagerness to meet about the old maid's shining throat—I could have choked her black in the face with the greatest satisfaction.

Her back was toward the other pair, but every now and then I could see Lucy's eyes wandering toward us, and then she would go off in perfect convulsions of repressed merriment. I doubt if Langley half liked it, but Shakeress or not, the girl was a mischievous witch, and where she learned her thousand coquettish ways was a miracle to me. Learned, did I say? I beg pardon of the sex in general, as if they were ever forced to take lessons in the art of tormenting men.

So matters went on for another fortnight, and it became necessary to take a decisive step. Lucy had a suspicion that they were watched, although she wisely did not communicate her fears to the spinster.

Lucy had promised to forsake her present home and become Langley's wife. Of course sister Margaret was not at all aware of the length to which matters had gone between the two, and how we were to rid ourselves of her at the final moment, was now the question.

As might be expected, I was compelled to sacrifice myself to the end. A carriage was necessary to be in waiting to carry us to the railway depot. The nearest place where we could obtain one was four miles off; and one rainy day I was forced to walk the whole distance in order to procure the requisite conveyance.

Langley was quite beside himself with contending emotions; but for my own part, I could take no share in his happiness, being fully occupied with wondering what was to become of me if sister Margaret were to make her appearance. By this time I knew Master Philip well enough to be quite certain that, at the first cause for alarm, he would make off with his prize, and leave me to encounter every elder in the settlement; and worse, the infuriated old maid, without hesitation.

Everything was at last arranged, and the day arrived. We were to meet Lucy on the hill, beyond the Shaker village, about dusk. She had by some means procured for herself a dress of

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modern fashion, which she was to conceal as best she could under her usual attire; and Langley had purchased a hat and shawl which were put in the carriage.

The time was at hand; the carriage came to the farm house, where we had given a proper coloring to our departure, our luggage having been sent on to Hudson the day before.

We drove away to the meeting-place, taking a longer road in order not to pass through the village. Of course we arrived half an hour too early; Langley had been in such a fever for fear we should reach the spot after the time appointed, that he would not hear of waiting another instant.

It was not quite dusk, but Philip was disturbed because Lucy had not arrived. Half an hour passed, but still she did not come. The brightness of the sunset faded; there was no moon, and it would soon be quite dark. I began to fear myself that something had happened, and poor Langley was frantic. I had actually to hold him in order to keep him from dashing off in search of her.

Luckily, when his fever was at its height, we saw Lucy rushing breathlessly toward us. She had stopped long enough to throw aside her Shaker skirt and mantle, and looked pretty as a picture in her simple muslin dress, with her soft, golden hair no longer hidden by the close cap.

Langley caught her in his arms with a burst of passion, but she was too much terrified to heed his words.

"Quick, quick!" she gasped. "Somebody is after me, I know—I think it was Margaret. She will raise the village, and they will murder me."

"We are armed," cried Langley, exultingly; "let them come on."

All that was vastly fine and proper for a man in love, but I thought of the frenzied vestal and shuddered. I might stand my own against the elders, but I confess that it required more courage than I possessed to confront my fair Ariadne.

I shouted to the coachman, and would have had all ready in an instant, but Langley must needs wait to throw the shawl over Lucy's shoulders, and put the coquettish little bonnet on her head, all the while breaking forth in delightful ravings that maddened me.

"Confound your nonsense!" I cried, savagely. "If you don't get into the carriage I'll leave you here."

It was too late! There was a rush through the underbrush—a cry such as I fancy a tigress might utter when pouncing upon her prey, and sister Margaret rushed into my arms.

"They are all coming," shrieked Lucy. "We are lost."

"Perfidious man!" groaned the spinster, tearing at my neckcloth. "Wretch, you shall not leave me, I will go!"

"Throw her into the brook," said Langley. "Come, Lucy, into the carriage with you—quick! She will rouse all Lebanon."

He was about to do what I had anticipated—leave me to my fate—but sister Margaret was prepared to prove a Nemesis to the whole party.

She flew upon Lucy and seized her in both lean arms, while the poor girl almost fainted with terror.

"She shan't go if I don't!" yelled Ariadne. "I am not going to be left—oh! you abominable wretches—you wicked girl—you horrid men!"

Langley stamped and raved, Lucy was fainting, and I powerless between fear and laughter. The coachman came to our aid in the most unexpected manner. Without a word he sprang off his seat, took a halter from the box, slipped it about the old maid's arms and tied her fast to a tree. The movement was so sudden, that before she realized anything she was safely secured, and for a moment rage kept her silent: then she gave vent to a yell that a Mohawk chieftain might have envied.

It was answered from the woods, and a fat, wheezing elder plunged into our midst.

"The Philistines are in our camp!" he snuffled, seizing Langley's arm. "Release that maiden!"

Langley pushed him on to the ground, while Margaret screamed at the top of her voice,

"Raise the alarm—they are running off with Lucy! Kill them—stop them—don't let them go."

"Yea, verily," groaned the elder, "I suspected the maiden, but there is no help near."

"Ain't you man enough to tackle them?" shouted the old maid. "I'd like to tear your eyes out."

"Knock him down again," said Langley, when the elder tried to rise; "Lucy is almost dead."

"There's no danger now," I cried, "Ariadne is bound! Here, John, bring a rope and help me."

My spirits had risen, the whole thing was so ludicrous; and I left Langley to bring Lucy to, while I took a little revenge for all that I had endured during the past two weeks.

The coachman and I sprang upon the elder, before he could rise, and fastened him securely.

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"Now tie him to the other side of the tree, where the woman is," was my order.

"No! no!" groaned the elder. "Our characters will be ruined! Let me go!"

"Oh! if I could murder you all!" screamed Margaret.

But, in spite of their cries and expostulations, we bound the elder to the same tree; I took a large card from my pocket, wrote on it "Stray lambs from the fold," and fastened it above their heads.

Lucy and her lover were already in the carriage, I sprang in after, and the coachman made the horses fairly fly on the road toward the depot.

The last sounds I heard were sister Margaret's imprecations, and the elder's groans.

We reached the station just in time for the train, and, two hours after, were at Hudson. Before midnight Langley and Lucy were husband and wife.

The next morning, I started for town, quite satisfied with my country experience, and having registered a solemn vow never again to venture on a summer tour with an artist.

What became of sister Margaret and the elder I never inquired, nor have I since visited New Lebanon. I did hear that there was a great excitement in the society, but whether it was owing to Lucy's disappearance, or the melancholy adventure of the twain deserted in the woods, I am unable to say.

Mr. and Mrs. Langley went South for a year, and made themselves happy in their own way. Philip procured all sorts of masters for his wife, and, as the little thing was in truth a very superior woman, she improved so much, that, what with the difference in dress and manners, I did not recognize her when we met.

All these things happened five years since. At present the pair get on as all other married people do—happy, of course—but very different persons to the lovers I helped to run away from the elder's clutches.

Human nature is the same the world over, so nobody will be surprised to hear that Mrs. Langley hates me like poison, because I am acquainted with her past history, and that her charming husband shares in the aversion.

Of course that is nothing to me; I do not intrude myself upon them, but we occasionally meet in society, and when she overwhelms with her gracious courtesy and woman-of-the-world manner, I wonder if it is possible that she can be the little girl I saw dancing in the Shaker meeting-house, ages ago.

THE MAGDALEN'S FUNERAL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

FOLD the coarse shroud on her bosom—
  Lift her with jesting and mirth—
Take the worn ring from her finger,
  Little the bauble is worth;
Tangled her curls, but no matter,
  Push them all roughly away,
Back from her passionless forehead—
  Only a Magdalen's clay.

Who will come here to behold her?
  No one, so on with the lid;
Press the face downward, and firmer—
  Looks she as Christabel did?
Just such sin-lines on the temples—
  Just so deep sunken the eyes—
Rot their remembrance forever,
  Living by craft and by lies.

Lay her away from the sun-light;
  Why should it rest on her face?
Put her pine box in the shadow,
  Burdened with shame and disgrace;
Nameless the coffin—no matter—
  None to weep over her fall;
Dig her a hole in the corner,
  Close by the worm-eaten wall.

Rest the rude litter a moment—
  Pshaw! these are womanish tears—
I have three fair little daughters,
  Children of tenderest years.
What if—'tis madness to think it;
  Gently, men! gently!—behold!
Over the rough side left hanging
  One shining ringlet of gold.

Ah! I bethink me that glitter
  Once gemmed a mother's white breast,
And on the child-forehead, so sinless,
  Holiest kisses were prest;
Wafted, perhaps, by the angels,
  Some gentle prayer may have met,
Christ on His way to redeem her—
  Heaven may dawn on her yet.

Hush! men, this mirth is untimely;
  Carefully bear her, and slow;
Though a poor victim of passion,
  She was a woman, you know.
Silence! that sneer was unchristian—
  Cease your rude laughter and din;
Though full of frailty, forget not
  Man is to blame for her sin.

Lay her in silence to slumber—
  Evenly cover her bed;
For the sake of my three little daughters,
  I will be kind to the dead.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.

CHAPTER III.

The family supper was over, and the Arnolds were gathered about the wide fireplace in the best room, listening to the animated conversation of their son, and forming plans of amusement for their guests during the brief term of days which was to comprise their visit.

Hannah sat in her own little nook, beside her father, half retiring behind the shelter of his arm, divided between joy at her brother's return, and timidity at the sight of strangers. With all a woman's tact, Laura de Montreuil drew her into conversation, and, before she was conscious of the kind object, the young girl was chatting quite gaily, though she gave a little start, and blushed every time Paul addressed her. For his foreign, deferential manner, so different from the honest bluntness of the young men who had occasionally visited at her father's house, seemed quite princely.

Both Mr. Arnold and his wife were persons of much more than ordinary talent, and in spite of the retired life, which they had led for so many years, possessed a range of thought and habits of refinement beyond those of the neighbors about them. Both de Montreuil and his sister were struck with the calm dignity of manner which characterized every act and remark. Hannah's loveliness, and quaint originality, atoned for any lack of worldly knowledge, and altogether young Arnold had no cause to fear that his family would not do him full justice in the eyes of the visitors who had accompanied him home.

The sleigh-ride was decided on for the next day, if the promise of snow held good, and altogether, after the first timidity wore off, Hannah decided that it was the pleasantest evening she had ever spent.

While the evening passed on so cheerfully in the parlor, supper was under way in Hagar's domain; and a friendly interest in the newcomer there, seemed to have proceeded even more rapidly than with the guests above stairs.

Peter was in his element, relating marvelous stories of city life, which quite took little Hagar's breath away, and startled even Dan's self-sufficiency a little.

But to-morrow would be Thanksgiving, and the important duties which Hagar felt devolved upon her, soon aroused her from the pleasure of listening to the voluble Peter's ceaseless stories.

She rose briskly from the supper-table, from which it was Dan's habits never to stir so long as anything eatable remained upon it, and began bustling about, removing the dishes and putting things to right generally.

"Gettin' late," said she, in her brisk, little way. "You Dan, thar's all them chickens to kill and pick, to say nothing of the big gobbler and that ar' suckin' pig."

Dan looked at her, rose from the table, and seated himself by the fire, took from his pocket a short clay pipe, a plug of tobacco, and his clasp knife, and began gravely chipping up the fragrant weed, and rolling it over and over in his hand, preparatory to settling himself for a quiet smoke.

Now Hagar was the best of colored women, and reverenced Dan with all her soul, but the best housewives are not the most patient, and Dan's composure irritated little Hagar wonderfully.

"I say you," she exclaimed, "you'd better not wait till ole Missus comes out, afore you wring the necks of them ar' chickens."

"Hagar," said Dan, with a majestic wave of the hand that brandished the clasp knife imposingly, "never retrude domestic affairs upon company—that's a very 'portant rule that yer ort to follow."

"Miss Hagar has all the little whims of her charming sect," said Peter, determined not to be outdone in grandiloquence.

"Oh! laws," said Hagar, tossing her head with a pleased giggle; "how you city gemmen does flatter!"

Dan was not pleased with the remark, and betrayed it by an excited sniff.

"It's nat'ral talent does it," said he, "it's not obligatory to have lived in a city—your

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principal male associations, Hagar, has always been of the most extinguished kind."

Hagar was tender-hearted, and she felt the reproach in Dan's words and manner.

"I knows that," she replied; "and I ain't like Diany Perkins, that's oles cracked arter every new feller that comes to meeting."

"It's the way of the fair sect," sighed Peter, with the air of a man who had thoroughly studied female nature; "allers was from Eve down to the fair Diany."

"Wal, I guess they ain't no wuss than the men," said Hagar, as ready to do battle for her sex as any modern champion of female rights could be.

"Man was made fust," said Dan, sententiously, "and consuquently he is the superior being; woman was extricated from his rib."

"You needn't talk nonsense!" cried Hagar.

"Don't you believe what the minister preaches?" asked the horrified Dan.

"Don't want to hear no sich stuff," pursued Hagar, energetically; "women was made on their own hook as much as the men—don't tell me!"

"These are the objects for gemmen's adorableness," said Peter, blandly, remarking Dan's discomfiture.

"That's something like," cried Hagar.

"Didn't I allers say it?" asked Dan. "Isn't it my greatest felicitation to 'tend on you, Hagar? Hain't I watched the downfall of the snow with an anxious bussom, and rigged up the 'goose-nest' a purpose?"

"Oh! dear!" said Hagar, in a flutter. "These men flabergast you so. Now, Dan, jest go at them chickens—now do!"

"In course," replied Dan, "your commands is mine! I make no doubt but Mr. Peter will be most felicitated to aid me in the 'quests of beauty."

Now Peter would much have preferred his comfortable seat by the fire, but there was no resisting such an appeal, and he expressed his willingness in eloquent phrases.

"Get the big kettle over the fire, Hagar," said Dan, "and have the water bilin' to pick the chickens; I'll keep the pig till morning."

The two men went out to the barn to sacrifice the luckless fowls: and Hagar placed the kettle over the fire half full of water.

While she was awaiting the return of her fellow servant and his companion, Hannah entered the kitchen, accompanied by Laura de Montreuil. Hagar received the stranger with her best little bit of a courtesy, and began an account of her preparations for the morrow, which was cut short by the frightened cacklings of the hens.

"They are killing those poor chickens," said Hannah, "I never can bear to hear their screams. Dear me! there they are right in front of the window."

Laura de Montreuil went to the casement and looked out. Peter and Dan were standing in front of the barn door, each holding a fluttering chicken—with a dexterous jerk of the hand the necks of the luckless fowls were dislocated in a breath, and they fell writhing and flapping their wings upon the snow.

Hannah crouched back and covered her face with both hands.

"You are nervous," said Miss de Montreuil, coolly.

"Oh! I never can look at them! There they bring the poor old turkey out to the log; see how the light shines over it. I have fed and petted him till it seems cruel almost as beheading a human being."

"It will not hurt him any the more because we are watching," said Laura, looking out of the window again.

It was a very clear night, and the snow had ceased falling for a time, so she could watch their operations quite at her ease.

The unfortunate turkey was taken out of his coop, flapping his wings desperately, and gobbling with fright and rage. But Dan, quite unconcernedly, dragged him to the wood-pile, seized his crimson head and held him down, while Peter, with a flourish of the axe, took his head clean off, and it rolled some distance from the domestic guillotine, bathing the snow with blood.

"What! actually crying," said Laura, turning toward Hannah again. "You are not very courageous."

"I hate to see anything hurt. It seems as if the blow hit me."

"What would you do if a war sprang up, and you saw men killed instead of chickens?"

"I couldn't, I should die! Could *you* see a man killed? Some one you had looked upon—loved perhaps?"

"That would depend," replied Laura. "I can imagine circumstances when I could look on without a shudder. There are wrongs for which only death can atone, and for which a man ought to die. Such wrongs, sometimes, spring only from the man one has loved."

Her eyes flashed dangerously. She looked, for the moment, like a woman who would indeed, if necessary, take revenge into her hands, and follow it up relentlessly to the end.

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Hannah trembled at her words. She saw the effect they had produced, and added with a gay laugh,

"It is not probable that either of us will be called upon to help in bloodshed, so pray don't shiver so."

"You could not do it," said Hannah, "I know you could not."

"Well, never mind! I was only jesting. You had some order to give your woman, I think."

Hannah repeated her mother's commands to Hagar, and they went into the parlor again, but the sight of the poor chickens had quite destroyed Hannah's light-heartedness.

However, the bright, clear morning which succeeded was enough to cheer the most heavily burthened spirit, and Hannah was down in the kitchen at daylight, flying about as briskly as a humming-bird.

After breakfast was well out of the way, there were preparations to make for church, and de Montreuil and his sister were both amused and interested by the extreme importance attached to the day, and the odd manner in which it was celebrated in those primitive times.

When Hannah came down arrayed in her new scarlet cloak and dark dress, it would have been difficult to find a prettier picture than she made; and Laura nodded approval to the admiration which she saw sparkling in her brother's eyes.

All through the long sermon, de Montreuil's attention was more devoted to the charming girl opposite to him, than to the good pastor's sermon; but Arnold looked neither to the right nor to the left, though there was that in his face, which, to a keen observer, would have betrayed thoughts little in unison with the sacredness of the scene around.

Indeed, all the evening before, his manner had been singular, and Laura de Montreuil was almost irritated by the mixture of admiration and indifference which he exhibited. It did not seem studied, although if acquainted with the nature of the woman with whom he had to deal, he could not have adopted a course more likely to interest her feelings; but it appeared rather as if he were struggling with perplexing thoughts, from which he aroused himself with difficulty.

After church was over, there came one of the grand dinners for which Connecticut has attained a world-wide celebrity; and Mrs. Arnold yielded the palm to no housekeeper within three parishes. Upon that particular day the presence of her son and strange guests naturally stimulated her to higher efforts than usual, even upon that important occasion. The most fastidious epicure in the world would have been obliged to confess that the repast was perfect of its kind.

Hagar declared that no such turkey could be found within the neighborhood of Norwich; and as for the pig, "He was a reg'lar pictur with a lemon stuck in his mouth, and his tail turned up behind."

The sleigh-ride had been determined upon the night before, and by half past one the double sleigh dashed up to the door, well filled with buffalo robes, the bells shining from the effect of Hagar's scouring, and jingling so merrily that they would have softened the heart of the sternest old Puritan that ever came over in the Mayflower.

"Oh! this is delicious!" exclaimed Laura. "I must sit by you, Mr. Arnold, for I am dying to drive. Paul can take care of Miss Hannah. Hurry, everybody, I am crazy to be off."

That was a sleigh-ride to be remembered! The day was wonderfully bright, the spirits of at least three of the party unusually high; and whatever anxiety disturbed Arnold, he had completely concealed it, appearing almost reckless from the contrast with his manner in the morning.

The bells rang out like a whole flock of summer birds; the snow flew about like showers of seed pearls; the sun lit up the white wreaths that had lodged upon the forest trees, until they sparkled like diadems of priceless jewels: and the merry party flew on over hill and plain, finding pleasure in everything about them, and ready to decide that it was, altogether, the pleasantest day they had ever spent.

"You see, Miss Laura," said Arnold, "that there are pleasures to be found in the country."

"A man is idiotic who lives anywhere else," cried de Montreuil, before his sister could answer. "I have seen more loveliness in my short stay here than in my whole life before," he added, with a glance at Hannah, that made her cheeks glow till they rivaled the cherry trimmings of her hood.

There was no cloud to mar their enjoyment until they had nearly reached home. Suddenly Miss de Montreuil pointed to a log house they were passing.

"That cabin looks very picturesque with the saw-mill back of it," she said. "Who lives there?"

Arnold's hand grasped the whip more tightly, and his face was turned away as he answered,

"A Mr. Leonard, or did, at least."

"And oh! brother," said Hannah, "Amy is not well. She looks so pale and thin—I noticed

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her at meeting. She never goes out of the house hardly—I do believe she is going into the consumption."

Arnold made some trifling reply, but again there passed over his features the same anxious look, that settled at last into a hard, cruel expression that changed his whole face. But no one remarked it.

CHAPTER IV.

But Hagar's own private dreams of amusement are not to be forgotten. After the bells had been thoroughly scoured, the furs mended, and he had got all the work possible out of her, Dan never once referred to the promised sleigh-ride.

However, Hagar was not a woman to be trifled with after that fashion. She might bear a great deal, and be easily persuaded into doing half her companion's labor, but that sleigh ride was a thing she had set her heart upon, and have it she would.

The night before Thanksgiving she reminded Dan of his promise, but his attention was busy with other things, and it was not until she repeated her interrogatories very sharply that he heard at all.

"I say, you, is that ar' goose-nest ready?"

"In course it am, Hagar, this gemman nebor forgets his word."

"So much the better," said Hagar, sniffing. "Mr. Peter, I 'spects we kin show you sleigh-ridin' that'll be hard to beat."

The next morning she spoke of it again, and Peter, never having seen a "goose-nest," asked for a sight of it.

Dan winked and screwed up his face in vain. There was no getting rid of the request, and, like an able general, he put the best face possible upon the matter.

"Sartin, Mr. Peter; do yerself the trouble to step out back of de barn," he said, with a majestic wave of the hand, and flourished himself out of the room, quite ready to be surprised at the disappearance of a "goose-nest," which had not existed for the last three years.

In a few moments the pair returned to the kitchen, where Hagar was awaiting Peter's opinion of the sledge. She was startled by a volley of exclamations from Dan, who entered like a man perfectly furious; and Peter followed, looking even more stupid than usual.

"De laws sake!" screamed Hagar. "Hev you gone and seen a ghost Thanksgiving mornin', Dan?"

"It's gone," gasped he, "quite gone!"

"What, the ghost? Oh! you didn't see one—'taint true—oh! massy's sake, whar's my Misses? Ketch hold of me, somebody, I'm a gwine to faint! Was it railly a ghost, Dan?"

"I say it's gone!" he exclaimed, with great emphasis.

"The ghost?"

"No, the goose-nest, you fool; who's a talkin' about a ghost?"

Hagar came out of her spasm of fright, but she went off in a convulsion of rage, the like of which Dan had several times witnessed, and never failed to tremble before.

"Gone," she repeated, scornfully, "gone—don't tell me! Oh! you lazy wampire, you untruthful smut-ball!" changing rapidly to hoarse tones of indignation. "It never was thar, you brute you! And if it is gone, you'd better go arter it, for I'll make dis ere kitchen too hot to hold ye."

"Why, Hagar, Hagar!" expostulated Dan, retreating as fast as she advanced. "Don't be so corniptious! 'Taint my fault—somebody's stole it—I seed it thar back of the barn on de top of de hen-house with my own eyes, afore I went to bed, and so did Mr. Peter—didn't you?" he added, with an appealing look at that personage.

"Leastwise I heerd you remark that there was its resting-place," said Peter.

"Thar now, you see, Hagar! Don't be obstropolous! A gemman can't help what ain't his fault," pleaded Dan.

"Don't tell me," shouted the infuriated little woman. "I'll be even with yer, yes I will! Wait till de dinner comes! How much of dat turkey do yer think yer'll get? I knows dat turkey's a gwine to get lost 'tween de parlor and kitchen, jest like your goose-nest did. You'll see—only wait—dis isn't gwine to end here—you jest wait!"

Dan was touched upon his tenderest point—a beating he might have endured, but the thought of losing his dinner was agony. It was certainly necessary to mollify Hagar, for he knew that she was quite capable of keeping her word.

"Do wait a momentary," he said; "don't be kitin' at a pusson so, Hagar! Le's see. Dar's de sleigh—dey's goin' out in dat! But dar's the cutter——"

"Wal?" asked Hagar, impatiently; "wal?"

"But massa lent dat to Miss Peasely dis blessed mornin'."

Hagar made a rush at him, but Dan retired behind Peter's portly form.

"Don't, now don't!" he cried. "Oh! I kin fix it! Clar up, Hagar, clar up—I've got it! Thar's an old crate up in the loft—thar's plenty of

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straw—I'll cut a couple of poles for runners, and rig it up in no time."

"Do it now," said Hagar, "or yer'll git no dinner."

"In course, Hagar, but yer'd ort to be more 'scrumptious afore strangers. That ar' goose-nest was ready to receive yer lubly form, it railly was."

Hagar showed symptoms of reawakening ire.

"Wal, wal, never mind; I'se gwine to fix another—thar, thar!"

Dan retreated, and, for once, he really had to work. The "goose-nest" was rigged, but, owing to his haste, by no means with the care requisite. The wisps of straw were not firmly tied, and the runners were put on in a very unworkmanlike style. But nevertheless it was ready, and toward the middle of the afternoon it was decided to start.

Dan brought out a broken string of bells from the loft, remarking that "thar was music left in 'em yet," Mrs. Arnold furnished them with quilts, and everything was made as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

It was decided to drive round for Hagar's friend, Miss Dinah, and afterward they were to take the road over the hill, as that promised the best sleighing.

Hagar arrayed herself in her best linsey-woolsey petticoat. Her tresses were dexterously divided into innumerable little plaits, each tied with an end of red ribbon, and floating about her face in the most picturesque manner.

"As lubly as de mornin'," said Dan, when she appeared at the kitchen door, ready to start, and Peter echoed the opinion.

Hagar was only a woman, after all, and these compliments quite restored her good humor. The two gallants assisted her over the side of the crate, and deposited her in the snuggest corner of the improvised vehicle. Peter and Dan followed, the latter taking the reins, and chirruping at the old horse, till he started off at quite a respectable trot, the broken string of bells sending forth as melodious a jingle as could be expected under the circumstances.

They reached the dwelling of Miss Dinah without the slightest misadventure. That sable damsel was at leisure for the rest of the day, and received the proposal with the utmost delight.

She soon came out, entirely ready; and then the question arose where she was to sit, for the "goose-nest" was not over capacious, and it was quite a puzzle where this extra weight was to be deposited. Now Hagar and Dinah were the best possible friends—sharp speeches and backbiting counting for no more than with any women, whatever their color may be; but Dinah had various little flirting ways, of which the ormer by no means approved, and never failed to check by any means in her power.

"And whar am I to seat myself?" asked Dinah, in her vivacious way.

"Take my place, and I'll set in yer lap," said Hagar.

"Oh! my," giggled Dinah, "why you'd quite quash me, Hagar! What funny little country-fied ways you hev. I'm sure dis city gemman isn't recustomed to dat way o' doin' tings."

"Oh! ob course not," said Peter; "de ladies must set in de gemmen's laps."

"Thar!" said Dinah; "do you hear, Hagar? Come, Mr. Dan, are ye goin' to let a lady go a-beggin' for a seat?"

Her intentions were quite too manifest, and Hagar would by no means submit to that sort of thing.

"Ef yer must set on a gemman's lap," she said, "take Mr. Peter's, for it'll be as much as Dan kin do to keep de ole hoss straight in de road."

There was no appeal from Hagar's decision, and Dinah resigned herself to it with as much grace as possible.

"My arms is quite at the service of the fair," said Peter, gallantly extending the aforesaid members, into which Dinah sank with a languishing grace that was quite wonderful, and a glance at Dan from under her drooping eyelashes, which that sable Romeo was too wise, arrant flirt though he was, to think of returning, for Hagar's sharp eyes were fixed upon him, and there was enough lustre left from her recent passion to make him extremely careful how he irritated her again that day.

They drove away quite merrily, for Hagar was, after all, the best little woman in the world, and Dinah was quite welcome to exert all her powers of fascination upon the stranger, so that she did not poach over Hagar's manor. They laughed and they chatted quite as gayly as their betters, and Hagar looked over toward Dan almost as languishingly as Dinah could have done.

But that insecure darkey was not easy in his soul, although, as he only betrayed it by an unusual number of grins, it was more effectually concealed than many a philosopher could have done. The truth was, soon after they started for the last time, that "goose-nest" began to wriggle about in the most unexampled manner, and sundry qualms, at least of fear, if not of conscience, seized Dan, as he remembered the hasty manner in which it had been thrown

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together. But the rest were buoyant with heartfelt gayety, and as Dan, the more anxious he grew, only laughed the louder, their merriment was truly something comical to witness.

They passed Mr. Arnold's house, glided along very easily for some distance after, but suddenly Dan felt the goose-nest totter still more uneasily upon its foundation. Hagar noticed it, for she was a true daughter of Eve, always inquiring into things which were much better left alone.

"Dan," she exclaimed, "isn't der suthin' out of kilter 'bout dis 'ere goose-nest?"

"The wehictucle is as safe as the chariot of Potiphar," returned Dan; "don't be a bit uneasy, Hagar, fur Dandy holds the lines!"

Hagar was quieted for a few moments, but as they approached the foot of the hill, the old horse took it upon himself to start off in a sort of halting gallop, as lazy horses sometimes will at the beginning of a steep ascent, as if in desperation at the idea of being forced to mount it. The goose-nest twisted about more and more. Hagar was flung into Dinah's arms, and Dan precipitated on the top of the whole party, his leg sticking up, like the crowning ornament to a pyramid. There was a general shriek of consternation, but the cutter righted itself, and their composure was in a measure restored.

Suddenly the sound of bells attracted the general attention: the sleigh containing the young Arnolds and their guests was coming down the hill on its way home.

"Dar's young masser," exclaimed Dan; "now you'll see how I'll parss by in fine style."

He shouted to the old horse, and the willing animal gave a bound forward—the runners hit against a stump with a force which freed them completely from the crate, and away went the horse and poles at full speed up the hill. The goose-nest gave a lurch, upsetting Dan in the snow-bank, with his legs uppermost like a dancing Dervish; then performed a series of gyrations down the hill, gradually depositing its occupants in the most unexpected postures behind. Peter and Dinah clung fast together, and were thrown on to the top of a rail fence, against which the snow had banked itself, and there they remained, like two rare Ethiopian birds set up for a mark. Hagar clung to the crate with one hand, and one of the sticks of the crate held fast to her dress; and away they went, bump! clatter! bump! Now the crate was uppermost; now Hagar. The sticks rattled hoarsely against the stumps, and the little woman screamed in concert. Just as they reached the foot of the hill the crate gave a jump backward, and falling over Hagar, pinned her fast to the earth. Her shrieks were alarming, and Dinah's nearly equaled them. As for Peter, he clung close to the fence, and Dinah held fast to his scalp lock quite unconsciously, while Dan's head was so deep in the snow that he was nearing the infernal regions in the most unexpected manner, when Arnold stopped his horse, and, springing out of his sleigh, extricated him from his unfortunate plight.

Hagar was the next victim to be rescued, and they lifted the crockery crate from off her, and assisted her to rise.

Poor Hagar! she was a sorry sight! Her holiday attire was a perfect wreck, her ribbon-tied wool fluttering about in the most disconsolate manner; but all this ruin was nothing in comparison to the state of feeling into which she had been thrown by the catastrophe.

She gave three separate shrieks of misery and affright; then the contending emotions gave way to a burst of overpowering rage. She flew at Dan like a wild cat, but he fortunately saw her in time; and, still panting from his struggles in the snow, away he ran toward the horse, and Hagar after him, both yelling at every step with an energy which was truly appalling.

Dinah was at last induced to loose her hold of Peter's wool, and the two came to their senses sufficiently to quit the fence, and trust themselves to earth again. They trotted on murmuringly after the sleigh, and all reached the gate in time to see Dan sink breathless on the kitchen steps, and Hagar fall upon him, clutching wildly at his garments and shrieking,

"I'll show yer! I'll give yer goose-nest, you dirty ole smut-ball!"

It required the united strength of the party to lift Hagar off, and rescue Dan, who looked the most forlorn and desperate negro human eyes ever beheld. Mrs. Arnold found it necessary to confine Hagar in the cellar-way for a little time, while Dan hid himself in the hay-loft.

She and Hannah prepared the tea, but as soon as it was over, and their merriment consequent upon the late adventure had subsided, young Arnold made a plea of urgent business, and left the house.

CHAPTER V.

In the woods upon the hill that rose half a mile beyond Mr. Arnold's house, stood two log houses that we have before mentioned. One of them was built quite near the road cut through the forest; and back of it, on the bank of the river, the rough saw mill sent up its grating music day after day, chiming in with the roar

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of the waters as they leaped down over a precipice that formed a natural fall above.

But on Thanksgiving all was silent, save the voice of the waves sending up their perpetual hymn in the depths of the grand old woods. Within the log house there had been the usual preparations for the holiday which no moral Connecticut family, however poor, could by any possibility neglect. Not that old Joshua Leonard was any worse off in the world than many of his neighbors; although he still lived in the log cabin with two rooms which he had built when he first married. But the old man counted his savings with the utmost care. He wished for no "new fangled fixings," not he. Framed houses and boughten furniture were objects of his supreme contempt; and though his wife had for years droned out her little complaints at the superior style in which many of their neighbors lived, she was too inert successfully to combat her husband's close habits.

They had but one child, a daughter just grown into early womanhood, and as pretty a wild-wood blossom as could have been found in the whole state.

All that day Amy Leonard had been in a state of unwonted excitement. While dressing for "meeting" that morning, it seemed as if the blue short-gown would never be arranged to her satisfaction; and she was so long in arranging her cloak, that the farmer threatened to drive off the ox-sled without her. During the minister's long discourse she was strangely inattentive, sitting with her eyes fixed upon the floor, or stealing glances toward the pew where Mr. Arnold's family were seated.

After they returned home she was even more quiet than usual, and several times during the dinner her father chided her for her silence. At such moments she would rouse herself into cheerfulness, but the instant she felt herself unnoticed, the same anxious look crept over her face really pitiful to behold.

When the merry jingle of sleigh-bells attracted her attention, and she saw that gay, young party go dashing by, she stood watching them till they were out of sight, then crept down by the kitchen fire, and sat for a long time looking into it with dreary thoughtfulness.

As evening came on, she started at every sound, like one in expectation of some earnest summons. Every time a tree bough creaked, she sat listening as if waiting for a familiar step. Mr. Leonard was reading the Bible, and his wife dozing in her chair, so that, as usual, she sat unheeded.

It was eight o'clock, quite bed time in those primitive days, and the old gentleman began making preparations for the night.

Suddenly there came in truth a knock at the door, which made Amy start to her feet, then crouch down again completely overcome with excitement.

"Who on airth is that?" exclaimed the old lady, startled out of her nap.

"I guess Amy knows," replied the farmer. "Come in," he added, in a louder voice, "'taint worth while to stand for ceremony."

The door opened in obedience to his invitation, and young Arnold entered the room.

"Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Leonard. "I thought I see you to meetin'—how *do* you do? Why, mother, can't you wake up and see who has come in?"

"Why, sakes alive, ef it ain't Mr. Arnold's Ben," said the old lady, rousing herself effectually from her nap as the young man shook her hand. "Joshua said he see you to meetin', but I can't see an inch from my nose. Folks a stayin' with you, too, I heerd—do tell! Who be they now?—friends o' yourn, I reckon! Amy, can't you get a chair for a body when they drop in?"

All these remarks were delivered without a pause for breath, and while Arnold had turned to greet the young girl. She was deadly pale when he took her hand; her lips worked tremulously; and her eyes were raised to his face with a language more expressive than any words could have been.

Amy sank back into her seat, and Arnold seated himself with his face toward the old couple, purposely or by accident, screening her completely from their view.

"So you've come hum agin," pursued the old lady, who was rarely silent, and whose conversation was always delivered in a drawling tone that admitted of no variation, and without the slightest regard for periods. "'Spose you've got mighty stuck up notions there in the city—time Amy went to visit her cousin—'twasn't only her second cousin, anyhow, maybe third, for that matter, but we've allers called her cousin, she 'twas, Sally Wetherby—she came back with so many flamin' new idees that I rally thought the critter'd drive me out of my mind. It's jest the same with young folks everywhere, it's only by living that we larn—and so you've got a sight of company to your house! Guess your mother don't thank you fur bringin' her more work—that's what she got her house fixed up fur, I reckon! Wal, I tell Joshua, it's queer how other folks can hev things as they ort be, and we keep on in the

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same old way, not that I'm givin' to grumble, but a body likes to feel as good as other folks, but 'tain't no kind o' use to talk to Joshua, never was, and never will be; and there's Amy as like him as two peas, unless 'tis that her chin is like my folkses, but I never was no hand at seein' likenesses, though a good many is——"

"Wal, there, mother," interrupted her husband, "do hold on a minit! She's jest like a clock, wind her up and she'll go till she runs down."

"That's allers the way I'm treated in my own house," said the old lady, not plaintively, not even fretfully, but drawling away as before. "I ain't nobody here, never was—sich a difference in men folks—there's Mr. Arnold treats his wife like a born queen, but I'm no more 'count than a pan of hasty puddin'; Joshua never held that I was, though a good many folks is different, but I ain't one to grumble as everybody knows; but I dew say Miss Arnold is the fortunatest woman, and there's Hannah, she ain't poky like our Amy, and what ails *her* I don't know. Goin' to visit her cousin so much, she 'twas, Sally Wetherby, as I told you, though you know'd it afore, many a time she's slapped you when you was a little feller, and she here as high-tempered a critter as you'd find anywhere, and goin' to see her hain't done Amy no good; she's a notion of readin', too, and that I never will believe in, anyhow!"

"Come, mother," said Mr. Leonard, "you and I'll go to bed, I guess the young folks don't need us. There's more pine knots in the corner, Arnold—come along, Jemimy."

He lit a "dip" candle, fairly forced the old lady into the other apartment, which was used as their bed-room, and the youthful pair were left alone.

The girl was trembling all over from the agitation which she had struggled so hard to repress during the past half hour.

"Amy," whispered Arnold, in a low, sweet voice, that went to the inmost depths of her heart, "Amy!"

He bent forward and drew her toward his chair. She half knelt before him, and hid her face upon his shoulder with a flow of tears that she could no longer restrain.

"Crying!" he said, "how is this, Amy? Look up—there, there, what a nervous little thing!" He lifted her face and pressed his lips upon her forehead. "Don't cry any more, or I shall think that you are not glad to see me."

"The day has been so long—I thought you did not mean to come," she murmured, wiping the tears from her eyes, and forcing back the sob which rose to her lips. "I have waited three whole months for this meeting, and to-day has seemed longer than the whole time before."

"I could not come until this evening; you must remember it is a year since I had seen my mother, and she will scarcely let me out of her sight now."

"She did to-day, it seems!" exclaimed Amy, excitedly. "Oh! I saw you driving by without even a look toward the house; at church it was the same thing, not even a glance for me."

"Hush! hush!" he said, "your father will hear you."

"Sometimes I don't care," she returned, with an energy foreign to her character; "I would like to die! There have been days when it seemed that I should go mad if I could not get out of these dreary woods and find you again."

"Come out and walk," whispered Arnold; "they are asleep in the other room, and we shall waken them."

Amy threw a heavy cloak and shawl about her, and followed Arnold's cautious footsteps out of doors. She went passively, as she would have obeyed him had he bidden her go forth from that forest home never to return.

It was a glorious night, the moon at its full, and not a cloud in the sky. There was no wind, but the air was very cold, and the low shivering of the pine trees around them sounded like the murmur of distant voices. The rush of the river was strangely distinct, and to Amy's fancy it sounded like a weird warning that she could not understand, but which made her tremble with a vague sense of approaching ill.

He drew her arm into his, and led her down the bank to the old saw mill.

"We are sheltered from the wind here," he said, as they sat down upon the carriage on which the logs were placed.

"How strangely your voice sounds to-night, Arnold!"

"You are fanciful and nervous, Amy; I believe you read too many story books; I shall not send you any more."

"Who are those strangers at your house?" she asked, abruptly.

"Old friends of mine; I brought them here because the gentleman wishes to buy land, and my father has some to dispose of."

"And the lady?"

"She naturally accompanied her brother."

"Oh! yes, I understand! I know very well who it is—Miss Laura de Montreuil—I saw her driving by one day when I was in New Haven."

"She lives in New York."

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"That makes no difference—she was pointed out to me as a great heiress."

"Are you sure of that?" Arnold asked, carelessly, but it was in truth a question which greatly interested him.

"Very sure! Oh! I see it all; she has money, and so you, with all the world, will be at her feet! Oh! Arnold, Arnold!" she added, with sudden passion, "is this keeping your word? Is this what you promised when you induced me to deceive my parents?—to take upon myself a load of secrecy that wears my life away?"

"Would you be glad to be freed from it?" he asked, almost brutally.

"Oh! anything, to feel the light-hearted girl I was once."

"There is no reason why you should not."

"You mock me," she said, with sad reproach; "perhaps I deserve it! But oh! Arnold, you do not know what I have suffered since we parted! That secret wedding—that return to my old home to feel myself so changed—unable to speak freely with any! Oh! it has been dreadful!"

"Why, Amy, you are silly! Did you take a little jest for earnest?"

"Jest!—a jest! What do you mean?"

"That ours was not a real marriage."

She rose to her feet, and looked full in his face with a wild passion that was like insanity.

"Then God help me, I have been mad indeed!" She pressed her hands to her forehead like one trying to remember. "You speak falsely!" she cried; "you have some end in view; you have spoken falsely! We were married! When I went to New Haven you used to meet me everywhere: on my way to the school where my cousin sent me—in the evening. You told me that you loved me, and you did—oh! you did! You begged me to consent to that secret wedding, that you might feel I indeed belonged to you——"

"It was no marriage, Amy."

"It was—it was! Some form may have been neglected—there was no publishment—but that man was a minister! It was a marriage! Arnold, I am your wife!"

There was an agony of entreaty in her voice that was heart-rending; but Arnold's resolution was taken, and an effigy of stone could not have been colder or more immoveable.

"I tell you no, Amy!"

She neither wept nor moaned. She stood before him, gazing in his face, without the power to turn away her eyes.

"And you do not love me?" she said, in a hollow voice. "You came here to tell me that."

"I do love you, Amy, indeed I do!"

"But you had some reason for coming with that falsehood on your lips! Tell me at once that you do not love me."

"I do, Amy! Circumstances may part us, but believe me you are very dear to me still, very dear."

"Are you going away forever?" she gasped; "going?"

"I cannot tell! Strange events are on the eve of awaking. No man can tell what is to come."

"Are you going to leave me?—will you never acknowledge me as your wife?"

"You are not my wife, Amy."

"I am! Oh! I am! Are you going away? Answer me."

"Very soon. And it may be years before I return."

She uttered no word, but her strength suddenly gave way, and she slid to his feet and lay motionless upon the icy boards.

He raised her and bore her in his arms toward the house.

"It is better so," he muttered; "to-morrow I shall be away—better so."

He made no effort to revive her, but he carried her softly to the house, entered it gently, and placed her carefully upon a chair near the fire.

Without even a farewell kiss, he went away, revolving in his mind plans of future grandeur in which the broken-hearted creature he had just left never once intruded.

How long Amy Leonard remained insensible she never knew. When consciousness came back she was alone in that darkened room. The fire had burned down, and the quivering embers only sent up transient gleams. The sighing of the pine trees and the rush of the waters were the only sounds that reached her ear.

"Arnold!" she moaned, "Arnold!"

Only the low night wind made reply, and Amy roused herself to the consciousness that he had left her forever. She started from her seat, as if she would have gone in search of him; but her very limbs seemed paralyzed by the numbing weight upon her heart, and she fell back in the chair, utterly powerless.

She did not move again for hours. The moon swept up the sky, till its full light played in at the little casement and illuminated the room.

Still there she sat, gazing fixedly at the

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dying embers, shivering at intervals, but making no other effort to rise, scarcely comprehending what had befallen her, but so stunned and shaken in every nerve, that it seemed as if she would only awaken to the ravings of insanity, when aroused from that fearful stupor which enveloped her whole being.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STANZAS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh! draw the curtains close to-night,
And, darling, sit by me;
For the Winter night is wild and dark,
And cold as it can be.
But all within is bright and glad,
And I will breathe to thee
The pleasant dreams thy presence brings-
So, darling, sit by me.

The world may have its votaries,
Who bow to fashion's sway;
But I have known its hollow joys,
And gladly turned away.
Here we've a little world, alone,
Where swiftly glide the hours,
And simple tastes, and purer joys,
Far dearer, love, are ours.

The fire glows with ruddy beams,
And seems to share our mirth,
As it throws weird, fitful shadows 'round,
And lights the dear old hearth.

Without the wild winds rave and shout,
Like demons of unrest—
Oh! dearest, let us pause to think
How truly we are blest!

From some loved poet let me read
A "simple, heartfelt lay,"
Whose pensive numbers touch the heart,
And yield a gentle sway.
Or o'er the smooth and sparkling keys
Let thy white fingers roam;
And add the music of thy voice
In some sweet song of Home.

Ah! world! vain, vain the alluring voice
That tempts me forth to thee;
Here I'll forget ambition's dreams
In love's sweet melody.
Let others seek the siren joys
That fashion has in store;
But, darling, sit down close by me,
And I will ask no more!

"I ONCE HAD A LOVER, HI, HO!"

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I once had a lover, hi, ho!
That's not very strange, I admit;
I was lovely and young, you know,
A Venus just in her transit!

He came with the Summer, hi, ho!
And knelt at my feet to adore;
He called me a "bird," and a "star,"
And other sweet things by the score.

Before long I took sick, hi, ho!
And the small-pox pitted my face,
My cheeks lost their glow, you know,
And beauty went off in disgrace.

Soon lost I my lover, hi, ho!
That's not very strange, I admit;
For beauty is fragile, you know,
And so is the sparkle of wit.

He went with the Summer, hi, ho!
But another came in his stead;
'Tis my soul that he loves, I know,
And soon you will hear we are wed!

"DOMINI EST TERRA."

BY LIBBIE D——.

Why are we ever careful, and in fear
Lest labors fail, or troubles overtake?
Why thoughtful for the "daily bread" we ask,
And hopeless of the efforts that we make?
Oh! let us lift our dim and anxious eyes,
And view the fullness of "our Father's" earth—
See waving grain, innumerable flocks,
Rich cities, argosies of countless worth.
True, barred and locked are Nature's costly gifts,
Yet patient labor can unloose each door;
And Faith will give to every hand a key,
Wherewith we may attain the wished for store—
Take courage! they who ask shall be supplied;
The earth "our Father's" is! He will provide!

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PERFECTLY HEARTLESS.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"PRETTY? yes, rather pretty, but perfectly heartless!" said Mrs. Holmes to Dr. Stanley, with whom she was conversing, at a large, brilliant party.

"Heartless! with that sensitive mouth, and those eyes, so deep and full of expression," said the gentleman, musingly.

"I don't admire her style of beauty at all. She looks like a wax doll, and her heartlessness is proverbial. Since her uncle left her so wealthy she has had lovers by the score, and flirts with every one. Why, look at her now!"

Dr. Stanley's eyes followed the direction in which the lady waved her fan, and rested on the central figure of a group round the piano. It was a lady, young and fair, with a tall, exceedingly graceful figure, pure Greek features, and large blue eyes. Her hair was short, but the soft, full curls made a lovely frame for the fair face. Her dress was of dark lace; and twisted amongst the golden curls were deep crimson flounces, with dark green leaves; and on the snowy throat and arms glittered blood-red rubies. She was conversing gayly with a knot of gentlemen, and Dr. Stanley sauntered over to the group.

"Miss Marston," said one gentleman, "what has become of Harold Graham?"

The tiny hands swept over the ivory keys of the grand piano, in the measure of a brilliant waltz, and another of the group, supposing Miss Marston did not hear the question, said,

"Pawned his dress coat, I guess, and can't appear."

"He was wretchedly poor," said a third.

"Perhaps he has committed suicide; it is three weeks since he disappeared," said another.

"Oh! I hope not!" said Miss Marston; "we want his tenor for our next musical soiree. It would be too provoking for him to commit suicide."

"Mrs. Holmes was right," thought the doctor, "she is perfectly heartless. Poor Harold!"

He turned from the piano, but stopped as a full, rich voice broke out into song. Miss Marston was singing "Schubert's Last Greeting," and into the mournful words she poured such wailing energy, and deep pathos, that group after group, in the large rooms, ceased their gay converse to listen to the music.

"Can she sing so without heart or feeling?" muttered the doctor, again drawing nearer the piano.

"Eva," said a young lady, as the last notes of the song died away, "Eva, play a polka, won't you?"

A contemptuous smile quivered, for a moment, on Eva Marston's lip; then, nodding good naturedly, she dashed off into a lively polka, which soon melted the group round the piano into merry dancers; and Dr. Stanley went with the rest.

The next morning Miss Marston sat in her own room, writing a letter. Peep over her shoulder at one sentence,

"All hollow, all heartless, Miriam? You blame me for flirting; you are not here to see how they follow me merely for my money; not one true heart amongst them all. There was one, Harold."

A knock at the door interrupted her.

"Come in!" and a woman entered, with a large basket of washing.

"Good morning," said Eva, pleasantly. "How is Terence this morning?"

"Oh! Miss, it's beautiful he is the day. Sure, marm, I'm sorry ye've had to wait so long for the wash."

"Never mind that. How could you wash with the poor little fellow so sick?"

"Sure, Miss, it's many a one expects their clothes, sick or well; and isn't Jerry sitting up the day playing with the toys ye sint him, and Pat, that I kept home from school, a-minding him."

"How many pieces, Mary?" said Eva, taking out her purse.

"Oh! Miss, you don't owe Mary Gennis a cint. There's the docther ye left the money to pay, and the wood ye sint, and the praties and milk, and the money ye gave me last week; sure, Miss, it's in your debt I am for washing the rest of your life."

"What I gave Terence has nothing to do with my washing bill," said Eva, rapidly counting the pieces. "There," and she took the piece from her purse, "that is eighty."

"Miss Eva," said Mary, and then stopped.

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"Well, Mary?"

"Sure, Miss, you do so much good with your money, I'm ashamed to tell you——"

"Tell me what?"

"Well, Miss, it's about the young man that's rinted my room. Ye mind where the widder died last fall. He come a week back, Miss, and he niver come down stairs for three days back, so this morning I wint up, and he's sick with a faver, out of his head entirely, Miss. If yus would come now."

"Wait, Mary, I'll go with you."

"He's dreadful poor, I guess, Miss; for it's starving little furniture; nothing but a bed and a table and chair, and no thrunk at all, at all, but a bit of a carpet-bag."

Throwing off her rich silk wrapper, Eva put on a dark gray dress and cloak, and added a close silk bonnet with a thick veil.

"Come, Mary!" and the two left the house, together.

In a low, close room, on a pallet-bed, lay Mary Gennis' boarder. The face, against the coarse ticking pillow, was such as one fancies for that of his favorite poet. The hair was dark, waving over a broad white forehead, and the deep set eyes were hazel, large and full; and the features delicate. Usually the face was pale, but now it was crimson with fever. The eyes, too, fierce and wild. But even, with all this, that face was beautiful with an almost unearthly beauty. Into that poor, low room, Eva, with her sombre dress and radiant beauty, came like a pitying angel. She gave one glance at the invalid's face, and then crossed the room to his side.

"Eva!" said the sick man, "Eva!"

"He knows me," she murmured, drawing back. But the young man moaned her name again, and then broke forth in wild, delirious ravings.

"Mary," said Eva, "send Patrick to me. I will find pencil and paper."

Mary left the room, and Eva turned to the table to find paper and pencil. She wrote two hasty notes. One was to her housekeeper for pillows and sheets. The other was to Dr. Stanley, who did not guess the friend who sent him so much practice among poor patients, and saw that the young physician was well paid.

Having dispatched Patrick with the notes, Eva tried to make the desolate room more home-like. Lifting from the table a waistcoat, something dropped from the pocket to the floor. She picked it up. It was a small miniature case, open; and painted on the ivory was Eva Marston's face.

A smile, gentle and pitying, came on her lip.

"He *did* love me then! Really love me, and would not seek me with the herd of fortune-hunters who follow me, and that is the reason I have missed him for so long."

"Arrah, Miss, here's the doctor!"

"Stop him, Mary, I will go in here. Remember, Mary, you don't know my name!" and Eva went into another little room, vacant and adjoining that of the invalid's. The door stood ajar, and Dr. Stanley's first exclamation reached her.

"Harold! have I found you at last, and in such a place?"

Eva's eyes ranged over the capabilities of the room in which she stood, and she nodded, saying, "It will do! larger and better than the other, but a poor place at best."

The next day, when Dr. Stanley called to see his patient, Mary, with a pardonable pride, ushered him into the room that had been vacant before. A soft carpet was on the floor, and a small fire in the grate, the latter screened from the bed by a neat shade. Soft muslin curtains, snowy white, draped the window. The bed could scarcely be recognized, with its pure white pillows, counterpane, and sheets. A little table stood beside the bed, with the medicines the doctor had ordered, and an exquisite goblet of cooling drink.

"The lady ye mind I told you of, that sint ye to Terry," said Mary. "We fixed the room yesterday, and my good man and I moved him in to-day, so she'll find him here when she comes. It's asleep he's been for better'n three hours, sir."

Two hours later Harold was still asleep, but then he opened his eyes. The cold, cheerless room was changed, as if by enchantment, and, (Harold thought he was dreaming,) an angel face bent over him, with pitying eyes, and a smile tender as a mother's over her child.

"Eva!" he whispered, "oh! that I could die in such a dream. Never awake to the bitter, hopeless love. Let me die now!"

Was it a dream, that sweet low voice answering him?

"Harold, you will not die, you will live, live for me! Your genius shall be recognized, your pictures sought. No more struggling for life, but only for fame." And the tears fell as she spoke.

Dr. Stanley, standing in the doorway, recognized the ball-room belle, and the object of his friend's long-silent, hopeless love.

Softly he glided down the stairs, for he knew

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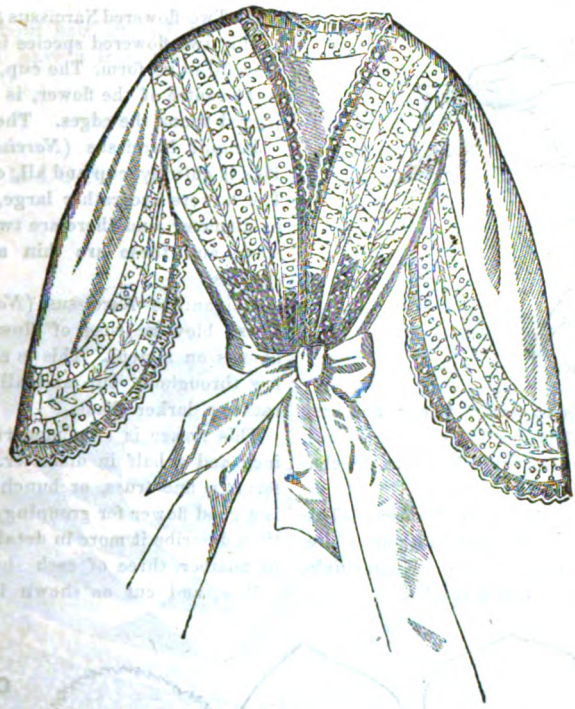
that a better medicine than he could prescribe was within the patient's grasp.

And the world said,

"Just think of Eva Marston, rich and such a belle, marrying Harold Graham, the artist, poor as a church mouse."

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



WHITE MUSLIN BODY.

CAPUCHIN IN CROCHET: FRONT AND BACK.

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TO MAKE A WAX NARCISSUS.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

THE Narcissus is an elegant flower, and easy to model in wax. The specimens are numerous. I here give a few remarks relative to the character of each.

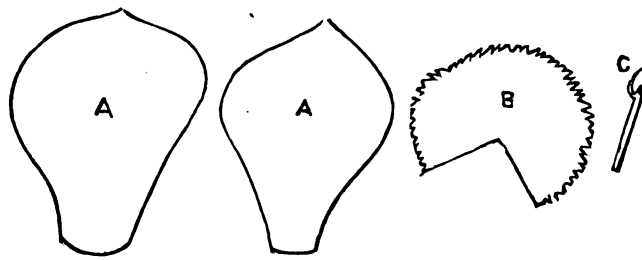
Poets' Narcissus (*Narcissus Poeticus*).—This is often to be found double, and of a pure white, and has one flower to each stem. When single, the cup is white, tipped with scarlet.

The Two-flowered Narcissus (*Narcissus Biforis*).—This two-flowered species is very pretty, and graceful in its form. The cup, or nectary, which is the centre of the flower, is of a deep yellow, jagged round the edges. The petals are white.

Jonquil Narcissus (*Narcissus Jonquillus*).—This is entirely, cup and all, of a bright yellow. The flowers are rather large, about two inches in diameter, and there are two or three to each stem, and these are thin and long, in two sheaths.

Polyanthus Narcissus (*Narcissus Tageta*).—These blow a truss of flowers, eight to ten blooms on a stem. This is also of a deep yellow throughout, cup and all. The cup is of rather a darker shade.

This flower is of a moderate size, about an inch and a half in diameter. As this species forms a fine truss, or bunch of blossoms, and is a good flower for grouping, I cannot do better than describe it more in detail. The petals, six in number, three of each shape, are of a rich yellow, and cut as shown in diagrams A A.



Press the edges between the thumb and finger till quite a sharp edge is formed; turn up the edges a little, and form a rib down the centre of the petal, and bend down the same with a little curve, as seen in the flower shown in the diagram. Then cut a piece of wax of a deeper yellow, as seen in diagram B, with the edges made jagged round. Place this piece in the palm of the hand, and roll the thick end of the tool, No. 2, backwards and forwards till it curls up and the edges are brought together; then unite them, and still roll it with the end of the pin till it forms a cup-shape. Prepare a thin piece of stout wire, two inches long, by covering it over with a thin strip of light green wax, lengthways, and roll it backwards and forwards on the table with your fingers till it is quite smooth and round. Model six stamens, of the form given in diagram C; dip the points of these in some turpentine, and, while wet, in dry orange chrome. When this operation is quite dry, unite them to the wire stem, so that they may just project beyond it. Next, pierce the centre of the cup with the curling-pin, just large enough to admit the stem; pass it up to its proper place, so that the bottom comes close up to the anthers of the stamen, and pinch the bottom end tightly round. Place the petals at regular intervals about under the cup, pressing each firmly on. Then wrap a strip of yellow

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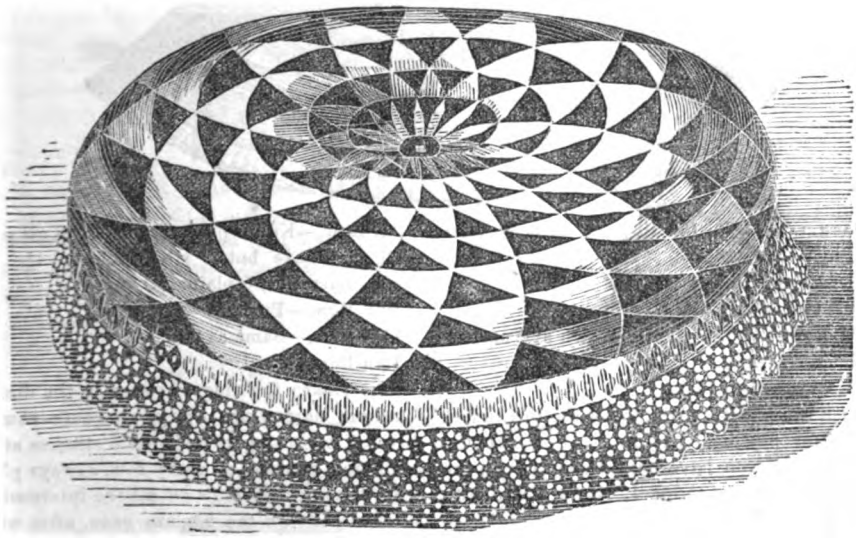
wax round from under the petals, about an inch long, for the tube of the flower; press and scrape it smooth round, so that there is no seam to be seen; then finish the flower with a small oblong ball of green wax, of the same color as the stem, which will form the seed-vessel, as seen in the engraving. The other seven or nine flowers are to be made in like manner, and all tied together about half an inch from the seed-vessel. Then have a long piece of the stout wire, about six inches, ready covered with light green wax; fix, by tying the truss or bunch of flowers to the end of this, and neatly cover over the join with the green wax, and the flower is finished. Leaves are not generally made; but in grouping the flower with others, if opportunity offers, the introduction of two or three leaves, carelessly hanging over the vase, give a very graceful effect to the whole.

CUSHION IN CROCHET AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is one of the prettiest patterns that has lately appeared abroad. In the front of the number, we give enlarged patterns of the top and border, from which the cushion may easily be worked.

CROCHETED EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 16. Fine hook.

Take a piece of the narrow linen braid known as "Serpentine Braid," and into every point of the braid work 1 d c stitch, with 2 ch stitches between. This makes a very pretty trimming, and is very easily done.

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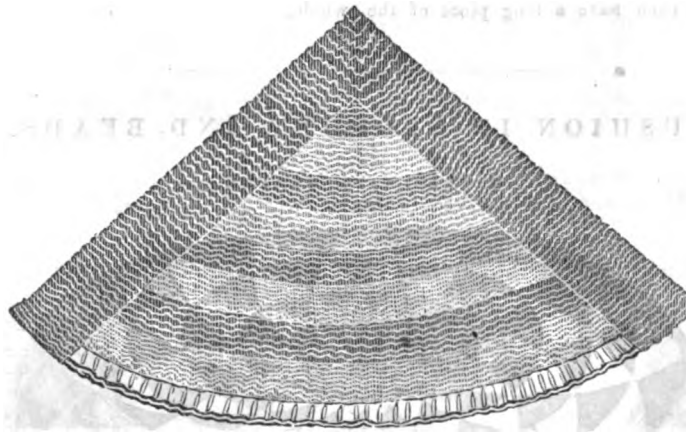
KNITTED SHELLS FOR COUNTERPANE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—No. 100 tidy cotton, large steel knitting-needles.

Cast on 45 stitches.

Knit two rows plain.

3rd Row.—Knit 5 plain. Widen and narrow 17 times. 5 plain.

4th Row.—Knit plain.

5th Row.—Knit 5 plain, throw the thread forward, (for purling,) narrow 1. Continue the purling until you have but 7 stitches upon the left needle, then narrow 1, throw the thread back, knit 5 plain.

6th Row.—Knit plain.

7th Row.—5 plain, thread forward and knit as in 5th row.

8th Row.—Knit plain.

9th Row.—Knit 5 plain, narrow 1. Knit plain until you have but 7 stitches upon the left needle, narrow 1, 5 plain.

10th Row.—Purl.

11th Row.—Same as 9th.

12th Row.—Purl.

This makes the ridge, as seen in the design. Continue narrowing, every alternate row as directed, observing to knit the 5 stitches at the beginning and end of every row, always plain. Four ridges will narrow off all the intermediate stitches between the 5 plain ones, after which it must be narrowed in the centre of the 10 stitches left. That is, in the 1st row, knit the 5th and 6th together, 2nd row, the 4th and 5th. Continue until it is narrowed down to one stitch.

TIDY IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—6 oz. white double zephyr, 8 oz. colored double zephyr, bone crochet hook.

FOR THE BLOCKS.—Make a ch of 3 stitches, pass the half through the last stitch.

1st Row.—Work in s c, putting 8 stitches in the middle stitch.

2nd Row.—Do in s c, widening by working 3 stitches as before in the centre stitch, made by widening in the 1st row. Always observing to work into the under loop of ch made by the previous row.

Repeat this for 17 rows. This completes the block. Arrange as seen in the design, the light blocks answering to the white wool, the dark

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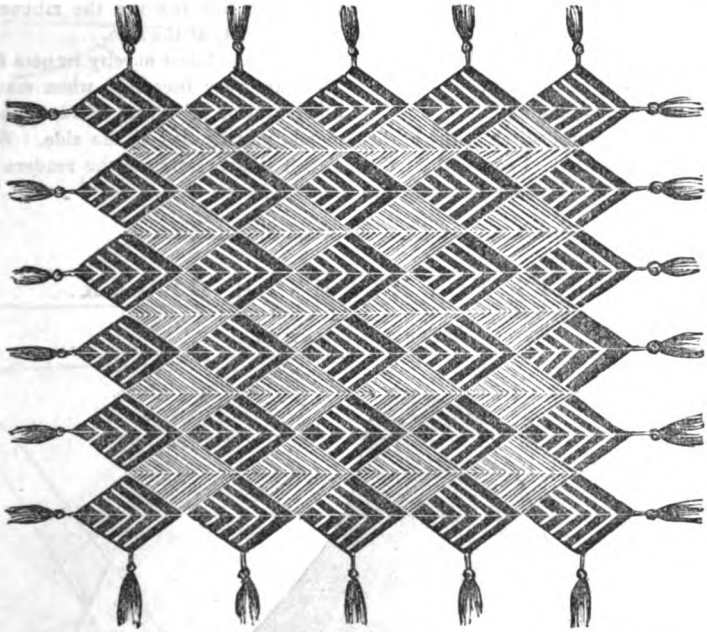
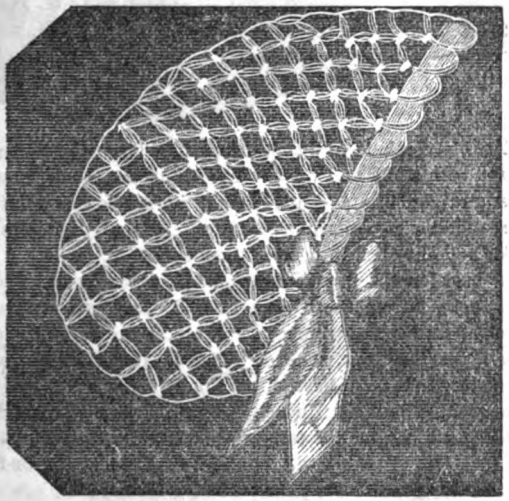


ones to the colored. The number of blocks must be regulated by the size of tidy needed. The number in the design will be found to make a very pretty size. The tassel at each point makes the prettiest finish: but a row of shell work in crochet may be substituted.

We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

NETTED NET FOR THE HAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One dozen pieces narrow silk floss braid, 1¼ yards of ribbon, mesh ½ inch wide, mesh one inch wide, large bone netting needle.

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1st Row.—Use the small mesh, and work 9 stitches in plain diamond netting.

2nd Row.—Widen 1 stitch at each end of row. 3rd and 4th rows same as 2nd row.

Net 12 rows without widening.

Net 3 rows, narrowing 1 stitch at the beginning and end of each row. 1 row plain. Use the large mesh, and net 1 row all around the work, into this row run the ribbon. Tie with bow and ends at the side.

This is the latest novelty in nets for the hair. They are very becoming when made of dark-blue, brown, or black braid, with ribbon to match, prettily tied at the side. We have designed it expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

LOUIS FOURTEENTH CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This new and fashionable cloak is of black royal velvet, ornamented with a silk and velvet binding. The front is straight, like a gentleman's paletot; the sleeve forms flat plaits on the shoulder; it is very wide and slit open in front; the corners are turned back on the sleeve and have a binding about an inch from the edge. The top of the back is close-fitting, and trimmed with a cape buttoning down the front, square across the breast, and ending in a point behind. This cape is also trimmed with a binding. Under the cape are the flat plaits which give the fullness behind.

From the diagrams, which given on the next two pages, a pattern should be first cut, in paper, of the full size: the inches, marked on each piece, show how large the paper patterns should be. The front and back, however, must be made eight inches longer than they are marked, as the size of our page does not permit us to give them entire.

No. 1. Part of the Front.
No. 2. Another part of Front.
No. 3. Part of the Back.
No. 4. Another part of Back.
No. 5. Back Piece.
No. 6. Front part of Sleeve.
No. 7. Cuff of Sleeve.
No. 8. Under part of Sleeve.
No. 9. Cape.

Numbers 1 and 2 are to be joined at the marks B and C, so as to make only one pat-

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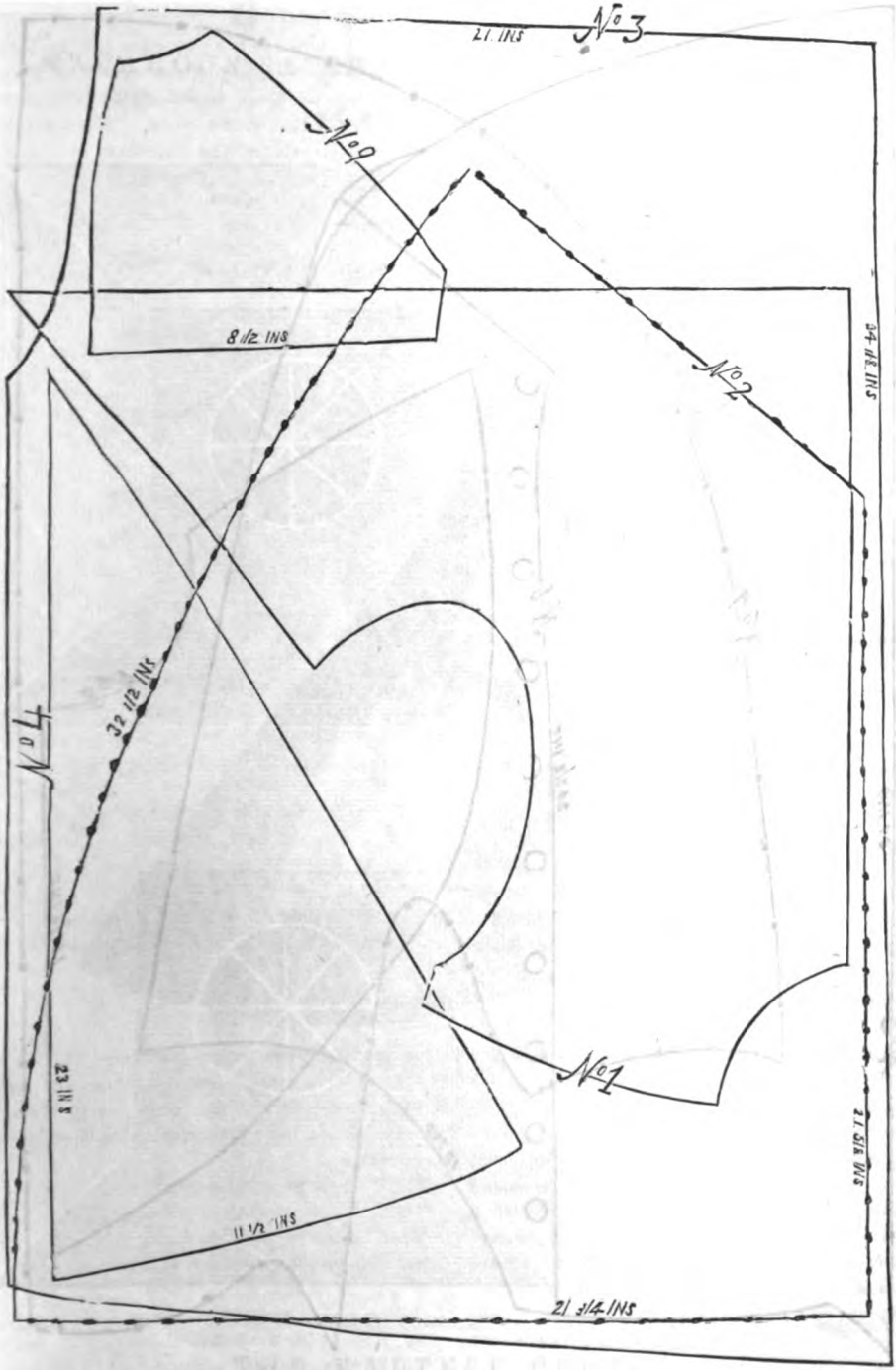

FIRST DIAGRAM OF LOUIS FOURTEENTH CLOAK.

tern forming the front. Numbers 3 and 4 are back. At the bottom of number 5, which is the to be joined at the marks A and F to form the back piece, the plaits of the back are to be

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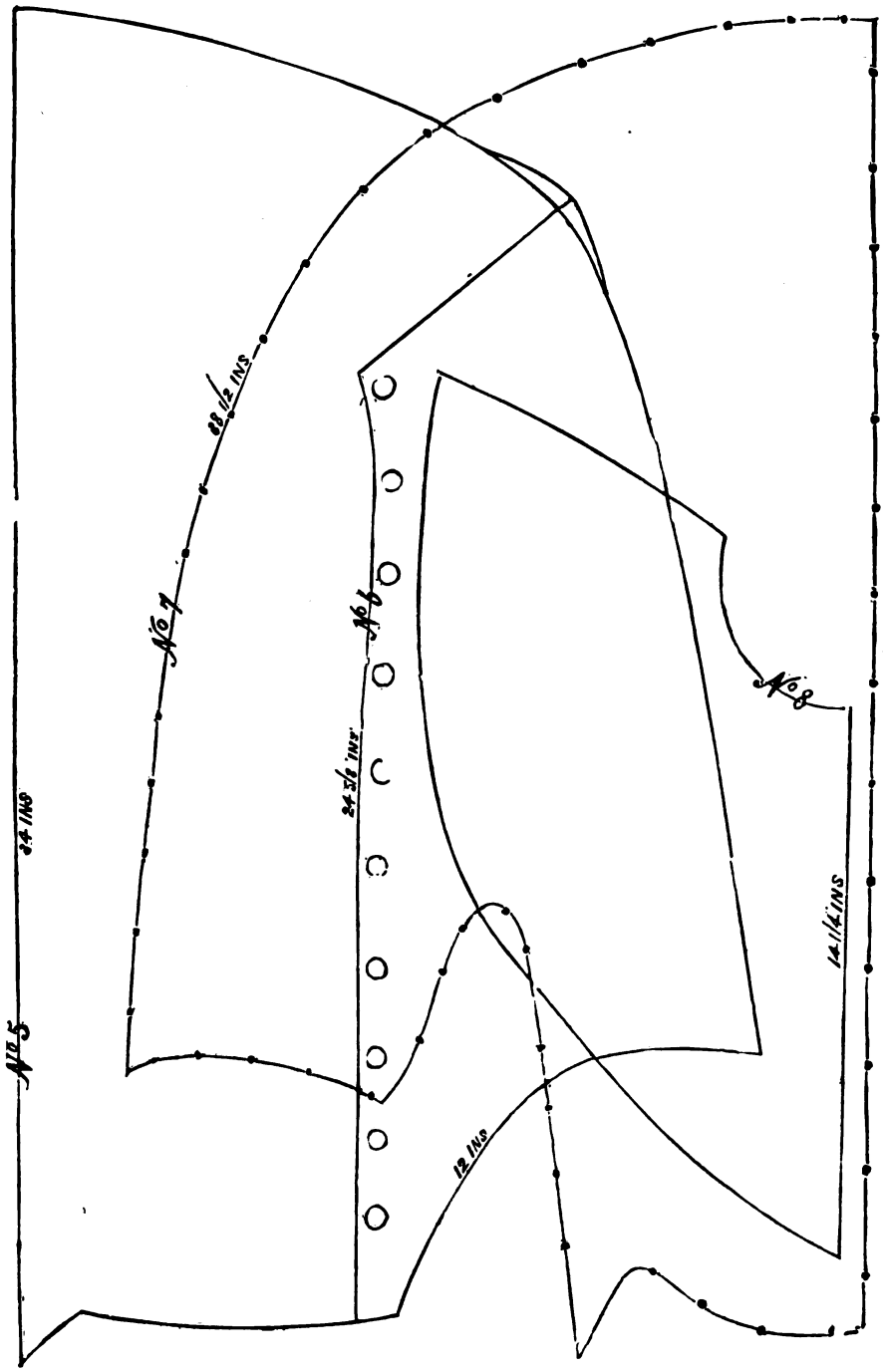

SECOND DIAGRAM OF LOUIS FOURTEENTH CLOAK.

formed. The sleeve is to be put in with large bend of the arm on the under side of the plaits at top, and the sewing is held in at the sleeve.

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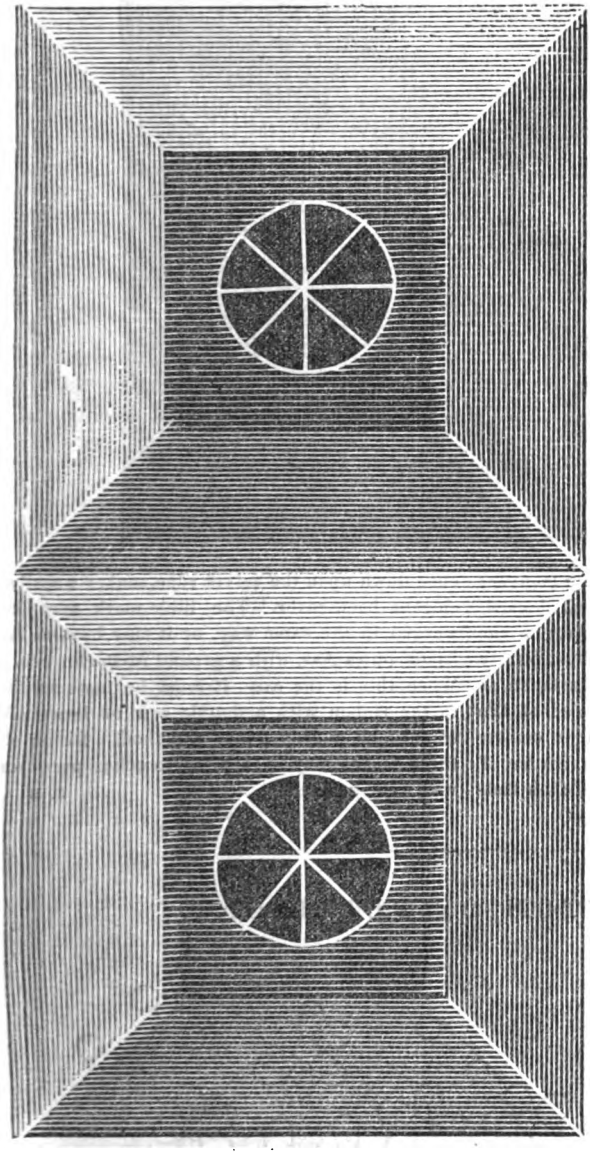
MACAROON PATCHWORK IN SILK AND VELVET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a new and beautiful pattern, for a species of work that is economical as well as fashionable; for it enables the fair worker to use up odd bits of velvet and silk that otherwise would be lost.

It is called the Macaroon Patchwork. It is made up of two shapes, independently of the round of velvet from which it receives its title. The arrangement of color must depend upon individual taste, but the depth of shade must be carefully remembered. The interior square must be of a neutral tint, half of the side-pieces light, the other half dark, or black, which last has a very good effect.

The round, or macaroon of velvet, must be laid upon the central square of silk before it is tacked on to its paper shape, which is done by passing the needle through the centre, and making a long overcast-stitch, which reaches to the outer rim, repeating this so as to form as many divisions as appear in our illustration. This is to be done in deep maize-color, or scarlet silk.

When completed, this silk patchwork will be found to produce an excellent effect for cushions, table-covers, and various other articles.

This patchwork, of course, may be made of any size; but that which we give is the best for most purposes. By sewing together as many squares as are necessary, a cushion, table-cover, or other article, may be made large or small.

For beginners in fancy work, patchwork is especially suitable, for there are few who cannot do it.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

THIS is peculiarly appropriate for the centre of a book-cover of any devotional or theological class, or for a Bible-mark. For the first-mentioned purpose it may be worked in either gold,

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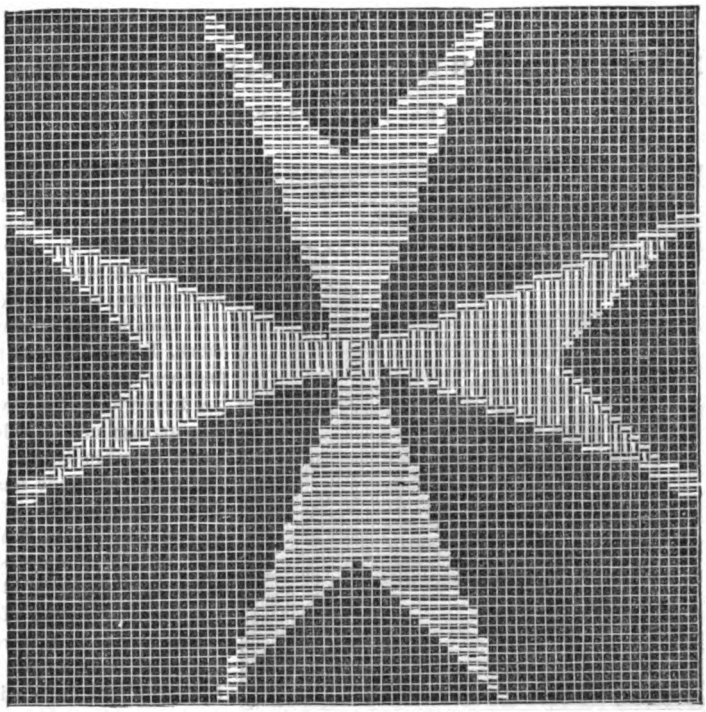
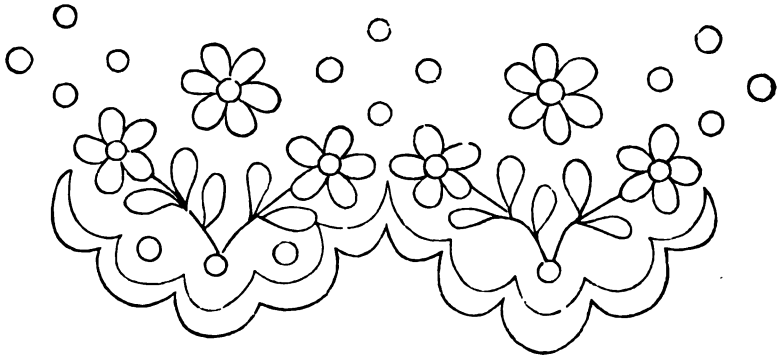


steel, or white beads, in the following manner: Cut out the shape in white perforated cardboard, tack it on to the proper place in the velvet, and work a bead on every stitch, merely using the precaution in the first instance of selecting the beads to match the size of the perforations in the cardboard. This centre, with any very simple pattern as a border, if only a little chain first threaded and then fastened down upon the velvet edge, makes a really elegant book-cover. The Bible-mark may be worked in the same way, or it may be done in beads, on canvas, with a ground in Berlin wool. When this is the case, it must be fastened on to the ribbon with a double row of beads all round, and a deep fringe attached. Either of these modes may be applied to other purposes with very good effect. J. W.

FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.



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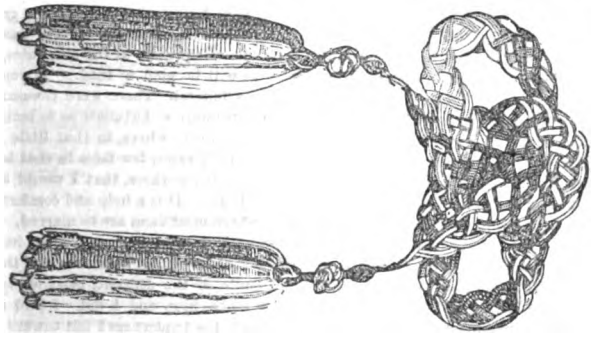
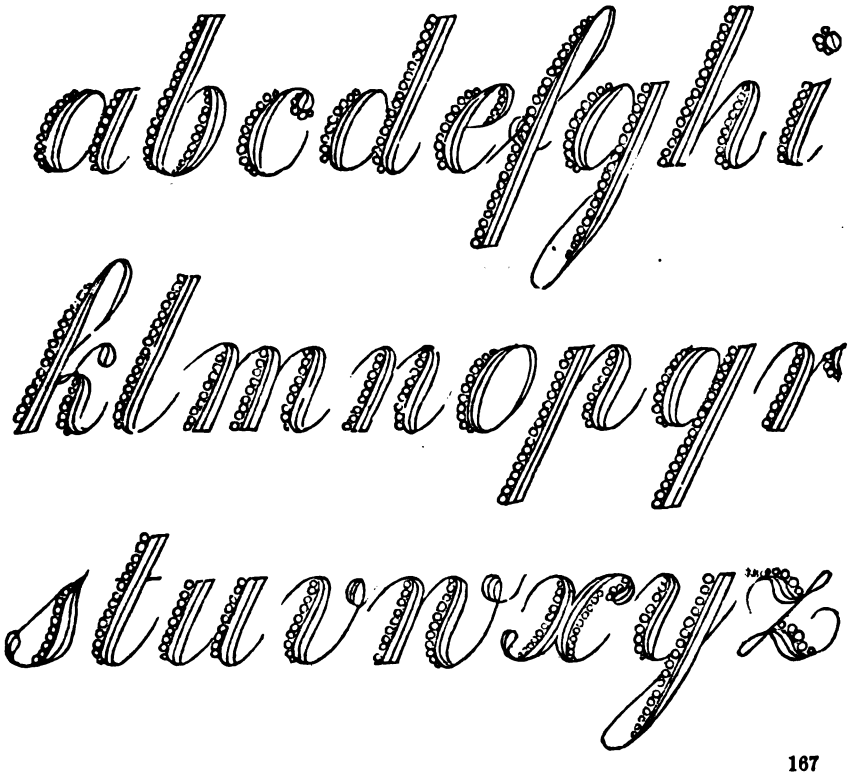
HEAD-DRESS OF CHENILLE AND GOLD CORD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This consists of a loop of chenille and gold tassels, as well as their upper setting, are of lace twisted four-fold. The ends of the long gold cord.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Word about Cashmere Shawls.—Next to diamonds and laces, sometimes even before either, ladies love cashmere shawls, or, as they are frequently called, camel's hair shawls. They may be had of all prices, from one hundred dollars up, according to their quality, but the really beautiful ones are quite expensive, costing five hundred dollars and more, or, if large, one, or two thousand. Some, indeed, command an almost fabulous price; but such are rarely seen in this country; being kept at home in India, or, if they find their way abroad, being monopolized by the princes and nobles of Europe. Attempts have been made to imitate them in France, but without success, the nearest approach being the well-known French cashmere, which is woven in one piece. We have frequently been asked, by fair correspondents, how the real camel's hair shawls were made, and as we find, in a late book of travels, "From Wall Street to Cashmere," a concise account of the process, we quote it. "Mookti-Shah," says Mr. Ireland, the traveler in question. "then took me to his manufactory, a miserable, dirty building, the working department one large room, about sixty by thirty. Here were some forty men and boys, of all ages, from six up to fifty, arranged in twos and threes, at different looms, each one a loom to himself; for all the most valuable shawls are made in looms, in small pieces according to the pattern, and then sewed together. The pattern is not put in colors and squares, like our patterns of worsted work for chair-backs, seats, or slippers, but the directions written. When the patterns are made, they are all sewed together. At some looms where they were working, there appeared to be four or five hundred small pins of wood with rolls of different shades of woolen thread, to be used in the different parts of the pattern. It was astonishing to see the dexterity with which the small children worked these hand-looms, and understood their written directions. Most of the people were at work on a magnificent shawl for the Empress Eugenie of France, a white centre. He says thirty men have been steadily at work on it for six months, and it will require three more months to finish it. The price, when finished, will be about 1,300 rupees or 130*l*., and is such a shawl as would sell for about 800*l*. in London or New York; so you see the shopkeepers, even if they don't come out here to make money, are enabled to realize a little when they stay at home. My shawl took fifteen men seven months to make. The workmen only receive one and a half annas (2½d.) a day. Mookti-Shah is quite a *rara avis* among these people in being an honest, reliable man, as every one tells me. He says if labor was as cheap in France they could make them as well as he does, and that the water here is supposed to have peculiar properties, and so does not affect them in washing, is all in the imagination. I can't imagine where all the one, two, and three hundred dollar shawls in your stores come from—certainly not Cashmere."

The Chair Pattern.—Our fair correspondent, who asked us to publish a pattern for a chair cover, will see that we have gratified her. At least we give a quarter of a circular pattern. To make the whole complete, reverse the pattern and join it to the right hand side, which will make half the circle, and then reverse this half and join it to the other, which will make the complete circle. Enough must be filled in, outside the circle, in a single color, to fit the chair seat. If preferred, the border we give can then be worked around this. For a music-stool, work merely the circle.

Death of Washington Irving.—Since our last number went to press, the Nestor of American literature, Washington Irving, has died. As the daily and weekly newspapers, generally, have given his biography, we shall not take up space here by going over the same ground. But we have received a letter from one of our most popular contributors, who was present at the obsequies, which we know our readers will be glad to read. "I went up," she says, "to Irving's funeral. There were thousands who did not get in; but we were so fortunate as to secure a front seat in the singing gallery, where, in that little church, we saw and heard all. I saw a few faces in that large company of earnest, talented workers, that I would be glad to remember while I live. It is a help and comfort to see one such face here where most faces are so marred. Men came down the aisle with knitted foreheads, after having looked at what was left of Irving; at what was left, that is, of the kind eye and smile, of the diligent, precious hands. I felt that I must touch him, and I did. I laid my left palm on his forehead; the tenderness I felt toward him gave me a right and reason. We went to the old church, the old mill: and, as we did not go to the graves, we had time for Sunnyside. We were there at the sunset of that gentle Indian summer day. I shall never forget it while I remember anything. Sunnyside was so still! and so sad in spite of all the peaceful glories of the scene, of the life that had just ended on earth, to be renewed in the land of perfect, eternal beauty and goodness. Do you remember his, 'Oh! the grave! the grave!' You do if you ever saw it! Bless him for writing those words, even if he had written no others! bless him for the gentle life into which their sentiment was so closely woven."

Abbreviations in Crochet.—A correspondent asks us the meaning of the abbreviations in crochet. We gave them, with full instructions in crochet, in 1857, but as we have so many new subscribers, this year, we will repeat them. Chain stitch is the meaning of ch; slip stitch of sl; single crochet of sc; double crochet of dc; treble crochet of tc; and and long treble crochet l tc. The stars, daggers, and asterisks signify that any stitches given between two similar marks are to be done as many times as directed; thus x 3 dc. 2 ch. x three times, means 3 dc. 2 ch., 3 dc. 2 ch., 3 dc. 2 ch. When one repetition occurs within another, italics are used at each end of the part. *1 p. 2 k. 1 p. 1 k. (*a*) m. 1, k. 1 (*a*) 6 times *8 times, means that one complete pattern being finished, when you have made 1, knitted 1, 6 times, 8 of those patterns, beginning again each time at the first*, will be required for the round or row.

To Manage Obstinate Husbands.—A fair correspondent, in subscribing for 1860, writes as follows:—"The cry here is hard times? Well! the times are hard, at least here, and when I told my husband that I must have two dollars to send for 'Peterson,' he looked a little *grum*. But I just put both arms around his neck, and asked him where he supposed I got the receipt for those nice cakes and puddings he liked so much; and where I got the pattern for the last new dress he gave me, and which he thought fitted me so well? And then I told him where the patterns for our little baby's clothes came from. Then, you see, Mr. Peterson, I touched a tender place, *for he does love the baby*. So he just put his hand in his pocket, and gave me the money, and told me to send it right along. And here it is. Yours, truly, as long as the Magazine lasts."

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A Beautiful Song.—The following, entitled, "Lost and Gone," is from the German. Beautiful in the original, it loses but little of its beauty in this translation.

Lost and gone! Lost and gone,
My love with the golden hair!
Wild winds blow, and time goes on,
Unheeding my despair.

A hasty word in a moment sent,
Wrung out by another's woe.
God! There is not time to relent,
As the swift posts come and go!

Back comes an answer cold as steel,
That turned my heart to stone.
Ay—beat the breast that does not feel;
And sob, and moan till thy senses reel,
On the wild hills alone!

Lost and gone! and broken the spell;
Though my love came back once more,
She is not the same I loved so well,
Low-voiced and sweet, who bade farewell;
But lost for evermore!

How to Get a Wife.—A gentleman, remitting two dollars to us for his wife's subscription, says: "Last year I noticed an editorial in 'Peterson,' stating that any lover, who would present his Dulcinea with a copy of the Magazine for one year, might be sure of success, and I wondered if such would be my happy lot. Accordingly, I sent a copy to Miss ——, and she now bears the latter clause of my name. So I advise all young men, if they would succeed, to present a copy of 'Peterson' to the object of their affections." He adds:—"By way of caution, I will inform my young friends, that I had been betrothed for four months, and had begun to repudiate the old adage, 'the course of true love never does run smooth,' when I thought I would subscribe to a different Magazine for my Dulcinea, when lo! the very first visit I made to her, after the reception of the other monthly, I had to bear the ordeal of passing from a happy betrothed to a discarded lover. So, as for me and my household, we will go for Peterson."

Our January Number.—On every hand, our January number is pronounced the most beautiful we have ever issued. Private correspondents, as well as our editorial brethren, appear to be delighted with it. As a specimen of what is said, we quote the following from the Altoona (Pa.) Tribune:—"Peterson's Magazine for January is ahead of all competitors in point of time, and decidedly ahead in point of attraction to any of the $3 publications. The first steel engraving is one of the finest we have ever seen in a Magazine, and the colored fashion plates and ornamental needle work are of the latest styles and patterns. Considering that Peterson's is only a $2 Magazine, it could not have been expected that it would thus rival higher priced periodicals of the same kind. We predict for Peterson a most prosperous year."

A Hint to Lovers of Flowers.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily ensured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

Sly Boots.—There she is—the cunning thing!—done to the life. She is almost as charming, in her way, as little Red Riding Hood—isn't she?

How to Enlarge a Diagram.—A new subscriber asks us how to enlarge the patterns in our diagrams. The process is quite simple. Suppose No. II, in the first of the two diagrams, in this number, (for the Louis the Fourteenth cloak,) is to be enlarged. First take a piece of newspaper, or other paper, as large as you think will be required; lay it flat on a large table; and then mark off the bottom line, making it 21¾ inches long, which is what the pattern should be when enlarged. Having done this, draw the right hand angle, which may be done by transferring the angle, with a piece of transfer paper, or by cutting a piece of ordinary paper to fit into it. Then make the line, up the right hand side, 21⅝ inches long; or eight inches longer (as stated before) than the pattern is marked. Proceed in this way all round the pattern. Where the lines are curved, instead of straight, the eye must be the guide. If a sleeve-hole is to be cut out, it is best to fit the paper pattern to the person who is to wear the article you are making, and round it out accordingly. A little practice will make you perfect. We know many ladies, both in Philadelphia and elsewhere, who dress their children, and cut out most of their own cloaks, &c., from the diagrams in this Magazine. Generally we mark only one side of a pattern with the length, for it is easy to determine the length of the others, by marking them, in the large pattern, proportioned to the length of the side that is given.

Our Music Department.—We call the attention of our patrons to the Music in this issue of our Magazine. "Jenny, Darling Jenny," arranged for the Guitar, expressly for this work. We are pleased to announce that we have secured the services of Alice Hawthorne, (author of "What is Home without a Mother," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," &c.,) for our musical department. Hereafter, each number will contain either an original, or selected piece, for the Piano Forte, or Guitar; introducing the most popular music of the day, in the form of Songs, Polkas, Waltzes, Schottisches, Dances, Opera Airs, &c. The cost of each of these pieces, in ordinary sheet form, would be 25 cents, amounting to $3.00 per annum, which is one dollar more than our subscription rate. Present this matter to your musical friends, and advise them to take note of it, and subscribe at once, for our music columns, hereafter, shall be made unequaled.

Woman.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world.

New Style of Gloves.—A Paris letter writer states that, as an addition to the ball-room toilet, the distinguished perfumer and glove-maker, Faguer, stitches the white kid gloves with blue, pink, or violet silk, according to the color of the robe with which the gloves are to be worn. The glove, fastened with two buttons on the back of the wrist, is also a novelty.

"Freaks of Fortune."—This is the title of a new game for young people, with thirty-two illustrated cards, published by Jas. Munroe & Co., 134 Washington St., Boston. It is quite a merry affair. Samuel Hazard, Philadelphia, has it for sale, price thirty-eight cents.

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New Publications.—We have several books on our table, which we have not yet had time to examine, but some of which, at least, we shall discuss, next month. Among them are True Womanhood, a novel, by John Neal; The Professor at the Breakfast Table, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Self-Help, by Samuel Smiles; and Ernest Bracebridge, or School Boy Days, by W. H. G. Kingston, all published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston; also Restatements of Christian Doctrine, in twenty-five sermons, by Henry W. Bellows, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; also The Lectures of Lola Montez, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia: also How Could He Help It? a novel, by A. S. Roe, published by Derby & Jackson, New York: also The Woman of the World, a novel, by Lady Cavendish, published by E. D. Long, New York.

New Music.—"Winner's Guitar Guide," price 25 cents, has been laid upon our table. It is a new collection of easy Airs and Exercises, arranged for the Guitar in progressive order, with an engraving of the finger-board, showing the position of the finger, &c. We have also received "Jenny, Darling Jenny," arranged for the piano-forte, by Alice Hawthorne, a new and beautiful ballad, price 25 cents. Both of these have just been published by Sep. Winner, No. 716 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, who will send copies by mail, post-paid, on receiving the price.

Blackwood and the British Reviews.—L. Scott & Co., New York, continue their successful republication of Blackwood's Magazine, The Edinburgh Review, The London Quarterly Review, The North British Review, and the Westminster Review. L. Scott & Co. furnish Blackwood for $3,00 a year; Blackwood and either of the Reviews for $5,00; or Blackwood, and the whole four Reviews for $10,00. Ladies, if you wish to make your husbands a present, subscribe, in their name, for one, or all, of these.

An Elegant New Picture.—"The Rector's Ward," from the charming new Episcopal story, "The Rectory of Moreland." This is a sweet face, drawn by Barry, who is so celebrated in his "Motherless," and shows the beautiful heroine as all will see her while reading the book. It was published in October, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, as a crayon portrait, nearly life size, on fine tinted paper, a fac-simile of the drawing.

A Bouquet of Beauty.—This is our offering to our fair subscribers for February. Isn't it beautiful? We have no doubt, however, that thousands who look at it will be as lovely as either of the three.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mother Goose for Grown Folks. A Christmas Reading. Illustrated by Billings. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—The quaint author of this book has taken various nursery rhymes and made them a text for as many poems adapted to adults. We cannot better explain the character of the work, and the merit of the execution, than by quoting the stanzas on page 70, the text of which is the old rhyme about the woman, who lived on victuals and drink, and had plenty, yet never was quiet.

"And were you so foolish
As really to think
That all she could want
Was her victuals and drink?
And that while she was furnished
With that sort of diet,
Her feeling and fancy
Would starve and be quiet?

Mother Goose knew far better,
But thought it sufficient
To give a mere hint
That the fare was deficient;
For I do not believe
She could ever have meant
To imply there was reason
For being content.

Yet the mass of mankind
Is uncommonly slow
To acknowledge the fact
It behooves them to know;
Or to learn that a woman
Is not like a mouse,
Needing nothing but cheese,
And the walls of a house.

But just take a man—
Shut him up for a day;
Get his hat and his cane—
Put them snugly away;
Give him stockings to mend,
And three sumptuous meals;
And then ask him, at night,
If you dare, how he feels!
Do you think he will quietly
Stick to the stockings,
While you read the news,
And "don't care about talking?"

Oh, many a woman
Goes starving, I ween,
Who lives in a palace,
And fares like a queen;
Till the famishing heart,
And the feverish brain,
Have spelled out to life's end
The long lesson of pain.

Yet stay! To my mind
An uneasy suggestion
Comes up, that there may be
Two sides to the question.
That, while here and there proving
Inflicted privation,
The verdict must after be
"Willful starvation."
Since there *are* men and women
Would force one to think,
They *choose* to live only
On victuals and drink.

Oh, restless and craving,
Unsatisfied hearts,
Whence never the vulture
Of hunger departs!
How long on the husks
Of your life will you feed,
Ignoring the soul,
And her famishing need?

Bethink you, when lulled
In your shallow content,
'Twas to Lazarus only
The angels were sent;
And 'tis he to whose lips
But earth's ashes are given,
For whom the full banquet
Is gathered in Heaven."

So philosophy may be extracted, it will be seen, even from what many would call "a silly nursery rhyme." We know more than one husband (excellent men, too, in other ways,) to whom these verses might be read with profit. The volume is quite neatly printed.

Religious and Moral Sentences Culled from the Works of Shakspeare, compared with passages drawn from Holy Writ. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: James Munroe & Co.*—This is a republication from a late English work, and is presented to the American public, with an introduction by the Rev. Frederic W. Huntington, D. D., which adds considerably to its value. It may be had, in Philadelphia, at S. Hazard's. The volume is printed and bound with much taste.

The Female Skeptic. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: R. M. De Witt.*—The anonymous author of this novel says that the work was written to show that we are the framers of our own destinies. The scene of the story lies partly in the North, and partly in the South. It is a book, we think, to be popular with many readers.

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The White Hills; Their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry. By Thomas Starr King. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1 *vol.*, 4 *to. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Everybody who has visited the White Mountains, who expects to visit them, or who has desired to visit them, will be delighted with this book, which is a copious, and, on the whole, eloquent description of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, illustrated with sixty engravings. The volume is a small quarto, containing over four hundred pages, printed on hot-pressed, cream-colored paper, the embellishments, which are in the highest style of wood-cuts, being inserted in the text. The letter-press is by the Rev. Thos. Starr King, who has visited the White Mountains frequently, and who is, therefore, peculiarly competent to edit such a work. We do not think, however, that Mr. King has done justice, in all respects, to his reputation. What he wrote on the spot, when his soul was a-glow with the grand scenery around him, is terse, and even eloquent; but what was written in cold blood, in his study, is often tame, and indeed frequently sinks into bathos. Compare, for example, his account of a windy night on the Summit House, contained in a letter written for one of the Boston papers, with his description, on page 329, of the shadows cast by Mount Washington at sunset. It is as difficult a thing, however, to be eloquent, at the bidding of a publisher, as it was for Theodore Hook to be witty, when the child of his hostess asked him to be funny.

New Miscellanies. By Chas. Kingsley. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We confess ourselves to be an admirer of Kingsley, both as a man and as a writer, and are not to be put down by the cry that his Christianity is only muscular, and his eloquence mere rhapsody. This new collection of his miscellanies contains the articles that have appeared, since the publication by Ticknor & Fields, of his earlier essays; they comprise, among others, "A Mad World, My Masters," Chalk-Stream Studies, Alexander Smith and Alexander Pope, Thoughts on Shelley and Byron, Great Cities and their Influence for Good and Evil, On the Study of Natural History, and Pilgrim's Progress Illustrated. We recommend the book to cultivated readers especially.

The Works of Q. K. Philander Doesticks. 4 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A very elegant edition of the works of this popular writer. The volumes comprise "Plu-ri-bus-tah," a burlesque on Hiawatha; "The Elephant Club," a facetious book, chiefly on personal matters; "The Witches of New York," a caustic exposition of the fortune-telling system; and the famous "Doestick Letters." We notice a great improvement, in the mechanical appearance of this edition, over that which characterized the one issued in New York. Whoever would have a hearty laugh, should buy these books. These are the same works which T. B. Peterson & Brothers advertise on our cover, this month.

Sir Rohan's Ghost. A Romance. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*—This is a strange, weird story, with a plot that verges on the horrible, but written in a style that is as gorgeous as a tropical forest. The verdicts pronounced on the work, by critics, will differ. It is a book to be excessively praised by one school, and to be sneered at by another. We cannot say that we ourselves admire it particularly, or derive from it any high idea of the anonymous author's genius; but we have no doubt that it will meet with an extensive sale. The volume is printed in the exquisite style that distinguishes all the Tilton publications.

The Big Bear of Arkansas. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another of the now famous "Library of American Humor." The volume is full of capital sketches, any one of which is good for a hearty laugh, and is, therefore, worth the price of the book. The illustrations are by Darley.

The New Night-Caps. Told to Charley. By the author of "Night-Caps," "Life Among the Children," "Aunt Fanny's Stories," &c. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—There will probably not be as popular a book published for the young folks, this year, as "The New Night-Caps." We have yet a most distinct remembrance of the extravagant delight which the Night-Caps of last year afforded to a little niece, and we believe that she even yet cherishes it as the most valuable book in her juvenile library. The fun and pathos are most admirably mingled, and we congratulate the children that there is another volume by "Aunt Fanny." The book is prettily illustrated.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his cotemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vol. V., 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—In this volume we have the narrative of Hamilton's career, from 1792 to 1794 inclusive, two of the most important years of the great Federalist's life. There is less family partizanship than in the former volumes, and to that extent this volume is an improvement on its predecessors; but the work, even with its depreciation of Washington, is a valuable contribution to the historical literature of America.

Prince Charlie. The Young Chevalier. By Meredith Johnes, author of "Boys' Work of Modern Travel," &c. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A most delightful and instructive book for children, full of incident, and of pictures of the men and manners of the time. The romance, which clings around the life of Prince Charles, has always made him one of the most interesting characters in history, to the young. We think this is a reprint of an English work. The book has eight fine wood-cuts, and the type and paper are both good.

Thoughts and Reflections on the Position of Europe, and its probable consequences to the United States. By Francis J. Grund. 1 *vol.* 12 *mo. Philada: Childs & Peterson.*—A very superior book. Few persons, living in America, are more familiar with European affairs than Mr. Grund: and still fewer have as keen an analysis, or as masterly a combination. The best chapter, in our opinion, is that which discusses the chances of the Bonaparte dynasty. The volume is neatly printed.

Bible Stories in Bible Language. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is the first book of Bible stories, we believe, that has been published for children in Bible language. It consists of those incidents most likely to interest a child, such as "The Deluge," "Noah's Ark," "Joseph in Egypt," "Moses," "The Offering up of Isaac," &c., &c. It is beautifully illustrated and printed.

Baby Night-Caps. By the author of "Life Among the Children," "Night-Caps," "Aunt Fanny's Stories." 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A book for the very little folks, printed with good, large type, that will not puzzle the eyes of the "little darlings" who are beginning to read. It is quite as good, in its way, as the "Night-Caps." It is also illustrated.

Major Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansaw. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—"A Quarter Race in Kentucky," "Playing Poker in Arkansas," and "A Night in a Swamp," all stories of standard reputation, are among the contents of this volume. The illustrations are by Darley. There is nothing, in American literature, more original than its humorous sketches.

Martha's Hooks and Eyes. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A touching story of an earnest-minded girl, who was a heroine without being conscious of it, daily performing the duties which lay nearest to her with a cheerful, loving heart. We cannot recommend this little volume too highly.

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Edith's Ministry. By Harriet B. McKeever. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.—When we say that this novel may be safely placed in the hands of daughters, we pay the author what we consider a very high compliment. The story is quite interesting, and ought to have a large sale. We cordially recommend it. The volume is neatly got up.

The Boy Tars. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Few authors know better than Capt. Reid how to fix the attention of the young, and yet instruct them at the same time. This, his last story, recounts the adventures of some boy sailors, in a voyage to Peru, and is even more absorbing, we think, than his earlier works.

Seven Years; and other Tales. By Julia Kavanaugh. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This new story, by the aulhor of "Nathalie," will be eagerly sought after. Though printed in a handsome volume of four hundred pages, it is sold for the low price of thirty-eight cents. It is a capital book.

History of all Religions. By Samuel M. Smucker, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Duane Rulison.—This is a history of the origin, development, doctrines, and government of the religious denominations in the United States and Europe. It is, on the whole, a good compilation.

The Crusade and the Crusaders. By John G. Edgar. 1 vol. 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An excellent account of the Crusades, adapted to the tastes of young lads. The volume is bountifully embellished. We recommend it to parents.

The Child's Book of Fairy Tales. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans.—The illustrations of this volume, which are in colors, are its principal recommendation; for we do not think the tales, themselves, at all remarkable.

A Book of Popular Songs. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Geo. G. Evans.—A very good selection of songs, ancient and modern, selected principally with a view to popularity.

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Hair Work,
Theorem Painting,
Taxidermy, or the Art of Preserving Birds,
Gilding and Bronzing,
Grecian Painting,
Antique Painting,
Oriental Painting,
Wax Flowers, from the crude wax, to the beautiful and perfect flower, fruit, &c.,
Sign Painting,
Shell Work,
Painting on Ground Glass,
Magic Lantern,
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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

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☞ *These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.*

CAKES, &C.

Almond Cakes.—Take two pounds of loaf sugar, and two pounds of almonds; put them into a stewpan with a pint of water, set them over a clear coal fire, and let them boil till you hear the almonds crack; then take them off the fire and stir them till they are quite dry. Afterward put them into a wire sieve, and sift all the sugar from them. Put the sugar into the pan again, with a little water, give it a boil; put four spoonfuls of scraped cochineal to the sugar to color it; put the almonds into the pans, keep stirring them over the fire until they become quite dry, and then put them into glasses. They will keep twelve months.

Apricot Cakes.—Take one pound of nice, ripe apricots, scald them, and as soon as you find the skin will come off, peel them, take out the stones, and beat in a marble mortar to a pulp. Boil half a pound of double refined sugar, with a spoonful of water, skim it exceedingly well; then put in the pulp of your apricots, let them simmer a quarter of an hour over a slow fire, stirring it softly all the time. Then pour it into shallow, flat glasses; turn them out upon glass plates; put them into a stove, and turn them once a day until they become dry.

Apricot Paste.—Pare and stone your apricots, and boil them in water till they will mash quite small. Put a pound of double refined sugar in your preserving-pan, with as much water as will dissolve it, and boil it to sugar again; take it off the fire, and put into it a pound of apricots; let it stand till the sugar is melted, then make it scalding hot, but do not let it boil. Then pour it into china dishes, or cups; set them in a stove, and when stiff enough, put them on glass plates. Turn them, occasionally, till they become dry.

Blanc Mange—No. 1.—Take three half pints of calf's-feet jelly before it is strained, and add to it a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a pint of good cream, and a few blades of mace; let them boil about five minutes. Strain the mixture through a clean napkin, stir it until it begins to jelly, and then put it in your moulds.

Blanc Mange—No. 2.—Procure one set of nicely cleaned calf's-feet, cover them with water, and let them boil until the meat drops from the bone; strain the essence well, and let it stand until it becomes cold; skim the fat off very clean. Then add to it one pint of rich cream, and one pound of loaf sugar, and a little mace; put it on the fire and let it boil about two minutes; then strain it through a clean cloth, stir it well while cooling; and when nearly cool, add a glass of wine, and half a glass of rose water; then pour it into the moulds, and let it stand until next day.

Blanc Mange—No. 3.—Steep two ounces of isinglass in a pint of water all night; in the morning put it on the fire, and let it boil until it melts. Add to it one quart of cream, with a stick of cinnamon in it; stir it well together, give it a boil up, then take it off the fire, sweeten it to your taste, and add to it two ounces of almonds, blanched, and pounded very fine; put in, also, two spoonfuls of orange flower water; then strain it through a fine sieve, put it in moulds, and keep it in a cool place until you use it.

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Apple Souflee.—Prepare your apples as for sauce, sweeten it to your taste, and add the juice of one lemon, and the rind of half a lemon; mix one egg up with it while it is warm, and flavor it with a small quantity of syrup of orange or apricot. Make a nice custard, and pour it over the apples, &c.; then put the dish into the oven, and let it become quite hot before you send it to table. Whip the whites of six eggs to a strong froth, and lay it over the apples and custard. Brown it with a salamander, sifting sugar over it all the while it is browning, which occupies about three minutes. Send it immediately to table.

Bullace Cheese.—The bullace is a wild, sour plum. Procure some wild, sour plums, fully ripe, put them into a pot, and to every quart of plums put a quarter of a pound of fine loaf sugar; bake them in a moderate oven until they become soft, and then rub them through a hair sieve. To every pound of pulp add half a pound of fine loaf sugar; then boil it an hour and a half over a slow fire, and keep stirring it all the time; afterward pour it into pots, tie brandy papers over them, and keep them in a dry place. When it has stood for a few months, it will cut out very bright and fine.

VARIETIES.

Catchup.—To a gallon of skinned tomates add four tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of black pepper, half a spoonful of allspice, eight pods of red pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of mustard; all the articles must be ground fine. Simmer the whole slowly in sharp vinegar, in a pewter dish, or basin for three, or four hours, and then strain the mixture through a wire sieve; bottle it close. It may be used in two weeks, but improves much by age. Those who like the article, may add—after the simmering is over, and the mixture is somewhat cooled—two tablespoonfuls of the juice of garlic. So much vinegar is to be used, as to have half a gallon of liquor when the process is completed. Besides being a first-rate catchup, it is considered an excellent remedy for dyspepsia.

Croquettes.—Put two ounces of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of flour into a pan; stir them until they become pretty thick, add a cupful of cream, and stir again until it becomes as thick as hasty pudding; add a little salt, nutmeg, and cayenne pepper. Chop the white meat of a fowl, or a pound of white fish, quite small, and pour it into the above mixture. Keep it over the fire two or three minutes, and then pour the mixture into a dish. When cold, cut it in pieces, and shape it into pears. Cover them with egg, and grated bread crumbs, and fry them in lard. The lard must be boiling, or they will not be dry.

Cherry Toast.—Procure some fine pie cherries; stem, and stone them, and stew them nicely with some stick cinnamon and sugar; flavor them with wine, to your liking. Toast some slices of bread; lay them in the bottom of a deep dish, and then put upon the toast a layer of cherries. Alternate, a layer of toast, and a layer of cherries, until the dish is full. Serve it when cold.

Cold Slaugh—No. 1.—Have ready your cabbage, cut fine; then make a sauce of some drawn butter, adding an egg or two, well beaten, and some vinegar, and pour the sauce over the cabbage.

Cold Slaugh—No. 2.—Have ready some cabbage, cut fine, mixed with some green celery leaves, and make a dressing as follows:—Simmer over the fire a small quantity of vinegar, water, cayenne pepper, salt, and a small piece of butter. Then beat lightly two or three eggs, and when the above mixture is nearly cool, throw it over the eggs, stirring it well all the time. When quite cold, pour the mixture over the cabbage, &c. The celery leaves are a great improvement.

Cranberry Rice Jelly.—Boil your cranberries, press and strain the juice, boil it, and, by degrees, mix it in with enough boiled rice to thicken it. Put it in a form, let it grow cold, turn it out, and serve it with cream.

Custard Pudding.—Take one quart of cream, or new milk, add to it some sticks of cinnamon, lemon peel, and peach leaves, and boil it well; sweetening it to your liking. Beat up the yolks of twelve eggs, and stir them carefully into the milk, also, a glass of brandy, and rose water; strain it through a sieve into a dish, lay sippets of bread and butter on the top, strew cinnamon over it, and bake it half an hour.

Cottage Pudding.—Beat together two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; then add one teaspoonful of sub-carbonate of soda, dissolved in milk. Bake the pudding half an hour in a moderate oven, and serve it with whatever sauce you prefer.

MADE DISHES.

Ducks a la Mode.—Slit two ducks down the back, and bone them carefully. Make a forcemeat of the crumbs of bread, four ounces of fat bacon, scraped, a little parsley, thyme, lemon peel, some onion, shred very fine, with pepper, salt, and nutmeg to your liking, and two eggs; stuff your ducks with the forcemeat, sew them up, lard them down each side of the breast with bacon, dredge them well with flour, and put them in an oven to brown. Then put them into a stew-pan with three pints of gravy, a glassful of red wine, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, a tablespoonful of mushroom catchup, the same quantity of browning, one anchovy, and as much cayenne pepper as you prefer using; stew them gently over a slow fire for an hour, and when cooked enough, thicken your gravy, put in a few truffles, strain it, and pour it upon them. A goose may be cooked in the same way.

Jellied Chickens.—Roast two chickens. Then boil a set of calf's feet to a strong jelly, take out the feet, and skim off the fat; then mix them with half a pint of white wine vinegar, the juice of three lemons, a blade or two of mace, some whole pepper, and a little salt, and put them to your jelly. When it has boiled five or six minutes, run it through a jelly bag several times till it is very clear. Then put a small portion of the jelly into the bottom of a bowl that will hold your chickens; when they are cold, and the jelly quite set, lay them in with their breasts down, and fill up the bowl with the rest of your jelly, which you must take care to keep from setting. Let it stand all night, and the next day put your bowl into warm water, pretty near the top; as soon as you find it loose in the basin, lay a dish over it, and turn it out upon it.

Mutton and Beans.—Put the mutton and beans in a pot together, with some salt, and enough water to cover the meat. When it is time to cook your potatoes, put them into the pot, also, and boil them until they are cooked enough. Just before it is time to serve the dish, put a tablespoonful of flour into a skillet, and add to it, a lump of butter as large as a hazel-nut, brown them, and when of a light chesnut color, mix with it a little of the liquor from off the meat. Mix it very smooth, and then stir it into the pot containing the beans, and meat, &c. Let the whole boil a little while longer, and then serve the several articles in separate dishes. Sprinkle a little pepper over the beans.

Harricoed Mutton.—Cut a neck, or loin of mutton into steaks, and fry them a light brown. Have ready a gravy made of the scrag of the mutton, and some veal, with a piece of lean bacon, and a few capers; season it to your liking with pepper, salt, thyme, and onions, strain it, and add it to the steaks, just one hour before you serve them. Take care to do it on a slow fire. Dish the chops up handsomely with turnips and carrots cut in dice, with a good deal of gravy, thickened with a piece of batter rolled in a very little butter. If they are not tender, they will not be good. Serve them very hot.

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Macaroni with Oysters.—Boil the macaroni in salt water, and drain it through a cullender; then, into a deep earthen dish, put, alternately, layers of macaroni, and oysters, sprinkling each layer of macaroni with cayenne pepper, and finely grated cheese. Bake it in an oven, or a stove, until the top becomes brown. One quart of oysters will be sufficient for a large dish; but the quantity of oysters must be regulated to suit the taste. Plenty of butter must be used in compounding this dish.

BEVERAGES, &c.

Orange Juice.—Squeeze your oranges into a pan—then strain them through a very coarse sieve, and afterwards through a very fine sieve. Measure your juice, and to every pint, add a pound of fine loaf sugar; let it stand together all night, covered closely; then take off the scum, stir it well in the pan, and pour it into dry pint bottles; put in a spoonful of brandy, and after the bottles are filled, tie over the cork with leather. If you do not choose to put spirits in—a little oil will answer instead; but be careful to take it off before you use the juice. Keep it in a dry place, and it will be good for two years.

Blackberry Syrup.—Procure perfectly ripe fruit—extract the juice, and to each quart, add one pound of loaf sugar; let it boil about an hour, skim it, and when cool enough to bottle, put to each quart bottle a small teacupful of old French brandy, and some whole spice—of all kinds—but not *too much*. It is best to give the spice a boil in the syrup before it is quite done. Put about a large old fashioned wineglassful of brandy to a wine bottle full of syrup.

Currant Wine.—Put twelve quarts of ripe currants into a bag, and spread the bag out, in a tub. Pour two gallons of boiling water over the bag, and let it remain thus until morning; then hang it up to drain—but do not squeeze it. Afterwards add fourteen pounds of good brown sugar, strain it into a five gallon keg, and fill it up with water. Leave the bung out for five or six days; then put it in *lightly* until the liquor is done fermenting.

Black Cherry Brandy.—Take the stones out of eight pounds of black cherries, and put on them a gallon of the best brandy. Bruise the stones in a mortar, then put them in your brandy, cover them up close, and let them stand a month, or six weeks; then pour it clear from the sediments, and bottle it.

Orange Flower Water.—Two drachms of oil of neroli or orange flowers, half an ounce of carbonate of magnesia, one gill of spirits of wine, and one gallon of water. Drop the oil on the magnesia, and rub it with the spirits of wine; after which, add the water slowly, and filter the whole mixture.

Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla.—The ingredients are: Half a pound of bruised Sarsaparilla, two ounces of orange peel, half an ounce of licorice root, two ounces of sassafras, and one gallon of water. Boil all down to half a gallon, and one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

French Honey.—Break one pound of lump sugar into pieces; put it into a pan, and add the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four eggs, the juice of four lemons, (and grate in the rinds of two of the lemons,) and a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir the ingredients over a slow fire, until the mixture becomes thick—like honey. It will keep for a year if put into jars—tied down with paper—and kept in a dry, cool place. Good brown sugar may be used instead of white sugar.

Fairy Butter.—Take the yolks of four eggs, boiled hard, and a quarter of a pound of butter; beat two ounces of sugar in a large spoonful of orange flour water; then beat all the ingredients together to a fine paste, let it stand two or three hours, and then rub it through a cullender upon a plate. It looks very pretty.

Ice Cream—English Fashion.—Pare, stone, and scald twelve ripe apricots, (of course, any other fruit will answer as well,) beat them fine in a marble mortar, and put to them a pint of scalding cream; work it through a hair sieve, put it into a tin that has a close cover, set it in a tub of ice, broken small, having a large quantity of salt mixed with it, and when you see your cream grow thick around the edges of your tin, stir it, and set it in again till it grows quite thick. When your cream is all frozen up, take it out of your tin, put it into the mould you intend it to be turned out of, put on the lid, and put the mould into a tub filled with ice and salt, as before mentioned. Let the ice be under, and over the mould. Let it stand thus four or five hours.

How to dry Peaches.—Take peaches, of the best quality, just when they are ripe enough to eat, halve them, remove the stones, and sprinkle over them, in the hollow from which the pit was taken, a little nice sugar. Dry them in a brick oven, after the bread, &c., is withdrawn. Prepared in this way, from peaches fully ripe, they need no cooking, but are simply soaked out in water. All the sugar they require (ranging of course with the variety,) is added while drying. Peaches thus dried and prepared, are only inferior to the fresh fruit, of which they retain the flavor in a remarkable degree.

Fried Potatoes.—Pare the potatoes, and cut them in slices, as evenly as possible, (it is better to cut them with a silver knife,) and not thicker than a wafer. Place, and keep them in ice water for four days, changing the water once each day; then fry them in boiling lard—as you would dough-nuts. After they are sufficiently brown, take them out, (draining off the fat,) and sprinkle a little salt over them. If you wish to have them very nice, put them in a towel, thus absorbing whatever fat may cling to them.

Fresh Peaches.—Pare your peaches, and then pack them in cans—as close as possible. Make a syrup of three pounds of sugar, dissolved in a gallon of water. Boil, and strain it, and when *cold*, fill up your cans with the syrup, solder them, and put them into a kettle full of cold water, and set them over the fire. As soon as the water *comes to a boil*, (but do not continue them longer,) take them from off the fire, and keep them in a cool place.

Hominy Bread.—Break two eggs into a bowl, and beat them from five to ten minutes. Add, continually stirring, a saltspoonful of table salt, four or five tablespoonfuls of hot hominy—reduced nearly to the consistency of thick gruel with hot milk—one large spoonful of butter, and a pint of scalded Indian meal, squeezed dry. Make the dough up into small loaves, or round cakes, one inch and a half thick, and bake them in a brisk oven.

Home-made Charlotte Russe.—Boil one quart of milk; then stir in, slowly, the yolks of six eggs—well beaten; sweeten and flavor the custard to your liking, and let it cool; afterwards, slice into the custard about half a pound of almond cake. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff foam, adding three or four tablespoonfuls of white sifted sugar; lay this over the top of the custard, put it in the oven, and bake it ten or fifteen minutes. It must be served cold.

Ice Cream.—Grate, into two quarts of milk, the rind of two lemons; make it very sweet, and boil it well. Take twelve eggs, leaving out half the whites, beat them well, and pour the boiling milk upon them; then place it upon the fire for five minutes, stirring it constantly. Afterwards, pour it through a sieve. Take one pailful of ice to a quart of salt. One hour is sufficient to freeze the cream. It must be stirred constantly.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to give Silver Plate a Lustre.—Dissolve alum in a strong lye, scum it carefully, then mix it with soap, and wash your silver utensils with it, using a linen rag.

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Polishing Liquid.—After using the following polish, water may be sprinkled on furniture without staining it; it also resists scratching. The ingredients are: One pint of spirits of wine, half an ounce of gum shellack, half an ounce of gum lac, half an ounce of gum sandrick. Place the ingredients over a gentle heat, frequently agitating the vessel until the gums are dissolved, after which, it is fit for use. Make a roller of list, put a small portion of the polish on it, and then cover it with a soft linen rag, which must be slightly touched with cold-drawn linseed oil. Rub this into the wood in a circular direction, not covering too large a space at one time, and continue it until the pores of the wood are sufficiently filled up. After this, rub in, in the same manner, some spirits of wine, with a small portion of the polish added to it. If the furniture has been previously polished with wax, it will be necessary to clean it off with glass paper before the polish is used.

How to remove Fruit Stains.—Moisten the part stained with cold water, then hold it over the smoke of burning brimstone, and the stain will disappear. This recipe will serve for iron mould, also.

How to take Ink Spots from Linen.—Take a piece of mould candle of the finest kind, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow. Then throw the linen into the wash.

For Scrubbing Marble Steps.—Use water with a small portion of washing soda dissolved in it, and some sand. On no account use soap, as it will discolor the marble.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. I.—Dress of light blue Silk; skirt trimmed with twelve narrow flounces. Corsage draped with folds meeting in the middle of the body, and round at the waist. Sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves, collar, and cap of Brussels *applique*.

Fig. II.—Dress of black Satin, trimmed with a fawn-colored satin plaided with black. The satin trimming is put on in scallops, around the bottom of the skirt are eight ruffles of the light satin, *en tablier*, and finished at the ends with black velvet bows. Body and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Fig. III.—The Compeigne.—The corsage of this wraps over and fastens on the left side. The skirt is very wide at the lower part, and is trimmed with a band of velvet, edged with gold. Square pocket-holes, trimmed with velvet and gold. Long sleeves, set in full at the armholes, and trimmed down the outside of the arm with bands of gold. The cuffs are trimmed in corresponding style, and fastened with buttons of velvet and gold. Round the throat a narrow ruff of quilled tulle, and cuffs of the same. Of course any colored braid may be substituted for the gold braid.

Fig. IV.—Watteau, a velvet cloak forming a long pelerine with a shawl point. The under part is laid in large plaits on the back, which supply the necessary fullness to simulate sleeves; all the edges are trimmed with a velvet fluting on which lies a narrow guipure. This form is at once simple, new, and of convenient wear. Any strong silk is also suitable for this cloak; but the ruches must then be made of satin.

Fig. V.—Cleopatra, a large velvet cloak with cape sleeves; a rich lace at top and down the front. The skirt is trimmed with a deep lace flounce sewed on a velvet flounce. A row of lace laid flat, and two flounces of moderate width decorate the sleeves. The bottom of the cloak and sleeves is bordered inside by a white satin ruche edged with a narrow lace, projecting a little beyond.

Fig. VI.—Corsage of clear white Muslin, slightly open in front. The trimming consists of rows of Valenciennes and needlework insertion. The sleeves are of the bell form, and very wide, and in the inner part they are slit up as far as to the armhole. They are ornamented with Valenciennes insertion and a row of Valenciennes lace, quite at the edge. A row of Valenciennes at the upper end of the corsage is carried down to the waist in front. A ceinture of ribbon is fastened in a bow, with flowing ends in front of the waist.

Fig. VII.—The Duchess is of gray cloth or flannel.—It is made in the shawl form, with several plaits at the back, where it is put on to the deep yoke. This yoke is trimmed with a wide plaiting of the material of which the mantle is composed, and a narrow one finishes the bottom of the garment. If made in flannel, or of light cloth, and left unwadded, this will make a most desirable spring wrap. It will be also very convenient for cool days in summer, or for traveling.

General Remarks.—Dresses are trimmed in various ways. When flounces are employed, there are several modes of arranging them, all equally fashionable. For instance, for dinner or evening dress the skirt may be entirely covered with narrow flounces; or they may be placed in groups of three and three together, reaching to a little above the knees. For a plainer style of dress, a favorite style for flounces consists of one deep flounce with a heading surmounted by three or four narrow frills, the uppermost having a heading. Flounces may be finished at the edge merely with a hem, or a row of velvet; or they may be pinked out in scallops. Trimmings composed of bands of velvet passing round the skirt, and front trimmings of velvet or passementerie, are also in vogue. In addition to those already mentioned, there are many favorite trimmings, consisting of gauffrings, macaroons, brandebourgs, &c. Dresses are made quite high; the most in favor will be those with round waists and *ceintures* with broad floating ends; some ladies still prefer the pointed body, but in this case the points should be short, and the dresses lace up the back. Bows and rosettes down the front, in the whole length of the dress, have a very good effect, but this is only where the materials are heavy, and admit of neither flounces nor double skirts, or where there is no seam at the waist. Bows and ends in the form of shoulder knots, are also popular. For in-door, the Zouave jacket, made of velvet, is worn with a skirt of silk or satin: the skirts still continue to be worn as full as ever.

The Tight Sleeve will be the most stylish and fashionable, for morning and promenade dresses during the present season; it is a revival, with a few modifications, of the style of 1848, and is admirably adapted for those *distingue* dresses without seam across the waist: these sleeves are not made so very tight to the arm, as at the period above named; they have certainly a seam at the back of the arm to shape the elbow, but ample room is given to bend the arm easily: for cold weather they are decidedly more warm and *comfortable* than the large open sleeves, which have been carried to the extreme.

By the last steamer we hear that the French Empress has abolished crinoline, but it will be a long while before this popular adjunct to a lady's dress is entirely done away with.

One of the prettiest dresses of the present season is composed of black velvet. It is made high and with the corsage closed up to the throat. With this exception of a row of gold buttons up the front of the skirt and the corsage, this dress is entirely plain. The sleeves are wide and lined with white satin, at the edge there is a row of white blonde covered with black lace. A ceinture of black velvet fastened with a gold buckle, is worn round the waist.

Another very stylish dress is of black silk, with many flounces, a black one and then one of deep groseille silk alternately; tight sleeves of black, with the cap, or *jockey*, of groseille silk; also a puff of groseille silk at the hand; corsage of black silk, with groseille silk buttons. Small frill of goffered Valenciennes falling over the hand. The wide sleeves will still be in great favor for dinner and house

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dress. They are undoubtedly more elegant, while the tight sleeves have the advantage of being warmer, and are less troublesome for winter.

For Ball Dresses, *tulle*, *tarlatane*, gauze, and very fine muslin, are the materials the best adapted; puffings of *tulle* always look light and elegant; the mixture of ribbon with the flowers is in very good taste, and will be in great favor; the ends of the ribbon always terminating either in gold acorns or tassels. A Paris paper describes a dress recently made for a Russian Princess, which must be very beautiful. The underslip was of white satin, over this was a skirt of tulle bouillonne, which was covered with a shower of golden stars; the corsage of the same. The dressmaker declared that the head-dress was composed of five stars set in diamonds; a large one in the centre, and diminishing in size at the sides! Imagine the effect of this toilet on a young and beautiful creature, that creature possessing the additional lustre of being a princess, and this her toilet for the first ball after her marriage. Another destined for the same person was composed of tulle of a pale delicate water green, the skirt made with large bouillonnes, and looped up at irregular distances with branches of graceful hanging seaweed—this was called very appropriately the "Naiad."

The fashionable Parisian morning dresses, usually called *peignoirs*, rarely present much novelty, as far as regards form; but the materials of which they are composed, and the trimmings which ornament them, admit of great variety, in accordance with the taste of the wearer. One, in a style very fashionable in Paris, is composed of white cashmere. It is open in front, and worn over a skirt of white muslin, trimmed with a tablier consisting of scalloped flounces, the tablier just filling up the opening between the two sides of the dress. The skirt is lined with mauve-color silk, and is bordered with a fluted quilling of ribbon of the same color as the lining. The corsage is high and close, and has a small collar; a plaiting of ribbon passes up the centre of the corsage, and trims the edge of the collar. The sleeves are rather wide, and are slit up their whole length in the inner part of the arm. They are lined with mauve silk, and edged round with a plaiting of ribbon. Long under-sleeves of white muslin, closed at the wrist and finished by turned-up cuffs. A bow of ribbon with long ends is fixed on each shoulder, and round the waist is a ribbon ceinture, fastened in a bow with long ends flowing over the front of the dress.

Gold Braid is being extensively introduced into ladies' apparel this year; it first began with the Zouave jacket, and is now invading cloaks, dresses, and even bonnets; for cloaks it is not pretty—in the first place it tarnishes quickly, and in the second it has a *stagey*, or theatrical look, which every lady with quiet tastes wishes to avoid. For dresses the same remark made be made—for the Zouave, the little house jacket for cold weather, it is lively, new, and coquettish.

Collars.—For morning and visiting collars, the fashionable stores are making us small *all-rounders*, in exact imitation of those worn by the gentlemen: they are very becoming. The sleeve to be worn with this is exactly like a gentleman's shirt-sleeve, the cuff falling over the hand, and not turned back in the usual style. Both sleeves and collar are made of linen. Another pretty style is the *col a revers*. To use this shape the dress must be cut open in the front; the collar has lappets, which turn over, leaving the neck slightly exposed. To avoid taking cold while adopting this pretty collar, the ladies tie about their necks a cravat, made of white muslin and trimmed with a deep Valenciennes. The bow and ends fit in exactly where the collar is open, and the effect is light and becoming. We must mention that with the first collar must be worn a cravat like those of the gentlemen, called, in London, the "tubular tie."

Under-Sleeves are worn a little fuller than recently. When not intended for evening dress they are closed at the wrists. Some are embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes; others are trimmed with black lace, and bows and ends of velvet or ribbon are frequently employed as trimmings for under-sleeves. Fichus over low corsages are worn this winter.

Head-Dresses.—A delicious little head-dress for an evening party has a spiral, snail-shaped crown of mallow ribbon and a blonde lace laid on flat, forming a slight point on the forehead, and having under it a narrow pinked ruche like those on the head. On each side at the cheeks are loops of mallow ribbon, and two barbs of blonde are added behind on long ribbon strings which hang below them. Another head-dress is composed of two lozenges of velvet bordered with lace, one being placed very forward, the other behind on the back hair. These two lozenges are connected by a flame-color velvet torsade covered by a row of lace, and on the left side, under this torsade, is placed a branch of cherry-color magnolias blended with grass and reeds.

The other, formed by a broad band of blue velvet, the ends of which are turned underneath, while the band itself is placed very low as a *cache-peigne*. In front of this band are two loops of blue ribbon, lying round on the head, while a gold torsade winds round them and terminates, on the one hand, in three handsome tassels, and on the other in a branch of white and gold bell-flowers.

Bonnets are much larger, coming more forward in the front, sitting off at the sides; terry velvet, mixed with lace and silk, is the most fashionable material. The bonnets which have just appeared, present no novelty of moment, beyond what we have already noticed. We have seen a black velvet bonnet prettily and simply trimmed with quillings of black lace. It is lined with blue terry velvet, and the lining is turned up so as to form a narrow bordering on the outside of the brim. The under-trimming is composed of ruches of blonde, and a bouquet of daisies formed of blue velvet, fixed on one side by a bow of black lace. The strings are composed of blue terry velvet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Among the newest fashions for children, are some very pretty cloaks and dresses suitable for the cold weather. Felt hats, trimmed with feathers, will continue to be worn. Dresses for little girls are trimmed with flounces, or with rows of velvet, or checquered poplin, the trimming depending on the kind of material composing the dress. Passementerie is also much employed in trimming children's dresses. A dress of gray poplin with two skirts has just been made for a little girl. Each skirt is bordered with a row of velvet of the same color as the poplin. The corsage is low, and has revers edged with velvet. The sleeves, demi-short, consist of a puff turned up at the end. A ceinture of gray velvet is fastened at the back of the waist in a bow and flowing ends. A suitable dress for the present season is composed of winsey. It has a double skirt; the lower one ornamented with a front trimming of dark blue velvet, and the upper one is bordered with a row of the same velvet. The corsage is high and buttoned up to the throat, and the sleeves are long and open at the ends; the under-sleeves consist of one puff of nansouk, closed at the wrists by a band. A pretty little dress has been made of Albert blue silk. It has three flounces, each trimmed with three rows of velvet, graduating in different shades of blue, from the tint of the dress to a darker hue. The corsage is high and not pointed, and a ceinture of dark blue velvet, fastened behind, has long ends which flow over the back of the dress. The sleeves are formed of three frills, trimmed like the flounces with rows of velvet, and on each shoulder there is a bow with ends of dark blue velvet.

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THE TAILS OF PATIENCE.

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THE TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

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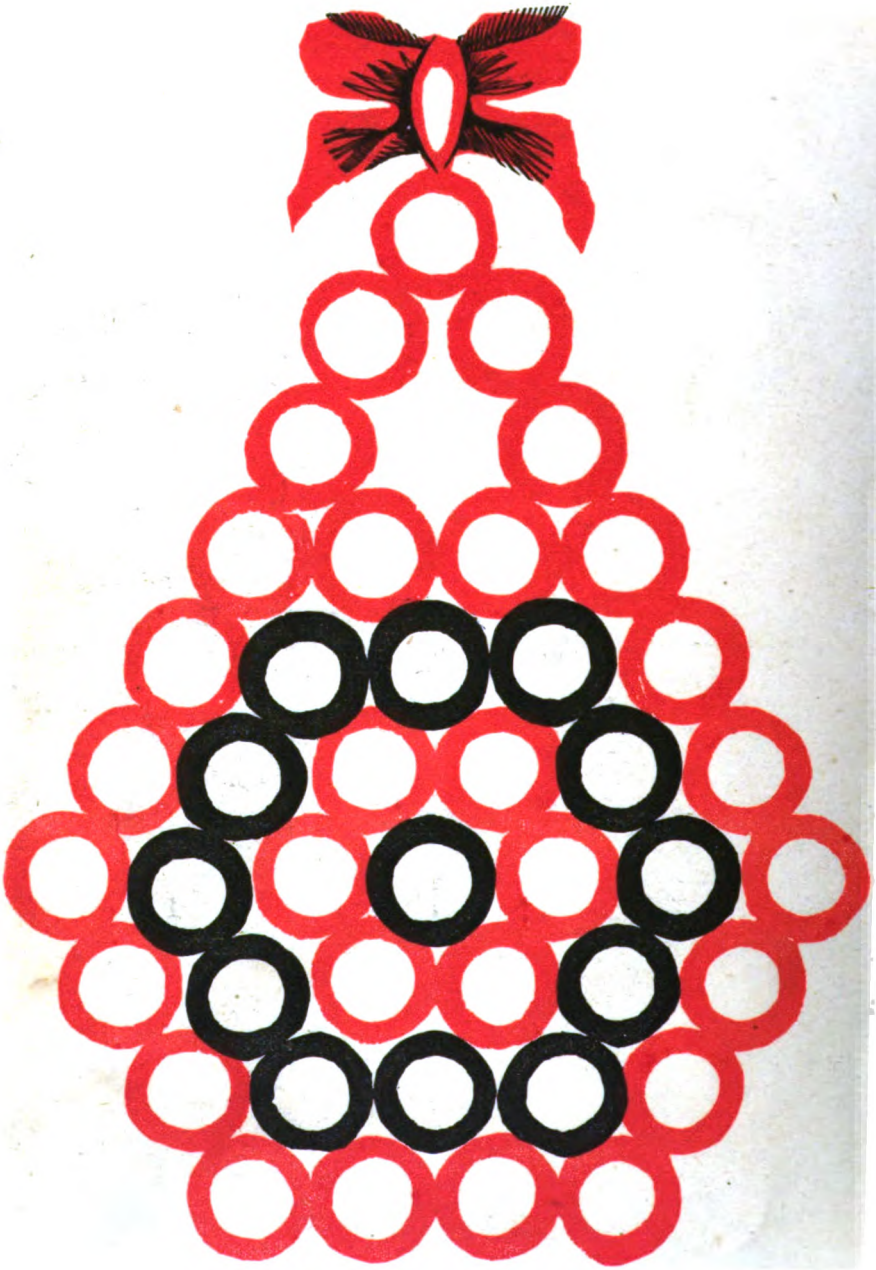

WATCH POCKET, IN CROCHET.

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COVETOUSNESS.

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THE VICTORIA.

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Emma

NAME FOR MARKING.

NEW STYLE HIGH BODY.

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Martha

NAME FOR MARKING.

THE ST. CLOUD.

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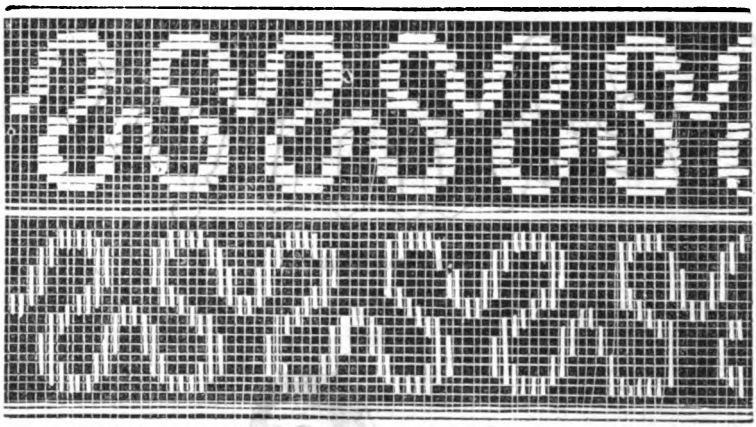
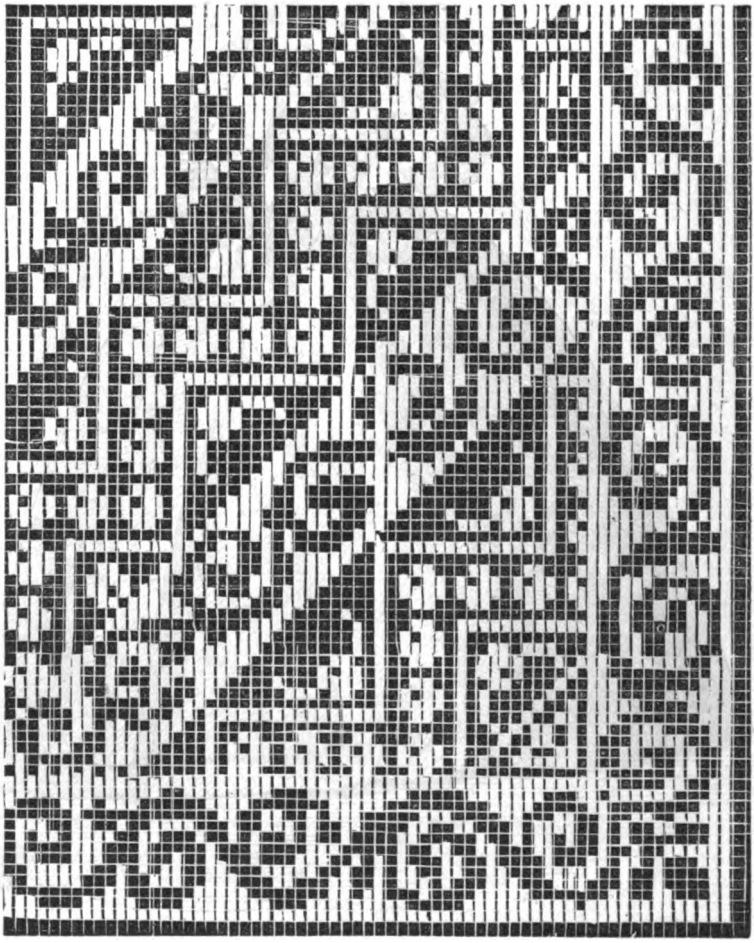


STRIPED CUSHION IN BERLIN WOOL.



ANTIMACASSAR IN NETTING AND DARNING.

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EDGING FOR EMBROIDERY.

SCARF IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

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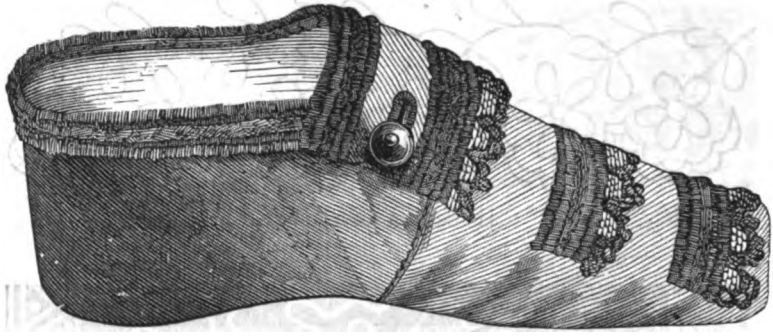
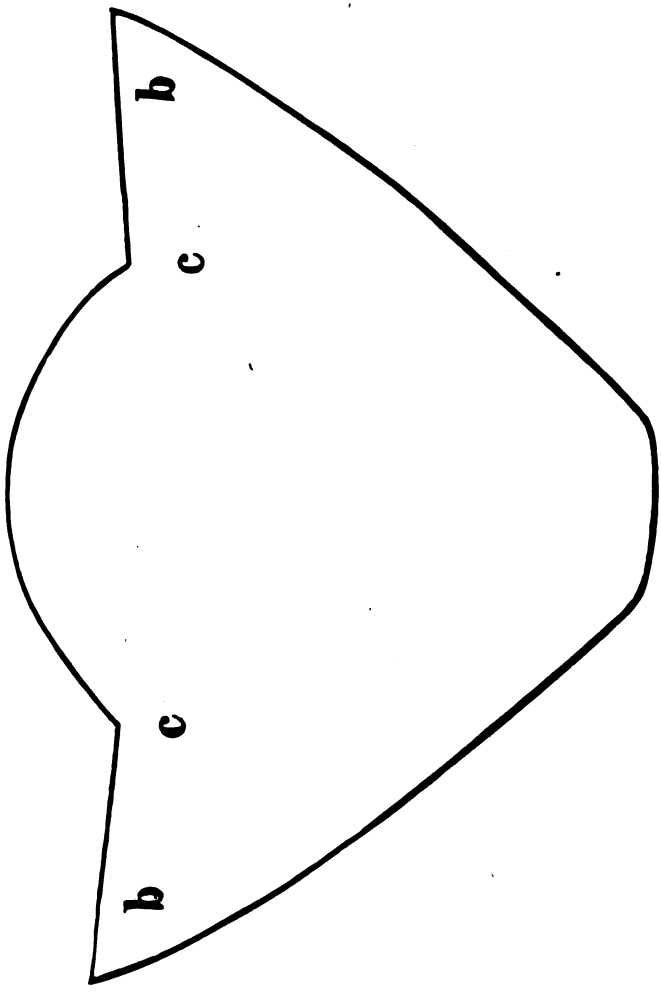


LADY'S SHOE.



TOE OF LADY'S SHOE.

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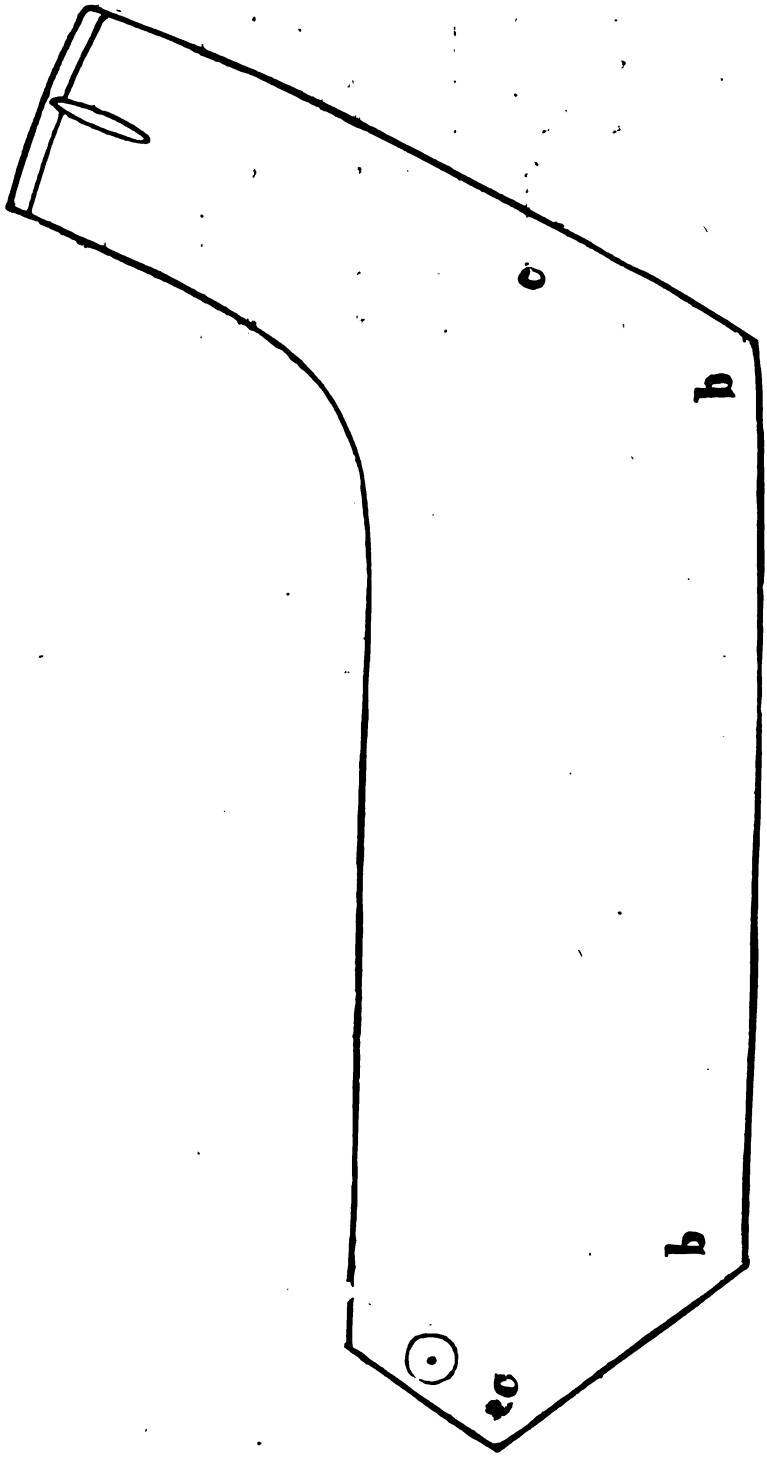

SIDE OF LADY'S SHOE.

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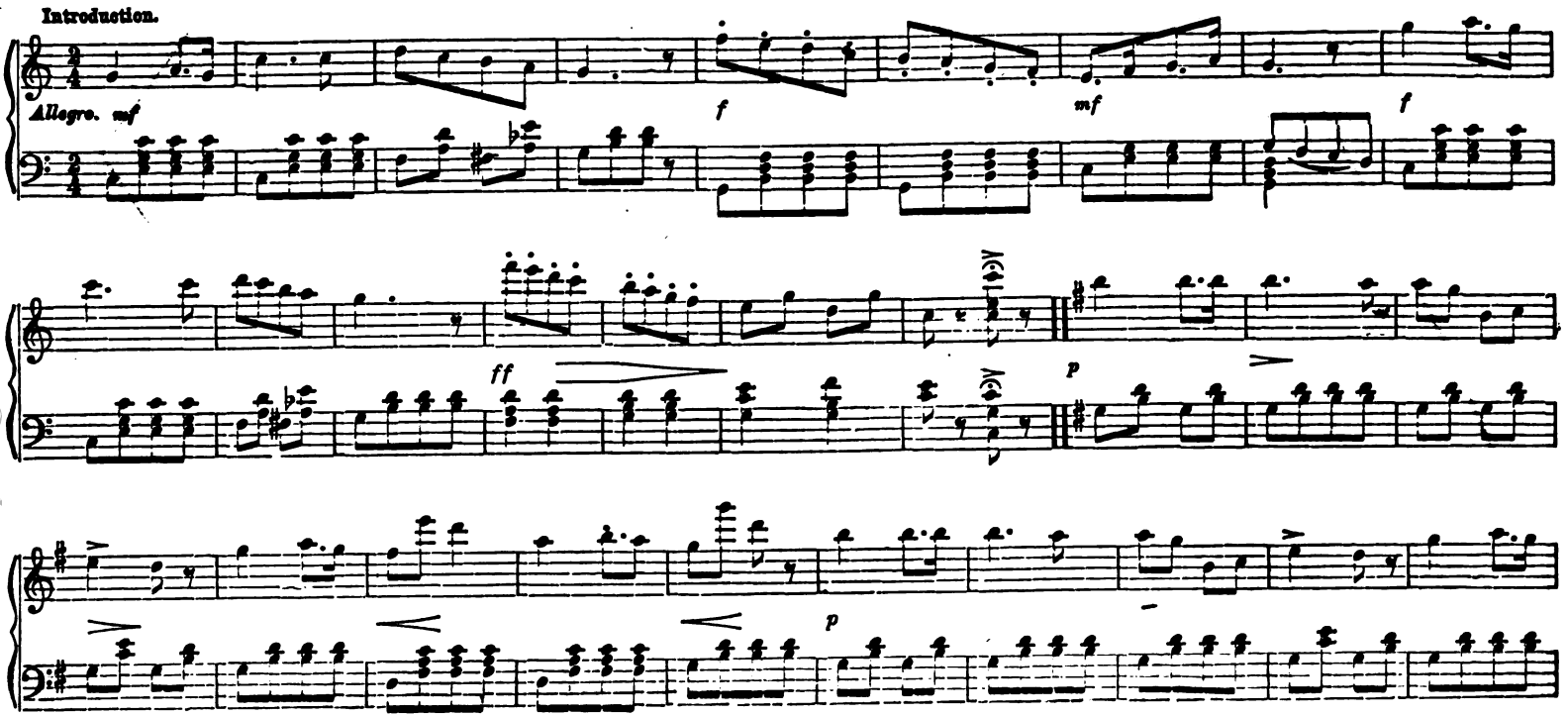
"EVER OF THEE" GALLOP.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

By Alice Hawthorne.



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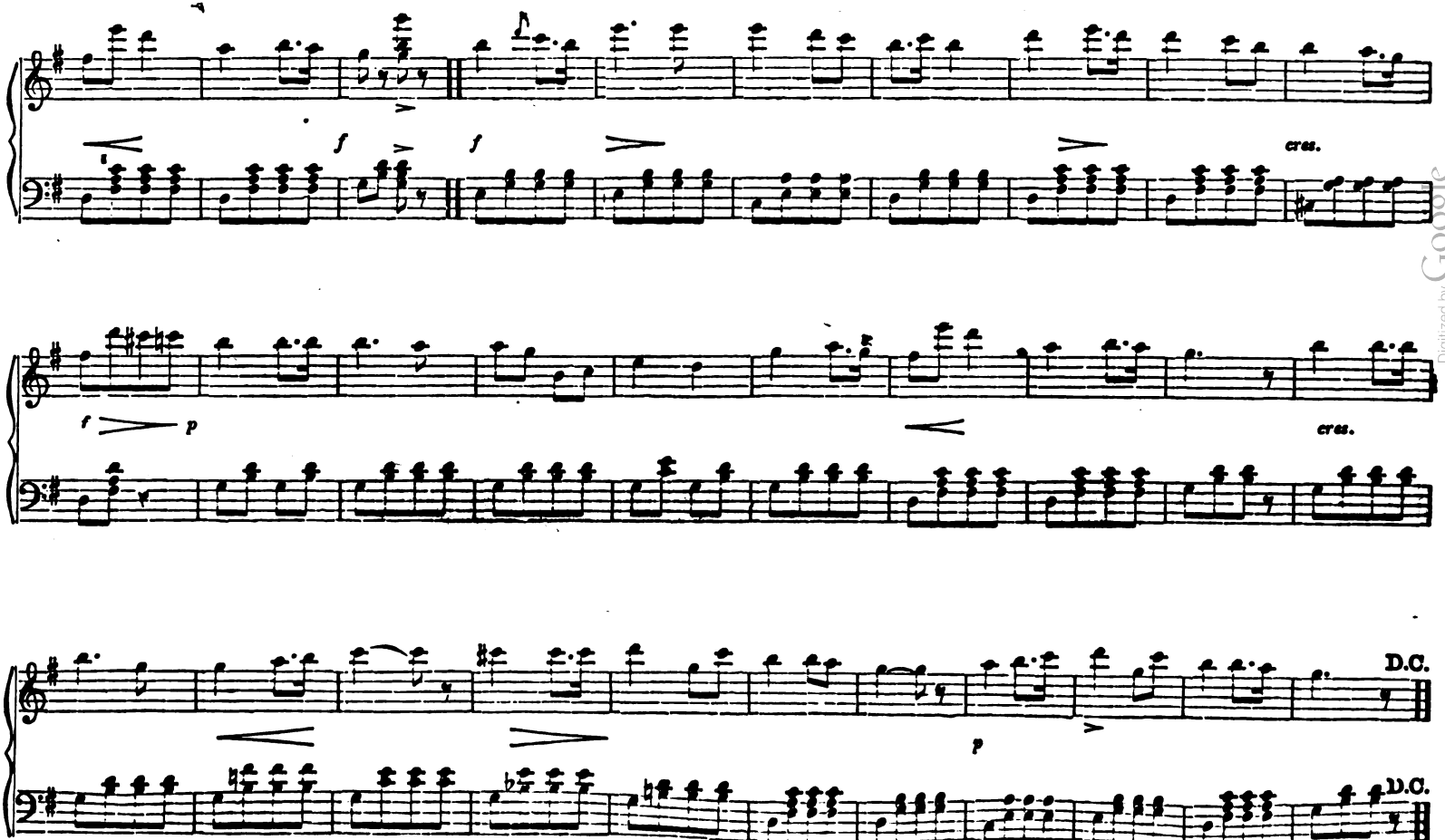

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THE CHAMBORD.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1860. No. 3.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

ANCIENT GREEK DRINKING-HORN.

Few people understand the difference between pottery and porcelain. But they are different things in themselves; the paste of pottery being opaque, that of porcelain translucid; pottery glazed with lead and silex, porcelain with an analogue to flint glass; while each kind, again, is subdivided into its own special classes, all of which are distinctly discernible to the collector and connoisseur. Thus, there is a soft pottery and a hard pottery; a hard porcelain, and a soft porcelain; with a third kind, an artificially soft porcelain; all these holding other divisions and characteristics underneath, some of the most prominent of which will be noticed as we proceed.

Soft pottery, or that which may be scratched with a knife, and which is fusible under the heat of a porcelain furnace, is composed of clay, sand, and lime, and makes our common pots and pipkins. The hard kind makes Queen's ware, stoneware, and the English ironstone ware. The soft is classified as—1. unglazed; 2. lustrous (found only in Greek and Roman ware); 3. glazed; 4. enameled. The first three comprised the earthenware of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, in all of which nations the potter's art was carried to very high perfection; though that great ceramic desideratum, a purely white earthenware, was, perhaps, not absolutely obtained by any one of the three. In Greece, the usual color was red, owing to an excess of oxide of iron in the clay; though there were pale fawn, light brown, ashy gray, and other neutral tints as well. Still, the prevailing natural color of the earthenware was red, red of various hues and depths. Some of the amphoræ (tall, pointed vases with two handles, used for holding wine, fruit, oil, honey,

ANCIENT GREEK WINE-LADLE.

grain, and even gold, and dead bodies,) were as red as coral; others, again, were black, made so by mixing asphaltum, or other analogous substances, with the clay; or, in the coarser kinds, by being smeared over with a glazed black paint, as was specially the case with pickle-jars and vases for the more homely household uses. Finer vessels were painted carefully with a black ground, and afterward decorated with those scenes and figures in red and white, which are so precious to us now, as the best representations of Hellenic costumes and customs preserved to us. The great Greek pot-

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teries were in Athens itself; the Ceramicus, or "potters' part" of the city, taking its name from the manufacture carried on in it.

The most exclusively national of all the Grecian earthenware were the drinking-horns, or *rhyta*. These were originally actual horns, but they grew into beautiful earthenware cups, on which the potter spent all his skill, and the artist exhausted his grace. The *cyathos*, or ladle, used for dipping the unmixed wine out of the wine-coolers, or *craters*, and putting it into the drinking cups of the guests, water being added from a jug, was another graceful utensil. The crater itself was also, frequently, very beautiful. One, with white handles, is given in the accompanying engraving. These wine-coolers were often quite large. The cruet, or *lecythus*, was likewise very elegant. It was used for holding oil, and was generally small, seldom exceeding a foot in height. One of the most beautiful that has come down to us is here engraved: the painting represents the triumph of Indian Bacchus. To show how highly some of these vases are valued, we may state that choice specimens have brought as much as sixteen hundred dollars. This cruet, alone, quite a small one, was sold for a thousand dollars fifty years ago. When fewer ancient vases had been discovered, even more enormous prices were paid: there is one vase, representing the last night of Troy, which brought five thousand dollars.

ANOTHER DRINKING-HORN.

ANCIENT GREEK OIL CRUET.

ANCIENT GREEK WINE COOLER.

Large quantities of pottery were exported from Athens, though she had always a rival in Samos, which, later, supplied the Roman with some of his vases, &c. It is the opinion of the best authorities, that most of the so called Etruscan vases, which have been found, in such quantities in the tombs of ancient Etruria, were made in Greece and exported thence to Italy. Rome, however, had potteries of her own, also.

The earliest modern European soft pottery was the Majolica ware, called also the Raffaelle and Umbrian ware. It was first manufactured, in Italy, in the fifteenth century; but had been made, long before, by the Moors in Majorca. For this ware, Raffaelle made some of his choicest designs. The earlier Majolica was famous for its glaze, "which rivaled gold and silver in the metallic lustre of its yellow and white;" also for its *madreperla* glaze, which was opalescent and changeable, like the mother-o'-pearl, from which it took its name. Catharine de Medici carried both the ware and its manu-

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facture into France. This was the beginning of French pottery, which found such a wonderful consummation in the Palissy ware and the Sevres porcelain. Palissy ware is generally shaded or colored, with a hard enamel, but not a very good glaze, and mostly of yellow, blue, or green, sometimes adding browns and grays. Its great beauty is the exquisite fidelity and scientific truth of its modeled figures, its shells and fish, its leaves and smaller reptiles. We may as well state here that the difference between enameled ware, like Palissy, and that which is painted or "burnt in," is that, in the first, the colors are laid on after glazing, while in the second the colors are burnt in with the glaze.

DRESDEN CHINA.

Hard pottery, as we have already said, is subdivided into fine earthenware, stoneware, and English ironstone ware. None of this can be scratched with a knife. It is opaque, argillo-silicious and infusible. Josiah Wedgewood, in England, was the first to perfect hard pottery. He employed Flaxman and other eminent artists to make designs for him. He colored his paste throughout—unlike porcelain painting, where the colors are laid on—and he found out also, how to paint on the paste, and underneath the glaze. His terra cottas, his jasper, onyx, basalt, and other like wares, have created him a reputation unsurpassed in its specialty by any worker in paint and clay; and his exquisite biscuit medallions were used even in proud and exclusive Sevres itself. He made a service for Catharine II., of Russia, for her famous *Grenouilliere*, or Froggery, which service contained twelve hundred views of various country houses and gardens in England, with a green frog painted on each. Genuine pieces by him are now, fifty years after his death, worth three times their original cost.

The manufacture of porcelain, in Europe, was first successfully achieved at Meisse, near Dresden, in Saxony. Porcelain, made at this establishment, was the delight of our great-grandmothers, under the name of Dresden china. For many years, the secret of making it was faithfully preserved. The French government, in hopes to rival its neighbor, started a manufactory of its own, and finally succeeded in producing the famous Sevres china, the forms of which are much more beautiful than those of the Dresden. The real Sevres is, and always has been, made at a government factory; the very first artists are employed; and each piece is, as far as possible, a master-piece. Many Sevres vases are worth thousands of dollars. The secret of the art having long become public, porcelain is now made at numerous private establishments, in both France and England; but it is necessarily inferior in quality to the Sevres. Even a good workman, at Sevres, cannot make more than from fifteen to twenty porcelain plates daily, such is the caution practised at that factory, while, in the same time, from one thousand to twelve hundred plates of stoneware can be made by a man and two boys. An artist is often a whole year in painting a few cups and saucers of Sevres.

SEVRES PORCELAIN.

The engraving at the end of this article represents four ancient vases, which exhibit the high skill to which the Greeks and the Romans carried the art of working in glass. The first is the world renowned Portland Vase, made of purple glass, and ornamented with figures in white relief. This vase was first blown in purple glass; then the whole was covered with a white, opaque glass a quarter of an inch thick; and finally the white glass was cut away, in the

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manner in which a cameo is cut upon an onyx stone, so as to leave the white figures and allegory embossed uaon the purple. The second vase is the Alexandrian Vase, now in the Museo Borbonico, Naples. The third is the Pompeii Vase, also of the Museo Borbonico. It was discovered in a sepulchre of Pompeii in 1889, and is of the same character in the colors and quality of the glass as the Portland Vase, but of a more recent date. It is probably the production of Greek artists working in Rome. The fourth is the Auldjo Vase, which was found in 1888 at Pompeii, in the House of the Fauna. The ground of the vase is of a deep sapphire blue, on which, in opaque white glass, the ornaments are cut. It was found broken; part is in the possession of Mr. Auldjo, the other in the British Museum. The shape of this vase is elegant, the handle and lip of exquisite form, and the taste and execution of the ornamental work in the purest style.

ANCIENT GLASS VASES.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY CLARA MORETON.

FAIR and serene the Sabbath dawned—the day of peace and rest;
Oh! fitting time for this sweet child to leave his mother's breast:
For in this month, four years ago, upon a Sabbath day,
They laid him on his mother's heart, where he hath lain alway.
Ah, in that hour did she divine he was a treasure lent,
That after him, with tender love, her eyes were ever sent!
How hung she on each prattling word! what deep joy and serene
Shone from her face like pictured saints—a matchless mother queen!
God knew she could not give him up till days of trial sore
Had robbed her boy of his proud strength, and changed the looks he wore.
No, with that glorious dower of grace, that form so lithe and brave,
'Twould sure have rent her heart in twain to lay him in the grave!
So days and weeks of wasting pain had changed her darling fair,
And when God's messenger drew near, "Take gently" was her prayer.
Calm and serene the Sabbath sun sank in the burnished West—
Calm and serene the sweet child passed into his Heavenly rest.
The eye of faith was given me to see the angels fair
Who bore the spirit to its home up through the golden air,
And now I know, in meadows green, by waters pure and still,
Where neither tears nor sufferings come, the dear child walks at will.
The angels lead him by the hand, Christ holds him on his breast—
Oh! mother fond! could e'er your love here give him such a rest?
Rejoice! rejoice! the years will flee, the time soon come again,
When he shall lie within your arms; an angel free from stain!
Rejoice! rejoice!—and yet my tears belie the words I say,
So keenly in this hour I feel thy anguish this bright day!
Go, weep no more—find some sweet spot—some lone and lovely dell,
Where you can lay the cherished dust, and say, "My child, 'tis well,"
And whensoe'er you think of him, think not upon this clay,
But of the angel hosts of Heaven, where he shall dwell alway.

August, 1859.

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THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I shall be in early, have a light in the library. Good night," and, with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa, "out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me, now, and yet we've been married only two years. No man can have a more orderly house, I am sure; and I never go anywhere, I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh! dear, why is it? I wasn't rich, he didn't marry me for money, and he must have loved me then—why *does* he treat me with so much neglect?" and with her mind filled with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep upon the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure, and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, and gathered into a rich knot at the back; "It was such a bother to curl it," she said; her cheek was pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves: "What's the use of dressing up just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval still to be spent alone before bed time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the registers, a voice came to the young wife's ears: it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and her headache, and all sorts of bothers? She's got the knack of that drawling whine so pat, that, 'pon my life, I don't believe she *can* speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not exactly dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening, even if it were an evening at home, with only William to admire. She rose, and softly went to her own room with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and, then, his love regained, to *keep* it.

The next morning, William came into the breakfast-room, with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lip as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz, with neat collar and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wealth of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek, did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

"It must cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side; and Lizzie's heart bounded, as she recognized the old lover's tones and manners.

Not one fretful speech, not one complaint, fell upon William's ear through the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gayly on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by his gratified interest and cordial manner.

"You will be home to dinner?" she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie, I have business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I don't expect to dine. Good-by," and the smiling look, warm kiss, and lively whistle, were a marked contrast to his lounging, careless gait, the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper. "Oh! what a fool I have been for two years! A 'fretful dowdy!' William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with real wifely devotion, and her lip would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore; but like a brave little woman she stifled back the bitter

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feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen covers taken from the furniture, Lizzie thinking, "He shan't find any parlors more attractive than his own, I am determined."

Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure, in a tasty, bright, silk dress, smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome William, as he came in; and tea time passed as the morning's meal had done.

After tea, there was no movement, as usual, toward the hat-rack, William stood up beside the table, lingering, chatting, till Lizzie also rose. She led him to the light, warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting over again, as he watched her fingers busy with some fancy needlework, and listened to the cheerful voice he had loved so dearly two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh! ever so long ago?"

"I remember: black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wish time would move faster to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for this loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance; then she said,

"I wonder if you love music as much as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I often drop in at Miss Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting.

"But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now, open it, and we will see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and, tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano-stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Ballads, Lizzie?"

"Oh! yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlor."

One song after another, with a nocturne, or lively instrumental piece, occasionally, between them, filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little mantle clock struck eleven!

"Eleven! I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly, I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; but glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fire-place, her hands clasped, her head bent, and large tears falling from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh! William, I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore, last evening, how I had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will only forgive and love me."

"Love you! Oh! Lizzie, you cannot guess how dearly I love you!"

As the little wife lay down that night, she thought,

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned the way to keep him!"

EVANGELINE.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

THINE is a beauty that is not of earth,
A grace He giveth to the pure in heart
Sits on thy forehead like a diadem.
And thou hast chosen well that "better part."

No dark-eyed beauty of the sunny South,
Nor fair Circassian maid of Eastern clime,
Could, like thee, suffer and be strong the while,
Or bear a love that knew no change like thine.

And gazing on thy face, we too have learned
The lesson that to all on earth is given,
That passing clouds that dim our pathway here,
Are messengers to make us worthy Heaven.

All honor to thee! Thou wast one to whom
The angels loved to talk of holy things.
In thy soul's starry chambers oft was heard
The low-voiced music of their rustling wings.

All honor to thee! for thy heart was what
God meant that woman's should be. 'Twas a throne
For love, and purity, and Heavenly things,
To fold their wings, and find their realm and home.

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AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

"We were two sisters of one race,
She was the fairest in the face.
The wind is sounding in turret and tree."

DEAR aunt Margaret! Of all the friends I have ever had, she was the wisest, kindest, best; of all the human beings I have ever known, the most refreshing and elevating companion. There was in the moral atmosphere about her something pure and pleasant as the breath of pines, and the simplest thing she said or did had a peculiar charm, the charm of perfect naturalness and truth, which—alas for us exiled from paradise!—is the rarest in the world.

When I first remember aunt Margaret, she was an established old maid, but it seemed as if all her nature were so steeped in morning dew, that time could never wither one leaf of thought or feeling, nor dim its wonderful freshness. She was my father's sister, and I, an orphan girl, found in her house a happy home. She was to me father and mother, brother, sister, and friend; and now, when I look back upon the years which I spent with her, they shine out like one long, cloudless summer's day. We dwelt in a rambling farm house, surrounded by orchards and fields, for my aunt was native to a country life, and found a pleasure in all its simple details, of which the inhabitants of cities have no conception. She was also a great reader, and as there was scarcely a subject which had not its place in the large circle of her tastes and sympathies, her well filled library was a never-ending source of delight to me, a delight which was doubled when her occupations permitted my reading aloud to my aunt, whose comments were often more interesting than the text.

One day, we received from a friend in town, a curious volume, a newly published translation from the German, treating of the superstitions of various nations, and of the authenticated facts upon which they are based. It came just in time for our afternoon reading, and I cut the leaves and began at once.

Aunt Margaret was unusually silent, and when I had concluded the first chapter, I asked, for the sake of drawing from her some remark,

"Did you ever see a ghost, aunt Maggy?"

I raised my eyes to her face as I spoke, and was amazed at the effect of my words. She flushed painfully, and her hands, busy with some knitting work, trembled, but she replied in her usual sweet and serene voice,

"Yes, love, I believe I have."

Her evident emotion stayed the expression of surprise which rose to my lips, and, from a feeling of delicacy, I resumed my reading. I was soon, however, forced to lay it aside by the fast gathering shades of evening, and, resting my arms on the broad window-sill, I gazed out thoughtfully upon the beauty of the summer night. After a long silence, my aunt, who had left her seat, and was standing by my side, repeated, as if to herself, "Then stars arose, and the night was holy!" I pressed my cheek caressingly on the kind hand that rested on my shoulder, but did not speak. Presently she resumed, addressing herself to me,

"I have thought more than once, my child, that it would do us both good if I were to relate to you my past history. I am your nearest relative and friend—although I hope I may not always be so—and you are my only remaining earthly treasure. You are old enough and wise enough to understand things, which, although they are out of the range of your actual experience, lie as possibilities in the heart of every true woman. I think you have a sort of right to my confidence, and I believe I shall feel comfort after I have opened my heart to you."

She paused, as if to collect her thoughts, and then, taking the chair I had placed for her, proceeded,

"I, like you, was left an orphan in my youth, an orphan, and poor, for the property which is now mine had at that time passed unjustly into other hands, and was only restored to me after long and expensive law suits. Your father was a mere lad, and far from giving me any protection or pecuniary assistance, was a constant source of anxiety to me; but—why should I delay to speak the word?—I had a sister."

I could not avoid a slight start at this disclosure, for I had always supposed my father and aunt Margaret to be the only children of their parents. Too much absorbed in her recital to observe my involuntary expression of surprise, my aunt continued,

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"At the time when our father's death cast us upon the world, she was but sixteen, while I had entered my twenty-first year, and day is not more different from night than were we two sisters from each other. I possessed no peculiar talent, and in appearance was less attractive than most girls of my age; while she was beautiful exceedingly, and gifted beyond the common lot of mortals. Left motherless, poor lamb! before she was old enough to feel her loss, (our mother died at your father's birth,) she had always been our pet and darling, our pearl of price, and my father's last words to me were, 'Take care of Maud,' for it seemed as natural to stand between her and the rough world, as to shelter some rich exotic from the blasts of winter. If I could only picture her to you! but every attempt to do so in words must be vain. Extreme delicacy, mental and physical, was perhaps her leading characteristic; not the delicacy of weakness, for she was overflowing with health and buoyancy, vivacious and graceful as a little child. The very fineness of her organization, however, rendered her peculiarly susceptible to depressing influences, and, from early childhood, her gay spirits had alternated with occasional fits of melancholy; when her tremulous mouth, and the tears standing in her great blue eyes, filled us with an anxiety which almost amounted to the presumptuous feeling that God, having created so tender a soul, should by an especial Providence, shield it from pain, the common lot of humanity. But His ways are not as our ways.

"She had returned our father's indulgent love with the most admiring and extravagant devotion, and the effect upon her of his sudden death was terrible. I feared she would lose her mind altogether, and my own grief was almost swallowed up in my care for her. The shelter of more than one home was offered us by old friends, but an incentive even more powerful than the honest pride of independence induced me to reject these offers, and to enter at once upon the new path which poverty opened before us. Maud must, at all costs, be roused from the state into which she had fallen; so, the very night after our father's remains were carried to their last resting-place, I said to her, kissing her closed lids, from beneath which tears were streaming,

"'Maud, my darling, listen to me. In a few days we shall be turned out of the house where we were born, without one shilling we can call our own. Mrs. Egerton urges me to make her house our home, and she will be kind as a mother. What shall we do? Shall our father's daughters live upon charity, or shall they do honor to his name by working for their daily bread?'

"Her convulsive sobs here burst out afresh, and, choking down my own tears, I waited with outward composure until her paroxysm of grief had subsided, and the faint voice whispered,

"'I am listening. Go on.'

"Then I unfolded quietly the particulars of the plan which I had formed. It was to remove immediately to lodgings in town, and to open a small school. I was sure we should meet with success, for our father had spared neither expense nor pains in our education. Maud's fine musical talents had been carefully cultivated, and our circle of friends was large enough to ensure us immediate patronage. I urged upon Maud the necessity of keeping our brother George at school, and endeavored to make her feel how important to us her own exertions would be. She raised herself on her elbow, and, resting her wan cheek on her hand, listened attentively. When I had concluded, she threw her arms round my neck, saying,

"'Dear, good Maggy! Yes, we will work. I have been very wicked and selfish. We will do all you say.'

"Somewhat of the peace that passeth understanding is always the immediate fruit of a good resolution, and I think it was under its calming influence that Maud soon dropped asleep, and rested as she had not done since our father's death. The morning found her refreshed and strengthened, and she assisted me in my preparations for our removal, with a composure which I had scarcely hoped to see.

"Once established in our new quarters, we put our hands to the plough with hearty good will, and an abundant harvest rewarded our efforts. The healthful stimulus of labor, aided by that happy elasticity which is generally triumphant over the sorrows of youth, gradually restored the bloom to Maud's fair cheek, and the silvery ring to her voice, although her face still kept a shade of thoughtfulness it had not worn before.

"We were very busy, though not overworked, and very happy, in those days. It was impossible to feel ourselves lonely or unprotected, for not only was the most active and constant kindness extended to us by old friends of my father, but Maud's pure beauty, and her graceful, winning ways won the hearts of all whom she approached. Mrs. Egerton, who, among all our acquaintances, was the most unremitting in her attentions, had been a schoolmate of my mother, and was the widow of my father's eldest and dearest friend. She was the kindest of old

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ladies; so ready with her offers of advice and assistance to all whom she imagined to stand in need of them, that an ill-natured critic might have called her officious; but we, who understood and loved her, saw in her peculiarities only a sincere desire to make every one about her happy. She was an active supporter of our school, and superintended all our little arrangements with the delight of a busy child. Our refusal of her generous proposition to adopt us as her own children sorely disappointed, and almost offended her; but she was one of those good souls whose ill feelings are so shallow that they evaporate utterly in the act of expressing them.

"She had no daughters, and but one son, Frank, who, inheriting his father's talents, also followed his profession of the law. Although he had but just entered his twenty-fifth year, my father, when he felt his end approaching, sent for Frank Egerton, and entrusted to him the management of his affairs; for notwithstanding that he was usually little disposed to put confidence in young and inexperienced men, he made Frank an exception to all such general rules, and indeed seemed to feel almost as much pride in the son of his old friend as if he had been his own. I sometimes thought he cherished a secret wish that Egerton might become the nearest earthly protector of our darling Maud, but he was not one to betray such a desire, and it may not have existed, except in my own fancy. I have already said, I believe, that Frank possessed talents of no common order, but so paramount to every other was the impression made by the force, breadth, and princely nobleness of his character, that in thinking of him one forgot his intellectual gifts. In his invigorating presence, all virtue seemed natural and easy, for although his moral standard was higher and more strict than that of any man whom I have ever known, he appeared to live up to it almost without an effort; and it was with an absolute freedom from egotism, and a grand unconsciousness of anything unreasonable in his demands, that he exacted from all about him the same singleness of purpose and purity of heart with which he was himself endowed.

"The conscientious sternness of his character would have been terrible, had it not been relieved by a depth of tenderness and sensitive feeling never found in any but just such strong natures, and also by a fine vein of hearty humor, which found frequent expression in a merry and irresistibly contagious laugh. He could scarcely have been called handsome, still in every line of his athletic form and animated face, there was an union of strength and refinement, which rendered his appearance as agreeable as it was striking.

"The sound of his elastic step and cheerful voice, whose every deep vibration was rife with physical and mental health, was always welcome to us both. But if it brightened the delicate rose upon Maud's cheek, and the light within her eyes, so did every passing thought or emotion; for the 'Aurora, flushing in the northern night,' is not more fluctuating in brilliancy and color than was her beautiful face. There was no shadow of embarrassment, nothing hidden or shy in her manner toward him. If he had been her brother, she could not have been more open and simply happy in her intercourse with him. That he loved her, or would learn to love her, I scarcely entertained a doubt. How could he fail to do so? But I was sure that she cherished for him only the regard of a sister. Still, she was very young, almost childish, and as she developed in mind and heart, the character of her feelings might change, I thought.

"When they sang together, she was plainly absorbed in the music, and looked upon him, for the time, only as an instrument for its production. When they read together, she threw herself entirely into the book or the discussions it called forth; and during our walks and drives with him, she was all eye and ear for every beauty in the heavens above and the earth beneath; while he never forgot her in these things, nor indeed in anything, but acted with delicate and thoughtful care for her comfort and happiness. God knows how my heart ached with gratitude toward him for his unflagging and considerate kindness to her during the first few months after our father's death, and I sometimes almost blamed her for seeming to appreciate it so little. With his mother she was a great favorite, and Mrs. Egerton had no reason to complain of coldness in return, for Maud loved her sincerely, and was never happier than when passing some holiday at their house, which was two miles out of town, listening to the dear old lady's rambling talk, or assisting her in the garden or the poultry yard.

"Thus the days rolled on. A summer had passed, and a winter, and spring was bursting its fragrant buds, when, one afternoon, at a rather unusual hour, Frank entered our little sitting-room.

"'I have not come too early? Your day's work is done?' he asked.

"'School is just dismissed, and we have nothing more important to do, just now, than to entertain you. I cannot exactly say that my

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day's work is done though, for I have that small mountain of exercises to correct this evening,' I replied, pointing to a pile of papers on the table beside me.

"He seated himself, and turned them over, absently. He looked pale, and I rather perceived than saw an unwonted nervousness about him. Presently he said, quietly,

"'I have news to-day from India. My uncle Sanford is dead, and has left me a small property, enough to render me an independent man.'

"Maud clapped her hands.

"'Oh! that is good!' she cried.

"Frank looked at her with an amused smile.

"'Good for my uncle, or for me?'

"'For both, I hope,' she answered, laughing gayly. 'You never knew your uncle, so you cannot be grieved at his loss, and he was so old, I am sure he could not have any pleasure in life. What is the use of living when one is old and miserable?'

"'I know an old lady whose life you can render tolerable for one evening at least, by passing it with her,' said he. 'My mother has been longing for you ever since the arrival of the mail. She wants to consult your taste and wisdom concerning various improvements about her dairy and hen-coops, which this new access of fortune immediately suggested to her. Will you go?'

"He addressed himself to Maud, and she looked hesitatingly toward me.

"'Certainly she will go,' I answered, promptly for her.

"I was never a touchy person, and yet I felt hurt at being so deliberately set aside, and was also provokingly conscious of a certain dryness in my tone, and a heightened color very likely to betray me to watchful eyes. Frank's were fixed full on my face, and he said, coolly,

"'You have a mountain of exercises to correct, which will occupy you all the evening,' and then added, 'I have business which will bring me into town again, and, with your permission, I will call and help you.'

"There was such a depth of reassuring kindness in his voice, that it was easy to look up with a smile and to say, 'Thank you.'

"In a few minutes I was left alone, and, as I stood at the window, watching my sister's light figure, and the stalwart form of her companion, until they passed out of sight, the thought of what a handsome couple they would make forced itself upon me, and I wondered why Frank seemed so disturbed by his new fortune, and whether his disquiet had anything to do with Maud. Dismissing these idle thoughts, I returned to my seat, and entered upon the task before me.

"I had not been very long so occupied when the door opened, and Frank re-entered the room. He drew a chair to the table immediately, and proceeded in silence to correct page after page. Presently he observed,

"'Your girls improve.'

"'Yes,' I replied: and not another word passed between us for the next half hour, at the close of which the exercises were completed and laid aside. He pushed back his chair, and, leaning forward, rested his arms upon his knees. His eyes were fixed upon the floor, while an irresistible attraction drew mine to his pale face.

"'Margaret,' he said.

"I would have spoken, but a sickening sense of suffocation stopped the voice in my throat. 'He is going to ask me for my Maud,' I thought.

"'Margaret,' he repeated, 'yesterday I was a poor man, and would not ask any friend to share my poverty with me—still I was rich in hope and courage. To-day both seem to have deserted me. Is the wealth I have coveted for one sole sake, to make me rich indeed, or to rob me of a hope which has grown to be the light of my existence? Tell me.'

"He raised his head, and looked me in the face as if he would read my very soul. With a great effort I controlled myself to speak, and my own voice sounded strange in my ears,

"'She must answer you. You have my consent.'

"'She!—who?' and as I failed to reply, he repeated,

"'Who?—who must answer me? In heaven's name, what do you mean?'

"'Nay, what do *you* mean? Pardon me! Indeed I do not understand you.'

"'Not understand me? You do not understand me! Is my love so utterly lost upon you that you cannot even understand it? Have I not spoken plainly? Do you not understand me when I tell you that I love you with a love which has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, till it has become part and parcel of my very being? Why are you so white, and your hands so deathly cold? What ails you, Margaret? Have I, during these years, when I dared not speak, concealed my love so successfully that you cannot now believe in its existence? Or is it that you fear to tell the truth, and crush my hopes forever? Fear not. I can bear certainty, however bitter, like a man. I can bear anything but this strange mystery and suspense. Speak to me, Margaret!'

"'Maud——' I began, but my voice failed me.

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"'What of Maud? Do you doubt I will be faithful to the charge? Have I not always cared for her as if she were my own sister? If I have been remiss, tell me so, and the future shall make amends for the past.'

"'You have been perfect in your kindness,' I replied, 'and I have mistaken its character. I thought you loved her, and had come to ask her hand to-night.'

"'Great heaven!—and she?'

"'Oh!' I replied, hastily; 'dismiss every such fear from your mind. I am certain, absolutely certain, that no thought which can disturb you has ever entered her innocent young heart. She looks upon you as a friend and brother only.'

"'Thank God!' he said, heaving a sigh of great relief. 'Thank God!'

"Full of cheer and comfort to us both was all the talk that followed; and when he left me, I felt as if the misunderstanding of an hour ago had existed in some remote period of time, and I had been for years his promised wife. Feeling much nervous exhaustion from the great revulsion of feeling through which I had passed, I retired at once to my room, and, drawing back the curtains for the admission of such light as stars and a young moon afforded, threw myself across the bed to await Maud's return. It was then a few minutes past nine o'clock, and as Frank was to be her escort, I could not look for her in less than an hour. I knew that she would come, for she never passed the night away from me, and Frank had besides promised to bring her home without delay.

"Closing my eyes, I reviewed the hard, actual past, which nothing now could change, and filled the future with airy, fluctuating dreams. I should have been happy, and yet I was not. A warning sense of unreality weighed upon me like a nightmare, and I became intensely impatient to hear the sound of Maud's step and voice upon the stair. I longed unutterably for her loving sympathy, and the touch of her warm, soft lips. The hour passed, and I had heard the old town clock tell eleven with a drowsy, lagging stroke, when I fell into an uneasy doze. I must have lain in this state for a considerable length of time, when I was roused by my own voice calling passionately, 'Maud! Maud!' I sat bolt upright, my pulses bounding with terror, and there, before me, in the faint moonlight, she stood. Her long, fair hair was all unbound, and streaming with water; her dress streamed with water, too, and as she stood there, in horrible silence, wringing her white hands, I distinctly heard it drop upon the floor. It seemed as if I *never* should have moved, but she held out her arms to me. With a cry, I sprang to clasp her to my breast, and, clasping the air, stood there alone in the very spot which her form had just occupied. Pressing both hands to my head, I gazed about me stupidly. Yes! I was alone. Winged with fear, I fled through the town, and up the lonely road over which she should have passed. The hollow tramp of my feet upon the little bridge which spanned one end of a tiny lake, a mere pool, deep and clear, by whose margin we had often strayed together, arrested me, and I paused. Trees overhung it upon every side, but the thin foliage of early spring cast no shadow. Not a living thing was within the range of my vision. I listened; only the beating of my own heart, and the low gurgle of the water, lapping about the supports of the bridge, met my ear. I looked down upon the smooth, black surface, but if anything lay beneath which should not be there, it was well hidden. Shuddering, I sped on swiftly as before, nor stopped for breath till I reached the threshold of Mrs. Egerton's house. I leaned, panting, against the door for a few moments, and then knocked. Steps descended the stair, and Frank opened to me. I did not give him time to speak, but grasping his arm with both my hands, shrieked, 'Maud! where is she?'

"'Come in, Margaret,' he said, and drew me into the house.

"'No! I will not sit! Answer me! What have you done with my sister? Where is Maud?'

"'I took her home two hours ago, and saw her ascend the porch steps, and enter, as I supposed, by the side door. Were you not at home? Have you not seen her?'

"'Yes! I have seen her, but not in her earthly form. She is dead! drowned!—drowned! Come quick!' I cried, struggling wildly to draw him to the door. 'We must drag the pool—come!'

"'Margaret!—my wife!' he murmured, and held me firmly in his arms. I saw his thought, and, as by magic, a sudden calmness fell upon me.

"'I am not mad, Frank Egerton,' I said; 'I saw my sister, Maud, leave the house with you this afternoon at six o'clock. With mortal eyes I have not seen her since, and shall never see her again. I tell you she is dead—drowned. Go, drag the pool, by the bridge, and you will find my words are true.'

"'Will you not go in to my mother,' he asked, tenderly, 'and await my return?'

"'Yes,' I answered, sighing wearily, 'I will do anything you like,' and, supported by his arm, I approached his mother's room.' Before entering, I inquired whether there had been anything unusual in Maud's appearance or manner during her walk home.

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"'Nothing unusual for her,' he said; 'she was silent, very silent, but not more so than I have frequently seen her.'

"'Did you tell her——'

"'Of our engagement? Yes, just before we parted at your gate, I told her. She made no remark at all, but bid me good night in her usual voice.'

"Mrs. Egerton was in bed, and there was a dim night lamp burning in the room.

"'What is the matter?' she asked.

"Frank answered for me.

"'It seems that when I left Maud at her own door, she did not enter, as I supposed, but went elsewhere. Margaret became alarmed, and has come here alone. I have brought her to you to be taken care of while I go to seek for Maud. Do not rise, mother; I will make Margaret comfortable here on the lounge, and you must not expect her to talk, for she is very tired.'

"I yielded myself passively to his control, while he laid me on the sofa, and covered me with a shawl. He kissed my forehead, as he stooped over me, whispering some endearing words; but my senses were dull, I heard him as in a dream.

"'Now, my dear,' said Mrs. Egerton, when he was gone, 'I do not want you to talk at all, but just to make yourself as comfortable as you can. I do not wonder that you feel a little uneasy at Maud's running away in that strange manner, but I can tell you something which will explain the matter quite satisfactorily—that is, if you will not repeat what I say to Frank, for he is so peculiar, you know, my dear, and has such high idea of honor, and all that sort of thing, that I am afraid he would feel hurt with me. Are you listening? but don't answer me; you must not talk, you know.'

"'I am listening,' I replied.

"'Very well, then, I will tell you about it, only you must not talk any more. Where was I? Oh, yes! I remember. Well, as I was saying, my Frank is so peculiar, and does not like to be interfered with. He is exactly like his father—you have no idea how much he is like his father. His father was just such another reserved, fastidious fellow as Frank, and just as particular about offering himself to a woman before he was able to support her. I knew very well that Frank would never come to the point until he had laid by money, and I thought it was a pity, because with his fine talents, and Maud's good sense, he could not fail to make his way in the world; besides, I wanted to see them man and wife before I was laid in my grave. But, whenever I approached the subject of marriage, he set it aside with that quiet, unanswerable way of his, so like his father's, and I did not dare to press the matter, or even to mention Maud's name, although it was plain to see how well he loved her. As for her, little puss! it was not from indifference she would sit for hours at my feet, with her head bent down over her work, and the color coming and going in her pretty face, while I talked to her of Frank, and told her all the history of his childhood. She never wearied of the same old tales, day after day, but listened as if they were something quite new. When this new fortune came yesterday, I could not resist saying to Frank, 'Now you will bring me home a daughter?' He did not answer a word, but I judged by the color of his face, and his way of looking, that I was not far wrong. I was so pleased, you cannot think. I felt that I must take Maud into my arms at once, and so I sent for her. Not that I had the faintest idea of saying anything to her; that only came, of itself, afterward, and is just what I do not want you to repeat to Frank. When he left her with me, and went again into town, I understood directly that he had gone to you, as Maud's only natural protector, to ask your permission to speak to her on her way home that night, and I felt so worked up I could not contain myself, nor sit still. I should not have spoken though, if she had not put her arms about my neck, and begged, so sweetly, to know my trouble, that she might comfort me. It was impossible to say her nay. I bid her call me mother, and told her all the truth. At first I was frightened, she sobbed so convulsively. But after, as she sat upon my lap, with her head drooping like a flower, all pale and drenched with rain, I was glad I had prepared her to meet his proposals with dignity, as a woman should, for I saw that a new life had entered into her. I besought her again to call me mother. She looked up, and her lips parted with a smile. Her face was like an angel's, transparent, and full of light. 'Mother,' she said, and blushed red as a rose. I brought her to my room, and bathed her eyes, and then sent her out into the fresh air to regain her composure before Frank's return. But she is such a delicate, timid little thing, and when he came, I could see the very soul flicker and tremble within her like a flame in the wind. You see, Margaret, my dear, it is not at all to be wondered at that she feared meeting you, she is so shy, and would naturally dread the first talk. I think I can just see her standing, with her hand on the latch of the door, after parting with Frank, unable to make up her

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mind to go in, and then running away again, perhaps to old Katy's, or to the parsonage, or to Dr. Gray's house, with some pretty excuse for passing the night there.' And the old lady laughed at her own pleasant fancy.

"Each separate word fell on my brain like a drop of molten lead. A hand was at my throat, strangling me. It was my own, but I did not know it. I leaped to my feet for breath, and fell heavily forward into the lap of a blessed oblivion.

"Weeks followed, which were to me a blank, and to those around me a ceaseless day and night watch over a lingerer between life and death. At last, weak as a new-born child, I opened my eyes to conscious wakefulness, but not to a recollection of the past. Before me, by the half shaded window, Frank sat reading, pale, thin, and ten years older than when I saw him last, but I gazed at him with no emotion, except one of vague wonder. I made an effort to move, which drew his attention, and he came and leaned over me. I looked up in his changed face, and asked faintly, 'Where am I? Where is Maud?'

"'You have been ill. You must not talk, and you will soon be better. Drink this,' and he raised me in his arms and put a glass to my lips.

"I drank. He laid me down again, and I fell asleep.

"As my health gradually returned, under Mrs. Egerton's indefatigable care, memory revived, with all its painful details; but Maud's name was never mentioned, nor the events of the past alluded to by either one of us, and months elapsed before I learned that her body had been found, and the last rites paid to it during my illness. Frank remained at home till I was able to move about the house without assistance, and then made preparations for his voyage to India, whither he was going to take possession of the property left him by his uncle. A few days before his departure I sat with him alone, by the library window, and my hand lay passively in his. He had been talking of indifferent matters connected with his journey, when timidly, and in a voice that was tremulous and husky, he spoke of the future, once more calling me his 'wife.' My mind had not recovered its tone, I was like one only half sane, and the bare thought of marrying him seemed to make me my sister's willful murderess. I withdrew my hand from his clasp, and silently shook my head. Too well he understood me! The shadow of a terrible anguish settled upon his face. I could not bear to see it. I rose and left the room.

"From that moment he troubled me with no more tenderness. Considerate, gentle, and attentive as ever, he still neither sought nor avoided me, but the shadow never left his noble face. I was glad when the time came for him to go, so intolerable was the pain that I endured. He went. Weak and weary, I sought refuge in forgetfulness—in vain! A craving restlessness possessed me, and drove me forth to wander alone through fields and woods. When I could walk no longer, I lay down upon the grass, and was often out all day. If the walls of a city had pent me in, I believe I should have died; but potent is the balm Nature distills into every suffering heart that comes to her for aid. My constitution was naturally vigorous, and its resources turned to good account the constant air and exercise to which a restless spirit exposed me. My bodily health began steadily to improve, and with it my health of mind. A conviction grew upon me that I had done, and was doing a great wrong—that I had no right thus to blast the earthly future of my friend, or wantonly to cast away the blessing which God had given me, in the love of a faithful heart. I resolved to write to Frank at once, and tell him all the truth. The next mail that went out, bore my letter to him, and something like repose visited me once more.

"How I longed for his reply! It came, pure and peaceful as a breath from heaven, and with it the promise of his speedy return. 'We might look for him,' he said, 'in a week or ten days after his letter reached us.' The ten days passed, and we looked for him, but he did not come.

"The ten days grew to twenty, and brought no vessel, nor any news of her. News came, at last; the vessel, never. She had gone down with every soul on board. I was too well schooled in grief to sink under this last blow. The new sorrow took its place among the rest, in my heart, naturally and calmly.

"I had now an opportunity to return the devoted attentions which Mrs. Egerton had so lately lavished upon me. The sudden shock was followed by a paralytic stroke, which for many days endangered her life, and left her afterward helpless and almost childish. During five years I tended her with a daughter's love, and received in return a lesson of cheerful, patient resignation, which, I trust, I never shall forget. One morning I went, as was my custom, early to her bedside to learn how she had passed the night. I saw, without asking, that she had passed it well, and the morning indeed dawned brightly upon her. Another angel had spread its wings for flight.

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"One more earthly tie, your father, still remained to me. He was at college. Two years after Mrs. Egerton's death, I returned to the old home again, which had lately been restored to me, and here I have been from that time till now.

"Your father passed his holidays with me, looking upon this as his home, until he married his pretty, foreign wife, and went, with her, to practice his profession in London. The rest you know, my little girl. I hope I have not saddened you, my child. Pain is the common lot of all, but, rightly borne, becomes the root of an eternal joy."

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

True, he has wronged me—that was long ago,
When I was weak and helpless, and before
My soul had learned to walk beneath its woe,
Nor falter if a grievous weight it bore.
So much the crueler of him to tread
Upon me so remorselessly. He knew
That I was innocent—that knowledge fed
The savage hatred that upon him grew.

I never wronged him, and he knew it. Yet
He put his heel upon me, and his eye
Gleamed with a fierce joy I cannot forget
Whene'er he looked upon my agony.
Then he was rich and powerful; he trod
The marble halls of royalty and power,
While I was doomed in poverty to plod
With only want and labor for a dower.

But e'en from royalty he turned aside,
And left the fawning flatterers of gold,
To hunt me like a fiend, by land and tide,
As watchful as the sun that o'er us rolled.
Why did he hate me? I had never given
A cause for such a hatred as he bore—
'Tis true I won the prize for which he'd striven,
Oh! ho, I never thought of that before!

A change has come upon us. Now I stand
Upon the topmost pinnacle of fame;
Than mine there is not in this mighty land
A prouder or more highly honored name.
And wealth has come to me unsought until
I tire of mine abundance; even the sea
Flings riches at my feet. I take my fill
Of what I list, and care comes not to me.

But he whose unrelenting hate pursued
Me as the savage tiger hunts his prey,
And was with such a fiend-like stealth endued,
That even Hope herself at last gave way—
That man who trod me to the dust, and would
Have slain me had he dared—that man now lies
An humble suppliant to those who sued
His favor vainly—if I speak't he dies.

Revenge is sweet; our very natures make
Us love it. I can taste it if I will;
My word makes his the fagot and the stake,
And feasts this cry for vengeance to the fill.
Then why not speak it? Ah, but something here
Within me pleads for mercy, prone to say
Pity is nobler, when she wipes a tear,
Than armies thundering past to kill and slay.

What should I profit if that man should die?
Nothing! Yet he has wronged me! Let that go,
To wrong him would not blot the past; and I
Were brutal to suck joy from other's woe.
Then I'm resolved: That man shall be set free,
And clemency is all he hath to dread;
Good deeds for evil my revenge shall be,
And thus I'll heap hot coals upon his head!

THE LIFE BAND.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

Like the bright host, led by Mars,
Like the ever-blooming stars,
Pass the life-band to that sea,
All unknown to you and me.

Mighty is this brotherhood,
With their power for ill or good,
As they hasten to the goal,
Sought for by the human soul.

Some are old, and some are young,
By hope fired or sorrow stung;
Some are bow'd by passion's storm,
Many a brave and noble form.

On his way the youth walks, proud,
With his strong heart beating loud;
And the maiden wears a smile,
Through her tear-drops all the while.

But the aged, in the strife,
Struggling for a higher life,
As earth's sunken shore they leave,
Still look up and do not grieve.

Joy and woe above them sits,
And o'er their pale faces flits
The eternal light and shade,
Which has its deep impress made.

We may watch this life-band long,
But our souls shall join the throng,
And the stars shine as before,
Though we see them never more.

For this mighty brotherhood,
With their power for ill or good,
Ever hasten to that goal,
Sought for by the human soul.

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"OUT OF THE SHADOW."

BY MRS. N. M. M'CONAUGHY.

CHEERLESS was the attic which little Alice entered one dreary December day, after a long walk in the icy streets. There was no fire whatever in the broken grate, and the keen air whistled through the half covered roof, sifting down the fine snow on the bare floor. But though the place was so utterly cheerless, there was a smile as well as a tear in her brown eyes as she entered. In that low room was the only heart on earth that cared for her. A loving sister watched for her return, and had ever a gentle word and kiss for the little one she had received from a dying mother's arms, and over whom she had watched with maternal tenderness.

Day by day she had toiled for her support, unheeding the cruel exactions and often harsh words of her steel-hearted employer. Not unfrequently was she kept busy until far into the night, working costly fabrics into cloaks and mantillas to glitter in the fashionable promenade; thinking sometimes, poor girl, how a single yard of that costly trimming would bring plenty to her destitute home. Still, she was usually content with her frugal fare, for the white wings of purity and peace were folded in her bosom, and she blest God that actual want had never stared them in the face.

But, at length, a dark day came. The racking cough which had so long distressed her, became deeper seated, and she could no longer rise from her bed. After the scanty earnings were exhausted, the few articles of furniture were parted with, one by one, to obtain the daily loaf of bread; but in a little time this resource failed, and ghastly famine glared upon them.

To-day, little Alice had wandered out, hoping to find a few sticks with which to make a little blaze, and, on her return, she found her sister much weaker.

"Dear Jenny," said the child, "I could find nothing to eat but these turnips and potato parings, which I picked up in a rubbish box on the side-walk. I have washed them quite clean at the pump, and they will be better than nothing. I eat some of the turnip chips raw, I was so hungry. I got these few sticks and cinders, too, from an ash-tub, though an old woman, with a bag on her back, beat me with her iron hook because I took them. A policeman saw her, and said, 'Let the child alone,' or she might have hurt me worse, she was so angry. But, poor sister, you are almost starved to death, I will cook these things as soon as I can make the fire go. There are six matches left in the box; I have a lot of paper I found in the street just after they had swept a store." The child set herself busily to work, and soon a little glow was kindled, and the only saucepan set over it with a little water, and the uninviting repast was prepared.

"You cannot eat it, Jenny," said the child, with tears in her eyes, as her sister put aside the dish, after a slight effort to eat.

"You have done very nicely, little sister," she said; "but I do not feel much hunger now. I think I am past that. So take the rest yourself, darling. I never expected to see you reduced to this; but it is all right, no doubt. And always remember, Allie, that any amount of suffering is better than the least degree of sinning. Although all seems so dark now, I feel strangely hopeful for you. I shall soon be safe in the arms of Jesus, and oh! how I wish I might take you with me, if it were God's will; but I know He will take care of you. I prayed to him nearly all day for you, Allie; trust in him and he will surely raise you up a friend. I cannot talk much with you, now; but another time I will tell you what I wish you to do when I am gone. Come and lie down with me, precious, darling little sister, and don't sob so wildly, dear one. There, go to sleep, love," and she gathered the sobbing child to her bosom, and soothed her as a mother would her frightened, suffering babe.

It was broad daylight when Alice awoke. She was very stiff and cold and looked about for Jenny. She seemed to be kneeling by the bedside, but when Alice spoke, there was no answer. The face was colorless as marble, and a sweet smile wreathed the thin white lips. She seemed to have risen at night for the little cup of water, and to have died as she knelt to breathe a prayer to the kind Father, who in love gathered her into his glorious fold, where cold and hunger and pain and sorrow are forever strangers.

A pine coffin and a quick rattling of the cart

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over the stones to the paupers' burial place. No one heeded it, except one breaking heart which flung itself upon the rough box, and shrieked as they tore her from it.

It was all over, and little Alice found herself homeless and friendless in the great bustling city. She was almost stupified by grief, and almost unconsciously she wandered to the market near the river, and stopped to warm her fingers at a little charcoal furnace. A stout Jersey farmer was standing near, dressed in a shaggy "great coat," with a woolen comforter about his neck. He made room for her beside the fire, and looked compassionately on her thin, old dress and shivering frame. His big, brown hand brought out a rosy-cheeked apple from his over-coat pocket, which he gave to Alice. The tears came into the eyes of the poor, famished child, as she eagerly took it, exclaiming, "Oh, thank you, thank you, sir."

It was eaten quickly, and the farmer who had watched the process, said,

"I wish I had another for you, little girl, you seem to like apples so well. Your folks should not let you come out such a cold day with them thin clothes on, and no shawl neither."

Just then a coarse market-woman, evidently in a bad humor, came along, and giving Alice a rude push, bade her "be off with her rags, and not take up the room of her betters. Watching a chance to steal something from the stands, I don't doubt?" she added.

The child moved slowly and tearfully away, for the kind word and act of the moment before, had drawn her whole heart toward the farmer. Poor little one! with her loving heart torn loose from every earthly stay, how eagerly it caught at every straw for support!

But the big, rough hand was stretched out to prevent her going, and the man drew her to his side, saying,

"Stay here, little girl, the old woman shall not hurt you. She is only a bit fretty this morning, and means well enough. There, Margry, are two customers for you, be quick, or you'll lose them;" and the woman stepped briskly to her place.

The farmer looked at the child intently, and by his kind words and seeming interest, soon drew from her the simple history of her sorrows; related with all a child's frankness. The shaggy sleeve was drawn across his eyes more than once as he listened, and he had too honest a heart to be ashamed of it.

When she had finished, he said, "Then you have not any relations in the city, Alice? Nobody to look for you home to-night?"

"Oh, sir," she answered, "I have no home now. None but the station-house," and she shuddered at the thought of sleeping there; associated as it is in the mind of every poor child in the city, with the idea of drunken brawls, theft, and every crime.

"Will you go home with me, Alice? My Hannah will be a mother to you, and you shall not want for anything. It would seem most like having our little dead Emily back again," he said, half to himself. "She had great brown eyes just like yourn. You make me think of her every minute;" and a big tear was brushed aside. "She has laid in her grave three months come Sunday, and the baby, our little Benny, has forgotten all about her as was so fond of him. He would leave his mother's arms any time to go to her. Will you go home with me, Alice, and be a sister to little Benny?"

"Oh, sir, will you take me?" said the child, her face glowing with eager hope, while her frame trembled with the intense excitement.

"Be sure I will—and now we had better jog on, so as to be home in time for supper. I have sold out all my Christmas turkeys, and the big wagon is just round the corner. But you can't ride in the cold with them clothes on," he continued, looking at her thin garments. Taking her by the hand, he sought a store, near by, where he bought a warm woolen shawl, a knitted hood, and fleecy lined gloves, which he bade her put on. "There, those will stand you till we get home, and then the mother will rig you out more comfortable." The child's eyes danced with pleasure as she viewed the treasures; but she could only say, with glad tears, "Oh, sir, you are too good."

"Not a bit," laughed the good-natured farmer. "You are my little girl now, and I must provide for you."

They soon reached the covered Jersey wagon, and lifting the little girl in, he seated himself beside her, drawing the buffalo robe well around her feet. And so they rode on; farmer Betts chatting all the time with his happy little companion, who could hardly realize her identity.

"Then, you like apples, Alice, do you? You shall have bushels of them this winter if you want. Do you like to feed chickens and turkeys?"

"I think I should, dearly; but I never saw any live ones except those in the market."

"Well, I never! I guess you don't eat them very often either, do you now?"

"We have had no meat of any kind for a long time."

"No meat? Why, what did you have for breakfast?"

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"Only the apple you gave me, sir."

"Why, Alice, I never heard the like. What did you have yesterday?"

"Only some potato and turnip parings I found in the street," said the child, modestly.

The astonished farmer gazed at her for the first time doubtingly; but there was no untruthfulness in those full, candid eyes.

"Is it possible there are any people so poor? I never'll waste a piece of bread again, if that's so. I am sorry I did not know you were so hungry when we were in the market; but here is a piece of bread and butter and cold meat I had left from my dinner."

The child's hunger was keen, and the present relief of mind made the want doubly felt. She devoured it hastily, despite her effort to control herself, for "hunger knows no law."

"Hannah will have us a good warm supper when we get home, all ready, I know. She never fails of that when I go down to York. I guess Davy can jog on a little faster, such good roads," and he gave the lines a shake, which Davy seemed to understand as an intimation that he might hurry on to his warm stable rather faster. An hour more and they reached the pleasant farm-house. The good wife, Hannah, came out to meet her husband, and inquired, with some surprise,

"Why, who has thee here, William?" For being a Quaker born, she occasionally used their forms of address. Alice shrank back, a little fearful that there would be no welcome for her here.

A few words told the simple story, as he lifted the child from the wagon and placed her inside the gate. It was enough, and the good mother's arms and heart opened wide to receive her.

"Thee is welcome, little one. Thee shall never want for a home again," and she brought her into the cheerful "family room," and placed Emily's low rocking-chair beside the bright fire for her. With gentle hands she removed her shawl and hood, and, when she had grown warm and comfortable, it took but a minute to exchange her thin, but neat, old garments for a warm, dark worsted suit which had belonged to the loved and lost one.

"Just about her size," said the good woman, thoughtfully, "only thinner. She would rather thee had them than that they should lie idle. She would give away all she possessed to make any one else happier—Emily would."

The transformed child looked really beautiful after having carefully brushed her soft brown hair, and confined it with a long circular comb.

"I shouldn't know her, wife," said Mr. Betts, as she took her seat at the table. What a princely feast that seemed to Alice, who had never beheld such bounties before! What a luxury to her, seemed even a slice of that good home-made bread and butter, or one of those delicious, steaming "buckwheats!" And yet, the ruddy boiled ham, cut in such generous slices, the pellucid honey fairly overflowing its waxen cells, the light golden cup-cake, and deep glass of spiced apples, formed only an ordinary repast in the house of the prosperous farmer.

When supper was over, little Benny thought it time to wake up, and sat on his mother's lap while Ann cleared away the table. The baby soon made friends with Alice, after the first shyness and curiosity about the stranger had worn off, and even suffered her to rock him a little while in the low rocking-chair.

The mother knew that Alice was weary, and showed her early to a snug little room adjoining her own, where, after nicely tucking in the warm covers all about her, with a good-night kiss, she left her to her own thoughts. And, oh! what a confusion of memories rushed upon her mind! But first, and above all others, was the pale face of that dear, dear sister, and she wept as if her heart would break at the thought of never, never seeing her again. But soon the mood grew calmer, and then she longed to have her sister know what kind friends God had raised up for her, and with the half-formed prayer that some kind watcher-angel would whisper all her happiness into her sister's ear, she fell asleep. In dreams, she saw again the bare, cold attic room, with its broken window and cheerless grate; again the rough box was brought in to bear away the gentle form she loved so tenderly, and again she lived over the same wild, heart-breaking agony of grief. But an angel form entered the narrow door-way, and a face radiant with immortal youth and vigor smiled upon her. She felt again the soft caresses of her loving sister, and grew calm and peaceful resting on her breast.

She awoke late, but with a light heart. How beautiful seemed the sunshine struggling through the pretty window-shade! She had never seen *such* sunlight before. What a beautiful red and white bed-cover was spread over her! She traced the quaint pattern out with her eye in childish wonder and admiration. What a collection of treasures was spread out on the little table across the room, a tiny work-box, a china vase, a doll and doll's bureau, with many glittering toys which she had never seen before, except in shop windows! Was this really to be her home, and this her own little room, where

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she could look at, and really handle all those beautiful things, every day if she liked? A gentle footstep and a softly opened door brought a glad answer.

"Has thee slept well, Alice? I will help thee dress now if thee likes to rise," and a gentle, loving kiss was pressed upon her cheek.

Breakfast was over, but a nice dish of hot cream toast and leg of broiled chicken awaited her in the corner; and Benny sat on the floor at her feet, laughing and playing with black Bruno's shaggy ears, while he occasionally glanced with his merry eye at the new found friend of the night before.

And this was but the dawning of many bright mornings. Alice was adopted in heart as well as in name, and soon grew to be the light of that cheerful dwelling. Her mind and heart both expanded with hot-house rapidity in the genial atmosphere of love and physical comfort, and when, a few years later, the gentle hand which led and cared for her so kindly grew a little tremulous, it was "daughter Alice" who placed the easy-chair in the cheeriest corner and took upon her young shoulders all the care of the household. Never did the farmer regret his deed of love to the homeless orphan, but ever regarded it as one of God's richest blessings to him and his. Truly "he who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

QUESTIONINGS.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

Oh! meadows of purple clover,
  Wearing meekly your royal bloom,
With the daisies gold-starred over,
  And rippling to a Summer tune;
Do the skies you watch forever,
  In the sun's shining and the rain,
Let their floating fleets part ever
  For a glimpse at the farther main?

Dark forests! that set your leaf-crowns
  On the brows of yet darker hills;
That filled with the wild. sweet music
  Of wood-birds and rippling rills;
Do there gleam through the shifting vapors
  That sail in the Summer air
The temples that Love's light kisses
  To a beauty divinely rare?

Oh! streams, that flow in the shadows
  Of rocks that are centuries old,
And flash through the green of meadows
  With the glitter of silver fold,
Drops there upon your bosom,
  Striking down through your crystal depth,
The shadows of fadeless blossoms
  That angels have loved and kept?

Ah! fragrant and clad with beauty,
  Or flowing with silvery wave,
The meadows and streams bear duty,
  And give to the hand that gave;
But the soul's deep cries of yearning
  Bring no answering tone from them,
Unknown to the glory burning
  In immortality's diadem.

Only when out from the blooming
  That life gathers round the soul,
We go through the dark death glooming,
  Where the waves of the river roll.
Will there flash through all the weeping—
  Through the parting and the pain—
A gleam of calm waters sweeping,
  And a glimpse of the farther main?

Then question no more the meadows,
  The forests and silver streams,
Where the cloud fleets through their shadows,
  And floods all the soul with dreams;
For the lights beyond shine only
  Through the darksome valley of death,
And gleam for the watcher only
  Who stands 'neath the banners of faith.

TO MATTIE.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
  Our path be o'er mountain and sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
  When memory ceases to be;
There are friends whom the heart prizes dearly,
  Who faint by the wayside at last;
There are tokens we cherish so nearly,
  That perish like dreams of the past.

There are volumes unwritten we treasure,
  And clasp in a fondest embrace;
There's affection the world may not measure,
  That finds in our own heart a place.
Our lives may not ever find places
  Of beautiful sunshine and flowers;
But be there no friendship which traces
  Deep lines of true feeling like ours?

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THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136.

CHAPTER XIV.

June 21st, Morning.

I DO not hear many words from Rosenvelt or my father directly, touching "this affair of Horace's," as my mother always calls it. But she talks with them, and afterward tells me what they say. Rosenvelt says he don't know what is to be done, he is sure. There she is—Clara, he means—there the child is. If she were to die there, as she believes she is going to do, then the child will be alone, with nobody to take any interest in her, or do anything for her, except one old gentleman, Judge Haven, to whom she has assigned the child's guardianship, and who can't be expected to do much beside seeing to the property and keeping her at school. "This is about all he has to say," my mother adds. "Only, he wonders you don't despise him; but he says you do right not to; he says he never meant, never dreamed of the evil and suffering that have come. He says there are men and women too, who would think he ought to be torn in pieces, if they knew about it; men, he says, who have been cheating, lying, ruining the fortunes of good, honest men; who, in this way, have brought the honest men they have ruined to discouragement, to drunkenness and rags, even to suicide; women, he says, who have destroyed the honor and peace of other women, by their wretched slander; and still, he says, these men and women are ready to burst with horror, and hunt a man to the earth, if they find out that he has been doing, not a greater wrong, but a wrong by another and unapproved pattern. He walks the floor saying these things, and is so strung up! Poor, poor boy! Your father," lowering her voice a little, speaking with less certainty, "I don't know exactly how he feels about it; but he seems to dread its getting out, its being known here. He says we had better be careful that Mrs. Eaton don't get hold of it. He says if Horace writes many letters, he had better not mail them here, but had better ride to Fisherville with them. He thinks he had better not write many. He had better get it out of his mind; we had all of us better get it out of our minds—our party coming off in two days, now; we shall have no interest nor spirit for our friends, he says, if we keep this affair in our heads all the while; and he says he wants it to go off *well;* says he is particular about it, and has reason to be. He says he has some reason to believe that Mr. Walker will work for the nomination your father's friends propose for him; and that a few of Mr. Walker's personal friends will work for him. Your father says he don't mean to *try* for the office; but he wants things to go off well; don't want to do anything, nor neglect anything that shall disappoint his friends and well-wishers, in the party. The party in politics, I mean. So he wants us to do our best; wants our party to be the best that has ever been given, or is likely to be given, here at Boscawen Plain, by Mrs. Walker, or any other woman. So, let's go now; let's shake this off entirely and go to work. Mrs. Eaton has beautiful luck with things! I never saw anything like it! never anything overdone, never anything underdone! Have you seen her fruit cake since she got the frosting and ornaments on? no?—then come."

I stayed after my mother went, to put the rims on Mrs. Eaton's tarts. My father came in to fasten his whip-lash. Mrs. Eaton left the room while he stood there in silence, winding a cord about the lash; and then, stepping up near the table where I was working—and every footfall smote upon my faint nerves—he said, "You've nothing to do with this affair of Rosenvelt's. It don't concern you at all. I've noticed a change in you since you heard of it, a change that it don't belong to you to show; and I shall expect to see no more of it. I shall expect you to be interested in helping Mrs. Eaton; in doing whatever you can to make the party that is coming—*soon* now—an agreeable and satisfactory one, to every person that comes. I shan't expect one person who is present to be passed over, nor neglected. She, your mother, will do her part; I'm not concerned about this," drawing himself up, "but she don't know them all. You do; and you must act accordingly. As I said before, you've nothing to do with this affair of Rosenvelt's. That connection is broken off.

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More men than *you've* any idea of have such connections. So you've nothing to do with it but keep it still, and do and appear exactly as you would if no such affair had come to your knowledge; exactly!"

Evening.

When I came away from aunt Rosalia's this evening, Alice came out with me, as she often does, her arm in mine, her pretty little head filled with one thing and another; which, be it what it may, she brings forth and shows to me. If it is something gay, she laughs constantly, looking constantly in my face. If it is something "hateful," as she says, she looks in my face, looks up at the stars, down at her feet, and pouts and scolds, perhaps cries. If it is dubious, she drops her head; raising it a little, at times, to inquire of me, then drops it again, her eyes on her slow feet. This she did to-night. She wanted to ask me, she said. Mrs. Eaton thought that something wrong was going on with Mr.—with that Mr. Rosenvelt of mine, from some things she heard my father say to me, yesterday, and from the looks and appearance of us all. What was it? hugging my arm up closer, she asked. Was it anything I was at liberty to tell?

No, it was not anything I was at liberty to tell.

Too bad! Mrs. Eaton told her and her mother what my father said in her hearing, and they couldn't help making something *awful* bad out of it!

I was not at liberty to say anything about it, I again said, when she waited.

Too bad! she wanted to know, awfully! Was it anything really bad, about him? about Mr. Rosenvelt? anything that made me blame him, or like him less?

I had never liked Mr. Rosenvelt so well, as I had the last three days, I told her.

Queer! what could it mean then? giving my arm another quick hug. Couldn't I give her one little hint?

No; there was no reason why I should.

Only! *she* wanted to know so! Too bad! but—good-by and good night. She was coming to the party! It was quite time for her to be making the acquaintance of this Rosenvelt of mine!

Morning, the 22nd.

I say to her, to my mother and to myself, that I never liked him so much, felt so warm a friendliness toward him, as I do now. But he will never be my husband. I say this oftener and oftener to myself, each time with greater certainty, each time with deeper pain in my heart. I do not see this in the past; the past, sad and filled with error as it is, might be but the stepping-stones, up which, hand in hand, eye on eye, we would climb to a region of such purification and deep joy, as we would never have known without it. I see it in the present and the future. I see that with her so near, dying, the poor young child so near, suffering, torn with such loss, torn, suffering year after year, year after year, with the drear loneliness and pain of memory, his life and mine too, if joined with his, would be a stupendous lie, a mocking, blinding, bewildering, hardening lie. If we strove, by this undertaking and device, by that undertaking and device, to so attach happiness to us, that she would stay and be with us morning, noon and night, and in the deep silence of the night, she would not be so enticed. We would be compelled to know that she will not come where truth is not. We would then put forth semblances of content, smiles that would be false, unconcerned words that would be false; not that we would in our souls mean to be false; we would, perhaps, all this time hate lies, long for truth, pray and weep for it; but then, after all, would be the great lie which our miserable pride, our miserable vanity would not let us pluck out, cast from us, leaving the place for truth, blessed, divine truth, to come and fill it, diffusing thence her serenity and light. Rosenvelt's pride would not let us; my mother's would not; my father's would not; for them what obloquy and scorn would come to us! then how would the envious and the malicious triumph! So they would say, with looks full of horror. But would they triumph? Would we be scorned and despised? I do not believe it. If I were to marry him to-morrow, and next day were to say to Mrs. Lane, (the most narrow-minded and ill-natured, perhaps, of all our acquaintances,) if I were to sit down close by her, look with sincere, and so with troubled eyes in her face, and say, "Mrs. Lane, my husband has a great sorrow in his path, just now, the consequence of a great sin of which he, some time since, repented, from which he, some time since, turned away; I want to tell you all about it, and then you see if you don't pity him out of the very bottom of your heart." Listening, her tears of pity would come, would fall. Out of the bottom of her heart she would commiserate him and me. She would carry the story, washed of its noxiousness by her tears, vivified with mercy by her love, through all the place; and all the place, hearing her account, and seeing with what chastened composure we came forth among them, seeing the beautiful halo and inspiration of truth and love about our heads, as we came, as we spoke,

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as we acted, would do us the homage of all the truth and goodness in them.

I shall try them. If they will listen, then I know what I will do. I will go and will myself close the eyes of the poor creature. Then I will take her child close to my heart and bring her away, to be, from that hour to the end of our days, my beloved, my precious child. Mrs. Lane, and all my friends and acquaintances, shall know where I go, on what a sad and sacred errand. When I return, leading my child up to them, I will say, "See, here is my blessed little girl; you must all help me to make up for her great, great loss;" and there isn't one heart of all the so-called censorious, narrow hearts, here at Boscawen Plain, that would not then show us how goodness had all along lain there beneath the evil, waiting for trust and truth like mine to draw it forth. But if they will not listen, if Rosenvelt waves slowly his negative, with his melancholy head; and my mother, looking at his sign, says, "No—no; I think as Horace does, that that would never do;" if my father, stiff and stern with disapprobation, says, "There is nothing more to be said, or done, or *thought*, about this! It can never be! It would ruin us with our friends; and I have particular reasons, at this time, for wishing to stand well with my friends, and for wishing every member of my family to stand well;" if this comes, as I believe it will, then I know what I must do. I know it with the greater certainty of its being the right thing for me, because I have talked with uncle Julius about it, and he thinks exactly as I do.

CHAPTER XV.

The 24th.

As I stood near the folding doors, last evening, talking with uncle Julius and Gen. Hastings, I became gradually conscious of light, merry, but hearty laughter, going on, just within the back parlor, peal upon peal. We all listened to it, at length; all laughed hearing how the little peals came, and how mirthful they were. We heard that Alice's laugh was merriest, most incessant; heard how she only broke off a moment now and then to say, "Oh! now, Mr. Rosenvelt, if that isn't what I call a queer guess!" or "Lizzy Walker, just hear! Mr. Rosenvelt guesses it's a monkey! as if a monkey could

'Put in a panic old sturdy John Bull,'

and so on! Mr. Rosenvelt, try once more—the rest have all guessed it, you see. If you can't guess it, trying once more, I'll tell you what it is."

He was farther back; he spoke low; we did not hear what he guessed, but it was something that made Alice dance. Her gauzy, light figure made a part of its graceful *pirouette* out where we could see it. "Oh!" she said, having come to a halt, "that was farther from it than all the rest put together. Now I will tell you; now you just listen. You know there was once, in France, a little man with large ambitions, and that his name was——"

"Napoleon First," he answered, laughing.

"Oh! but you laugh now in such a way, I don't believe but you knew all along; only you wanted to keep me explaining in that way, for the fun you could get out of it. Lizzy, give him that best charade of yours; that is, if—do you like guessing charades?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, with the laughing voice I've heard so many times, but not once before since the bad news came. Uncle Julius' face grew serious, just then, just as my heart was growing serious with thoughts of what might at that very moment be passing in a chamber where a woman lay sick unto death, and a little child watched her. That chamber, its mournful occupants, took hold of me as the one great reality that concerned me, claimed me; and the scene about me became, as it were, but a vale of shadows; the laughter, the buzzing of the many-toned voices, the gay dresses, the bright light flooding all, were but a hollow mockery of the life that is earnest, that is real, that is deeply and truly life, and not death.

"What is it?" asked uncle Julius, who, now that the general had moved on, turned himself wholly to me, with his good inquiring eyes on mine.

"It makes me sad," I answered, "comparing this scene with another, at——"

"At Northampton. Yes, I know; I can understand."

"I know now, I shall always know after this," I said, "why it is that the aged who have looked on sorrow so many times, say unto us, as they see our preparations for a gathering like this, 'I don't see what you find *there* for my part.'"

"Still, God is here," said uncle Julius, speaking thoughtfully, cheerfully, his beautiful eyes going over the groups and pairs. "God is nowhere in the world, neither in the pulpit nor the cloister, if He is not here where so many of His children are."

Yes, I told him, that was true; that was a beautiful, an inspiring truth; but it needed a strong, calm, collected soul like his, I added, to find God there, as one finds Him in the church, in solitude; to feel Him, to feel and know that one's hand lay in His, that one's spirit mingled

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with His and was blest with the high communion.

"One must pray," said he, "one must pray here as devoutly, as trustingly, as one prays in one's closet; and then one finds God."

And then my heart went out to Him in a little, short, tearful prayer; and He came; and the place, and the faces, and the sounds of the voices, were all changed. I loved every being there unspeakably; and, as I attended afterward to one and another, speaking to one, another and another, the words that were suited to them, it seemed to me that I had the power to take every one of that large company along a little way with me toward heaven.

"Anna!" said Alice, huddling up close to me in the dressing-room, where I was helping them to find their things, and taking my leave of them. Alice had been a long time finding hers, a long time putting them on; there were now only two or three others left, and they were in another part of the room. "Anna!" giving one of her pleased, flashing glances at her figure in the large mirror before which we stood, "I've had a good time! I'm glad I came! You!" speaking low, putting her head nearer mine, fluttering with her bonnet-strings and her light shawl, "I never *saw* such an agreeable man as this Mr. Rosenvelt of yours is! Ha! we had the nicest time; he, Lizzy Walker, Hetty Lane, Sarah McIntosh, and I! We had charades and riddles there, you see, in one corner of the back parlor; and he was so amusing! He likes charades as well as I do, I imagine; and I like them better, I believe, than any other amusement in the world. They *suit* me, somehow; and he appeared as if they did him. You'll have a grand husband."

She did not know that she ended with a sigh, with a shade of regret crossing her beautiful, fresh features; but she did. I kissed her. I said I would go down with her and see to his going home with her. She shrank a little, laid a little fluttering hand on my arm, and said, "I *hate* to trouble him! I wanted Robin to come, terribly; but his head ached so! It wasn't a common headache; he told me to tell you so; if it had been, he would have come; but it was one of his hard, trip-hammer headaches, as he calls 'em; and he could hardly hold his head up, or see out of his eyes."

We were, by this time, at the foot of the stairs; I was looking into the rooms, each side, for Rosenvelt. I found him in the back parlor alone. (My father and mother and the Concord friends were still standing near the door of the hall, taking leave of uncle Julius and aunt Mary.) He stood still as a marble man, between the parted curtains, looking out on the night.

"Here you are," said I. "I've been looking after you."

"Yes, here I am," turning round a face whose forehead was very white. "Come here and let me touch you; if I may," taking my hand in his; "if you can bear to have me."

I did not speak; but I felt very friendly toward him, with my eyes on his; and I suppose he saw it; for he shut my hand close between both his, touched his lips to my forehead; and, with a look of pain mingling with his look of pleasure, said, "Just touching you, just seeing you, any time, does me good. I thought tonight, when I saw you going round with so much of heaven in your face, that the man who does get you for his companion in life, is made. I thought that I wasn't worthy and never can be, after what I've gone through." Again he kissed my forehead, this time with lingering lips, as if it were a parting; again pressed my hand between both his, and with swelled veins and a look of great pain on his features, was turning to leave me, when I detained him, laying my hand on his shoulder and saying, "Alice is here, dear Rosenvelt, in the hall, at the door. She has no one to go home with her. I came on purpose to find you."

Yes, he would go. Making visible efforts to shake off his abstraction, he attended me out to the hall; said, as we came in sight of Alice, "I'm at your service, Miss Bishop, in one moment; as soon as I find my—*chapeau*. Here 'tis; blessed Anna has found it; she finds everything. I shan't say good night now, Anna. Let me see your light dress here waiting for me when I come back." He was offering his arm to Alice, looking back to me.

"No," I said; "for how late it is! only think! So good night now; good night, cousin Alice."

"Good night, then," bowing over his shoulder as they went down the steps; putting what complaint he felt into the tones; it was not great, though. I fancy Alice's arm lying lightly on his, made it less. I fancy that if the time comes when we part for aye, as betrothed husband and wife, I mean, her arm lying on his, her soft form beside him, her beautiful face turned to his, will make that also less. God, let it be so, if that will be really happiest, best for him.

CHAPTER XVI.

July 26th.

We rode up to Franklin this afternoon, to show my mother and Rosenvelt the rocky, out-

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of-the-way place where Webster was born, and the beautiful, green Elms Farm, to which his family removed when he was two years old, to which he came oftener and oftener, as the burdens of his life grew heavy and its disappointments thickened before him. We got out at the former place. My mother picked out of the turf leaves that had prematurely faded and fallen from the elm planted nearly a hundred years ago by Webster's father. She wanted to send them away to some friends who would value them for Webster's sake. I stood still on the turf feeling it thrill all my body, thinking of the little, bare feet that used to toddle about them, and of the large, soft, baby eyes that used to look the landscape over. My father talked with John Taylor about his crops; Rosenvelt watched the animals and fowl about the door and in the orchard; called me to see the self-consequence of a hen walking about with her solitary charge, a gosling half as large as herself. He loves animals, sees all their little characteristic movements, attitudes, understands all their noises, all the tips of their heads, all the looks out of their round, vigilant eyes. He accosts them, answers them, laughs heartily, sympathizingly at their cunning ways. Bless him! So I say many a time every day, when I see how good and full of loving simplicity his heart is toward every creature.

"Here we are," said he, on our return, as we rode slowly into the shade of our own elms. He sighed, and sad looks of yearning were in the eyes he raised to the far-sweeping branches. "Here we are, my Anna. Let me say 'my Anna,' now and then, if I do cheat myself in saying it. Here we are; but I wish we could ride on just so, you and I, till our time on this earth is fairly over. You don't know how I wish it! You can't think how I long for it!"

My father was helping my mother out from the front seat, guarding with solicitude her beautiful skirts. Rosenvelt, when his turn came to help me out, took me out in his arms and so set me down on the door-step. My father, my mother, Mrs. Eaton, who came to tell us we had company waiting in the parlor, all laughing, called it "a good one!" "That was handsomely done!" they said. But Rosenvelt himself was tremendously agitated. He was pale; he seemed as if he were faint. When I went into the hall to leave my bonnet and shawl, he came, caught me into his arms, held me one moment strained to his heart, kissing me upon forehead, cheek, and lips; then, letting his arms fall, he turned slowly up the stairs, not once looking back, holding upon the balustrade at every step.

CHAPTER XVII.

August 1st.

Poor, poor Robin! now the embrowned, work-hardened hands must be shut upon their daily toils, or tossed in fever. Now the new ponderous volumes of hard technicalities must lie in piles upon the table, must be there until the dust of many—we know not, alas! how many days—gathers among them. It comes of his over-tasking himself, of the work that each day began so early, each night ended so late.

He does not know us, not one of us, how wistfully soever the glassy eyes may look us over. But he calls for us reproachfully, mournfully, like a little child longing for its mother: "Where's mother?" or "Where's Alice?" or "I wonder *where* Anna is, that she *never* comes! What keeps mother away from here so long? She used to be here; I used to see her round!" he says, even while his mother, Alice, and I are beside him, bending over him, longing, striving to cool and settle the sick, burning brain. "Tell *him* to come!" he says, meaning Rosenvelt, who is with him a great deal by night and day, and is as assiduous nursing him, as tender and skillful as if he were a woman.

We do not know how it will end. God only knows whether he will ever come out of the sickness that is so terrible. We said to-day that we would have few hopes, only, it seems to us, because the affliction is so great, that God will not let it come. Alice and I say this. Aunt Rosalia does not; for she has seen death come and supplant a life even more precious to her than this of her precious, her good and only boy.

Rosenvelt is a comfort to her; she said so to-day, when she saw how his touch comforted Robin; how Robin's eyes, when they began in one of his lucid hours to-day to search the room for him, gladdened at the sight of him. Alice, seeing what a stay he is to her mother and to Robin, feeling the rooms grow light when he comes and desolate when he goes, says she is sure there is nobody in the whole world, who, to her, seems so great and good as he.

CHAPTER XVIII.

August 7th.

He is dead. With all his precious youth and beauty on him, there he lies, placid as marble, in his shroud—the poor, faithful hands callous even yet with their labors, folded at rest upon the still heart. There came at last a day of transcendent clearness, when his hand no longer sought other hands, when his eyes no longer

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looked for one form, or another form, when his dry lips no longer said, mournfully, "Where's mother?" or "Where's Alice?" or "Where's Anna?" but when he clasped his hands upon his breast, raised his eyes upward and said in tones that melted all who heard him, "Where's the Saviour?" There came a morning (his last on earth) when he found Him; when with the "joy unspeakable" in his eyes, his voice, and all about him, as a light of heaven, he said again and again, "I've found Him! I've found my blessed Saviour! He's right here!"

Aunt Rosalia feels the glory of his innocent, dutiful life, of his triumphant death; feels what it is to be the mother of one who has gone before, to be with God, and is lifted above sorrow; but Alice wrings her hands and cries, sometimes aloud. I, "Oh! God!" I say, "that he is gone!"

Monday, the 11th.

He is buried, the blessed, darling boy! his flesh is buried out of our sight, away from this earth forever! Aunt Rosalia sinks sometimes and weeps; but, most of the time, she goes about with the same mild serenity. Alice cries at everything that brings him to her mind. And we cannot turn our eyes, that some work he has done, or alas! alas! left undone, does not meet them, to draw the tears, to make the temples throb, and the heart ache. For his rich life was of his own will poured out, or of its own spontaneous energy beamed forth upon all the action, all the life about him. So it was spent early. "Midway between morn and noon," literally

> "With the sickle in his hand,
> He bowed amid the sheaves his manly head,
> And left the toil unto a mournful band;"

but left it, thanks be to God! to be

> "Numbered in yon resting land,
> With the blessed dead!"

At this hour, on this blue, still morning, through aunt Rosalia's windows, other forms can be seen moving about in the field, finishing the wheat harvest begun with his own dear hands. I, sitting here, would give all the world out of my hands, if it were mine, to call him back, to have him here once more, with the kindling, tender, earnest, beautiful life.

God knows what He does; at this one thought, this only, the tension upon the heart-strings gives way, and rest, and balm come.

Uncle Julius, at the funeral yesterday, began his remarks with the cross that is so heavy, and ended with the crown that fadeth not away; showed us how *all* our sorrows, all the darkness on earth, are but the shadows of the cross planted by divine, unseen hands here in our midst, the cross symbolized eighteen hundred years ago, when our blessed Lord bore his upon his own shoulders up Calvary; how all the blessedness, all the light are from the crown He left shining over our heads, ready for us when He went upward.

Later.

When Rosenvelt was speaking to me last evening of Robin's death, he said, "The worst of it with me is, that I might have saved him. From the time you told me how hard his life was, I fully meant, some way, to put money into his hands, so that he should go on comfortably after this. I just as much thought I was going to do it, as I believed that I lived. But, while I idled—now and then thinking how I would manage to get the money into his hands without hurting his delicacy—he was straining his life so hard that it gave way; and now there he is in the grave, and I am here." I never heard so sad a voice; I never saw eyes so expressive of mournful self-reproach. He rose to walk the floor a few moments, as is his way, when either grief or gladness get hold of him, and then came back to me, saying, "'Tis the way I live, the way I've always been living. I've always been neglecting something that I ought to do, or doing something that I had better not do; or, at least, my life has been mostly filled with one or the other of these classes of action. I don't know, I'm sure, what I'm here for."

"Probably to come at length where you will do right all the time, through the pain you feel for the wrong you do, and for your neglect of the right," I answered, with cheerfulness.

"Oh! I don't know about that! The truth is, I lack one grand quality that I see in you, that I saw in him that's gone. I suppose it is earnestness. I don't know what else it can be. I haven't a particle of it. If I can have comfortable quarters, can see none but comfortable people round me, if Pedro shines, and I can see Leon somewhere round, and nothing disturbs my sleep, or my appetite—this is about all I care for. Once in a while, when I see what some one suffers, I want to relieve them, to be sure—as I wanted to help poor Robin, as I wanted to get you out of your kitchen work, and so on; but perhaps 'tis more because it makes me uncomfortable seeing others so, than anything else, that brings me to it, after all; perhaps this too is selfishness like all the rest."

"You wrong yourself, in part," I said. "The heart that aches at sight of suffering, and gets its own relief in relieving others, is a good, benevolent heart that I will defend, let its owner say what he will."

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"Yes; that's because you are a precious girl. You haven't the least idea, yourself, how good, and beautiful, and noble you are."

I would have laughed at him and at myself; but, sitting on a stool before me, holding my fingers tightly, he kept his gravity nearly unabated; and soon, I was listening with gravity, while he said, "You are as cheerful as a spring morning; you're more like a spring morning than anything else. For, if you listen, you'll hear minor notes even in a spring morning. You see all the fun there is, just as clearly as you see the suffering; are just as ready to laugh as you are to—to weep, I was going to say; but I suppose you laugh a hundred times to shedding one tear; don't you?"

"Oh! yes, indeed!—but then my heart is sad often, in the very midst of my laughter; for things do not go right in this world. We are, none of us, so excellent and happy as we ought to be. If we were, all of us, a great deal better, more like Christ, then wouldn't the laughter come? and the music! just think how our songs would be poured out everywhere! in the kitchen, on the stairs, going out and coming in! just think!"

"Yes, I know! I can think something about how it would be."

"Yes, indeed, you can! We would dance for a divine joy; and so, even our dancing would grow divine!"

"Yes, I can see," musingly, with yearning eyes. "I don't suppose we know at all how to live, yet; we Americans, especially. The poor, ragged Italians sing and dance——"

"Yes; without a grain of wisdom though, mingling with their lightness of heart. We have gone beyond them, since we are seeking, striving. We have closed our lips upon the song, and withdrawn our feet from the dance, because the painful search absorbs us. By-and-by, when we shall have found wisdom, art, high refinement, beauty, all that the soul, the æsthetic soul, longs for, when we have brought them and joined them with our love, our inborn gayety, just think how it will be then!"

"Yes! I can think that you will be as a queen, when those days come, (if they ever do while we live,) for such days as those would give you a chance. Let me tell you what you must wear in those days, Anna—black velvet, with the finest lace and pearls. Pearls or diamonds; which do you think?"

Respecting his picture of those days, the serious fidelity with which he had given me place therein, I let the figure of black velvet and fine lace be, myself admiring it, myself laying pearls upon the brow, the arms, and the bosom; whereupon he thanked me with enthusiasm and kept kissing my fingers. My mother coming in, he told her about it, and said, "Isn't that grand, Molly?" adding, his eyes once more clouded with yearning, or, it might be, with memory, "if any such days ever come to us."

CHAPTER XIX.

August 25th.

I SUPPOSE I am ill. They say I am and have been ever since Robin died; that I was, in fact, before he died, if I had known it. They say it comes of so much bending, of working upon him so much with my hands and will, giving all my electricity out of myself, taking his fever in its stead. And I suppose it does; for my spine, never one of the strongest, most enduring, suffers constant uneasiness, almost constant pain; and my strength is gone. I can lift a hand, upon trying; but, any time, I would a great deal rather not try. I write this—feeling weakness at every stroke—with my pencil.

September 2nd.

I do not lie in bed, as they want me to. I sit in an easy-chair, big enough for myself and the regiment of pillows and cushions they want to keep about me. The doctor comes every day, feels my pulse, looks into my eyes, tells me I'll soon do well, and leaves his potions. Uncle Julius comes in every morning, calls me lazy; says I am a dear, patient girl though, and that, when he can see me down stairs, on my feet again, he will know how to prize it. My mother, God bless her! is as faithful as an own mother could be. Mrs. Eaton tries to do something for me, piles my pillows up; and when she sees how they topple down the moment her hand is off, she seems ashamed and says, "I ain't worth a cent at anything but just cooking. I've been thinking; and, when they'll let you put something besides doctor's stuff into your mouth, you shall have something! you see if you don't! If you don't, my name ain't Eaton, and never was!"

My father sends up word by her and by my mother, that he is glad to hear that I feel myself so comfortable; that, if there is anything I want, in town, or out of town, I shall have it; and that he shall come up as soon as I am a little stronger, to see how I get along.

Rosenvelt sits at my feet, holds my fingers, working upon them, looks up into my face, says I grow more beautiful every day; that somehow my beauty, as it changes, awes him. He lets Leon come with him; says "the chap" won't be

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cheated out of it; that he sleeps with an eye open, watching him; that he understands him as well as the rest do, when he says he is going up to Anna's room, or up to see Anna; gets up, has on his gravest look, and comes up at his side. He used to wag his tail and go out of himself almost, twisting himself round, when he saw me coming, or came where I was; now he comes, his nose tipped down, his grave, doubting eyes looking up through his brows at me and at his master, by turns. Rosenvelt laughs to see how modest his approach is, and says he is awe-struck, like his master. He is not willing to go when his time is up; and to-day Rosenvelt left him. Then he wagged his tail, when he looked up to me, after having seen the last of the retreating shoulders of his master.

Thursday, the 4th.

I do not see Rosenvelt at all, yesterday and to-day. This is the reason. When my mother came to my room in the afternoon, yesterday, which she did not do until long past her usual hour, she looked so agitated, so flushed, that I knew some bad news had come. It made me very weak, made me tremble, thinking what might have happened at Northampton. I could not bear the suspense; and, when I found that my mother kept talking about my pillows, about what my father said at dinner, without exactly knowing what she was saying, I stopped her with asking her if there was any news yet from Northampton.

"Oh, yes!" and then she sunk down in a chair beside me, and gave up her attempts at concealment. "She's dead; the poor creature's dead; and the news of it has broken Horace right down. I never saw anybody tremble so! He says——"

"But please, mother," I was obliged to interpose, "please don't tell me any more now."

That she was dead, if her life had been calm, domestic, that of wife as well as mother, would not have shaken me: but all the wrongs she had met, and herself, poor, wronged creature! perpetrated, upon her child and upon her own soul; all the agonizing conflict, and shame, the bitter remorse and sorrow she must have felt looking upon her poor child, and death that was to part them so near; the terror and distress of the child, who, amidst all the faces and forms that will be about her in this time of trial, can see no face, no form that she loves—all came upon me, an overwhelming weight, and stifled me. I was faint; I breathed with difficulty. My mother, alarmed, reproaching herself for her forgetfulness of my feelings in her distress for her brother's, loosened my dress, bathed me, kissed me with her tears dropping when she saw that my color came back, that my breath was easier, and said, "Now, you are better! How much trouble can come, how long it can keeping coming, from just one wrong thing!" she added, as she continued to bathe my head and face, and put my hair in order. "When Horace had got everything arranged, as he thought, had got them settled at Limonar, he would look as pleased as a child and say, 'Now it's all over with.' We don't know in this world when a thing is over with, do we?"

The 5th.

No, I said, still very weak. But I supposed, I told her, that we can know when our *suffering* on account of a wrong we have committed is over, and has a right and reason to be; I supposed that this will be when the suffering has done its legitimate work in us; has helped us to put our pride, our fear of the world rather than of God, our prejudice, *all* our sin aside, planting our feet in the right, gathering the right about us, as panoply and bulwark, as our all, in God. In *this* case, I said, this under which we were now suffering, I supposed that if we could, all at once, bring ourselves to do just what we ought to do, we would have peace.

Just what we ought to do? and what did I think that was? she asked.

It was to tell the truth, I said, before all the world; to take the child as our own, and by our own truth and our great love for her, help her to know, speak, and bear the truth without shame; as she ought indeed, poor thing! since not one jot or tittle of shame belongs to her.

The 6th.

Oh! my mother said, that would *never* do! what would people say? it would set all Boscawen to talking!

And if it did, I said, that was no matter. And I really felt that it was not, God was so great to me, all this world so small! Besides, I knew that the Boscawen people would not wish to destroy us. I believed that, when they had had time to look our conduct and us all over, they would settle down into loving and approving us more heartily than ever. So I told my mother; but, with the color every moment deepening on her cheeks, with the uneasy light every moment brightening in her eyes, she shook her head, replying that she could not think so; for her part, it looked terrible to her having it known; she was sure my father would never consent to its being known; especially now, when he was talked of for office! nor

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would Horace have courage to face it. Oh! she knew it could never be done!

"Perhaps not," sighed I, "but I am sorry."

Later.

Seeing me try to adjust my pillows, she rose and helped me, saying, "I haven't a doubt, Anna, that you have the right of it. I've no doubt it is what Christ, if he were here this moment, would bid us do; but I *can't!* I haven't courage! I wish I had; I know I ought to have, as a professed Christian; but I can't. And, if I could, I know your father wouldn't consent; nor would Horace. So—is this right, poor child? So we won't think of it. She's gone; the child is well provided for, and has a good guardian; one of the best men in Northampton, *she* wrote. She didn't expect Horace to own the child—of course she didn't! how could she? There, now you must rest. You must let this go out of your mind."

Would she talk with her brother and my father about it? I urged, with a pertinacity that made her smile.

"Yes, I will; but I know what they will say. Now you must settle down and rest. There, that's a good girl! adieu."

"Adieu, mother."

CHAPTER XX.

September 8th.

My mother wore brighter looks when she came up this afternoon; and the reason of it was explained when she said, "I have talked with them about it. Or, I didn't say much to your father; I just told him you thought you and Horace ought to take the girl. He said it would never do! it wasn't to be thought of! I gave Horace your whole idea; but he said he could never stand that! He said he deserved all the blame and shame that can come; but he couldn't stand it! So all we have to do is to get over it. This we shall do in time. You know what a shock her first letter gave us; but we were getting over it nicely; we were nearly over it, when this came. Time does wonders; all we need, now that she is gone, is time; there can be nothing more to come after this. It must be that it is all over now. It seemed to relieve Horace to hear that you know all and are so calm about it. But he says her death cuts him all up. Those were his words; and he curled down into a heap in his arm-chair, when he said it, and looked as though everything was over with him. But I know him. He sinks easily, rises easily. He'll never feel all the time, as he would if she had never lived and—died, I suppose; but he'll soon be over it, so that he will laugh and joke and be as lively as ever. So I don't feel so bad. I can wait."

Morning.

So, instead of opening our lives, clearing them, spreading them out a bright web of truth, we are to roll and pack them closer than ever, that the patches be not distinctly seen, and the seams that hold the lies and the truth together. I can think what I shall do when I am a little, a very little stronger. I have known, since uncle Julius, when he came up to see me, two days ago, said, "You need the water-treatment, Anna, that is what you need. Sitting here in the midst of your pillows and taking medicines will never bring you out of it, sound of nerve. You ought to live half of the time in the water and half in the air; then I should have hope of you. I'm going to tell your father so." There is a pleasant, shady water-cure a dozen miles or so from here, up the railroad and river, at Hill. I would go there any other time; this time I shall go to the Florence water-cure, Northampton. My heart gives a bound of joy at the thought.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wednesday, the 10th.

It is all settled; I am to go to Northampton. All, the doctor and all, thought uncle Julius' idea an excellent one; but my father thought I had better go to Hill; he was averse to my meeting, or seeing the girl, under any circumstances. No good could come of it; we had got to be very careful, or it would leak out some way; in his mind, I had better go to Hill. My mother thought so too, unless I would be *very* careful! but I would. Yes, I would. I would promise them that nothing should come to light through my going there. I would see the girl; would perhaps speak some kind words to her, if I saw that she needed them; would see just how she was situated, just what her guardian proposed doing with her, and we would all feel better than we would in ignorance.

That was true. My mother could see that; so could Rosenvelt. It seemed to both my mother and Rosenvelt that it was precisely the right thing for me to do, to go to Northampton; and my father consented.

Later.

I shall not wait long. I would go to-morrow if left to follow my own course; but the doctor says I must put off the going until I have such strength that the bare thought of going does not excite me as he sees it do at present. So I

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shall be very calm. When they told uncle Julius what the doctor said, looking me with great kindness in the face, he answered, "Once get her into the air and on the way, and I'll answer for the excitement." He always understands me, and knows what I need better than anybody else does.

The 11*th.*

My mother says I must have two elegant wrappers, one for mornings, one for afternoons. Northampton isn't Boscawen Plain, she says. It is a stylish place; that is, in comparison; and, besides, the fall is close by. I must have something warmer. Upon the fine cashmeres, and thibets, and all-wool delaines, therefore, and upon their colors, she holds anxious dissertations; finishes each dissertation with something like this, "I see! there is no other way. Horace or I must go to Concord to-morrow morning, carry your pattern; and, if Horace goes, he must give Mrs. Holmes money and tell her to do as she pleases. I want you to be very elegant, very; you can't, in my estimation, be too well dressed!" Then she goes. She returned soon after going, this evening, just as the sun was setting amidst peaceful clouds, and my heart was settling in gratitude to see them; returned to say, "I meant to tell you that it has done Horace a world of good, having your plans to talk about. I saw some of the old mischievous twinkle at the supper-table, when Mrs. Eaton, coming in with her hands full, ran over Leon and was so awkward and ashamed about it! She's prodigiously awkward, if anything makes her ashamed. Leon was as solemn as a Black Prince; you can't think how solemn he was."

"There I am, and here is Leon at the door," said Rosenvelt, tapping lightly.

My mother told him he was the very man she wanted to see. Would he have the goodness to sit down and settle it which should go to Concord to-morrow?

Later.

Leon came with a thoughtful face that suited me, alack! better than did either of the human faces, just then. People must wear gowns; sick people must wear wrapping-gowns; they must, or had better, befit circumstances, as it appears to me they may be made to do through the exercise of quiet good taste and judgment, without enthusiasm or any great mental or physical absorption. So I thought, seeing my mother's enthusiasm. Besides, there were the peaceful clouds so near! why could not our life take a little of their magnificent coloring, a little of the softness and quiet, as if it were of heaven, that lay upon them? why must they—our lives—forever be poorer than the clouds, when it belongs to them to be richer? So, with dim insight, I have been wondering, inquiring many a month; many a year. I suppose; I suppose the wonder, the inquiry, has been at the bottom of many a longing and discontent that has torn my heart, and I knew not why, or how. Now I know. Thank God that I know, although it has come, as I imagine this kind of wisdom often does, on the sable wings of death, of regrets, of yearnings that could find no satisfying bread or waters in our poor, ordinary life—poor, that is, as we render it; although, by all I have felt sitting here, thinking of dear Robin, of the life of Jesus, of the great and ever-near Father, the greatness of his word, of the capabilities of the human soul for joy and greatness in all its daily, hourly life, I know how rich and angelically bright God meant to be, now means to be, for the individual, for all the race, and, as soon as the purification of the race, the individual is ended. A grand Roman once claimed a certain high post, for this best of all reasons he had "lived up to it." As individuals, as a race, we deserve, and have, through eternally beneficent laws, the good we have lived up to; nothing more, nothing less. The martyr at the stake has it, the woman going about her daily household tasks, with heaven's light on her forehead, has it. 'Tis mightiest, not in the martyr, simply as being at the stake; not in the woman, simply as being in the midst of her cares; but it is mightiest in the mightiest soul.

Morning, the 12*th.*

"She won't forget the cords and tassels for each dress, of course," my mother was saying, as I withdrew my eyes from the now falling clouds; "but perhaps you had better make a minute of them." So he did, on his tablets, where he had already made others, of gloves and morning collars. Then my mother was satisfied and went. After she went, there was a silence which we, neither of us, knew exactly how to break easily; for we do not speak lately of that which is first in our minds, and so we get on but clumsily when we are together. If Leon is with us, we generally resort to him, as we this evening did. Rosenvelt remarks upon his attachment to me; upon how he sees him get up, when they are down stairs together, hears him sigh—the knowing chap actually does sigh, he says—and then sees him turn off into the hall and up the stairs to my room. *He* knows, he says, as well as anybody, that his mistress is a better person than his master.

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"Best old fellow!" he said, this evening, after some such remarks, and laying his hand on mine that rested on Leon's head. And as his hand lay there, closing more and more upon mine, there came to his poor face the look of pain and yearning, showing how his life is torn between memory and remorse; torn, moreover, although he probably hardly discerns this, between his true, benevolent propensities, and the worldly pride and fear that hold him back from obeying them.

"Let me kiss your hand," said he. "I hardly know when I shall feel worthy to kiss your pure forehead again. But I'd give more to be worthy than I would for heaven! a fact, Anna! No mortal can long for heaven, or anything, more than I do to wipe out so much of my past life as would leave me worthy to kiss you, on your forehead, on your cheek and lips, to do it, to stand before you, knowing that I am your equal in the sight of one who could see and know all." He spoke, as is his wont under high excitement, rapidly, with full veins and with light darting from his eyes. He added, "You don't know what it is to feel this. I am thankful that you never will. Poor Clara wasn't to blame; I want you to think of this when you are there where she died—where she is buried. I was the wretch who did it all; I was, because she loved me, and was alone and was helpless; because I was little less than a god in her sight. I was, socially, so far above her. It was as if I had set my feet on her and trampled her into the dust."

Later.

He was walking the floor, his voice choked with his tears, with the pity for her, the scorn of himself that sent them welling up. "But judge," he added, coming to stand in greater quiet, beside me, "judge if it isn't too bad that I should wring and torture you in this manner. I am afraid you too will have reason to rue the day you met me—the bright, bright, blessed day that brought me here. For, let what will come, while I live, and when I die, as I have no doubt, I shall be glad that I came here where, for a while, my life ran along by the side of yours. You will never be sorry for this, Anna, promise me, let what will come to us?"

"No, never!"

"A thousand thanks! nobody is so kind as you. But I shan't, on this account, because you never say 'I am tired now, I must rest now,' stay and wear you out. I shall go early in the morning, with my own horse, so I shan't see you before I start; so good night," kissing my fingers.

"Good night, Rosenvelt——"

He is to accompany me. Or, my mother said he spoke of writing for one of the Florence nurses or attendants to meet me at Springfield, a few miles this side, and take me on. He dreads, she says, going any nearer where *she* died and is buried. He don't want to go near where the girl is; he is red in the face, he begins to walk back and forth at the thought of it.

The 15th.

Alice has been in to shed some last tears that Robin is dead, that I am going. I have shed some last tears for Robin, for my blessed mamma's grave, for the lovely, quiet landscape, the peaceful neighborhood, and the air of home; for the silent mysteries of the future toward which I go, with feet, hands, and nerves, at present, but feeble and doubtful.

We shall go to-morrow; now must I rest if I can. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EVE BEFORE BATTLE.

BY HELEN A. BROWNE.

The full moon peeps above the brow
Of ridges long and gray,
'Tis time that we were mounted now,
High time to be away.

Our steeds stand saddled by the gate,
We hear the sentry cry,
Oh! why is it we longer wait,
Oh! brother, tell me why?

Is it because some sadd'ning thought
Has mingled in our dreams,
We fear to leave this sacred spot
For other, wilder scenes?

Away! I would not breathe it here,
Give utt'rance to the sigh,
Oh! wherefore should we, soldiers, fear,
Whose business 'tis to die?

And wherefore should earth's sorrows move?
Or why should shadows fall
Since Heaven hangs so bright above,
And God is over all?

Then mount—away! we clear the ledge,
We leave the garden gate—
The moon is up above the ridge—
The night is growing late.

Our way is up the mountain side.
Through woodlands long and gray,
Where tinkling streamlets darkly glide—
Away! away! away!

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"PLOTTING AND PLANNING."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE, there, mother Elsie, just look at these two precious documents, and see what a set of young scapegraces we've got on our hands to attend to! This comes of having a good disposition, and promising to play guardian to all my old friends' orphans. Faith, there'll be war in the camp, sure enough, now! What with wild Madge, her pranks and her mischief, and young Master Richard and his college chums—and the two children hating each other so—we shall have a time of it! Pity that we set our hearts on this match so, Elsie; we might have known how young folks are—if they got wind of it, they'd go heart and hand against it—for Madge is shy as a hawk, and Richard's got all the blood of the Hardings in him. But do read the letters, mother!" and uncle Ben Hobart settled back in his arm-chair with a genuine expression of distress on his round, genial face.

Mrs. Hobart, or "Mother Elsie," as uncle Ben persisted in styling his better half, smoothed down the folds of her black silk apron, perched her spectacles anew on her nose; and, by dint of long application, unraveled the following epistles—the first written in a delicate, boarding-school hand, and the other in bold, dashing, almost unintelligible chirography, as if penned in great haste. Let us overlook the good lady's shoulder as she reads:

"DEAR GUARDIANS—As exhibition is a week from to-day, I thought I would write, stating that I shall be at home by sunset the next day. My dear friend, Amanda Peabody, is dying for me to pass a month with her; but as you write me that Dick Harding is coming home, I have taken the liberty to invite Amanda to accompany me—for I can't endure the idea of playing the agreeable to 'Sir Richard,' whom, you know, I always hated from childhood, and Amanda will take him off my hands. I suppose his lordship has changed much since I saw him—but no doubt for the worse. Of course he will bring home a wiser head than he carried to Harvard; yet that seems incredible, for there was always enough conceit in him for a score. Please, dear uncle Ben, I hope you won't tease me in the way you used to about 'marrying Dick some day;' for if you do, I shall go straight home with Amanda, and not come back to Ashland till his visit is over. I am willing to tolerate him, but I give you fair warning that I shall not bear him any love, and I don't care if he knows it in the beginning. Now don't scold me for this naughty, willful letter, for I love you all—uncle Ben, aunty, and old nurse Eaton—as much as ever—everybody but Dick—and, lest you scold me, I sign myself, Yours in a pet,

MADGE."

The other letter, which aunt Elsie now opened, was from Richard Harding, and ran thus:

"DEAR UNCLE BEN—Have been off into the country, rusticating, with my chum, since my graduation, which happened about three weeks ago. Was quite overwhelmed by the weight of my laurels. Couldn't think of going up to old Ashland staggering under 'em, so slipped off into parts unknown to recuperate. Feel somewhat recovered now; guess I'll slide down home. Shall bring my chum, Hal Winstead, with me, to pass a couple of weeks or so, in trouting, gunning, etc. Reckon on 'a good time generally.' Somebody told me—else I dreamed it—that it's about time for Madge Brandon to graduate. Hope she won't happen home till Hal and I get away again. Can't you pack her off somewhere on a visit, if it should happen so? for neither chum nor I want to do the agreeable to a bread and butter school girl. We don't fancy the girls—that is, Hal don't; and you know that Miss Madge and I always quarreled through our childhood, and I can't believe that 'years of discretion' have brought either of us more amiable dispositions. Jove! wasn't she a little vixen then!—how her black eyes used to flash fire! But I suppose I did use to tease her slightly, though—for I have a faint recollection of playing 'the torment,' as my part in the *role* daily enacted at Ashland; yet, having no desire to renew it, I hope Madge won't happen at home while Hal and I are with you. We only run down for a short time, then we're off for Europe. Kiss aunt Elsie for me, and tell her to make her best drop-cakes, and get out the 'pink china' for our benefit. In haste,

DICK."

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"Well, now, here's a pretty to do!" sighed uncle Ben, as "Mother Elsie" took off her glasses and refolded the letters. "What's to be done? they'll quarrel all the time, as they used to! But I can't see how we're to prevent it, either—for, faith! I believe Madge's half right when she says the boy's got conceit enough for a score. We shall have to give up the match, mother; they're too headstrong to pull together!"

"There, now, Benjamin, don't make a baby of yourself!" said aunt Elsie. "Scar'd to death by a couple of children! Give it up, indeed? The children'll do well enough if you'll let 'em alone. I don't believe in plotting and planning—at least, so't folks can *see* what you're aiming at. They'll make their own match fast enough if they think nobody else is planning for 'em; but you jest keep hectoring 'em, and see how you'll come out! Don't you know that it's the only sure way, to let young folks manage their own love affairs? What if they *do* spat and flout?—they're only little love quarrels, and they like each other all the better for it afterward. And now, Benjamin, I hope you won't appear to notice everything that happens; but jest let 'em have their own head, and everything will come out right in the end. But, I declare, if I'd a known company was comin' so soon, I'd a made the raspberry jam! I guess I'll see if Betty and I can't do it to-morrow; and then there's the jellies to see to—and the tea cake to set to rise, and the Washington pies to get up, and the blanc mange—Dick does like my 'goodies' so, as he calls 'em, dear boy! And Margaret, too!—the children are glad enough to be at home again, I'm a thinking! Richard 'goin' off to Europe' and foreign parts, indeed, when I'd been a thinkin'——" but ah, aunt Elsie, what visions were those that mixed in with your "hospitable thoughts intent?" Who was "plotting and planning" then?

CHAPTER II.

Two young men sat in the parlor of a village hotel. Alton was one of the prettiest and quietest country towns in Connecticut, romantically situated on the banks of a blue river. Wooded heights sloped down to the water's edge; a white church spire rose amid the trees; neat, white houses lined the principal street leading through the village; a large brick edifice stood on a pleasant eminence, and several boarding houses in close proximity proclaimed this structure the boast of the town, as it was the pride of the county—"Alton Seminary."

A little way up the street, the "Mansion House" reared its somewhat imposing front; and in a parlor of this hotel, one pleasant summer evening, sat our two young men in conversation.

"Hal," said the taller of the two, tossing his cigar from the open window, and running his fingers through his brown curls, "we must be off to-morrow, and early, too! Let's take a stroll down to the river, and sly round to the seminary grounds and bring the girls out. What say you?"

"Agreed!" exclaimed his companion, starting up; but, as he lightly set his hat on his black locks, he turned a penetrating look on his friend. "Dick, where's all this to end? Jupiter! it makes a fellow feel small to steal a girl's heart under false colors, then sneak cowardly away. If you're half as dead in love with that little black-eyed Miss Greyson as I am with Amanda Peabody, you would not turn your face homeward till you'd laid your 'heart, hand, and fortune' at her feet. Fact is, I believe you're unimpressible—a *bona fide* flirt; but I'll not take another moonlight walk with my dulcinea without committing myself! Come along, Dick, I'm desperate! I shall own up all!"

"Oh! stop now! What's the use of getting nervous, Hal? Now it's all very fine to while away a month or so in one of your humdrum country towns, by a little flirtation with one of these pretty boarding-school girls; but the idea of anything serious, pshaw! This sprightly little Greyson is pretty and witching, I acknowledge; but the idea of asking her to marry me—it's absurd! Richard Harding carries his heart in a securer place than to have it made captive so easily. Madge Greyson *is* pretty, and rather winning, but too tame. Jove! give me a girl of spirit! I know—or did know—another Madge, uncle Ben's ward—she and I were brought up together; and, Hal, there's fire enough in her composition, you'd better believe, to keep you on the look-out for the term of a natural lifetime. We always quarreled 'like everything,' as children say, when we were children together; but, somehow, old uncle Ben got it into his head that we were 'to marry each other when we 'got growed,' *a la* Topsy, and that, of course, set us against each other. And so we quarreled up to the very day when I left Ashland for college—and, shortly after, Miss Madge was sent off to some boarding-school or other, I'm sure I never asked where—and now I suppose if we ever meet again we shall quarrel as of old, from sheer force of habit. Indeed, I don't know but I've begun it already—for she may be at Ashland now, for aught I know, and

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in my last letter to uncle Ben I said I hoped Madge wouldn't be there to annoy us—you and I, Hal. But come, now for a parting walk, chum!"

"Dick, you'll marry this Madge Brandon some day, I prophesy!" said Harry Winstead, as they went out together.

"Nonsense!" laughed Dick. "I admire a woman of spirit, as I told you; but Madge is a perfect vixen, and I've no particular desire to 'tame a shrew,' or 'catch a Tartar!' I'd go down on my knees to demure little Madge Greyson rather. But come!"

CHAPTER III.

The large boarding-house connected with Alton Seminary was very quiet. "At nine o'clock," so ran the seminary regulations, "the lights in each room shall be extinguished, and the young ladies shall retire;" but very certain it was, that, on the night in question, at many a window, partially concealed by blinds and curtains, sat groups of young girls conversing softly in the moonlight, or slyly slipping through the galleries and down the staircases, they glided into the outer air, where, joined by some favored *cousin*, (?) they walked under that same summer moonlight, quite oblivious to the fact that to-morrow's recitations might suffer, or that the annual "Exhibition" stared them in the face in a few forthcoming days.

Singular, but true—isn't it, reader mine?—that Cupid's arrows always find easier entrance to girlhood hearts, than Euclid's theorems to girlhood brains. Alas! for willful woman.

"Madge," said one of a twain of young girls, who stood outside a little rustic gate at the extremity of the boarding-house grounds, "Madge, I can't help thinking that we are doing wrong in coming out here to meet *them*. How do we know but they think us merely silly, romantic boarding-school girls, and are trifling with us? We are doing wrong, Madge. To be sure, I was very grateful when Mr. Emmons rescued me from the river that day of the pic-nic; they all agreed I should certainly have been drowned before aid could have come; and even Madame Dormer herself went down into the parlor with me when he called next day to inquire after my health, and complimented him a great deal on his bravery; but, for all that, Madge, I can't help thinking these secret meetings are not quite right. If Mr. Emmons, or his friend, feel that interest in us they profess, why don't they visit us on levee night? They never come then."

"But madame is so strict. Of course her Argus eyes would be upon them, and she'd put down her foot for the proprieties; and so they'd rather met us here. I'm sure *I* can't see anything wrong in it, Amanda."

"Well, I don't see as we are 'wrong' exactly," replied Amanda; "but we are foolish, certain. I shan't come here any more. Let's go in now."

"If you want to, child, certainly!" said Madge. "But I see how it is: you're afraid you'll fall in love with this Harry Emmons. He is handsome, but rather too quiet for my fancy. Now Ned Hilton, it's genuine fun to flirt with him; no danger of breaking his heart, or getting mine broken in return. Wasn't that a capital idea of my new *sobriquet*, 'Miss Greyson?' I'm very certain the gentleman can't leave Alton now, and boast of his 'flirtation with Madge Brandon.' By the way, I wonder if he knew Dick Harding, at Harvard? I'll ask him. Amanda, don't hurry so! Where are you going? not in the house, child? But, hush! they are coming! there, up the path from the river! Now, don't play Miss Prim, but laugh and chat a little; and if Mr. Emmons talks sentiment, why you just sentimentalize in return, only make sure to keep your own heart untouched. That's the way *I* do—ah! good evening, gentlemen. My friend here was just about running away. Will you not thank me for detaining her, Mr. Emmons?" rang out in Madge Brandon's silvery, mischievous tones."

And "Harry Emmons," *alias* Harry Winstead, drew a fair white hand within his arm, and asked, earnestly, as the two walked apart,

"Miss Peabody, why would you shun me?"

And coquettish little Madge Brandon turned saucily to the young gentleman who stood near, and said, demurely,

"And shall *I* run into the house and report myself to madame as delinquent; or will Mr. Hilton lend me an arm for a short walk until reason shall have again resumed her sway over yonder moonstruck couple?"

"With pleasure, Miss Greyson!" was the quick reply.

As they emerged into the bright moonlight, he scanned long and earnestly the arch, merry face, whose eyelids at length drooped under his gaze. But evidently the perusal of those features brought no solution to the expression of puzzled mystery that deepened on his own face.

"Where can I have seen her before?" he unconsciously muttered, as he withdrew his gaze.

"Did you speak, Mr. Hilton?" asked Madge, demurely lifting her eyes.

"It is a habit of soliloquizing that I have

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foolishly fallen into, Miss Greyson," he replied, rallying, with a smile.

"I should venture to infer that said soliloquies are not of the Hamlet order," rejoined Madge, archly, "since his were on *grave* subjects, while yours seem to be on *living* ones, Mr. Hilton."

Her companion bit his lips, and remained silent.

That night, when the two girls sought their room, blushing little Amanda Peabody buried her face on Madge's shoulder, and said, softly, with tear-filled eyes,

"Oh! Madge, he loves me! He said so to-night, and his name *isn't* 'Emmons;' but there! I promised not to tell. You will know all by-and-by. It was a freak of his. He is coming to our house in a week or two, and I can only spend a few days with you at Ashland. Oh! Madge, if you knew how happy—only kiss me, Madge!"

Madge Brandon bent down and imprinted a warm kiss on the white forehead, on her shoulder, and whispered,

"Amanda, I am glad it is so!" then abruptly turned away. An hour after, while her companion slept the gentle sleep of youth and innocence, Madge sat at the window, with pale, thoughtful face, while a few tears trickled through her fingers.

"We have parted," she murmured. "He told me that he left Alton to-morrow; and not a word of regret, nor wish that we might meet again! And I had so ridiculed the name of love, that he thought me light and fickle, and his heart is untouched!"

Long did the girl sit in the white moonlight, till the holy hush of night brought her calmness.

CHAPTER IV.

"What, uncle Ben! Madge Brandon expected home to-morrow? Well, now, of course I have due respect for the young lady, and, on any ordinary occasion, would be happy to be her most devoted cavalier; but, really, just now you must excuse me. Hal and I go trouting up Mossdale river to-morrow; think we shall camp out a night or two. Perhaps you will call me rather ungallant, uncle; but I fancy that Madge, remembering our old-time animosity, will be quite willing to dispense with my company. 'A class-mate coming to spend a short time with her,' did you say? Well, Hal, there'll be a lady for you; you have a *penchant* for boarding-school misses, I believe," and Dick threw a meaning look into his friend's face.

It was the morning of a sultry, "muggy" day in August, and the two young men stood on the piazza of Ashland Mansion, attired in loose linen blouses, straw hats, and their fishing-rods in their hands. Uncle Ben leaned against a pillar, wiping the beaded sweat from his forehead. It had cost him something of an effort to impart the news of Madge's expected advent, for the inevitable hostile meeting of his two wards troubled the good old gentleman exceedingly; but, the ice once broken, a look of relief overspread his genial face. "Hey! mother Elsie—hey! wife!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands in infinite glee, as, after watching the two young men disappear down the cool, shady highway, he turned into the long kitchen, where the dame was busying herself with superintending old Mrs. Eaton's "goodies," and smoothing the icing on a loaf of cake for the oven. "I've got rid of those youngsters for a couple of days; told Dick Madge was coming home, and, if she happens along to-night, I want you to take her in hand, and charge her to keep her unruly tongue. Else she'll surely begin on Dick. Faith! she may consider herself lucky if ever she gets so good a husband as the boy'll make. There's the right stuff for a nobleman in him; and I've no doubt but we'll bring about the match yet, if you only give Madge her lesson."

"Deary me, Benjamin, why can't you stop worryin', and plottin', and plannin', and let the young folks alone? Let the children be, father, and don't provoke 'em! Madge's headstrong, but she's got a good, affectionate heart; and she can't help takin' to Richard, for the lad's handsome as a picter, and good as he's handsome. That's a proper youth Richard's brought home with him—young Harry Winstead. I hope they'll all enjoy themselves; for, Benjamin, you know Margaret is goin' to bring home 'Mandy Peabody, and, if they'd only all be pleasant and social like, how cheerful it'll seem! It does me good, father, to have young folks in the house. But, la! the oven'll get too hot, and scorch the cake!"

CHAPTER V.

At sunset, on the following day, the old-fashioned stage coach came down the long country road, and drew up at the gate of the Ashland Mansion. Uncle Ben went down the graveled avenue as fast as his rotundity would allow, and fairly lifted Madge from the coach with a hearty hug and smack which rang loudly on the air; while pretty little Amanda Peabody was welcomed with a demonstration scarcely

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less hearty. And aunt Elsie stood on the broad piazza in her best cap and kerchief; while old Mrs. Eaton and Betty, the maid of all work, were greatly rejoiced at the arrival. And a merry evening was it that followed, after the two new-comers were duly regaled with aunt Elsie's golden sponge-cake and delicious jellies; nor was it until a late hour, that the duetts sung by two clear, girlish voices ceased, and the tones of the piano died out from the old-fashioned parlor.

At twilight on the following day, uncle Ben went down the lane leading to the fields in the rear of the mansion, to meet the two young men returning from the fishing excursion. Richard Harding's brown curls, moistened by perspiration, hung in masses over his white forehead; his companion bore a fine string of trout upon his arm; both looked fatigued and exhausted.

"Well, boys, a pretty hard tramp you've had of it, I reckon! It don't pay, does it? But ah, yes! fine lot of trout, I see! Betty'll dish some of 'em up for supper. Let me relieve you, my young friend!" and the old gentleman walked on hurriedly. "But oh! I forgot, Dick, the girls are here. Madge is grown a real beauty, roguish as ever, too, I'll wager—and her little friend has taken my old heart by storm. You youngsters had better fix up a little, for Madge has got to be a young lady now—eh, Richard!"

"Botheration!" was Richard Harding's rather unclassical exclamation at this piece of information, after imparting which uncle Ben had hurried away with the string of trout on his arm. "A pretty muss, Hal, for fellows coming home tired to death, expected to come down to tea 'fixed up' in stiff dickys and dress coats, and all to entertain a couple of bread and butter school girls. Jupiter! why, if they must needs come at all, couldn't they have kept away till to-morrow! I've half a good mind to go back to our camp again!"

"Miss Margaret, do put on your blue dress, and the white roses in your hair, for young Mister Richard's got home, and brought the handsomest young gentleman with him!" exclaimed old Mrs. Eaton, putting her head inside the door of Madge's room.

"Isn't it shameful, Amanda, to be obliged to dress for tea this hot summer night? I shan't do it, I'm confident! If a hundred 'Sir Richards' were here, I shouldn't trouble myself to 'dress up' for them. Let's go down in these cool wrappers! It's nobody but Dick; and as for his friend, of course neither you nor I care anything about him!"

When the tea-bell rang, aunt Elsie, uncle Ben, Richard and his friend, were soon in the cool dining-room; but the two girls lingered up stairs.

"Deary me! why don't the girls come down? Betty! Betty! here, call Margaret and Mandy," said aunt Elsie.

"Sit down, boys; sit down! we'll wait for 'em. Most likely Madge's rigging on her extra finery!" added uncle Ben, good-humoredly.

Just then the door opened—and, in plain, loose wrappers, hair combed plainly behind their ears—and, as aunt Elsie afterward said, "Looking terrible shiftless-like," entered Miss Madge Brandon and Amanda Peabody.

"Richard, boy, you haven't forgotten Madge? and this is Miss Peabody," began uncle Ben.

But the ceremony of introduction was quite set at naught by both the young gentlemen, who, very awkwardly, in rising, as if to acknowledge said ceremony, upset both teacups and contents, each one looking the personification of amazement the while; and, very singularly also, Miss Madge and her companion, blushing scarlet, sunk into their seats with similar confusion on their faces.

A few hours later, while the whole group sat in the starlight on the piazza, uncle Ben was checked in his teasing of the young people by aunt Elsie, who slily beckoned him away.

"La, don't be a-teasing the children with your questions, father!" she exclaimed, as she inveigled the old gentleman into the keeping room. "Young folks will be young folks—and they like frolics, and capers, and sich like. You see it's nothing more nor less than this, father: Richard and this young friend of his were over to Alton, boarding for a few weeks, and Henry Winstead saved 'Mandy from drownin' when she got overset in the river—and, jest for the frolic of it, they all went by made-up names. And now it's kind o' awkward for 'em to find it out, 'specially for Richard and Margaret, who've known each other all their lives. Declare, father, who'd a thought they'd a changed so in jest these four years? Guess you and I, father, hadn't best plot nor plan any more for 'em! They'll do their own fallin' in love, I'm thinkin', if we leave 'em to themselves!"

"Well, well, s'pose you're right, mother—women always are!" said uncle Ben, good-humoredly; "but they've burnt their own fingers this time, I reckon. I begin to see through it all. Sly witch—Madge is! Plotting and planning—plotting and planning—I'll give it up. Come, let's go in, mother!"

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THE INNER LIFE CLUB.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

He was so common-place! Anything else would have been endurable. There would have been a dignity in bearing up under a system of regular Bluebeard cruelty—a poetical interest in suffering some great domestic treason—but a common-place husband! What woman of the nineteenth century, just awakening to a consciousness of having a mission, and searching eagerly for the proper way in which to fulfill it, would not have felt her powers blasted by such an infliction?

That was Emily Sumner's pet wretchedness, her skeleton in the cupboard; which she did not conceal so carefully as our mothers were wont to do such ghastly relics, shutting them closely up and locking the door, thereby depriving us of the satisfaction of studying our fathers' delinquencies; but she paraded it to the world, bones, death's head and all, to be inspected at leisure by the new-lights of her acquaintance, a class of persons always greatly interested in the study of such household anatomy.

Emily had been a wife two years—a long time in these days of modern miracles, when children are men and women at ten years of age, and take advantage of divorces—one of the most popular "institutions" of our great country—at twelve.

It was strange that when she married John Sumner she had not discovered his deficiency in that important, though unsubstantial gift, yclept a soul! But then she was an innocent—I meant ignorant—creature. Her life had been spent in a quiet country village, the faculties of her mind had not roused themselves, "she had not yet begun to live!" Those two years had wrought a great change, and now, with her mind properly developed under the teachings of transcendental prophets, her misery stared her full in the face, and the galling yoke of matrimony weighed as heavily upon her shoulders as on those of any mission-seeker of them all.

John Sumner was a thriving merchant, who owed his success to his own industry, and had worked his way up to wealth as innocent of Wall street speculations as he was of modern philosophy. He had been spending a summer in the little town where Emily resided, and attracted by her freshness of thought and manner, so different from the conventional type of young ladies, had allowed himself to fall in love, to propose, to be married.

They returned to New York to live, and Emily was installed the mistress of a pretty up-town mansion, with every comfort and elegance about her which affection and a well regulated taste could bestow.

The foolish girl really deemed herself happy; practiced her music and drawing in the day time; actually perpetrated a little needlework; and, when John came home at night, was not too much fatigued to attend to his little wants, or so full of soul that she could not endure a regular nonsensical dancing party, or cry and laugh in the same breath at a play.

Sumner was weak enough to believe that this state of things could continue. He entertained a thousand obsolete opinions in regard to married life; he thought it was a woman's duty to interest herself in the cares of her household, as it was a man's to attend to his business. Perhaps there was a slight excuse for them; he had waited till thirty-five before marrying, and had never been to a Free Love lecture, nor read a page of the New World philosophers in his whole life.

But the change did come, and very unexpectedly. When they had been married a year, Emily met an old schoolmate of hers who had been for several years a wife, and was consequently well acquainted with the irksomeness of the chains which Emily wore so easily; was a determined, self-willed woman, with much plausibility of manner, with winning conversational powers, when she chose to lay aside her affectations; and was well adapted to the task of influencing and directing one as yielding and dependent in character as Emily.

Mrs. Manning became a constant visitor at the house, and as she usually came in the day time, Mr. Sumner saw but little of her.

Soon there was a change in Emily's actions and mode of thought. Books were put in her hands of which she had never even heard before; theories unfolded in language so glowing that the vile reality beneath was hidden; philosophies expounded and transcendentalism made clear, till Emily gasped under the avalanche

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and blushed at her own ignorance; struggled toward the new life which her friend promised; and slipped gradually away from the hold of happiness which had been in her grasp till then.

"Do you not know," said her friend, at last, "that your whole life is but a system of slavery?"

Emily attempted a feeble defence; she was not indignant, as she would have been two months before, but still, woman-like, she could not endure any imputation without a struggle.

"Alas! Emily," said Mrs. Manning, "it is too true, and equally so of nearly all women! What am I? It is not in my character to complain: but what I have suffered," and here she heaved a deep sigh, "cannot be imagined."

"Poor Eliza!" said Emily, pressing her hand.

"Call me Elise," murmured the sufferer, "the little band of sympathizing friends whom I have gathered around me name me thus; the other word is only an odious remembrancer of past anguish. And yet, barbarous as is my husband's conduct, I almost prefer it to the calm indifference of Mr. Sumner."

"Does he seem indifferent?" asked Emily.

"A perfect statue—an icicle! Wait a little and see for yourself! When he discovers that you are waking to a sense of your rights, to broader views of life, you will find how little he will sympathize with you; but on the contrary, will oppose you in every way, and lay down rules for you to follow, from which, I fear, you will not dare to rebel."

"I am not a child," said Emily, indignantly, "to be tutored and governed."

"Like other women, you have been so long a passive slave that you almost hug your chains. Look at your life—how is it wasted? The true powers of your mind lie dormant, you are occupied with petty aims which narrow down your life—life, did I say? You have none, poor child! you have never lived! Look at your occupation this moment!"

"Only a shirt-collar I am stitching for John," said Emily; "I made him a set when we first married, and he was so delighted with them that I began these, but they have been a month on hand, and are not done yet."

"You had better be educating your soul than stitching collars," said Mrs. Manning. "Woman has great duties before her. A new sphere is opening to her: and shame on the weak creatures who cling to their slavish past, instead of grasping at the grand existence in the broad-visioned future. You should hear Mrs. Malvina Hardscrabble talk: she would startle your sluggish spirit."

"She writes, doesn't she?"

"The greatest woman of the age! Writes! Her books should be printed in letters of gold—have you never read them?"

Emily pleaded her ignorance.

"Poor child! And your husband would never allow you, if he had his way—the men hate her, for she is as peerless as she is noble. I will bring you her last article—'The Actual of the Ideal'—a wonderful thing, so full of soul and intellect!"

She broke off in her raptures to adjust her bracelets, and glance toward the mirror which hung opposite.

"Do you like my dress?" she asked, abruptly, for, in spite of her spirit-yearnings, Mrs. Manning was a devotee of fashion, and her milliner's bills for a year would have startled any woman less intellectual, and more alive to the prosaic duties of life.

"I think these side trimmings for the skirt are delicious! But I have the sweetest dress for Mrs. Ford's ball—I am dying to have you see it."

"You go out a great deal, don't you?"

"My dear child, when you have been married as long as I have, you will know that any place is better than home! I seek society that I may forget my griefs—rush into excitement to drown the troubled voices that moan so bitterly within."

Emily had no answer ready for a burst of pathetic eloquence like that: she could only again press her friend's hand sympathetically and remain silent.

"I want you to see Mrs. Hardscrabble," said the fair victim of matrimonial cruelty, after a pause given to a mental review of her wrongs. "I warn you it will be a new era in your existence—she will feel for you, she will love you, and from that moment you will be unable to go on in this lethargic way."

"I should like very much to see her——"

"Now don't say if your husband is willing! Oh! Emily, you are so weak—do rouse the dormant faculties of your being. Go home with me—there is a meeting of the 'Inner Life Club' to-night—but no matter—go with me, and I promise that you will never regret it."

Emily would have objected, but at that moment a note was brought her from her husband, saying that important business would detain him down town till late in the evening.

"Important business!" exclaimed Mrs. Manning, with sarcastic emphasis, when the billet was read to her. "But be blind, Emily, be blind—better so than possess knowledge which blights the heart! But come, it is almost dark,

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we shall reach home just in time for dinner, if you are not too long dressing yourself."

"Won't this dress do?" Emily asked, innocently; "there will be no one there but Mr. Manning."

"Mr. Manning? My dear child, I haven't seen him for a week—'important business detains him down town'—poor Emily! But I can tell you who will be there—Mr. Blondel, the young poet of whom I spoke to you the other day—go and make yourself as pretty as possible."

In as short a time as any woman could reasonably be expected to complete her toilet, Mrs. Sumner was attired to her friend's satisfaction. It was only a short drive to Mrs. Manning's residence, and once seated in her hostess' dressing-room, Emily had the exquisite pleasure, during the next hour, of watching the fair victim array herself for the evening.

Before the performance was complete, the servant announced that Mr. Blondel was below, and very soon the victim decided that she was ready to descend.

Emily entered the drawing-room with a slight tremor, for she was not accustomed to poets, and scarcely knew how she was to conduct herself in the presence of one of those singular bipeds. She found a tall, slight young man, with dark eyes and curling hair, a Byron collar, and an ironical manner, all devotion to herself and her companion, and railing at the world in general, as any poet who has read "Lara" knows that it is his duty to do.

The dinner passed off poorly as far as the appetites of the party were concerned. It was not to be expected that etherial natures like those of the poet and Mrs. Manning could feed on the dross of earthly food; and although Emily was in truth very hungry, she was ashamed to let it be known, and so sniffed at the soup, coquetted with the meats, and looked languidly at the salad nearly as poetically as the bard himself. When it came to the dessert, she saw that the others took grapes and ice-cream, so she did the same, at the imminent danger of her night's rest, for hers was not a poetical stomach, and ices were sure to disagree with her.

Then they had coffee, and the poet smoked a cigarette rolled by his hostess' own fair fingers, the odor of which they both pronounced delightful, and in which Emily agreed, although the smell of the tobacco made her a little sick, and she had sundry qualms of conscience as she remembered John Sumner's horror of a cigar.

"It is eight o'clock," Mrs. Manning said at last; "Emily, get on your bonnet."

"Alas! that such hours must end!" sighed the poet.

"Where are we going?" asked Emily.

"To the 'Inner Life Club,'" replied her friend. "Miss Eleanora Darkstone is to speak, and you must hear her."

Between her desire to educate her soul and her fear of her husband's displeasure, Emily was speechless. She mutely obeyed her friend, and escorted by the poet, they drove away to the meeting which Mrs. Manning fervently trusted would do so much toward arousing her visitor's "dormant faculties," and teach her how truly to live.

It was a well lighted lecture room in which Emily found herself, when they were comfortably seated, and she had leisure to look around, sparsely filled with a crowd of what Mrs. Manning termed "intellectual people," but what less enlightened individuals call "strong-minded women and male Free Lovers."

Such specimens of feminity! Three-quarters of them wore spectacles—the greater number had spinster written in every fold of their gowns—several of the others looked quite capable of crushing the masculine gender entirely, and beginning a new era of things at once—while two or three, like Mrs. Manning, seemed half divided between the fashionable and the transcendental.

As for the men, they were of all sorts and sizes—the delicate and the stalwart—the deliriously poetic and the painfully animal—men with very long heads, and men with very high—men who wore long drooping ringlets, and never looked anybody full in the face—a collection of heads such as would have convinced any phrenologist of the truth of the doctrine of "human depravity," and sent their owners to the gallows without a second hearing.

Mrs. Manning pointed out several of the most important personages present, and then as the ceremonies of the meeting were about to commence, left Emily to listen in peace, while she divided her own time between sighs and furtive glances toward the poet.

Several gentlemen, with artistically arranged locks and picturesque attire, first appeared upon the platform, and made short addresses in succession; then they seated themselves, and, after a brief interval, the heroine of the night made her appearance, and was received with considerable applause, somewhat needlessly prolonged by several outsiders who had found their way in, some moments before, and stood in a group near the entrance.

Miss Eleanora Darkstone was a tall, thin

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woman, of an uncertain age, with her black hair cut short, and rolled under at the back of her head: that, and her mode of dress, giving her a look that was very singular. Her subject was "The Wrongs of Women," and eloquently she dealt with it, denouncing husbands in general, and assailing matrimony in a covert manner. She gesticulated, she shrieked, she threw her eyes about, and displayed her arms admirably; while the audience applauded her to the echo, and the group at the door began to jeer.

"Men are tyrants!" cried the fair one; "husbands are only anxious to reduce their wives to utter slavery."

"Bravo!" said all the old maids in concert.

"How do you know?" asked a voice from the entrance; "you never had one!"

"Women are just beginning to live!" continued Miss Darkstone, energetically.

"Most of you look as if you had lived for some time," said the same rude interloper.

"Shame!" cried the spinsters again.

"Put him out!" shouted a powerful female voice.

"Shame! shame!" said the transcendental males, feebly, a sort of faint echo of the courageous cries of the women.

"I am not to be crushed into silence," said Miss Darkstone, severely, glancing toward the crowd at the door.

"That's right!" shouted the intruders. "Go ahead, old girl! Crinoline forever!"

A general disorder began to prevail, but luckily some lawful defender of the public rights was near at hand, and the coarse crowd was promptly ejected.

Then did Miss Darkstone pour out a cataract of eloquence—then did she bid the men unsex themselves, since to bear their name was a disgrace. She reviled and encouraged the women in the same breath. She came down with a torrent of poetry and irreligion, till Emily's head was fairly turned, and she felt incapable of judging daylight from darkness.

The female lecturer at last retired, and the poet and Mrs. Manning led their pupil away, sufficiently overcome and excited by the proceedings to satisfy their utmost expectations.

It was still early when Emily reached home, and her husband had not returned. Between nervousness and a desire to be a heroine, she burst into tears at the information, retired to her room, and, donning a white dressing-gown, sat down to await his arrival.

When Sumner entered, he found a new Niobe seated by the fire. Explanations were useless, she would not be consoled. It was the first exhibition of the sort he had ever witnessed, and he tried all sorts of expostulations and excuses, each more vain than its predecessor.

Emily insisted upon going to sleep, in a state of utter despair; and poor Sumner, after a hard day's work, lay for hours, wondering what could have brought about this disastrous state of affairs, and ready to blame himself for some unthought of crime.

The next morning, Emily awoke with a nervous headache, which rendered her somewhat penitent, so she graciously returned her husband's farewell kiss, and remained in bed till twelve o'clock, when Mrs. Manning called and insisted upon seeing her.

"You are looking pale," she said; "but through the pallor of sickness I discover the spirit-struggles which you have undergone."

"I have suffered very much," Emily replied.

"The air will do you good; I will take you out to drive, and then we will go to Mrs. Hardscrabble's."

"Oh! I cannot call any where to-day; I am really sick."

"There is no medicine could do you so much good as her conversation. I insist upon your going; it is her reception day, and you will probably meet several persons worth seeing."

Emily would have refused, but her old habit of being controlled was perhaps still stronger from her recent attack upon her husband, and she dressed herself without further opposition to her friend's wishes.

After a short drive, which seemed chiefly confined to shops where Mrs. Manning wished to make purchases, indulging every fancy to an extent that astounded Emily, and forcing her to empty the purse which she had taken with her more for show than use, they entered the carriage, and Mrs. Manning ordered the coachman to proceed to Mrs. Hardscrabble's residence, leaving Emily to put aside her little pangs in regard to the uselessly spent money until a more convenient season.

When they entered the hall of the illustrious lady's house, the hum of conversation was distinctly audible, a sonorous female voice predominating over the others. The servant ushered them into the parlor, and Emily found herself in the presence of the distinguished personage of whom she had heard so much of late.

There were several gentlemen present, all of the type of those present at the preceding night's lecture, and two or three ladies modestly seated a little in the rear of the lady's easy-chair, around which the males were grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude. The

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poet, Blondel, was standing a little distance off, leaning against the imitation marble mantle, his dark curls drooping in graceful confusion over his forehead, and his eyes gazing with painful intensity at the ceiling.

The rooms were long and narrow, furnished with very doubtful taste, and with articles of so many different hues, that they gave one unpleasant recollections of a second-hand furniture shop—but there was no such association. Nearly everything in the rooms was a present—nothing more decidedly showed Mrs. Hardscrabble's genius, than the way she had of drawing gifts out of her friends.

The lady herself was tall and gaunt, almost bony, we are sorry to say, wore her hair drawn tightly back from her projecting forehead, black "mits" on her hands, her feet crossed upon a stool, both in attitude and dress betraying the strong-minded and mission-elected female.

The gentlemen made way as the two ladies approached the chair, and Mrs. Hardscrabble greeted them with extreme cordiality, although she did not rise from her seat—she was almost royal in the prerogatives she claimed.

"Ah, gay humming-bird of fashion," said the great lady, patting Mrs. Manning's cheek, "you have been absent for a long time, but I forgive you, since you have brought me this sweet flower of whom you have so often spoken to me."

"You know I have so many engagements," said Mrs. Manning.

"I know, I know! Poor dear!" affecting to lower her tone, and glancing sympathetically toward the company, who gazed pityingly at Mrs. Manning, while the fair victim sighed and looked a martyr of the purest type.

"We will converse anon," whispered Mrs. Malvina to Emily, as she waved them back with a stately gesture. Emily followed Mrs. Manning to a sofa, and sat listening to the conversation which went on around her, while her friend lent an attentive ear to the whispers of the poet who immediately joined them.

Mrs. Hardscrabble turned to the spectacled man next her, and continued a harangue that had evidently been broken off by the entrance of the ladies.

"Where was I?" she asked, in a gracious way.

"You left off at the word idea," said the spectacled man, in a dry, measured tone, as if reading from notes.

"Ah, yes, ah—as I said—I make all distinction between the idea self-idead, and the idea that is idea controlled."

"A beautiful sentence," said the poet, glancing at Emily, who bowed assent because she did not understand it, and consequently concluded that it must be something very fine.

"The idea that is idea controlled," pursued Mrs. Hardscrabble, waving her right hand, and so displaying a rent in her lace "mit;" "now the ideality of an ideal woman would be ideally expressed in every word and act, but look at the poor creatures around us—slaves—abject slaves!"

She launched forth in maledictions against the race of husbands, and startled Emily by her eloquence as much as she appeared to charm the others.

Mrs. Malvina Hardscrabble was the oracle of the set, and worshiped accordingly. She had written books full of bad philosophy and atrocious Americanisms—lectured on the rights of woman with distinguished success—she was a spiritualist, and a transcendentalist, and had been a Fourierist, and nearly everything else. There was no ism in which she had not dabbled, no modern philosophy that she had not studied. She had been abroad, and was consequently a judge of art—she had kissed George Sands' hand—supped with Alphonse Karr—corresponded with Miss Weber, and been snubbed by Carlyle—who could dispute her claims to genius? She had written poetry in years gone by—when intimate with a second-rate rhymster—and conducted transcendental magazines. It was not wonderful that she had gained fame—the vulgar might sneer at her, but by her coterie she was adored. Coarse daily papers might ask what had become of the he-Malvina Hardscrabble, but secure in her strong-mindedness, faithful to her mission, the original Malvina disdained to answer, and the votaries at her shrine never cared to inquire.

They called her the modern Corinne, and the new Sappho, a happy blending of Madame de Stael and Charlotte Corday—they wrote verses to her—they made her presents—they put her at the head of half a dozen Moral Reform Societies, and allowed her to keep the money—(which she did faithfully)—they gave her a hundred pet names, of which Evangeline and Miranda were the most common-place—they set her on a pedestal like a gold idol, refusing to look for the feet of clay, and there they worshiped and chanted her praises to her heart's content.

When the callers had dispersed, Mrs. Hardscrabble beckoned Emily to her, and they had a long conversation which fluttered and confused the poor child beyond belief. Mrs. Malvina

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said there was a spiritual affinity between them—she felt the clasping of the magnetic chain when her guest appeared—henceforth they would be friends, communion of souls and sympathetic converse would they hold together. Emily should be her pupil, her darling! Then she kissed them both affectionately—asked after Mrs. Manning's corroding grief, and dismissed them in order to write a letter for the "Female Palladium," containing a notice of her own *charms*, affecting to be written by an enthusiastic young female who had recently made her a visit.

Emily went home ready to snatch at the new life they told of, and thoroughly convinced that her husband was a tyrant. The next few days were anything but happy ones in John Sumner's household, and he sought vainly for the cause of change which had come over the quiet happiness of the past year.

Emily wept much and fretted more. She studied German, in order to read Kant, and frightened her senses out over the wonderful revelations of the latter day mystics.

Very soon she was invited to a reunion at Mrs. Hardscrabble's house; and she went, merely informing her husband that she was going to spend the evening with a friend of Mrs. Manning.

She was petted and made much of by the whole set, for they had received directions from the oracle, who saw in her a new proselyte.

When the truth dawned upon John Sumner, and he saw the dangerous associations into which his wife had been led, he suffered greatly, as any right-minded man must have done; but, believing it only a passing caprice, of which a little reflection would cure her, he essayed rather to turn the whole set and their principles into ridicule than to break off the growing intimacy by more peremptory measures.

But this her advisers had taught her to expect—ridicule, cruelty—and she met all admonitions with tears, or a stubborn obstinacy, which is the chief weapon of weak natures.

Sumner had never met Mrs. Hardscrabble; but the notoriety which she had gained was especially offensive to him, even though he was unacquainted with the woman's personal character.

One evening, not very long after the reunion, where Emily had been an object of so much flattering attention, Sumner and his wife were seated quietly at home, when the chiefs of the Hardscrabble set, including the poet and Mrs. Manning, descended upon the house, led by their general.

Emily was a good deal alarmed, but Mrs. Manning's whispers reassured her, and roused the spirit of opposition which had of late become active in her mind. So she presented her husband to Mrs. Hardscrabble and the rest of the party, and prepared to let events take their course.

This step was by no means an impromptu affair with Sappho. She had for some time been anxious to encounter the tyrant who held her young friend in awe, and overthrow his power by showing the unfortunate slave what a pigmy he was when his giant's mantle was pulled off his shoulders.

Sumner received the company with his accustomed urbanity of manner; and when Mrs. Manning had exhausted her small ammunition of coquetries upon him, Malvina herself took him in hand.

In less than ten minutes she had led the conversation—no mortal could have told how—upon her favorite topic, and was discoursing volubly concerning the wrongs of women—the necessity of their breaking their chains and asserting their rights.

"But I don't see that cutting off their hair and shortening their dresses is going to benefit them materially," Sumner said, good naturedly.

"Every step toward the reform is an important one," retorted Mrs. Headstrong; "when woman quits the garb of her slavery she has thrown off a portion of her shackles."

"Our grandmothers managed to get along very comfortably——"

"Grandmothers have been a curse to the women of the nineteenth century!" exclaimed the lady. "They have burthened us with their ignorant superstitions in regard to duty till we are powerless; but women shall throw them off. I say they shall, sir; they shall not drag the weight of a dead Past into the far-visioned Present."

That was the style of eloquence which always produced a sensation among Mrs. Hardscrabble's clique, and she looked at John to see what effect it had produced, but he only bowed, and said, laughingly,

"With all my heart!" He turned to Emily, and, in a whisper, advised her to order some refreshments.

"None," said Mrs. Hardscrabble, overhearing him, "none, I beg! Our little circle loves best 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul.'"

Still Emily insisted, and Sumner watched with silent amusement how naturally the whole party took to the "flow" of champagne as well. The poet and Malvina did the most honor to Emily's little feast; but the oracle conquered, and John

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marveled at the quantity of food which was necessary to sustain her eloquence.

But unfortunately the discussions took a warmer tone, and Sappho grew angry, as even less gifted women will do when they can neither disarm nor convince their opponent.

"Women must assert their rights," she repeated, for the fortieth time, "they must be developed!"

"Let it be physically as well as mentally," said Sumner, good natured as ever; "certainly the women of this age need bodily training, as well as spiritual."

"They tell of a monster in the olden time," she cried, with a terrible voice, clutching wildly with her hands, "who devastated a smiling country, and to appease whom it was necessary to offer up human victims! The allegory is equally true to-day as it was then! Man is that monster, marriage the altar, and woman the sacrifice!"

She fell back in her chair overcome; while Mrs. Manning sighed audibly, others applauded, and Sumner laughed outright.

Altogether the evening was a failure, and Mrs. Hardscrabble departed with her satellites, mentally vowing vengeance against the man who had braved her, although to her friends she professed to consider him utterly crushed.

"And these are the people," said John, mournfully, when alone with his wife, "whose society you prefer to your husband's! Oh! Emily, drop the whole thing now! What do you care for their new-fangled philosophies; we were happy before; do not destroy your home!"

But argument was thrown away, entreaties wasted, authority rejected with contempt. Things in the house went on from bad to worse —everything was neglected—the servants running riot, and Emily engaged with her transcendental friends, or poring over their books.

Sumner did not act as many men would have done under the circumstances; he did not forsake his home, or treat his wife badly; but, imperceptibly stemming the tide with all the force of his strong will, he sought about for some means which should disgust Emily with her present course of folly.

When the year ended, Emily was like another woman. She seldom attended the clubs formed by her friends, for that John positively forbade; but she addled her brains in every way in her power, aided by Mrs. Hardscrabble.

She grew dictatorial and exacting, jealous with the rest, conjuring up all manner of fancied wrongs, and tormenting her husband to the extent of a woman's ingenuity.

She became an immense talker, detailing the oracle's phrases in fine style, and stunning Sumner with her borrowed eloquence. Mealtime became a season of torture! At breakfast she reasoned over the coffee, she lectured across the hash, she dropped philosophy into the omelette, and scattered transcendental theories on the toast. She chopped logic for dinner, and spilt injured tears into his tea-cup, making herself as ridiculous as only a good woman can who feels called upon to be strong-minded.

"Oh!" said John, in despair, "some women are born to missions, some achieve missions, and some have missions thrust upon them, but for heaven's sake don't act as if all three were part and portion of your destiny! A nervous woman would be a blessing! What are hysterics and spasms in comparison to new-light fits and Sappho fevers!"

Of course these remarks were duly repeated to the oracle, whose hatred was by no means diminished by hearing them.

So Emily had been a wife two years, and her skeleton in the cupboard grew daily, and overshadowed the whole house. She was pitied and petted by the entire Hardscrabble set. Mrs. Manning engrossed the poet, and the other men were frights, so luckily there was no "spiritual flirtation" in the case, though it might perhaps have wakened her to a sense of her duty and brought back her senses, for the Lord meant Emily for a good woman, if she would only have been satisfied to let His work alone.

Still Emily did not find herself happy, though she never allowed her conscience to speak, and tried to believe that it was only owing to her ignorance that her past life had brought her so much contentment.

She was astonished to find how much petty jealousy, how many contemptible rivalries existed between the noble souls who formed Mrs. Malvina's circle. The men had seldom a good word to say for one another, and as for Mrs. Manning and her poet, they sneered openly when their names were mentioned.

All these things pained and perplexed Emily; Mrs. Hardscrabble herself seemed inclined to condemn women in general, even while she was so boldly asserting their rights; there was scarcely one of their acquaintance whom she did not sigh over when they were absent, however much she might caress them when present. But she told Emily that she was her chief favorite—so unlike the others—she was all soul.

"There is Mrs. Manning, my dear; poor Elise! She is a sweet creature, but so weak!"

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"She is very unhappy," Emily said.

"Yes, no doubt of that. Her husband is a brute; but then they are all that, every one of them, and I do wish Elise would be a little more circumspect in her conduct."

Faint misgivings in regard to her friend's actions had occasionally crossed Emily's mind, but she always put them resolutely by, and even then she forbore to make any reply to her visitor's remark.

The oracle untied her bonnet strings, and leaned comfortably back in the arm-chair.

"I have come to sit an hour with you," she said; "I am weary of mental labor, and your fresh and natural conversation will be a relief to me."

Now no mortal ever found an opportunity to speak a connected sentence when in Mrs. Hardscrabble's company, but Emily bowed her head, and was as much pleased with the flattering preference shown her conversational powers as if she really expected to talk herself.

"My dear," said Sappho, arranging her poodle-dog ringlets, "would it cause you pain if I were to say that I am disappointed in you?"

Emily avowed that it would.

"Then, my love, I will not say it! But I did think that before this you would have taken a more decided stand in the great work going on."

"I could do so little," faltered Emily, "I am not gifted like you."

Sappho waved her hand, shrouded in the eternal black mitten, as if to say that was not to be expected.

"But in your own private life, my dear, you should have proceeded differently. You are still in bondage—forgive me, but it is true; you stand dreadfully in awe of that man, Sumner."

"But what can I do?"

"As a first step enter upon a course of consistent opposition—mind, I say, consistent! Follow it out well, and you will have done much toward liberating yourself."

"But he so seldom interferes with me."

"Make him do it; don't put up with indifference! There are ten thousand ways of trying him every hour. Oh! I like to see these lords of creation taught that those they deem their subjects are their superiors."

"Yes," said Emily, dubiously.

"Above all things," said Mrs. Hardscrabble, with imposing gayety, "take the front side of the bed—take it and keep it; there is nothing so annihilating! When I first took up my mission, I had many struggles with Hardscrabble, as we all must have with those tyrannical brutes of men; but when I determinedly put him over against the wall his obstinacy was quite crushed out of him. Nothing like it, my dear, depend upon that! The foreside of the bed—claim it—keep it, and you are free!"

"Oh!" said Emily, faintly, quite overcome by the majesty of her friend's manner.

But the long harangue which followed, in regard to her duties to her sex, had its effect upon her; and, when the protectress of feeble women went away, Emily had quite determined to take a decided step, and assert her right to the front side of the connubial couch.

She was very nervous that evening, and consequently launched out more eloquently than usual in regard to female privileges, to all of which Sumner did not appear to listen in the slightest degree.

Finally Emily marched off to her chamber, with a Lady Macbeth tread, and when Sumner entered the room he found her comfortably ensconced in the part of the bed he had been accustomed to consider his own.

"Emily, child," he said, quietly.

"I am going to sleep here," she replied, shutting her eyes resolutely.

Sumner gave a prolonged whistle, but said never a word, and took to the wall with a meekness which would have satisfied even Mrs. Hardscrabble.

Emily was a long time getting to sleep, for she was a sad coward, and terrible presentiments took possession of her mind. If a burglar should get in—if there was truth in the old stories of ghosts! She felt almost inclined to relinquish her new territory, but the thought of Mrs. Hardscrabble's scorn of such weakness deterred her, so she covered up her head and lay still as a mouse.

At length she fell into a troubled sleep, in which she was haunted by all sorts of fearful spectres: women in male attire, husbands in ruffled night-caps, Mrs. Hardscrabble riding a broom-stick and chasing Sumner across a prairie. At last somebody was pushing her down a precipice—she struggled, and caught wildly at the rocks for support, but in vain—she fell—down—down—down—and woke with a shriek to find herself deposited on the floor!

She picked herself up, half frantic with terror, and in the dim light she saw her husband partly risen on his pillow silently regarding her. In a moment there came a low chuckle—Emily flounced into bed—not a word was spoken by either. There she lay all night, not daring to

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go to sleep, and irritated by John's tranquil breathing.

Very early in the morning she rose, dressed herself, and hurried out of the room. It was a full hour before Sumner made his appearance, and found her seated at a more neatly arranged breakfast-table than he had seen for months. Still he made no allusion to what had passed, and the meal was finished very quietly, though there was a quizzical look in his eyes all the time which nearly drove poor Emily out of her senses.

When he had gone, she sat down and cried heartily. The utter ridiculousness of this last move had opened even her eyes, and she determined to keep quiet for some time to come. She even mended an old coat when her crying fit was over, and if the morning she spent was not a pleasant one, it was certainly of a nature to have a beneficial effect upon her.

About noon her servant came in, quite terrified. Mrs. Manning's French maid had been there with a terrible story, which, between fright and bad English, was quite unintelligible; but Lucy was sure that Mrs. Manning was either dying or dead.

Emily was greatly alarmed, and hastily prepared to go out. In the hall she met her husband, who had just entered, looking very pale and sad.

"Why, what brought you home?" she asked, more frightened than ever.

"Where are you going?" he returned.

"To Mrs. Manning's. Cecile has been here half crazy; I am afraid Eliza is dying."

Sumner did not attempt to detain her, and she hurried away. She found Mr. Manning's house shut up, and, in answer to her nervous ring, a servant opened the door, looking quite stupified with evil news.

"Is Mrs. Manning in?" she asked.

"No," he said, confusedly. "That is—oh! what shall I say?"

"Who is there?" called a man's voice from the stairs.

"Mrs. Sumner, sir."

"Let her in," was the reply.

It was Mr. Manning who spoke; and, although Emily had never seen him but once, she stood in mortal fear of him. But she entered the hall, and the servant shut the door and motioned her to go up stairs.

Emily went up more dead than alive, and, entering her friend's dressing-room, found herself face to face with Mr. Manning, but looking so haggard and wan that she scarcely knew him. The room was in great disorder: dresses thrown down, boxes open, jewel-cases scattered about, a lamp still dimly burning on the table, and, to add to the dreariness of the scene, there came at intervals the low wails of a child from the inner room.

"Where is Eliza?" gasped Emily.

"You came to see her?" he asked, in a hollow, unnatural voice; "this is not the place to seek for her."

"She is not dead?"

"Worse, madam! Look about you; listen to that child; don't you understand? she is gone!"

Emily sank almost fainting into a chair.

"I sent for you to come up," he continued. "I wished you to see this—you were my wife's friend—she made you nearly as foolish and mad as herself—beware now of the last step! I know your husband, he is a good man; I have deserved this, perhaps, but she drove me away from her by her conduct. No wonder you look stupified. I tell you she has gone—gone with that cursed man whom I ought to have killed a year ago—with Blondel."

Emily covered her face with her hands. She could neither weep nor stir. Manning drew her toward the inner room, and pointed to a little girl sobbing and writhing upon the bed.

"She is three years old," he whispered; "think of her growing up crushed by her mother's shame!"

Overpowered by horror, Emily turned to fly.

"Yes, go," he said, in the same fearful tone; "this is no place for you. Go back to your home; you are innocent still, let this spectacle save you! Go to your husband and pray for pardon—he is a better man than I was and will forgive you."

Emily flew down stairs, and into the street, with the child's shrieks and moan for "mamma! mamma!" still ringing in her ears. How she reached home she did not know, but when she gained her room, Sumner was waiting for her.

She fell at his feet in a paroxysm of hysterical grief, and it was a long time before he could restore her to anything like sanity.

"I knew it," he said, when she tried to tell what had happened. "She went away last night. I thought it would cure you to go to the house."

"Oh! John! John!"

"Nor is this all. Do you know that Mrs. Hardscrabble's husband has been for ten years in a mad house, driven there by wretchedness at home, and then by drink?"

That was a terrible morning to Emily; but, after a time, she grew more composed, and could converse at least connectedly.

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Neither of them ever revealed what passed in that interview, but certain it is that from that day peace and happiness returned to their dwelling, and neither modern philosophy nor transcendental cant ever again found an entrance there.

Mrs. Hardscrabble's after career will, of course, become a matter of history, so that it does not become us to speculate upon it here. It was at one time asserted that she thought of emigrating, with her followers, to a recently talked of territory, and there establishing a state, in which the principles involved in her doctrines might be freely carried into effect under her fostering care and chieftainship. But, as nothing more has been said concerning the movement, it probably died out, or at least was allowed to fall into repose, until the world has reached a more enlightened era than even this boasted nineteenth century.

DEAR MOTHER, CALL ME HOME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I WALK abroad throughout the earth
A lone and wretched thing;
The blessed fount of sympathy
Within me will not spring;
I languish for my childhood's home,
For boyhood's sunny track;
I find this earth a wilderness,
Then mother, call me back;
And never more my feet shall stray,
In foreign lands to roam;
I shall but live, my mother dear,
For love, and thee, and home.

Oh! often have I sadly gazed
Upon the azure sky,
And fancied that in some bright star
I saw thy gentle eye;
And in my bosom's inmost depths
Soft whisperings would come
To tell me of the happiness
I once enjoyed at home;
Then, from the dial of my soul,
The shadow, oh! cast back;
Receive me to thy arms again,
Dear mother, call me back.

I've mingled in the world's gay scenes,
I've carved myself a name,
I've entered in the chase, and won
That fleeting bauble, fame;
But now, dear mother, like the dove
That sought the holy ark,
I bring to thee, my last resort,
My time-worn, weary bark;
It tempts no more the waves of life,
A wreck upon its foam,
Shattered and torn it turns to thee,
Then, mother, call me home.

I've wandered o'er this earth, mother,
This sad and thorny earth,
And mingled in the festive scenes
Of joyousness and mirth;
But now I come, with chastened heart,
To bend the lowly knee—
To dedicate the remnant of
My life to love and thee;
Then, mother dear, no more shall I
From thy loved presence roam,
But by thy side I'll find repose
And live for thee and home.

A WIFE'S POEM.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

I BENT to yours my throbbing head,
So silent was your rest,
A terror and a nameless dread
Thrilled instant through my breast;
I thought these eyes would ne'er unclose,
These firm, proud lips ne'er speak;
I touched the midnight lashes spread
Along your bearded cheek.

You sighed a long, unconscious sigh,
I knew my darling slept;
And then I leaned my throbbing head
Upon my hand, and wept:
I could not bear to see you lie
So mute—so like the dead;
I seemed a lonely watcher by
My husband's death-cold bed.

I took the life-warm hand in mine
And kissed it o'er and o'er,
So lightly though it did not break
The chain of sleep you wore;
Your fingers gave no answering clasp,
I could not bear that pain,
So, pushing back those curls at last,
My tears fell like the rain.

You started from your silent rest,
You ope'd your wondering eyes,
You strained me to your throbbing breast,
And stilled my broken sighs—
Now sweet peace bathes my inmost soul,
Hushed are its wild alarms,
I sit enwrapped in love's warm folds,
Circled by your strong arms.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VI.

On the day after Thanksgiving, Arnold and his friends were to have returned to New Haven, and, short as his visit had been, the young man was more than anxious to leave his home again at the earliest possible moment; but in this matter he had a will, strong as his own, and a caprice far more uncertain, to contend against. Laura de Montreuil would not quite confess herself overtaxed by the journey she had taken only three days before, but she found the old homestead so pleasant, the parlor so warm and easy, when contrasted with the drifting snow and keen frost out of doors, that Mrs. Arnold's sweet persuasion to remain a little longer was met with far more favor than Arnold's protestations that business compelled him to go at once, urged with a dictatorial, half insolent, air, that made the good housewife shrink away with a pale, troubled expression of the eye painful to look upon.

Mademoiselle de Montreuil laughed. "And so they are all afraid of you, my hero! I see how it is—you won't even be persuaded. Now there, go kiss your blessed little mamma, and tell her you won't go away for the next thousand years, at least."

She pointed her slender finger toward him an instant, then dropped her hand and took the fire-screen from her lap, shading her laughing face as she saw the haughty frown lower over his face.

"What! you are seriously determined to be rude to that angel, and inhospitable to us," she said, with a face dark as his own, "I beg your pardon. It is not my pleasure, nor that of Paul, I dare answer, to leave this neighborhood for a day or two yet; there is some fine scenery about the Falls, and a picturesque cabin, or two, perched on the banks, that I have a fancy to sketch; but we shall not force ourselves on your hospitality. There must be a tavern somewhere in the hill-side town yonder."

Arnold's face had cleared off; an impatient curve of the lip remained, but that was directly softened into a forced smile. He did not heed the anxious face of his mother, but stole close to Laura's chair, and, bending over her, with a grace that was more than half command, soften it as he would, whispered a few words that sent the blood burning to her face.

"It was because I thought you were tired of my society," he said, fixing his glance upon her with a power that dazzled her eyes more completely than the fire had done.

"But I like your mother, and that little saintly sister, enough to put up with the rest," she said, with an attempt at audacious cheerfulness.

"And it is not for my sake?" he whispered.

"Hush! your mother."

"Oh! I had forgotten. Well, mother, it is determined, business or no business, we are to remain a day or two longer. Will that please you?"

Mrs. Arnold brightened pleasantly, but this agitation had left her rather pale; and as Arnold lifted his eyes earnestly to her face, he saw something there that made him thoughtful.

His look of eager solicitude brought the tears into her eyes; while the gentlest of all smiles hovered on his lips.

"Are you pleased, mother?"

Mademoiselle de Montreuil had left the room, or the good lady would never have given way to her tears; that kind of sensibility was not much in fashion with the New England mothers of that generation. They prayed more than they wept, and hard work left them little time for anything more than an exhibition of honest family affection, now and then.

"What is it troubles you, mother?" said Arnold, pressing that pale face to his bosom, with the purest gleams of tenderness that existed in his nature. "Now that the excitement is off, I see that you look worn and feeble. Is anything really the matter?"

The old lady sighed heavily; but his tenderness comforted her, and, drawing from his bosom, she wiped her eyes, trying hard to smile.

"Yes, I have something. Come with me a

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little, I want to talk with you. This idea of going away so soon frightens me. I didn't expect it, Benedict, and was putting everything off to the last, like a poor coward, as I am."

Again Arnold's face grew black. Half the time it past under the thundercloud of some passion. From his boyhood it had always been so, but the contrasts of cheerful humor and persuasive gentleness had a wonderful fascination when they arose.

He followed his mother up stairs into her bedchamber, a square room in the southwest corner of the house, where the turbulent heart in his bosom had first begun to beat.

The room was close; though it was now somewhat deep in the morning, the green paper blinds were all rolled down, and, notwithstanding the clear, cold air without, a heavy, dead atmosphere filled the gloomy twilight—an atmosphere that Arnold felt at once, and the color in his face deepened into fierce flushes.

"Is this *my* father?" he exclaimed, standing up to the bed, and tearing the counterpane down from where it was huddled over the old man's face.

Mrs. Arnold laid her hand on his arm, growing pale, and holding her breath. No fault could make her forget the husband of her youth.

"Is this *my* father?" Arnold exclaimed again, shaking off her hold, and grasping the exposed shoulder with a violence which made the old man lurch heavily in his bed, and mutter to be left alone.

"It is my husband, Benedict, and your father. Never forget that. Take your hand away; it was not for this I brought you here!"

Arnold slowly withdrew his hand, but looked fiercely back at the bed. As the gentle mother strove to draw him away, his fingers worked and clenched themselves, as if he would gladly have turned and strangled that old man in his inebriate slumber. The mother's face was full of sorrow; his, the only son, was black with anger.

"And how long has this been?" he said, when the door was closed behind them.

"Ever since you left us. I think he missed you, Benedict, and so went oftener to town. It was very lonesome here evenings, with nobody but Dan to order, and us to talk with, you know."

"Do you mean to find fault with me for going, mother? as if a son must stay at home forever, to keep his father from becoming a drunkard!"

"Hush! Benedict, nobody ever called him *that* in my hearing before."

"But I dare say he is called *that* all over town," answered the son, savagely; "and these French people, this splendid young lady, will soon find it out."

"No, no, I will persuade him. You will help me—he is so amiable and kind at all times. Last night, he saw a light in the out-room, and, thinking your friends were up, wandered about in the cold till he was almost frozen. I was sitting up, you know, and at last saw him against the window, with his breath frozen white in his beard, and his hat off: he had lost it by the gate."

"And *she* might have seen this!"

"No, no; he would have frozen in the snow rather than make you blush, Benedict. He had memory enough to say that, so don't think too hard of him."

"But what gave rise to this? He was a temperate man, as any in Norwich, when I went to New Haven."

"I don't know. It has always been a mystery to me, son; but, since his store was burned down, and the insurance money paid from England, he's never been the same man, always restless, always wanting to be in motion."

"Since his store was burned down!" faltered Arnold, and a dusky glow filled his eyes, and flushed his face all around them; "and the insurance money paid, surely he does not grudge me that little start in life."

"No, no. Of course not!" cried the mother, eager to clear her husband. "I did not know that you had the money. He never speaks of the fire; but always goes away, and comes home as you see, if any one else mentions it. Sometimes people twit him about it, I'm afraid."

"Twit him about it! What do you say, madam?"

"Madam! my son; madam to your mother!"

"Well, I beg your pardon; but you spoke of some one twitting my father—who?" The voice in which Arnold asked this was terrible.

"Yes, he said it once," answered the little woman, beginning to tremble, she scarce knew why; "but he wasn't quite himself, you know; and—and—I don't like to ask questions at such times. When you came home, I thought, perhaps, you might be able to help me understand it!"

"Me! me?"

"It was one of my delusions, I dare say," answered Mrs. Arnold, shrinking from her son's glance.

"One of your delusions! Why, you didn't have these fancies formerly, mother. I thought if there was a woman on earth every way above them, you were that woman."

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"Did you, Benedict? Was I really so smart as that? Well, well, as one gets old, and sees the sun of life going down, and the shadows coming on, it makes a difference, my son; and then I'm used to sitting up late at nights now, and that weakens one so; but am I altered so much?"

There was something so earnest and touching in that sweet voice, that Arnold felt the tears stealing to his eyes. The strange moisture fairly startled him. He dropped the hand which he had half lifted to her head, and turned away, biting his lips angrily.

"Come, come, it isn't for me to torment you in this way, Benedict," said the kind mother. "Come this way, I want to show you something."

Arnold followed her into the next room, where a large oaken chest, clamped with brass, stood between the front windows. She opened the chest, and revealed a store of fine home-made linen, white as snow, and delicately fine pillow-cases, fringed at the edge, and sheets, with broad hems, daintily stitched. "Hannah had her setting-out ready ever so long ago," said the good woman, looking back over her shoulders as she knelt before the chest. "I began spinning and weaving for her when she was a baby; but this was done since you left us. Hagar wanted to help, but I was selfish and would do it all myself. So don't marry any one that'll be above using homespun, or what would all this be good for?"

Dear soul, how transparent her little artifice was! She had no courage to say how much too fine she thought the elegant French woman down stairs, and so made this excuse to bring on the subject, believing herself the most crafty and wicked little woman in the world to attempt it, quite a demoralizing example for her own son.

Arnold was rather softened by the sight of the linen. It reminded him, painfully, of those quiet hours when he had hung on his mother's chair, while her two hands were so busy at the distaff, and her little foot danced on the pedal of the flax-wheel, which now stood unbanded in the garret above. He remembered so well how she would dip her fingers into the cocoanut shell hanging over the flyers, sprinkle the drops over her shoulders, and then kiss them from his face, when she saw him grow angry, as he was sure to do.

How pretty she looked in those days! There were roses on her cheeks then, and no strawberry was ever of a sweeter crimson than her mouth. But there was a great change. He had not minded it so much, at first; but now, with the full light shining over her from an uncurtained window, a host of fine wrinkles threaded that pure forehead, and the pallor of her face was unnatural. Surely his mother could not be well.

The worst man that I ever saw—one who confessed to having murdered sixty persons in a piratical career, without a single expression of repentance—began to speak to me of his mother, and he wept like a little child. All those atrocious murders had failed to wash the holy image of a mother from his soul. Then, do not think it unnatural that Benedict Arnold, in his youth, should have loved the little woman, kneeling at his feet with a force of affection that a better man might not have possessed. With him all affections and all sentiments were passions, but the most sacred that ever dwelt in that ambitious heart, was this love, which made his haughty lip tremble, and his eyes dim, while she exhibited her treasures.

"Oh! Benedict, don't, or you'll make me cry too!" she said, quite heart-smitten by his look. "Don't feel hurt at what I said. Of course you can marry anybody on earth that suits you—why not? The brighter and handsomer, all the better, of course; and, if she's rich——"

"She must be rich," said Arnold, sharply, "I want no wife to drag me down."

"Oh! my son, what need——"

"The more need, mother, from what I have seen this morning. Tell me, is my father in debt?"

"I—I don't know. He never tells me anything now."

"Well, that I can learn from him as we stay over awhile. I suppose he will manage to get sober before we go."

Mrs. Arnold shrunk, and the color came to her face. He saw it, and relented a little.

"But we will not talk of this any more. He must not be careless of your comforts, that is all. So now, mother, close the chest, and let us sit down on it a moment, while you tell me how this lady strikes you all at home. Something a little out of the usual run, I fancy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arnold, doubtfully, "very; that is, we haven't any girl in Norwich in the least like her."

"Handsome though. Isn't she, mother?"

"Oh! yes. A great deal handsomer than—yes, I was going to say, than Amy Leonard; not near so nice, though; but then fine ladies don't care about being nice, I dare say; this one is handsome as a bird, especially with those white ostrich plumes in her bonnet all flying away with her curls. How the people did stare when

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you drove by the meeting-house, Thanksgiving day, just at prayer time; it was as much as the minister could do to keep his eyes shut! I was sorry about the disturbance, but then, for the life of me, I couldn't help looking out."

"Then it made a little commotion among the natives? I thought so."

"Indeed how could that be helped? The Norwich people haven't forgotten that your father was one of the richest merchants among 'em before that fire."

Arnold was looking at his mother, but his eyes fell as she named the fire.

"Oh! I was wrong to name it again; but what could any one do? If you had staid a moment longer in the store, who could have saved your life? and what was building or goods compared to that? I never thought of blaming you."

"And who has? I ask again," said Arnold, fiercely, "I was only a boy then. Did they expect me to put out a raging fire single-handed?"

"Indeed how could they? But we were speaking of the young lady down stairs. Tell me more about her. Is she really from over sea?"

"Originally, yes, mother; but for a year or two she has lived in Canada, where her brother inherited a great business from his father. Lately they have been in New York, and traveling about. This young lady was educated in Paris, I am quite sure, for she has seen the court, and there is a title in the family."

Mrs. Arnold held her breath.

"Her grandfather held some place under the king; and she was educated in a convent."

"A convent! a Catholic!" cried Mrs. Arnold, clasping her hands in intense dismay. "Oh! my son!"

"Does that frighten you, mother?" said Arnold, laughing carelessly. "Never mind, if she chooses to fall in love with me, I'll soon make her forget that. If I tell her to be sprinkled in the meeting-house, or dipped in the Falls at high flood, she'll do it, mother, or I'll know why."

"What, that high-spirited, handsome girl?" smiled the old lady, flushed with the idea he so insolently brought forward. "How can you talk so, Benedict? One would think you'd been in Paris, too. But don't talk any more nonsense about our visitor, she's as bright and beautiful as a bird: but what is that to old-fashioned people like us? You haven't asked a word about Amy Leonard yet, and that puts me in mind to send Dan, with the cutter, after her this evening. She'll expect it, poor girl! she's not been very well this fall; stays away from meeting, and is getting a little unsocial, I'm afraid. I hope your coming will cheer her up—such friends as you were once; only these things never last with children."

"No, mother, they seldom last," said Arnold, rising from the chest; "so, perhaps, it'll be as well not to send for Amy; I've been to visit the family, and they won't expect anything more."

Mrs. Arnold sighed; with every thread of the linen folded beneath her she had woven a motherly thought of Benedict and Amy Leonard; and now this French girl, with the feathers, must come dashing out from a foreign convent, and tear all her delicate cobwebs of fancy into shreds. The dear little woman wished to be hospitable, and there was something very grand and imposing about the idea of a daughter-in-law who had been educated in Paris—who had seen the king—possessed a title somewhere in the family, and no doubt owned heaps on heaps of property; but still the lovely face of Amy Leonard came closest to her heart, and she felt inexpressibly saddened by her son's triumphant manner.

Mrs. Arnold arose from the linen chest, and sighed as she locked up her treasures.

"Then you think I'd better not send for Amy?" she said, with a gleam of fresh courage. "She's lonesome up there, I know."

"She'd be more lonesome with Mademoiselle de Montreuil: a wren and bird of Paradise together, dear mother. When I come to Norwich, it is to see you and the rest of 'em: don't let me be tormented with girls."

With a careless wave of the hand, which Mrs. Arnold longed to construe into a permission to send for her favorite, Benedict moved toward the head of the stairs, for a cheerful voice was calling him from below.

It was Paul de Montreuil in a laughing skirmish with his sister.

"Arnold—Arnold. Come settle this matter."

Benedict appeared at the head of the stairs, laughing through all his ill-humor.

"Well, what is it?"

"We have been managing a sleigh-ride. Peter and I have been into town, and brought back a cutter that skims the snow like a hawk, with a whole nest of bear skins. You never saw such a day, sharp and clear as diamonds; the snow is crusted like finest marble; I shall drive myself, it's no sleighing at all without that. Come and look at the cockle-shell."

"Nothing of the kind," cried Laura, laughing, and hurrying on her pelisse with its rich sable linings; while Hannah Arnold stood by holding a white beaver hat, from which a long feather floated. "You will spend no such idle

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time, Mr. Arnold. I have captured the cutter, put Peter in charge, and we are to have the first drive. Where is your great-coat? Come, hurry, for the enemy is growing desperate."

"But I intended to have a long drive with Miss Hannah Arnold," said Paul.

"Plenty of time," cried his sister. "Why, Hannah isn't half ready. We can drive across the hills, and over to the Falls and back, while she braids her hair. Can't we, Hannah, dear?"

"Yes, indeed, I couldn't go quite yet," said Hannah, smothering a little sigh; "after they get home, perhaps, if mother should not want me."

"Of course your mother won't think of wanting you, she never does want anybody when it's inconvenient, the darling soul! Come, Mr. Arnold, don't you hear that dash of bells, it makes my blood tingle from head to foot."

"Here I am at command, fair lady," cried Arnold, coming down stairs with a dashing overcoat on, and a richly mounted whip in his hand. "If we are to rob Mr. Paul of his ride, let us make a dash; Hannah, a pair of overshoes for Miss de Montreuil."

Hannah brought the oversocks, and Arnold bent to one knee while he buried the shapely little foot up with its satin slipper in the fur lining.

"Now we are ready," she cried, settling her foot in its warm nest, and tying the broad, pink strings of her hat. "Ah, this is like Canada, bright, frosty, and cold. Never fear, Paul, we won't be gone forever."

Away she went down the yard, and out of the front gate, where Peter stood before a dashing cutter crowded richly with furs, holding a spirited little black horse that pawed the white snow, and, tossing his saucy head, made the bells ring out with a wonderful clash every few moments, for the exuberant oxygen set him crazy to be in motion.

In sprang Laura de Montreuil, laughing a pretty defiance to her brother and Hannah, who stood rather ruefully on the door step watching these proceedings.

Arnold followed, drew her close to his side, with a pressure of the arm that made the breath tremble on her lip—gathered the furs lovingly about her and took up the reins.

A plunge, an exultant leap, that made the strings and strings of bells upon the harness ring out *such* a peal, and away.

"He—he—ki-e-e!"

It was Hagar and Dan at the gate yelling like mad. Arnold looked back. With a dexterous bend of the hand his horse was forced into a sweeping curve, and back came the cutter making a superb halt.

"What is it, Hagar?" cried the young man, holding his steed in with both hands—"what's the trouble?"

"You went an' forgot der foot-stove, Massa Benedict," cried Hagar, rushing through the gate with the stove held up high in her hand, while she blew the embers within till her face looked like an India-rubber ball that never could collapse. "Jes yer put her feets on this ere, an' they'll be like two biscuits in de oven, dey will now, I tell ye."

Arnold gave his whip a crack that almost took Hagar's kerchief from her head, touched his horse and away again, leaving Hagar so lost in astonishment, that she had no power to unpurse her mouth till the cutter was dashing along the road again.

"Let 'em go," said Hagar, looking all her indignation at Dan; "dem things nebber come to no good. Go a sleighing without a foot-stove, them's company manners, am they? Nebber mind, I'll keep de coals hot for Miss Hannah, an' her sleigh-ride'll be just as 'spectable if de pink ribbins, and de white plumes, and de red shawls, ain't a flying out berhind. Thar now, as I've 'spressed my mind, jes carry that stove inter the kitchen, and set it on de hearth, Dan, if thar's life enough in yer."

Dan took the stove meekly enough; for as he had made up his mind to gossip a little with Peter before going in, the arrangement was rather comfortable than otherwise.

But this state of things did not last long. Hagar soon came pottering down to the gate and carried Dan away; while she insinuated to Peter that a back-log was wanted in the kitchen fire-place, and that it took two men—if neither of them was over smart—to roll one from the wood-pile to the nice bed of ashes that she'd just raked out for it.

Peter took the hint, and directly both negroes were discussing church matters before a splendid fire, whose foundations had been properly laid by themselves, and whose superstructure Hagar was completing with pine knots, as they debated these weighty matters in her presence.

The house was very quiet after this. Mrs. Arnold had crept up the back stairs, carrying a plate of toast and cup of tea, with which she had disappeared into the chamber we have seen before to-day; and, Hannah, not knowing what else to do, entertained the young Frenchman in the out-room, who, after all, did not seem so very much disappointed about the sleigh-ride as one might have supposed.

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What did they talk of there in that dim, old-fashioned room, into which the sunshine came so goldenly, playing over the tall andirons, and melting so richly into the more ruddy glow of the hickory fire? Indeed I cannot tell you! Something very pleasant at first, if you might judge by the soft glow on that young cheek, and the smile that mellowed upon her lip like ripeness in a strawberry; but this was while Paul was talking so cheerfully, saying all sorts of pretty things with one of the most musical voices in the world, trifling with his shy, little bird without ruffling its plumage.

But after awhile, when solitude made him bold—when he began to talk so earnestly, so passionately, as she had never heard him talk before, Hannah grew frightened, and yet fascinated. She longed to run away and find her mother, but would not have gone for the world: nay, she trembled at the very idea of her mother's step on the stairs, yet was tempted to call aloud for her every instant. Then she began to grow very pale and solemn; her lips trembled as if some one had grieved her. It was altogether a curious study, that sweet face, as it glided away into the shadiest corner of the out-room, but never could be entirely alone, for another face followed her everywhere, and would, poor girl! forever and ever to the end of her life.

CHAPTER VII.

"Where on earth are you driving to, Mr. Arnold?"

"Into the town. I wish to show you the view from some of those terraces, it is peculiarly fine."

"Town!" cried the lady, with a pretty scream, "town! when you know I detest the very sight of a house that isn't built of logs. No—no, I am dying to see the Falls, that we only got a glimpse of the other day: it was for that I stole Paul's horse and kidnapped you."

Arnold tried to say something of the happiness of a captivity like that: but some annoyance distorted the words on his lips, and he said rather sharply,

"Indeed, mademoiselle, you will find the road rough, and the Falls frozen to marble."

"That is exactly what I want—a good jolting—jumpers all along the road, as you call those ridges, that shake one up so; and if you like, an overturn in the snow, if one does not plunge too deep. Now don't talk of roads to me. I like obstacles and difficulties, or how should I ever endure you, the most cross-grained, obstinate person in the world, every one says."

"But I hope you will not say so, Laura."

"Laura!"

"Have I offended?"

"I don't know—yes, of course."

She blushed scarlet under his glance, for she felt that her own headlong encouragement had kindled the audacity burning there.

"Oh! if I only had a right—if every glance at that face were not a presumption."

She looked up, softened by the humility of his speech, but still dissatisfied by the tones of his voice.

"Why do you speak of presumption? It is no great crime to forget strict proprieties for once," she said, gently.

"The word—yes, you might forgive that—but—but the feelings, the burning imprudence here—who will forgive that?"

He waited a moment expecting her to speak, but she was looking out upon the glittering snow-crust, while her cheeks glowed like ripe peaches.

"You will not say one word to reassure me," he said, sloping his head to feast upon her blushes, as a rapacious child devours fruit.

She laughed, half nervously, half in pretty defiance of her own feelings.

"I should not fancy that you required reassuring, Arnold."

"No; doubtless you scoff at the audacity of a farmer's son claiming a right to possess feelings where so much wealth and beauty are concerned. I have exposed the barrenness of my antecedents—taken you into the bosom of my family. Do you scorn me for the plainness that seems like poverty to one like you?"

"You know that I do not scorn you for anything—least of all for what I have seen in your home," she said, with feeling.

"But you are rich, very rich, I dare say; of gentle blood, too, and that means so much in foreign countries; yours is an old name, a proud family; while I—what on earth do I possess which can bring me on an equality in any one point with you?"

"It is not for me to point out your advantages, Mr. Arnold; but all the possessions you point out are things in which I have no claim to merit. What is good blood but an accident, over which we have no control? Or of wealth, which comes from the past without merit or exertion? All that relates to you as a man, or me as a woman, you have left out: thought, energy, feeling, all that makes up life and honor."

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Laura was greatly agitated as she said this. The color flashed in and out of her face like gleams of lightning; her lips grew bright with the words that passed them. He could feel her form vibrate amid the furs.

She had answered his question—twice answered it—and now he had no desire to press the conversation farther: this was neither the time nor place. She was rich—she loved him, this brilliant, stately creature—what could the ambition of man ask for more?

She was listening with parted lips, her very soul was thirsty for the answer which her generosity should have brought; but he only said, very softly, and with a humility that charmed, while it disappointed her,

"Oh! if I dared—if I only dared!"

The blood burned in her cheek now, the very snow-flakes melted into tears of shame as they fell upon its hot crimson, every word she had uttered stung her like a disgrace. Was he modestly retreating now that she had gone so far? She clenched the little hand in her lap till the grasp pained her; she bit her lips till they glowed like wounded coral; and at last dashed her little foot down into the bottom of the sleigh in a paroxysm of self-censure.

"What is the matter? Have I wearied you with my slow driving?" asked her companion, with tender deference.

"Yes—yes—no, it is not that; you will persist in driving the wrong way. I wish to see the Falls—I will see the Falls."

"But——"

"I will not listen to a but—here give me the lines and the whip, I know how to drive. You won't; oh! very well. If you do not turn toward the Falls, I will get out and walk there, nothing can prevent that."

The young French girl said this with great satisfaction, for her spirit was all in revolt. She longed to do something hateful, to perpetrate an act of despotism which would convince him how very little her heart had been in the whole conversation. The coquetry of her impulsive nature came out in force then. She was glad that there was some one thing which he seemed reluctant to undertake. Her desire to see the Falls flamed into a passion. She would go. It was what had brought her from New Haven, nothing else could have induced her to take so long a journey on the very edge of winter.

Arnold listened with a curve of the lip that might mean wounded pride, might be audacious self-confidence. But he turned his horse and drove toward the Yantic Falls without a word.

"The youth is father to the man." Benedict Arnold was not a person to be taken unawares, even at that early age. Of all places in the world, he would have shunned the Yantic Falls and its neighborhood, had the choice been left to him; but the willful girl at his side had doomed him, and on toward that romantic pass they dashed, he too restless for silence, and she exactly in that state of mind when wit flashes like chain lightning from the heart of a woman wounded in her pride.

You never saw a more beautiful creature than that young French girl appeared, as they swept through the frosty air, along that line of shimmering snow, listening to the bells as if they had been bursts of martial music, her face all one glow of roses; her eyes bright as diamonds; and her heart swelling with a storm of angry shame. Arnold could hardly maintain his cautious reserve as he glanced toward her.

But he would not commit himself farther, at least in that dangerous neighborhood. If she would go to the Yantic Falls, it should be with a burning heart. His was cold enough, at any rate.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meantime Amy Leonard had spent a night that she could never think of after without a pang of self-pity that made her thrill from head to foot. So young, so helpless, with no friend on earth to confide in, what could she do? There was a little loft in her father's cabin, over which the roof of heavy slabs shelved low and unevenly. Here her bed was made, and here she had slept through many a stormy night, defiant of the wind that whistled through the rudely jointed logs, and laughing in her sleep as the snow floated in light drifts over the healthy roses of her cheek.

Cold and shivering, pale as the snow that still clung to her dress, she awoke from the death of her trance. She heard her father and mother breathing in the deep, sweet sleep which springs from toil, in the next room; but the very tranquillity of their slumber made her heart ache with new pain. She felt like a thief who had crept there to plunder them of all wholesome rest in the hereafter.

It had seemed guilt enough to be Benedict Arnold's wife in secret, and without the sanction of his parents and hers; but now—now if what he told her was true—if he was indeed the villain he had so flippantly proclaimed himself—if she—that thought! The poor little quivering hands stole up to her face, the very remembrance of what she might be seemed to brazen

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it with shame. Would she ever dare look any one in the eyes? Was the foul assertion true?

The poor child was maddened as she thought, how many months she had waited and waited, not daring to write—too timid for a question—waited in anguish and in silence for the first news of his coming. He had been, and there she was left, with all that cold pain gnawing at her heart—with all that hot infamy burning on her forehead. She climbed up the step-ladder to her little loft, and, shivering through and through with cold, crept into bed.

When that was done, for one moment she felt safe, and a little hysterical laugh died away under the thick coverlets. But the very sound frightened her till she gasped painfully, and drew down the clothes, struggling for breath. A dash of fine snow, which came with a gust of wind through a crevice overhead, revived her. But what was she to do? Where could she find a friend? Was it not better to die?

She remembered the look of the water between the logs, as she and Arnold went down into the saw-mill that night—how cold and quiet it seemed, with gleams of moonlight stealing in here and there. Just before she fainted, a thought had seized her to take a single step and end it. The water was very deep under those timbers, her father had cautioned her about it many a time—so deep, that when the ice was thick on the stream below, a poor frozen body might float and float under the hard crystal for weeks, and no one guess that anything but saw-dust or drift-wood had harbored there.

Amy rose up in bed. Why should she wait for the shame which was sure to come? If he loved her no longer—if he really wanted to get rid of her, and had said those cruel, cruel things only to break her heart, why struggle for anything more? She were far better dead than alive—safer, and oh! how far happier.

Ah me! it is one thing to wish for death, and another to find the courage to seek it in those dark, cruel places, where suicide skulks and lures the lost soul on. Cold as she was—terribly as her poor heart ached, Amy was afraid of the very dark, and grew pale as death when the loud rush of the river met her unmuffled ear. She could feel the waters creeping round her like a winding-sheet, curling in and out of her hair, cold and serpent-like. Not there, not thus, where her father won his daily bread with such hard toil, could she die. Her kind, good father, who loved her so—would he not rather keep her with him, shamed and broken-hearted as she was, than find her down yonder?

She was beginning to feel a little comforted by this thought, when above the sound of the Fall came the heavy roar of far off winds in the forest, and the deep sough of the pine trees nearer, answering each other mournfully; and they seemed to say, "No, no, never again—never again:" and to all this the cataract sent up an eternal chorus, that seemed afar off and inexpressibly solemn.

As Amy listened, her cold hands folded themselves over her bosom with a gesture of unutterable helplessness, she sunk back upon her pillow quiet as despair. Thus dumb and still, she was rocked into slumber, and the daylight found her cold and weary as when she crept up to bed.

Amy heard her father up, and about the room below, but she had no courage to move. His heavy tread on the floor, the vigorous energy with which he raked out the ashes, and flung a heavy back-log into the fire-place, made her shrink and shiver like a frightened child. Then came the sound of her mother's voice, soft, drowsy, and kind, as she had heard it every morning of her life.

For the first time that drowsy softness frightened the young girl. A few hours had made that kind, common-place mother something to be afraid of—a judge before whose sleepy blue eyes hers must forever sink in shame. Amy began to cry—very softly, for she was afraid to make the least sound lest they should hear it through the loose boards and question her. As she lay holding her breath, her father's voice rose cheerily from the door.

"Now, mother, is there anything else? I have filled the kettle and built you a rousing fire."

"Yes, Joshua, cut down a link or two of sassengers from the pole, I ain't tall enough to reach 'em. That's right, man, I'll slice up the potatoes, and have breakfast on the table in no time. Just go to the ladder and call Amy."

"Oh! let the gal sleep, she don't have a beau every night. I couldn't say as much of her mother, when a young feller of my acquaintance used to be about—she was alers on hand."

"But she didn't let her old mother get the breakfast, though, or I reckon Mrs. Josh Leonard would a thought twice about it. But go along to the saw-mill, I'll hang a cloth out when breakfast's ready."

Amy heard her father close the door with some cheerful rejoinder, and, turning upon her pillow, began to weep afresh. It seemed as if her heart must break up there all alone. How could they talk so cheerfully, and about her too, as if nothing had happened?

Mrs. Leonard had spread her snowy bird's-eye table-cloth on the pine table, and was busy

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superintending a half dozen little mounds of embers raked out in front of the great hickory wood fire, on which her meal was in a state of progress. On one glowing mound a coffee-pot, with a broad, conical lid, was emitting a rich aromatic steam that penetrated the whole room; another was crowned by an iron skillet, from which came an appetizing smell of fried cabbage. In front of the fire, an iron spider stood upright, holding a golden cake of Indian corn, which was just beginning to brown deliciously, while Mrs. Leonard was busy with the sausages in her frying-pan, which she shook up and turned over, and pressed on all sides with her knife, till their flavor was enough of itself to satisfy a tolerably hungry man.

After all, Mrs. Leonard was rather a comely woman when seen in her natural element at the fire-side. I wish you could have beheld her, that morning, in the blaze of that rousing fire, turning the sausages, stirring up the potatoes, letting a little steam off the cabbage, and lifting the lid of the coffee-pot with the flat blade of her knife, just to see if it was likely to boil over.

With all this she found time to arrange the plate of golden butter, fill a saucer with apple-sauce, and have the blue and white cups in order, as if she had posssessed fifty hands instead of that hard working pair, which never seemed as if they could be overtaxed.

Did I say she was a comely woman? Better than that, I hope. A good housewife and a kind mother cannot well be otherwise than comely, though her features were carved from an oak knot; but Mrs. Leonard had a soft, racy sort of beauty about her, which was home-like and pleasant to look upon. Perhaps it had compensated with Joshua for the want of more brilliant properties, and reconciled his sharp intellect to the slowness of hers. At any rate, they got along beautifully together, and no one who saw Mrs. Leonard, as she is before us now, ever thought to wonder at it. When she took the lead in conversation it was another thing altogether. But Joshua seldom knew that she was talking at such times, any more than he remembered the perpetual rush of the Falls above his saw-mill, for one said about as much in reality as the other.

You might have wondered how any one could be afraid of that nice housewife, in her tidy cap, her corn-colored short-gown and petticoat, with those calf skin shoes laced so snugly over her blue yarn stockings, for a more genial, kindly lady could not well be imagined. She looked up from the cloud of savory steam, and smiled like the sun in a mist, as Amy came down from her loft: smiled down upon the simmering coffee-pot, and the brown Indian cake, for she had a matronly sort of reserve toward her daughter, and would not, for the world, have met her with one broad look that morning. She remembered the days too well when she had to come down to the family breakfast, after the stout man down at the saw-mill had been obliged to go home by starlight from her father's door.

It was well for Amy that her mother possessed these womanly feelings, for I am sure she must have grown quite dizzy and fainted, or burst into tears if the good mother had looked earnestly, when her pale face appeared, with its wild, shadowy eyes, and that wretched look.

"That's right, Amy, up bright and early without calling; just put a towel out of the window for par, and help me get the breakfast up. Bring a trencher for the corn cake, and get the armed-chair for *him;* snapping morning out-of-doors, I can tell you. Oh! here he comes, stamping the snow off on the door stone. Take hold of the table, Amy—not that end; there now, just a little nearer the fire. Here, take my place by the coffee-pot, it's warmer, and you look so shivery."

Amy took the seat which placed her back to the door just as her father came in, with his face as fresh and red as an April morning, from the washing he had just given it in the snow.

"There's a clean towel on the roller," cried Mrs. Leonard, pointing behind the door. "What a way you have of taking a wash in the snow, Joshua!" and she stood smiling by, while he buried his face in the voluminous crash, and rubbed his arms down with vigor, as if he had been currying the fore legs of a pony.

"All right now, any way," he said, rolling down the sleeves of his shirt and buttoning the wristbands. "Ha, Amy, up and waiting—that's right, gal. Now we can eat our breakfast comfortably."

Amy gave him one frightened look and busied herself with the coffee. Leonard caught the look, and his face changed.

"Darter," he said, lifting the hot corn cake from its plate, and breaking it slowly between his hands, while a rich fog stole out from the golden clefts—"darter, what's the matter with you since day afore yesterday? Mother been cross, or anything?"

"Mother been cross! Oh! Joshua," cried Mrs. Leonard, "now did you ever, as if I——"

"Well, well; but Amy looks pale. Come, come, gal—oh! ha, I remember now, a lover's quarrel. Never mind, Amy, them things always come right: don't they, old woman? But that

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young fellow mustn't carry his head too high in this neighborhood; I'm beginning to think it's time to be a looking after you both. Why how long is it, mother, since he began coming to the Falls? nigh on two years, I reckon."

Mrs. Leonard saw by the disturbed face of her child that the conversation pained her, and, with unusual tact, put the subject aside.

"I declare, father, you're too bad; I wonder how you'd a liked it. Just as if we wanted to get rid of our own child. I say now it's scandalous."

"But I tell you, mother, the gal is getting sickly; I've seen it ever since she came from New Haven," cried Leonard, earnestly.

"No, father, no. I am quite, quite well; but in the winter time it's a little lonesome up here."

"So it is, gal—so it is. Mother, we should a thought of that."

"Sartinly," said Mrs. Leonard. "The child hasn't been to an apple-cut or a sleigh-ride nor nothing in a hull year, I do believe."

"And there was Ben Arnold out sleigh-riding with a whole lot of 'em, yesterday. I say, Amy, what does that young feller mean by it?"

"Nothing—nothing, father," cried Amy, breathlessly; "they are visitors, you know, of course. How could he help it?"

"And leave you here to cry them eyes out?"

"Oh! father, it's you that makes me cry."

"There, Joshua, you've done it, and I hope you'll be content. It's alers jest so. I really du wish the men folks would mind their own business."

"Well, well, mother, break off short and I won't say another word; only get some yerbs and roots to make bitters of, and give her something strong every morning. I won't see that peaked look in her face any longer."

After the breakfast things were cleared away, Amy sat down to her sewing by the window, while Mrs. Leonard took out her flax wheel, and soon filled the cabin with its bee-like hum. There was little conversation between the two: the mother was troubled with a vague idea that something was going wrong with her child, but forbore to question her, from an instinct of womanliness far stronger than her reason; and Amy was buried in her own thoughts.

The sound of the saw-mill, harsh and grating above the dash of the Falls, seemed a fit melody for her thoughts, where all was discord.

At last her mother spoke.

"Amy, supposing you make some warm ginger cider, and carry it down to par in the mill; he must be orful cold with the wind a-whistling down stream like that?"

Amy started up with a faint cry, for the very sound of her mother's voice made her nervous. The cider was soon seething and casting up waves of yeasty foam over the brown earthen mug, in which she thrust the red-hot fire-irons.

Then she put on a scarlet cardinal belonging to her mother, drew the hood over her face, and went down to the mill, unconscious of her own picturesque beauty, as she picked her steps through the snow, holding the frothy cider in one hand, and lifting up her skirt of blue pressed home-made with the other.

Just as she had crossed the road and was gaining the embankment to the mill, the distant jingle of sleigh-bells made her start. She stood a moment, looking wildly along the road, and then gave a leap down the bank and ran into the mill, where she stood, panting and breathless, till Joshua Leonard came and took the mug from her hand.

"Why, gal, you are shaking with the cold," he said, sitting down on the log through which a long upright saw was gnawing its sure way, and taking a deep draft of the cider. "Run home, run back to the house, I say. It was a kind thought, and I'm mighty glad of the drink; but you are freezing, poor baby!"

"No, father, it is only the fright—only coming down the bank so fast, I meant to say. Let me just step behind this pile of boards out of the wind, and mother's cloak will keep me warm enough."

"Well, well, but take care of the loose floor, if a plank tips you'll never see your old father again, only as he'd be after you sartinly, for what would the old chap be without his darter?"

As he spoke, the good man shook the now half cold drink around in his mug and drained it off, with a deep, hearty breath, leaving a ridge of ginger on his upper lip, as he took the empty vessel away from his mouth.

"That's something worth while on a cold day," he muttered, wiping his mouth with his hand. "Lord a mercy, how much comfort there is in this world, arter all! No one that hasn't had a darter like Amy now can tell how much: the gal's worth her weight in gold."

At that instant, Amy was standing a little way off, with one hand pressed hard against her heart, and her pale lips slowly dividing, like a statue frozen before its position was attained. Her head was a little bent, and her wild eyes looked away down the road. There was no motion in the girl's bosom. The very beating of her heart was hushed as she listened to the swelling discordance of sleigh-bells coming up the road. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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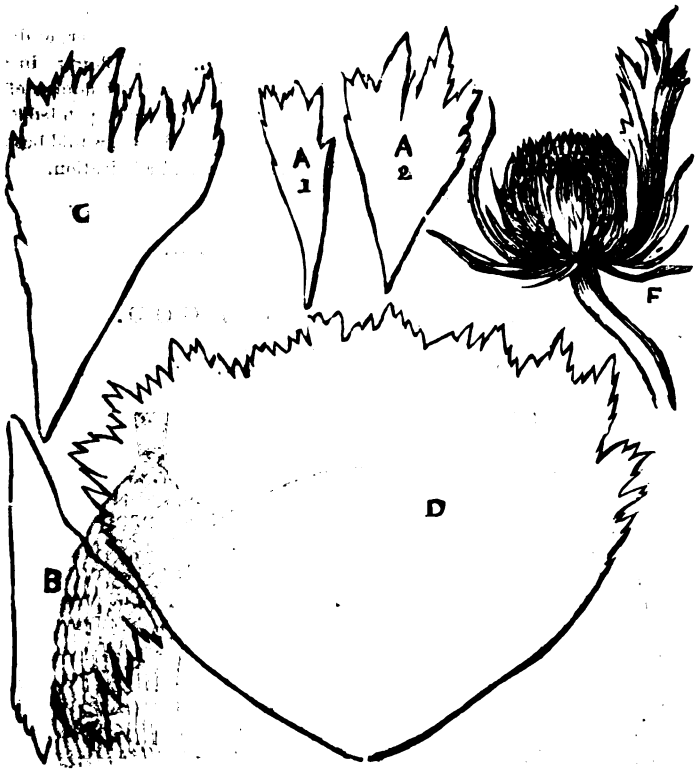
TO MAKE A WAX POPPY.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.



THIS flower is a little troublesome to make, but forms a showy one in a group. The directions here given are for the Carnation Poppy. First prepare the thick wire, by fixing a piece of green wax, about the size of a large pea, to represent the seed-pod, which, in the double flower, is scarcely visible, or not at all. This being done, get the stamens, which are of thread-like form, with dark purple-color points, which represent the anthers; fix these carefully round the seed-pod, just level with the crown. Then proceed, preparing the petals as follows: 20 petals of A 1, 15 petals of A 2, 12 of B, 13 of C, and 4 large ones, D, the latter encircling and finishing up the flower; any small pieces of white wax you may have by you will come into use in forming the small petals A 1. They require no very particular accuracy, so long as you keep generally to the sizes and character of patterns as given in this diagram. After cutting out all the patterns, according to the directions given, proceed to pinch the jagged edges of each petal between the thumb and finger, until you get them pretty fine and thinly edged; as you finish this operation, and while the petals are pliable, place them into the required shape, that is, by forming rib-like marks down the petal, with the point of the bone pin, and slightly curved, as seen in fig. F, with the jagged ends gracefully twisted in different ways. The four petals, fig. D, must be nicely cupped, which is done by placing the petal in the palm of the hand, and, with the large ball-tool, rolling round and round till it forms the segment of a circle, or concave appearance. Thus, having finished the moulding part, proceed, tinting the jagged edges either with carmine, purple, or salmon color, or gra-

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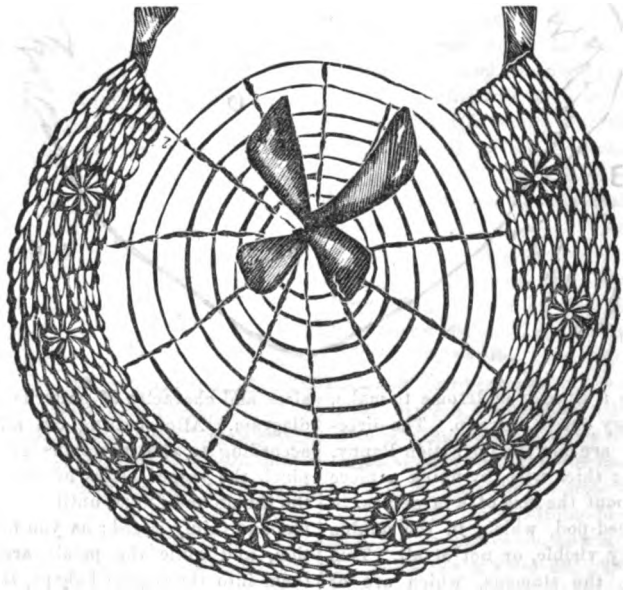
duated with pale yellow, and tipped with carmine or purple. Take any of the tints named in powder on the saucer, and with one of the brushes dipped into the powder, brush over the edges of the petals, both sides, several times (first placing the petal on a board or table). If the tint is required to appear strong on the petal, then use a small quantity (about two or three drops) of liquid colorless gall, or a little ammonia, just sufficient to make the color stain over the wax. After gaining the depth of tint required, proceed to form the flower, by first placing petals, 1 and 2 A, round the seed-pod, so that the top of the petal shall be about five-eighths at the least above the crown of the seed-pod. Then follow round with petals B, lapping one a little over the other; then C, keeping the points of the jagged edges nearly level with each other, and the lesser end of the petals to curve under, as shown in fig. F, so that when the petals, fig. D, are placed round, they will make quite a natural finish close up to the stock, as there is no calyx shown in this flower. Two or three of this class of flower, of different tints, placed with a group of flowers in a vase, adds much to the beauty and boldness of the group, as it is a very gracefully petaled flower, and if cultivated like the dahlia, would become a flower of equal choice and admiration.

CHILD'S KNITTED HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



HOOD WHEN OPEN.

MATERIALS.—2½ oz. blue single zephyr, 1 oz. black single zephyr, small bone knitting-needles.

We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

Cast on 52 stitches with the black wool, and knit 1 row plain. 2nd row.—Tie on the blue and knit 1 plain; wrap the wool around the first and second fingers of left hand four times, and knit these loops into the next stitch; repeat this 9 times for the border. Then knit 3 plain, 3 purl, turn the work round and return on the needle, purling the 9 stitches of the border. Knit the last row one plain. 4th row.—Knit 1 plain: make the loops for the border as directed above, doing 4 stitches blue, then tie on the black wool, do 2 stitches black, 4 blue, then knit 3 plain, 3 purl, 3 plain, 3 purl, making 12 stitches after the border; then return on the needle as in the 3rd row, observing to purl in the proper places, that the ribbed part of the

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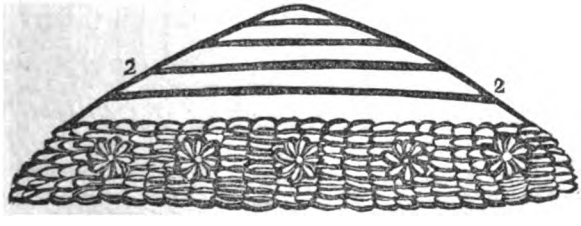
work may be regular. Repeat this until the black stitches are all taken up, 6 stitches every pattern row. Also make the diamonds, (which are done in black, and begun last row.) Complete by doing 4 stitches in black next row; 6 stitches in the succeeding one; then decreasing to 4 stitches, and the last row 2 stitches. The black stitches with which the work was begun being all taken up, return on the needle with the blue wool. Next row, do the border in blue, then put in another black stripe, knitting once down the needle and back again as far as the border, doing the border in blue.

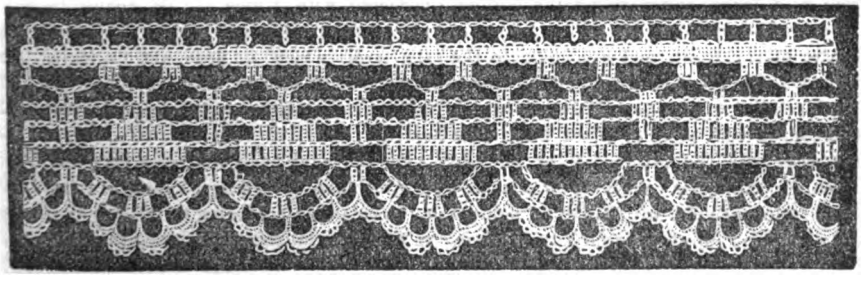
Begin another section in blue, same as first. Repeat these sections until 9 are done, then bind off the 10 stitches forming the border, and knit 4 more sections in blue. Bind these stitches off and join the work. Draw up the points close together, and there the bow is placed.

THE CURTAIN.—Cast on 80 stitches, purl one row, put in the tufting, five rows are enough; then knit 3 rows; then bind off 5 stitches at each end of the needle. Knit 3 more rows, and then take off five more stitches as before. Do this once again, and then narrow every 3rd stitch. The next row narrow every other stitch, and the last row narrow every stitch, and slip and bind as you narrow. Sew on the curtain over the four stripes, (at the points marked 2) as these form the piece for the back of the head. Run a piece of black elastic cord all around the outer edge of the hood, drawing to fit the head. Ribbon strings same as the bow.



CAPE OF HOOD.

CROCHET LACE.



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NEW STYLE DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THIS is a new style of dress, just now very fashionable in Paris The material is a chesnut brown silk—a color which is now taking the lead in fashion. It is made with a single skirt, trimmed with black velvet round the bottom, with a second trimming of the same turning in the centre of the front, and ascending to the waist, leaving a space sufficiently wide for a row of black velvet macaroon buttons, which are surrounded with rows of black lace. The body is made with the waistcoat front, and the point behind; the upper part being ornamented in a new style—namely, with pieces of pointed velvet, narrowing upward toward the throat, having fullings between each, of the silk of the dress. The sleeves are of the bell-shape, having similar pieces of pointed velvet, at the top of which is placed a small epaulette of the silk, bordered with fringe. This epaulette is not placed at the shoulder, but a little way down the arm, which it does not encircle, being merely on the outer part of the sleeves, the bottoms of which are trimmed to match the skirt.

On the next page is given a diagram, by aid of which this dress may be cut out: the diagram to be enlarged, according to the directions given in the editorial chit-chat, last month.

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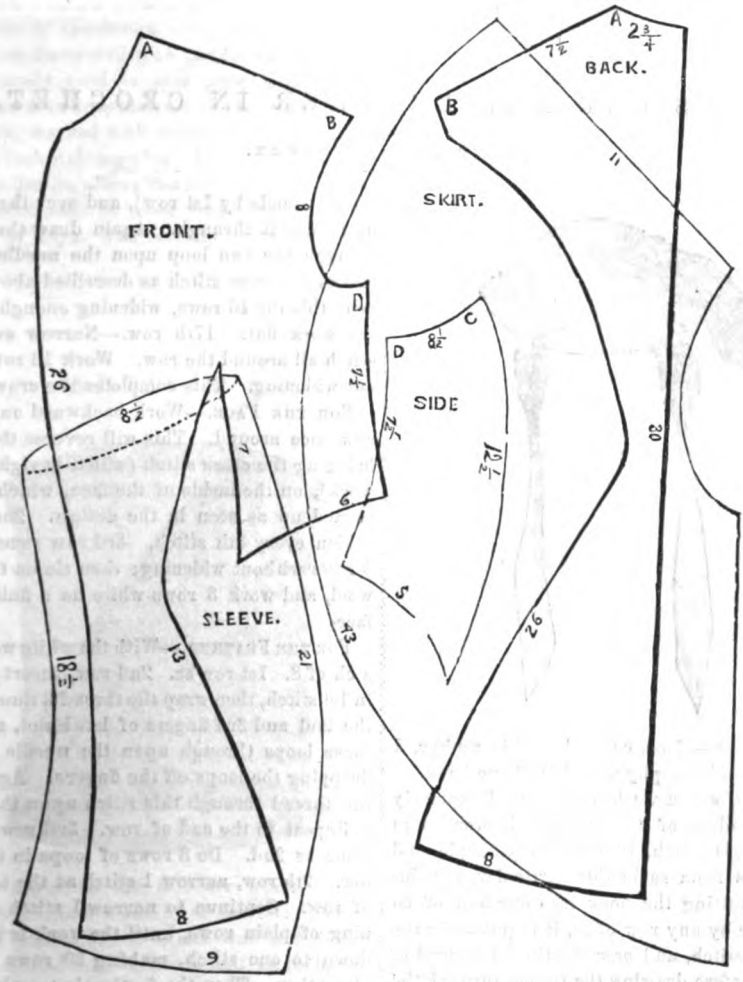

DIAGRAM OF NEW STYLE DRESS.

STRIPED CUSHION IN BERLIN AND WOOL.

A VERY striking effect is often produced by arrangements of color and design based on rules of simplicity. We give, among our illustrations, in the front of the number, a sample of this style of work, which, when executed, strikingly displays this principle. It is a little pattern in wool-work on canvas. A number of these stripes, worked all in the same pattern but in different colors, form a most effective piece of work when made into a cushion. There are many ladies who find it more agreeable to have an easy piece of work in progress, to fill up the leisure moments as they arise, than one which requires close attention and much thought.

The pattern, as will be seen in the engraving, is formed of two rows of stitches; these ought to be in two distinct shades of the same color, one dark and the other light. The following colors have a pretty effect:—Yellow on violet for the first stripe, crimsons on green for the second, rose-color on black for the third, browns on yellow for the fourth. These four stripes repeated look extremely well; or the variety can be still further extended by making every stripe different.

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BOY'S CAP AND FEATHER IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—2 oz. colored double zephyr, 1 oz. white double zephyr, medium bone hook.

This cap, which we have designed expressly for the readers of "Peterson," is worked in crochet cross stitch, which is very simple, and only differs from sc in this particular, that instead of putting the hook into one half of ch loop, made by any row of sc, it is put *under* the whole ch stitch, and *over* the thread instead of under it, before drawing the thread through the loop.

FOR THE CAP.—Make a ch of 3, join; into it work one row sc, widening every alternate stitch for the 1st row. 2nd row.—Put the hook under the ch (made by 1st row), and over the thread, now draw it through. Again draw the thread through the two loop upon the needle. This makes the cross stitch as described above. Repeat this for 16 rows, widening enough to keep the work flat. 17th row.—Narrow every 8th stitch all around the row. Work 16 rows without widening. This completes the crown.

FOR THE FACE.—Work backward on the last row once around. This will reverse the stitch, bringing the cross stitch (which is right side of work), on the inside of the face, which is to be turned up as seen in the design. 2nd row.—Widen every 8th stitch. 3rd row same as 2nd. 8 rows without widening: then tie on the white wool, and work 3 rows white as a finish to the face.

FOR THE FEATHER.—With the white wool make a ch of 8. 1st row sc. 2nd row, insert the hook in 1st stitch, then wrap the thread 3 times around the 2nd and 3rd fingers of left hand, and draw these loops through upon the needle as in sc, dropping the loops off the fingers. Again draw the thread through this stitch upon the needle. † Repeat to the end of row. 3rd row sc. 4th same as 2nd. Do 8 rows of loops in this manner. 9th row, narrow 1 stitch at the beginning of row. Continue to narrow 1 stitch at beginning of plain rows, until the work is narrowed down to one stitch, making 20 rows of loops altogether. Then the feather is complete. The tabs are done in the same way, with 8 stitches to begin with, 5 rows of loops, narrowing the last two rows. Inch wide ribbon for strings.

SCARF IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

IN the front of the number, we give a pattern for a neck-tie scarf, in imitation of Indian embroidery. The material on which the work is executed is a colored French merino, the design being embroidered in silk. In order to produce the real Oriental effect, a great variety of colors should be introduced into the pattern, as the artistic taste of the shawl-workers of India is generally displayed in the greatest possible number of colors and tints, sometimes regardless of the laws of both contrast and harmony. The brightness of these colors is also a striking characteristic of Indian taste, reds and yellows generally taking precedence of all other hues. These peculiarities need not be necessarily followed, as a very pretty effect is produced by a

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much more simple arrangement of color. When the whole of the design is worked in one color, which contrasts well with the merino, the effect is extremely good—a dark green ground with the pattern in deep maize, or a rich French blue, or black, worked with crimson, as these colors always look well together. The manner of working this design allows the exercise of individual taste, as it may be made very ornamental in a variety of ways. The diamond cross lines round the pine are to be worked in what is generally called herring-bone stitch; the rest of the pattern is in the usual work of silk embroidery, that is, in slanting stitches as much as possible. The waving pattern which fills in the ground on which the design rests, may either be in very fine chain stitch or the dotted work: the small border, which is carried entirely round the scarf, is worked in the same manner. We copy this pattern from an English periodical.

ARTICLES IN DOUBLE KNITTING.

The materials for this are white 4-thread Berlin wool, and 4 skeins of scarlet; 2 bone or wooden pins of such a size that a string put tightly round shall measure half an inch.

Double Knitting is one of the best stitches that can be used for Comforters, Cuffs, and Chest-protectors, also for Babies' Cot-covers, being very light, soft, and elastic, and not liable to get hard in the washing, and, of course, being double, the warmth is very great.

For a Lady's Cuff.—Cast on in scarlet wool 56 stitches, and for a gentleman's 66. (The number of stitches must always be even). Knit 4 plain rows, then join on the white, and *; knit 1; bring the wool in front (but not over the pin). Slip 1, pass the wool back. Repeat from *. Each row is precisely the same.

Observe that the last stitch of each row is always slipped, and also that the *back* loop in each row is the one which is always slipped.

For a Baby's Cot-cover.—If about 20 rows are knitted in 3-thread fleecy, and 20 rows in white of the same size; but at the termination of the scarlet rows, before commencing with the white, knit another row of double knitting, but slip the first stitch, and knit the back stitch, instead of slipping it; the effect will be like a row of stitches confining the knitting together; when the white is joined on, return to the original mode of knitting. The entire effect will be, when finished, that of being quilted across. Observe, in making this cover, that the first and last six stitches of each row are knitted plain; these stitches are in addition to those required for the double knitting. A deep fringe of alternate white and scarlet tufts is the best finish to this cover.

ANTI-MACASSAR IN NETTING AND DARNING.

This pattern, which is given in the front of the number, derives its peculiarity from the character of the stripes. In these stripes, the ground, not the design, is worked. This gives richness and originality to its appearance, and makes a striking contrast of lightness and heaviness, which shows to great advantage. The border is also worked in the same manner. One extra row of netting, on a rather larger mesh, should be added beyond this border, for the purpose of tying in the fringe. The fringe should be formed of the same sized cotton as that used for the netting, as a rich fringe of fine cotton has the best effect.

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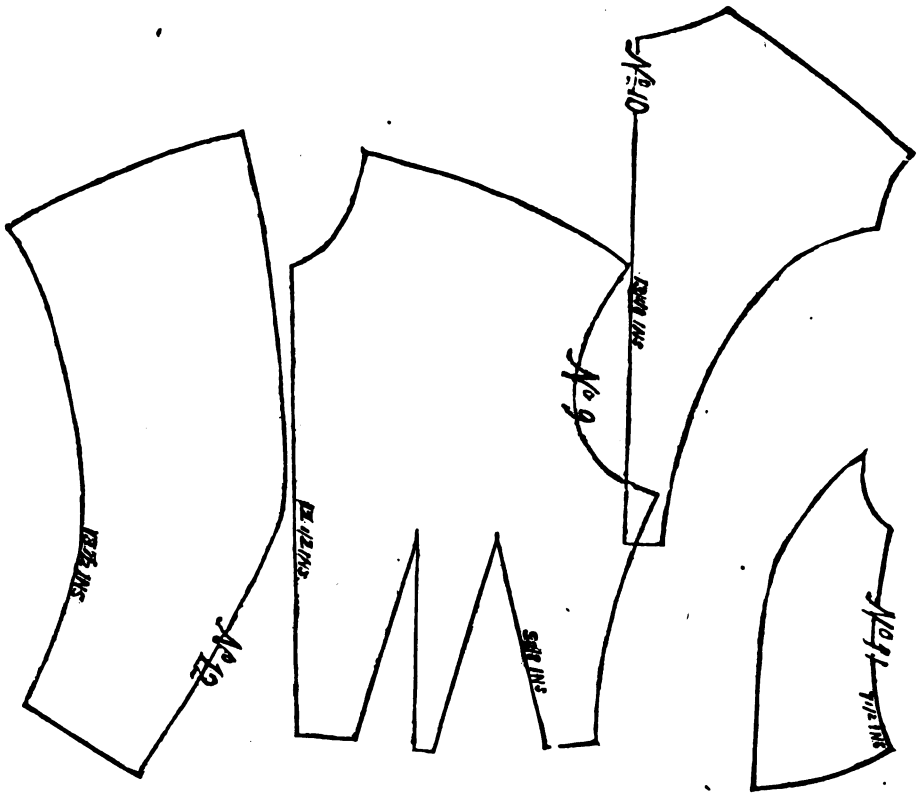
NEW STYLE OF HIGH BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In the front of the number we give, under this title, a full length engraving of a figure, with an entirely new style of high body, just out in Paris, which is round at the waist, and has straight sleeves with elbow. The ornaments consist of four velvet tabs on the front: two on the left on the plaits of the waist, and two on the right; also of three similar tabs placed one in the middle at the bottom of the back, and one on each of the side seams. These tabs are narrow at bottom, and lance-shaped at top. Above, we give diagrams by which to cut it out.

No. 9. One Front of Body.
No. 10. Half of Back.
No. 11. One Side Body.
No. 12. Sleeve.

PRINCESS ROYAL CROCHET STITCH.

This stitch is done with a longer and larger hook than usual.

Make a ch as in common crochet, leaving the last loop upon the hook for the first stitch of next row.

2nd Row.—Put the hook through the next loop made by ch and draw the thread through, leaving the loop upon the needle. Continue this until you have taken up all the stitches of the ch upon the needle.

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3rd Row.—Put the thread once around the needle, and draw it through two of the loops upon the needle. Again put the thread once around the needle, and draw it through the last loop made and the next one to it. Repeat until you have worked off all the stitches upon the needle. The last stitch makes the first one of next row.

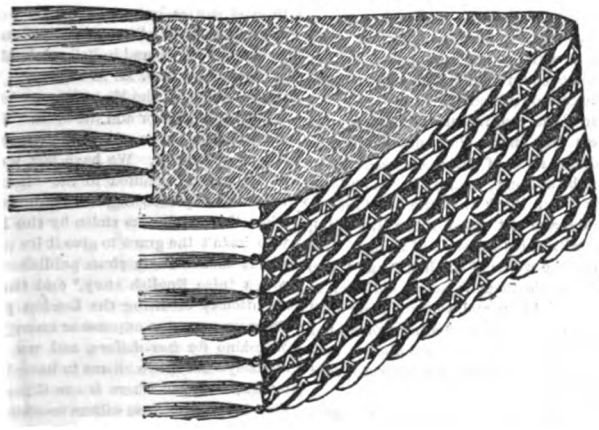
4th Row.—Put the needle through the first long, perpendicular loop, draw the thread through it, leaving the loop upon the needle. Repeat until all the long loops are taken up, observing always to take up the last or edge loop.

5th Row.—Same as 3rd.

To narrow in this stitch miss the edge loop. This stitch is only applicable for straight work, such as sofa cushions, stripes for affghans, scarfs, &c.

SCARF IN PRINCESS ROYAL STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—5 oz. colored double zephyr, large hook, with button at the end for this stitch.

We have designed this scarf expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

Make a ch of 30.

1st row sc. Then commence with the Princess Royal stitch, description of which is given above. A fringe four inches long as finish to the ends.

WATCH-POCKET IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE engraving of this is printed in colors in the beginning of the number. We have designed it expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—63 small size curtain rings, 5 skeins red embroidery silk, 5 skeins black embroidery silk, 1 skein red sewing silk, ½ yard red ribbon, fine steel hook.

Cover 26 rings with black silk, the remainder with red.

TO COVER THE RINGS.—Tie a loop in the silk, pass it around the ring, drawing the skein through it, then crochet in sc stitch until the ring is entirely covered. When all the rings are covered, sew them together as seen in the design, repeating the centre piece (of 1 black, 6 red, 12 black,) to make the pocket. The two centre pieces are to be joined together at the outer edge, then surrounded by the 1 row of red rings.

A loop and bow of ribbon completes the watch-pocket. The colors may be varied to suit the fancy.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MAKING THEM HAPPY.—If any one will take the pains to reconnoitre in many of our fashionable ball-rooms, during the winter season, it will be seen that girls under eighteen constitute by far the greater part of the crowds there collected. He will note too, often, instead of the modest countenance and gentle manners that should characterize such youthful creatures, a bold, conceited mien, loud, vacant laughter, bare arms and bosoms, extravagant attire, and among many of the young ladies a lawless and conspicuous desire to attract every gentleman who comes within the sphere of their influence.

Should any one be sufficiently astonished to ask, "Why are these children here alone without parents or guardians?" the answer would be "Their parents never accompany them;" and young Miss America of eleven years, or thereabouts, should she chance to hear the question, would turn up her little nose with as much contempt as that feature would allow, and exclaim in high dudgeon, "I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself."

The children of our noble country are allowed a wide license. In the streets they march along dressed in silks and flounces, and talking slyly of their conquests, when they had much better be at home, or engaging in childish sports. And we cannot but think that the constant admonition to be womanly, and not act so like a silly child, has a great deal to do with this false state of things. God made children; we mar the works of His hands and try to falsify His wisdom. He made them to act as children, to think, to act, to reason as children, and we train them until they are a sort of hybrid go-between—neither woman nor girl, boy nor man—with all the impertinent follies of incipient age, and the over-ripened wisdom of what was meant to be holy childhood.

Let the children be children. Dress them in simple clothing, and teach them the exceeding sinfulness of a slavish obedience to fashion. Cease to talk to them about beaux and conquests in that foolish, mysterious manner, that calls blushes to the cheek of the most ingenuous child, giving it shyness and awkwardness that too soon change into vulgarity and effrontery. And when they are old enough to go out into the world, and meet in little parties with children of their own age, go with them; not to be an icicle in the midst of their sunny circle, but to smile upon them—to see how far certain sports can be commended, and certain companions retained.

We were visiting once at the house of a judicious woman, one of the very few who know how to train the young mind, and not fetter its best impulses, nor sadden its most joyous hours. A beautiful little child flew into the room, one shining morning, her eyes dancing with pleasure, like sunbeams glancing along a river, as she rushed from place to place, calling with her silvery voice for "Mother." And when the pleasant little woman came, the wild, good news burst forth, Sarah Smith was going to have a *real* party, and "Oh! mother, may I go?"

"Certainly, my daughter," was the reply; "but you know you never go alone."

"Oh! no, mother; they want you to come, 'cause they say you're just like a little girl among the children, and know how to make them happy."

We thought that mother had received a compliment to be proud of—and that it was a glorious thing for the child that she had such a mother. No trying to break away from irksome restraint there—no wishing, with pouts, to go where mother cannot accompany her—no cross moods to fly from—no sour visaged distortion of pleasure. What her mother could not safely commend she could not enjoy, for there seemed a perfect sympathy between child and parent.

How much better would it be for the young, every way, if we grown-up, worldly-wiseacres could be "just like children among children, and know just how to make them happy!" Better men and better women would bless the world by-and-by.

OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.—We have often spoken of the fact, that many English periodicals copy our original stories, without a word of credit. On this point, a late number of the Essex (Mass.) Banner says:—"The time has been when we thought that English literature was remarkably wealthy in good stories, but we have lately come to the conclusion that the English editors are very remarkable thieves. Last year a story appeared in Peterson's Magazine, entitled 'Not at Home,' by Mrs. M. A. Denison. The next week after the reception of the Magazine, we copied the story, giving credit to the author and the book. We saw it afterward in more than a dozen of our exchanges, in a few cases with the proper credit. We have last week seen it in two different papers, credited to the 'London Family Herald!' which cool proceeding, we suppose, came about in this wise: the article was stolen by the London Family Herald who hadn't the grace to give it its proper credit, and some of our snobbish American publishers probably thought it was a 'nice English story,' and they copied it, very conscientiously crediting the London paper. We know that Peterson spares no expense or energy to get up a first-class Magazine for *two dollars*, and we must say, unasked of anybody, that it is a shame to have his stories taken in this lawless fashion. There is one thing that can be done, and that is, for American editors to *credit* when they *copy*, and take these Englishmen to task when they make future appropriations. We say if an editorial, or a story is worth *copying*, it is *worth crediting*."

A FASHIONABLE RIDING-DRESS.—A new style of dress for riding on horseback, was adopted, very generally, by the ladies of the French court, during the last hunting season at Compeigne. It was imitated from the female equestrian dress of the reign of Louis XV., and it consisted of a *casaque* of scarlet cloth, worn with a riding-habit skirt of the ordinary kind. It fits closely to the figure at the waist, and has a gracefully formed *basquine*, in the inside of which there are two small pockets, one on each side. The sleeves are close at the wrists, and the seams are all stitched with white silk. The *casaque* is ornamented with buttons of silver, gold, or mother-of-pearl, which give it a unique and showy effect. The hat was commonly of black beaver, or felt, and had a low, round crown. The brim was slightly raised at each side, just above the ear, and a cock's plume or an ostrich feather, black or colored, fixed near the front on one side, waves backward. The riding-habit skirt was usually of black or dark-colored cloth, or of some woolen material having a plaided pattern. Already there is talk, among some of our fair equestrians, of imitating this costume.

"COVETOUSNESS."—Another illustration, as good, of its kind, as anything we have ever published. How afraid the little fellow is that chanticleer will steal his grapes from him!

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POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—A new subscriber asks us to quote the law, under which postage is chargeable on Magazines. We do so the more readily as both postmasters and new subscribers mistake it sometimes. The law runs thus: "*Be it further enacted*, That from and after the thirtieth day of September, 1852, the postage upon all printed matter passing through the mail of the United States, instead of the rates now charged, shall be as follows, to wit: Each newspaper, *periodical*, unsealed circular, or other article of printed matter, *not exceeding three ounces in weight*, shall be sent to any part of the United States *for one cent*, and *for every additional ounce*, or fraction of an ounce, *one cent additional* shall be charged; and *when the postage* upon any newspaper, or periodical *is paid quarterly* or yearly *in advance* at the office where the said periodical or newspaper is delivered, one half of said rates only shall be charged."

Hence, if our numbers weighed only three ounces each, the postage would be one cent; and if they weighed over three, and less than four ounces, the postage would be two cents. But, sometimes, they weigh over four ounces, yet less than five, hence the postage is three cents. *No number of this Magazine, however, ever exceeds five ounces in weight, wrapper included:* and consequently the postage, even if not pre-paid quarterly, is only three cents a number; but if *pre-paid, is but a cent and a half a number, or eighteen cents a* year. On back numbers, it is the practice, we believe, to charge full postage, or three cents per number. The best way, for subscribers, therefore, who have not paid postage in advance, is to pay up the postage on their back numbers, and then pre-pay for the rest of the year, by which process they will get the remaining numbers for one and a half cents a piece.

THE TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—We think we may claim for "Little Red-Riding Hood," "The Bouquet of Beauty," and "The Trial of Patience"—the three principal embellishments of our first three numbers for this year—the merit of being superior to any three engravings ever published, continuously, by "Peterson," much less by any other Magazine. The one in this number is exceedingly graphic. To stand, quietly holding the skein of yarn, really seems more than that sturdy youngster can bear, especially as he hears, every minute or two, his name called, by his playmates peeping in at the door. Messrs. Illman & Brothers have done themselves great credit by the style in which they have engraved this embellishment.

OUR WORK-TABLE PATTERNS.—We call attention to the Work-Table patterns, in this and former numbers of this year, and ask if they are not wholly unrivaled. We claim, not only to give a greater variety of patterns, but to furnish more original ones than in any other Magazine: and in this latter case we generally state the fact that the pattern *is* original. As we have frequently said before, however, we avail ourselves of all the newest patterns that appear abroad, our object being to give our readers everything that is beautiful, fashionable, or novel. These Mrs. Jane Weaver selects and arranges for us, with her characteristic taste and skill.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received the Continental Grand March, and the Williamsport Schottische, both fresh from the press, which are neatly gotten up. The music is of the popular character. Published by Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents each. Copies sent to any address, postage paid.

THE MUSIC in this number, "Ever of Thee" Gallop, is arranged from the melody of the very popular ballad, "Ever of Thee," by Foley Hall. It is arranged in a plain and easy manner, to accommodate the abilities of an ordinary performer, by Alice Hawthorne.

NEW METHOD FOR THE MELODEON.—Under this title Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, have just published an exceedingly meritorious work. It is, however, not confined to the melodeon entirely, but is designed also for the harmonium and other instruments, that may properly be classified with the organ. A collection of popular songs, and various psalm and hymn tunes, increase the value of the work.

WATCH-POCKET IN CROCHET.—L. M., who asks us to give, occasionally, something simpler than the elaborate patterns in colors we have been lately giving, will see that we have attended to her request. The watch-pocket in crochet, given, in colors, in the front of the number, is so very easy to be made, that a beginner may undertake it. This pretty affair was designed expressly for "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Sidney Dobell. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is one of the beautiful series "in blue and gold." We still remember the sensation which "Balder," and "The Roman," two of the poems in the volume, created, on their first appearance, several years ago. They exhibited so much power, they held out such promise for the future, that the cry was heard that "the man of the age" had come, at least in poetry. If Mr. Dobell has not fulfilled all these expectations, he has, nevertheless, continued to write sterling poetry. He has not only strength, but, to a certain extent, skill; and not only skill, but originality also. Still, he is far from having risen to a front rank; and we doubt if he ever will. His shorter pieces we like best. Among these, "How's my Boy?" is very superior. Indeed, if Mr. Dobell had always written as he wrote in this poem, he would stand nearly unrivaled, As a specimen of his general manner, we quote the following sonnet, addressed "to America," which is commendable, not only for its fraternal feeling, but, as will be seen, for positive poetic merit also:

Men say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns;
But, in what tongue shall be thy battle cry?
Not that our sires did love in years gone by,
When all the Pilgrim Fathers were little sons,
In merrie homes of Englande! Back and see
The satcheled ancestor! Behold he runs
To mine, and clasped, they tread the equal lea
To the same village school, where, side by side,
They spell "Our Father." Hard-by the twin-pride
Of that gray hall whose ancient, oriel gleams
Thro' yon baronial pines with looks of light
Our sister mothers sit beneath one tree.
Meanwhile our Shakespeare wanders past and dreams
His Helena and Hermia—shall we fight?

Restatements of Christian Doctrines, in twenty-five sermons. By Henry W. Bellows. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—We have here twenty-five sermons, delivered, on various occasions, by Dr. Bellows, of New York. Though they are all characterized by the well known eloquence of that eminent divine, they are chiefly to be noticed as exhibiting the successive stages of thought, by which the reverend orator arrived at the conclusions set forth in his recently celebrated discourses, "The Suspense of Faith," and "A Sequel to the Suspense of Faith." Honest and liberal thinkers, whatever their peculiar religious views, cannot but be benefited by a perusal of this volume.

The Man in Black. By G. P. R. James. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is really one of James' very best novels. The scene of the story is laid in England; the time, the reign of Queen Anne. The character of the book is a Mrs. Hazleton, a self-willed, disappointed woman, who is drawn with unusual breadth and power. The novel appeared, a few years ago, as "A Story Without a Name," but it will be new to most of our readers.

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The Professor at the Breakfast Table: with the story of Iris. By Oliver Wendell Holmes 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We have many persons in this country, both male and female, who can write good novels; but we have only one person, and that Dr. Holmes, who can write a book like this. The humor and wit, the pathos and poetry, the sterling common sense and bold flights of imagination, which are commingled together here, make a compound as appetizing, intellectually, as, in another way, was the famous beverage, which the author's ancestors used to brew not less skillfully, in the ancient punch-bowl he has rendered immortal in song. Yet, perhaps, the greatest merit of this book, is its terseness, both of thought and of style. There is as much in it as in half a dozen volumes by De Quincey, or in a whole library of ordinary fiction. If we use the word magazinist, critically in its English sense, Dr. Holmes is the only one we have in the United States. Long may he live to delight us with books such as this, and its predecessor, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." The volume is printed in a style to make every author wish Ticknor & Fields were his publishers.

Compensation; or, Always a Future. By Anne M. H. Brewster. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This can hardly be called a novel, notwithstanding its deeply interesting story; but it is of a much higher character than any mere novel. Music is the inspiration of the book, and Miss Brewster is peculiarly fitted to write on such a theme, for she is not only gifted with rare musical ability, but has enjoyed opportunities for musical culture possessed by few. Persons of musical taste, or talent, will, therefore, be charmed with the book; while those who seek earnestly to perfect themselves as musicians will be incalculably benefited by it. Miss Brewster is one of our own contributors, having written the very beautiful story, in our last number, "Under the Maple Tree." We observe but one fault in her "Compensation"—a too frequent use of French and other foreign terms. Not to employ pure English, where possible, is to lay an author open to the charge of affectation; and Miss Brewster is too thoroughly cultivated to be consciously guilty of affectation.

Poems. By the author of "A Life for a Life," "John Halifax," &c., &c. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We recognize, in this volume, many old friends, which we first met with anonymously, little thinking they were by our favorite novelist, the author of the "Ogilvies," "John Halifax," &c. Among them is that beautiful poem, "Philip, my King," to which, very properly, Miss Mulock gives the precedence in her collection. On the whole, however, the poems are not equal, as poems, to her novels, as novels. They seem to be the refuse, so to speak, of a mind exhausted by other works. Thus, though this book will be a favorite with all cultivated people, and especially with those who admire Miss Mulock's other writings, it will never take very high rank in the metrical literature of the language. It is as a novelist, not as a poet, that Miss Mulock will be remembered.

Self-Help: With Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By Samuel Smiles. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This book has been written to inculcate the important truths, that no man ever rose to greatness who did not owe his success chiefly to himself, and that few have failed of greatness who have worked hard enough to deserve it. The author draws largely on the lives of such men as Watt, Wedgewood, Flaxman, Arkwright, Eldon, &c., in proof of his positions. The style is terse and lucid. It is a book that ought to be in the hands of every young man. It was originally written, in the shape of lectures, to be delivered before a society of young men, formed for mutual improvement, in one of the manufacturing districts of the north of England.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A vigorous, though sketchy book, in which a highly successful attempt is made to describe the characteristics of each century of the Christian era, beginning with the first, and proceeding, in due order, down to our own times. Mr. White has thoroughly digested his subject, knows precisely what to say, and also how to say it. Occasionally, indeed, his style is careless; but it is never diffuse. We know of no book which gives so fair, yet forcible a picture of the different stages through which society has passed, from the time of Nero and the other insane Roman Cæsars, to the age of material progress in which, so happily, we have been born. The descriptions of the old Roman empire, the early Benedictine monks, the Norsemen, the Crusades, the revival of learning, and the Reformation, are particularly vigorous and spirited.

The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of favored races in the struggle for life. By Charles Darwin, M. A. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The writer of this work is the well known author of the "Journal of Researches during H. M. S. Beagle's voyage round the world," a book which is as fascinating as a novel, yet is full of valuable scientific knowledge. We regret that we have not the space, this month, to discuss this work as it ought to be discussed. Perhaps we shall return to it. Meantime, we recommend it as one of the best books, in its walk, that has ever been written.

The Great Tribulation; or, Things Coming on the Earth. By the Rev. John Cummings, D. D. Second Series. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—Dr. Cummings has created for himself an audience, which is much larger than is generally supposed; and by that audience, this continuation of a former work will be eagerly devoured. We commend the book to all who are interested in the Millennial discussion.

The Planter's Daughter. A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Though by an anonymous author, this is an interesting story, and is a suitable companion for the novels of Caroline Lee Hentz, one of the most popular writers of fiction America has ever had. The publishers issue it in the usual neat style of their dollar and a quarter books.

The Path which Led A Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. By Peter H. Burnett. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a bulky volume of nearly eight hundred pages, written in a lucid, lawyer-like style, and controversial enough to satisfy the most disputatious doctor of divinity. The volume is issued in handsome style.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

WITHOUT my First, exists not Woe,
Nor stern denial prayer to foil;
My absence checks the tear-drop's flow,
And robs the student's lamp of oil.

Love lit the beacon on the tower,
When my bold Second left the shore;
Alas! from that ill-fated hour,
The Lover saw the Loved no more.

My *Whole* is what the Loved did say,
When at her feet the victim lay;
And on fair Palestina's plains,
A beauteous flower it still remains.

Answer next month.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.*

SALAD DRESSING.

Stewed Oysters.—Fifty in number.—Put two ounces of butter in a small saucepan; place it over the fire, adding one tablespoonful of flour; stir them well together till they become pretty thick; then take the pan from off the fire, and add a cupful of milk, or cream; replace the pan on the fire for three or four minutes, stirring the ingredients all the time. Put in also a little cayenne pepper, and nutmeg; then add the oysters, and cook them till they are done. When you take them off the fire, stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. You can also place the above mixture in a dish, or shells, grate bread crumbs over them, and brown them in a very cool oven.

Vermicelli Pie.—Take an earthen dish that is pretty deep; rub the inside with two ounces of butter; then spread over it two ounces of vermicelli; make a good puff paste, roll it pretty thick, and lay it on the dish. Take three or four pigeons, season them well with pepper and salt, put a good lump of butter in them, and lay them in the dish with the breast down; put a thick lid over them, and bake the pie in a moderate oven. When done enough, turn the pie on to the dish you intend to serve it on, and the vermicelli will appear like thatch.

Queen's Omelet.—Beat one egg very light, add some to it, and work in as much flour as possible, so as to make a very stiff dough: then roll it out very thin, dry it, as when you prepare noodles for soup; cut in thin shreds; boil it for about five minutes in salt water; take it out, and let it become cold. The next morning, take six eggs, beat them light; cut the noodles very fine, mix them with the eggs—adding pepper, if you choose—and fry it as an ordinary omelet.

To Prepare a Round of Beef for Baking.—Let it lie one night in common salt and saltpetre, and rub it very well; then take a very small quantity of allspice, nutmeg, mace, and black pepper, ground very fine; rub one-half on the beef at first, and the remainder, a little every day, for nine days, when it will be fit for baking. The quantity of spice depends on the size of the piece of beef. Light brown sugar must be mixed with the saltpetre and spice. The beef must be larded with some suet, previous to baking it.

Sauce for Four Terrapins.—Mash smoothly the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs in three wineglassfuls of hot water; add three-quarters of a pound of butter, two tumblerfuls of Madeira wine, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, cayenne, black pepper and salt to your liking; then put in the meat of the terrapins—not cut too small—and boil the whole together ten minutes, or a little longer.

Oyster Pie.—Ingredients: Fifty oysters, three eggs, boiled hard and cut up very fine, a few crumbs of bread, a large slice of butter, a nutmeg, pepper and salt. Bake it in a paste.

DESSERTS.

Egg Cheese.—Beat six eggs well, and put them into three gills of new milk, with sugar, cinnamon, and lemon peel to your liking. Set it over the fire, keep stirring it, and squeeze a quarter of a lemon in it, to turn it to cheese; let it run into whatever shape you prefer; when it is cold, turn it out, and pour over it a little almond cream, made thus: Beat some sweet almonds fine, with a little cream; then put them into a pint of cream, let it boil, and strain it; add the yolks of three eggs, well beat; set it over the fire, and make it like a custard.

Ice Pudding—Made of Farina.—Boil one quart of new milk; while boiling, sprinkle in, slowly, one quarter of a pound, or four large tablespoonfuls of farina, and let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes; stir it while boiling, to prevent it from burning, or settling; flavor with any essence you prefer. Then pour it into a jelly mould, and set it away to cool and stiffen. (Sweeten, and flavor it just as you take it off the fire.) You can serve it with rich cream, or wine sauce.

Fruit in Jelly.—Put half a pint of clear, stiff calf's foot jelly into a bowl; when it is set, and stiff, lay in three, or more, fine ripe peaches, and a bunch of grapes, with the stalks up; put a few vine leaves over them; then fill up the bowl with jelly, and let it stand till the next day; then set your bowl to the brim in hot water, and as soon as you find the jelly leaves the bowl, lay a dish over it, and turn your jelly carefully upon it. Garnish it with flowers.

To Make Curd Puffs.—Take two quarts of milk, put a little runnet in it, and when broke, put it in a coarse cloth to drain; then rub the curd through a hair sieve, with four ounces of butter, well beaten, ten ounces of bread, half a nutmeg, and a grated lemon peel, a spoonful of wine, and sugar to your liking. Rub your cups with butter, and bake the puffs a little more than half an hour.

Stewed Pears.—Take three pounds of pears, pare and quarter them, and add to them one pound and three-quarters of sugar, a drachm of cochineal, powdered and tied in a clean rag, and half a pint of red wine. Let them stew three hours and a half, and then squeeze in the juice of two lemons.

Carageen.—To one quart of milk, take a small handful of carageen moss. Wash the moss, put it into the milk, and let it boil twenty minutes, or longer. Sweeten it, flavor it to your liking, and strain it through a flannel bag. Serve it with cream.

Junket.—To one runnet bag, add a quart of wine. One teaspoonful of the liquid will turn a quart of new milk. Sweeten the milk to your liking.

CAKES.

Lady Cake.—The ingredients are: The whites of sixteen eggs, half a pound of fresh butter, three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, one pound of powdered white sugar, two ounces of bitter almonds, and three wineglassfuls of rose water. Blanch two full ounces of bitter almonds, then throw them into a bowl of cold water, and let them be awhile; afterward take them out, wipe them in a clean cloth, and pound them, one at a time, in a mortar, pouring on each of them a little rose water; when sufficiently pounded, set them in a cool place. It is best to prepare them the day before you make up your cake, and put plenty of rose water with them. Having powdered your sugar, put it into a deep pan; cut your butter into it, and set it where it will soon get warm. Then stir the butter and sugar together until they become quite light, and then add the pounded almonds, stirring in a little at a time; beat the whole well together, and set it in a cool place while you are sifting your flour, and beating the whites of sixteen eggs. It is most convenient to divide the eggs, putting eight whites each in two separate pans. Beat the whites until they stand alone, and then stir them, hard, into the pan containing the butter, sugar, and almonds, alternately with the flour. When all the ingredients are mixed in, stir the whole very hard; have ready a tin pan, well buttered, put in the mixture, and set it immediately into the

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oven, which must previously be made of the proper heat. Let the oven be heated to a quick heat, but not so much so as to burn the cake. Bake it from two hours and a half to three hours, in proportion to the thickness of the cake. When cold, ice it. Do not cut it until the day after it is baked. If well secured from heat and air, it will keep a week.

Quick Biscuit.—Put a small tablespoonful of lard in one quart of flour, and add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, finely powdered, with a teaspoonful of salt; put a teaspoonful of super-carbonate of soda in a pint of warm milk, and add it to the other ingredients. Make the paste of ordinary consistence for biscuit, adding flour or milk, if either are needed; roll it half an inch thick; cut it in shapes, and bake the cakes twenty minutes.

Cocoanut Pound Cake.—Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, nine eggs, well beaten, a little brandy, a small quantity of essence of lemon, one grated nutmeg, half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut. Mix together the ingredients, one after another, as written above.

Lemon Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of sugar, one cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, four cupfuls of flour, one large lemon, and five eggs; the cream of tartar must be put into the cream. The soda must be put, dry, into the flour. Mix the cream in the last thing; beat it well.

Lemon Drops.—Take the juice of three fresh lemons, strained fine, and mix it with a pound of treble refined sugar, beaten, and sifted through a lawn sieve. Beat them together for an hour; it will make them white and bright. Then drop them upon writing paper, and dry them before the fire, or in the sun.

Fruit Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound and a half of sugar, one pint and a half of eggs, seven pounds of fruit, (raisins, currants, and citron,) brandy to your liking, and one pound and a half of flour. Put the spices in after the eggs.

Gold Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, the yolks of fourteen eggs, the rind, and juice of two lemons, one teacupful of saleratus.

Jersey Cake.—Ingredients: One pound of blanched almonds, half a pound of sugar, the whites of three eggs, beaten very light, a glassful of rose water, and two cloves.

Composition Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs, half a pint of cream, and a gill of brandy.

Federal Cake.—The ingredients are: Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, seven ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, and a spoonful of saleratus.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Durable Ink.—The Ink.—Put into a small, clean bottle a piece of lunar caustic, half an inch long; fill it with good vinegar, and cork it tightly. The Sizeing.—Into another bottle, with a wide mouth, put a lump of pearlash the size of a pea, a rather larger piece of gum arabic, pound them a little before putting them in the bottle, and fill it up with water. Cork both bottles tightly, and put them in the sun. They will be fit for use in two days.

Alabaster.—How to Clean it.—Mix two ounces of aquafortis with one pint of old rain water; wash the alabaster in this liquid, with a brush, for about five minutes; then rinse it in clean water, wipe it, and set it for two or three hours in the sun to dry. No soap should be used; it discolors alabaster.

A Method to Remove the Lime which congeals in Tea-kettles.—Take one-fourth of a pound of Spanish whiting, put it in your kettle when it is full of water, and boil it for one hour, or until the lime is removed.

A Medley.—No. 1.—Britannia should be first rubbed gently with a woolen cloth and sweet-oil; then washed in warm suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be gradually heated at first; after it has become inured to the heat it is not likely to crack.

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

A Medley.—No. 2.—Woolens should be washed in very hot suds, and not be rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks woolen goods.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woolens. Wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woolens.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a great improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar.

Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash the floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

Barley straw is best for beds; but dry corn husks, slit into shreds, are better than straw.

Never allow ashes to be taken up in wood, or put into wood.

A Plan to Preserve Earthen Ware.—It is a good plan to put earthen ware into water and let it heat gradually until it boils; then cool it again. Brown earthenware, particularly, may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran, thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

Cleaning Paint.—The ingredients are: One pound of soft soap, one ounce of pearlash, one quart of sand, and one pint of table beer. Mix the ingredients well together, and let them simmer for some time. When used, put a small portion of the mixture on a flannel rag, and rub it over the paint, then wash it off with clean warm water.

Cement for Grafting.—The ingredients are: One pound of beeswax, one pint of linseed oil, six pounds of rosin. This cement will not run in summer, nor crack in winter.

BEVERAGES.

Peppermint Water.—Procure your peppermint when it is full grown, and before it seeds; cut it in short lengths, fill your still with it, and put it half full of water; then make a good fire under it, and when it is nigh boiling, and the still begins to drop, if your fire be too hot, draw a little out from under it, as you see it requires, to keep it from boiling over, or your water will be muddy. The slower your still drops, the water will be the clearer and stronger, but do not spend it too far. The next day bottle it, and let it stand three or four days, to take the fire off the still; then cork it well, and it will keep a long time.

Summerville Beverage.—The ingredients are: Race ginger, well bruised, four ounces, cream of tartar, one ounce, juice and rind of two lemons, lump sugar, five pounds, boiling water, five gallons. Mix the ingredients, and pour them into a vessel with a close cover; leave the mixture stand until it becomes cold, then strain it, and to the strained liquor add one pint of porter. Bottle it, and cork it well.

Raisin Wine.—Boil ten gallons of spring water one hour; when it is milk warm, to every gallon add six pounds of Malaga raisins, clean picked, and half chopped, stir it up together twice a day for nine or ten days; then run it through a hair sieve, and squeeze the raisins well with your hands. Put the liquor into a barrel, bung it close up, let it stand three months, and then bottle it.

Rose Water.—Add ten drops of attar of roses, and one ounce of loaf sugar to one gill of spirits of wine; mix the whole in a mortar, and put to it as much water as you deem proper—say about one quart.

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Peach Cordial.—Put as many peaches in an earthen pot, as may be covered with one gallon and a half of brandy; add to them some peach kernels, and fresh peach leaves. Let them remain in the liquor forty-eight hours, then strain the liquor through a sieve; then mix five pounds of white sugar with one gallon and a half of water; boil, and strain it through some muslin; when cold, add it to the liquor, and bottle it for use. The peach leaves are best, about the time the fruit is ripe.

Walnut Mead.—To every gallon of water, put three pounds and a half of honey. Boil them together three-quarters of an hour; and to every gallon of liquor put about two dozen of walnut leaves. Pour your liquor boiling hot upon the leaves, and let them stand all night; then take the leaves out, put in a spoonful of yeast, and let it work two or three days. Then make it up; let it stand three months, and, afterward, bottle it.

MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

A Remedy for Asthma.—The following is said to be a cure for the distressing disease, asthma: The ingredients are: Sulphur, one-half ounce; cream of tartar, one ounce; senna, one ounce; anniseed, one-half ounce. Pulverize and thoroughly mix the ingredients, and take one teaspoonful in about two tablespoonfuls of molasses on going to bed, or at such time through the day as may suit the patient. The dose, once a day, may be diminished or increased a little, as may best suit the state of the bowels of the individual.

Brown Mixture—For Coughs.—No. 1.—Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic, one ounce of licorice, and one ounce of brown sugar-candy, in half a pint of boiling water. When cold, add one ounce of elixir of paregoric, and one-half an ounce of antimonial wine. Take a tablespoonful of this mixture whenever the cough is troublesome, and upon going to bed.

Brown Mixture.—No. 2.—Dissolve one ounce and a half of gum arabic, and one ounce of licorice, in half a pint of water; then add fifty drops of laudanum, and two teaspoonfuls of antimonial wine. A tablespoonful of this mixture is to be taken when the cough is troublesome.

Brown Mixture.—No. 3.—Powdered gum arabic, one-half ounce; powdered licorice, one-half ounce; boiling water, fourteen ounces; antimonial wine, one ounce; paregoric, two ounces. Dose: A tablespoonful when the cough is troublesome.

Antidote for Laudanum.—When so large a dose of laudanum has been given as to produce dangerous effects, give the patient a cup of the strongest coffee that can be made. Whatever you administer, always remember to walk the patient briskly and constantly about the room, until entirely relieved.

Cough Mixture.—Take a whole lemon, cut it in four parts; add to them half a pound of white sugar; put them in half a pint of boiling water, and let it boil for ten minutes. When warm, add six cents worth of paregoric to it. Dose: Take half a wineglassful when the cough is troublesome.

An Excellent Bitters.—Pound together in a mortar two ounces of gentian root, one ounce of orange peel, one handful of camomile flowers, and two drachms of cardamom seed. Put these ingredients into a pint of brandy; set the bottle in a warm place, shake it frequently, and in three or four days it may be filtered through brown paper.

Carrot Salve—Excellent for Chapped Hands, Burns, or Sores.—The ingredients are: One teaspoonful of grated carrot, and one tablespoonful of lard, or butter, without salt; simmer them together until the mixture becomes of a reddish-brown color; then strain it, and let it become cool.

A Remedy for Ringworm.—Put a penny into a tablespoonful of vinegar, and let it remain until it becomes green. Wash the part affected with the vinegar three times a day.

THE TOILET.

THE HAIR.—Every one knows, of course, that a lady's good appearance depends not a little upon the care bestowed upon the hair, and we need not say that neglecting to have the hair neatly brushed and kept in proper bounds, indicates want of taste more than almost anything else. On the contrary, the danger is, that the hair will be injured by the excessive or injudicious treatment it receives, with the hope of improving its appearance. From ill-health, for example, the head is often hot and feverish, and the hair becomes harsh and dry. It will not then lie smoothly, and resort is had to oil or grease in various forms. The sale of manufactured "hair oils" is enormous, showing their extensive use. These, whatever names they may bear, are almost all made from sweet oil, or lard, perfumed with various extracts, and they yield an immense profit. But their use is in most cases positively injurious. When the body is in health, nature supplies the scalp with an abundance of oil, exactly fitted for the hair, and when not in health, no external application of artificial oil can take the place of the natural. On the contrary, these artificial hair oils, in spite of the perfumes they contain, become rancid, and do more harm than good. They clog up the natural oil ducts, the skin becomes still more dry, and scales off in small particles, called "dandruff." Then resort is had to "hair washes," which consist chiefly of alcohol. These dissolve the dandruff, and stimulate the scalp, and at first seem to be beneficial, but in the end are not so.

There is only one application that is safe and beneficial under all circumstances, and this is *cold water*. No soap should ever be used with it, as this dissolves off the natural oil, and renders the hair dry and stiff. But pure water washes out dandruff without removing the oil, and leaves the skin cool and clean, and thus promotes the growth and health of the hair. Some persons take cold in using cold water, but this may be prevented by wiping the hair as dry as possible, using two or three towels, and then putting on a covering—a warm cap or a handkerchief tied on—until the head is nearly dry. Ladies having thick hair, complain that it does not dry out. But thorough rubbing, with a warm cloth, if need be, will generally dry it so that the heat of the head will drive off any remaining moisture.

Morning is the best time to wash the hair. At night, the system is tired and debilitated, and if one then lies down with the hair wet, the evaporation may produce a cold. The writer speaks from experience. When formerly bathing both the head and body at night, a cold was the usual consequence; but latterly, a morning bath, taken as quickly as possible, followed by a brisk rubbing with towels, is indulged one, two, or three times a week, with no resulting cold, but greatly to the promotion of health. When the hair needs anything to make it lie smooth, whether after bathing and drying it, or at other times, it is put in place with a brush dampened simply with pure water, which is quite as effectual as oil, and far neater and more healthful. Let any one try cold water on the hair, for six months, with the precautions above indicated, and they will never return to any other "hair oils," or "hair washes."

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK, crocheted with black. This dress is made *a la imperatrice*, that is, with the body and skirt cut in one piece, like a large basque. The skirt is, of course, very much gored to fit the figure at the waist. The dress is trimmed down the front with large bows of ribbon, finished with crocheted ornaments of the color of the dress. The sleeves are very large, made with revers, and trimmed with bows of ribbon like the dress. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with black lace and pink roses.

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Fig. II.—Walking Dress of Green Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with a pyramid of ruffles reaching half up the skirt on each seam. The body is quite plain, and confined at the waist with a belt. Sleeves large, and trimmed with a pyramid of ruffles on the outside of the arm. Bonnet of white crape, embroidered in spots with lilac floss silk, and ornamented with a wreath of lilac flowers on the top.

Fig. III.—The Victoria.—This dress is of gray silk, trimmed around the bottom with wide, black velvet ribbon. A belt in the Swiss style is ornamented with two loops and long ends of black velvet. A pocket on the left side, and the sleeves are also trimmed with velvet. Plain black velvet buttons on the body, and tassel buttons on the sleeves. Head-dress of black lace and pink roses.

Fig. IV.—The St. Cloud.—Dress of chene silk. The body is open in front, with lappels like a coat. Underneath is a fine muslin chemisette. The skirt is ornamented with a band of black velvet and a row of buttons, from the waist diagonally down the skirt. Sleeves rather full, put on bands with cuffs and jockeys trimmed with velvet and buttons.

Fig. V.—New Style of High Body, called the "Sheaf." Dress of black silk, with Pompadour bouquets in rich colors over it. The body is ornamented with four darts of green velvet, two on each side of the row of green buttons which fastens it up the front. Belt of green velvet. Sleeve nearly tight, with a jockey. A diagram, by which to cut out this body, is given on a preceding page.

Fig. VI.—The Chambord.—Dress of lavender-colored silk. The body is made open in front, and like the sleeves, is trimmed with wide facings of lavender-colored velvet. Bows made of the silk like the dress are placed on the skirt, sleeves, and body.

General Remarks.—There is nothing very new as yet in the style of making dresses. The weather continues so cold that velvets, heavy cloths, and large shawls, are still worn as out-door wraps. Spring bonnets fear to leave their boxes before April, and tight sleeves are considered the most comfortable. Almost all the walking dresses are made with plain skirts, trimmed *en tablier*, or fastened up the front. A new way of setting in skirts at the waist, is to make four large flat plaits—one under each arm, and two behind. Gimp trimmings for dresses and cloaks still hold their ground. Aiguilettes, buttons, bows with square ends, acorns trimmed with lace and enlivened with black beads, and flat graduated ornaments, both for bodies and skirts, are all in demand.

Young ladies' dresses are nearly always made plain, with waistbands, close sleeves puffed all along the seam, a jockey on the shoulder, and a cuff at the wrist; or they may terminate quite plain under a small white cuff matching the collar. One of the prettiest dresses recently made had the skirt trimmed with one deep flounce, having a plaited ornament over it, and the body was in the *corbeille* or sheaf form, which is very favorable to the figure. The dress was a plaid poplin, green and blue, without any ornament on the skirt. The body high, and covered up to the usual height of a low body with a plastron of blue velvet. The sleeves, wide and tending to a point, were bordered by a broad band of blue velvet, lined with white silk, and had a very narrow ruche just at the edge. (We give an engraving of this style of dress, fig. V., as well as a diagram of the same.) Low corsages, worn with *pelerines* or *fichus*, are very fashionable for demi-toilet. The most favorite form for these *fichus* nearly resembles that of a half handkerchief; that is to say, pointed at the back, and crossed over the bosom, the ends descending only to the waist, or hanging lower, according to taste. They are usually made on a foundation of white or black *tulle*, and are ornamented with rows of lace, with intervening runnings of ribbon, or narrow rows of colored velvet. Rows of black and white lace, disposed alternately, are very fashionable. The under-sleeves should correspond with the style of the *fichu* or *pelerine* with which they are worn. Those confined at the wrist frequently consist of several puffs, instead of one only, as heretofore; and between the puffs there are runnings of colored ribbon, with bows and flowing ends. Open sleeves are exclusively reserved for evening dress. They are usually trimmed in the manner of the *fichus* above described, *viz:* with rows of lace, and intervening rows of narrow velvet. The velvet is frequently set on in a lozenge pattern, and sometimes in small bows.

For morning dress, small linen collars and cuffs, edged sometimes with colors, are worn, though white embroidery is more elegant. Thin muslin sleeves, with frills trimmed with guipure, are very pretty for demi-toilet. Some muslin sleeves have mousquetaire cuffs, lined with colored silk. These are trimmed round with a narrow Valenciennes, fluted. Collar to match.

The Zouave bodies, made of plain or spotted muslin, are surrounded by puffing containing a ribbon, which is also run in the revers and round the short skirt behind.

The little showily trimmed aprons, formerly in such high favor for in-door morning dress, are again becoming fashionable. This fashion is at once graceful and convenient. The silk dresses worn in out-door costume are almost invariably plain in the skirts; or, if trimmed, they have tablier fronts.

Evening dresses are generally cut straight, both in front and behind. They are usually finished at the top by a band bouilloune, and trimmed with blonde or Valenciennes. The trimmings for corsages are, this season, very similar to those worn for some time past.

In Paris the young ladies are trying very hard to bring in the Louis the Thirteenth round hat, with long drooping feathers. Winter is not a propitious season for the trial, as the hat is less protection to the ears than the bonnet; there is little doubt, however, that spring will settle the fate, definitely, of this becoming little article. Bonnets are made large this year—quite forward on the forehead. The curtain is wide.

We give a description of a bonnet made for the Princess Matilde, (cousin of the French Empress.) The body of the bonnet is composed of black velvet embroidered with gold; on the left hand side are placed two rosettes of black lace; a small gold chain falls from each of the rosettes, having at the end a small gold ball. The curtain, and edge, or border of the bonnet are made of white tulle covered with a rich black lace; strings, black velvet embroidered with gold. This bonnet made in another color, was much more elegant; the bonnet, as well as dress and cloak, were of a rich claret-color; this, with gloves *beurre frais*, made one of the most beautiful carriage toilets imaginable.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Dress for a little Boy two years of age.—(*See wood cut, fig. VI.*)—Loose sacque of pique or Marseilles, either white or colored, richly ornamented with braid. A white worked skirt falls just below the edge of the frock. The skirt is set with a little fullness into a pointed yoke. Puffed sleeves. A very pretty dress for a little girl, composed of Albert blue silk, is made with the corsage high and plain, and trimmed with two frills headed by a small ruche, pinked. These frills, both in front and behind, pass from each shoulder to the waist, where they meet and form a point. There are two skirts, the upper one bordered with a ruche. The sleeves reach nearly to the wrists, and are formed of two puffs and a turned-up cuff, or revers edged with a small ruche. Under-sleeves of white muslin, closed at the wrists, and a small collar of worked muslin, are worn with the dress.

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Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

LES MORES PARISIENNES

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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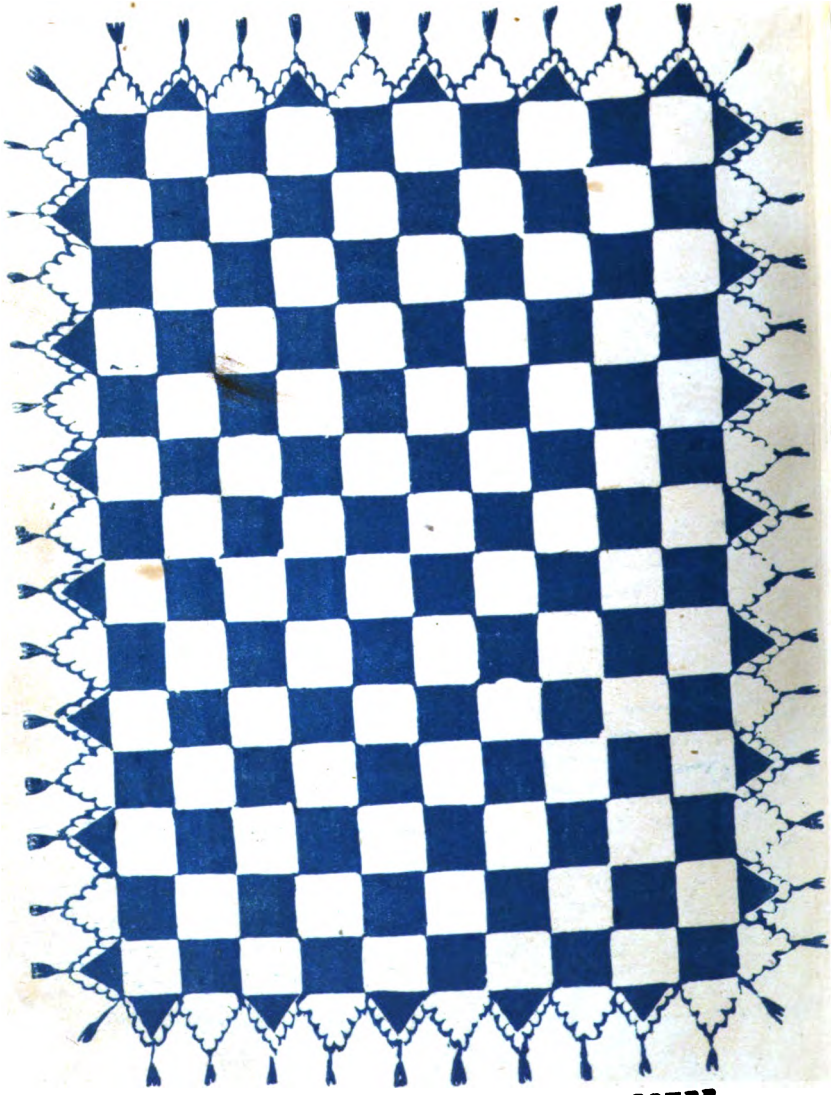

BLUE AND WHITE KNITTED CRIB COVER.

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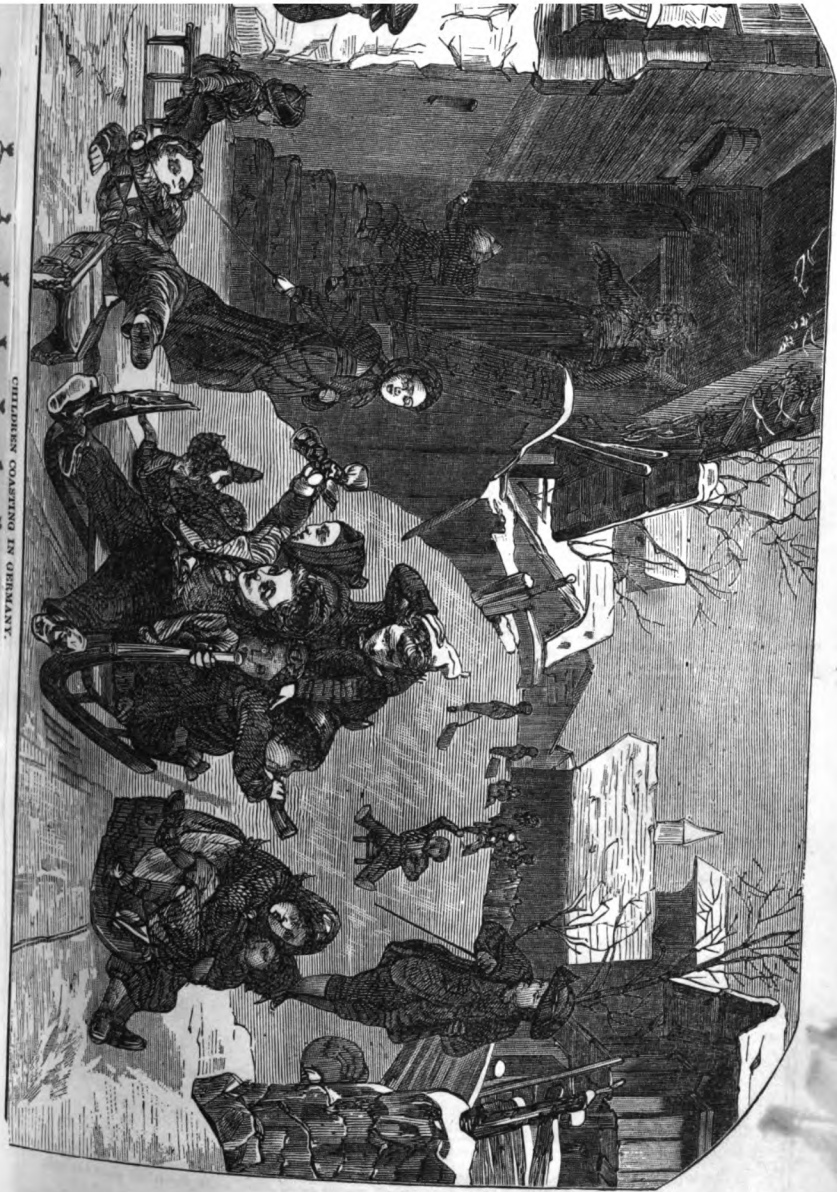

CHILDREN COASTING IN GERMANY.

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Lydia

NAME FOR MARKING.

THE TUILERIES,

Imported by YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Nos. 40 and 42 North Third Street, Philadelphia, importers and dealers in Silks and Fancy Dry Goods, white Goods, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

SILK GRENADINE DRESS,

Imported by YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Nos. 40 and 42 North Third Street, Philadelphia, importers and dealers in Silks and Fancy Dry Goods, white Goods, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls.

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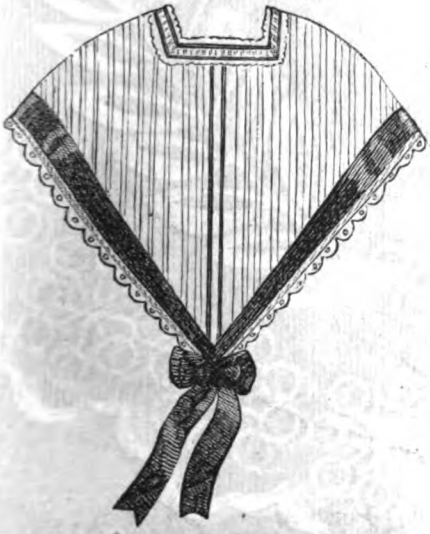
WHITE BODY AND SLEEVES.

NET FOR HAIR.

UNDER SLEEVE.



RAPHAEL CAPE.

CHEMISE.

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EMBROIDERED EDGE OF LADY'S UNDER SKIRT.

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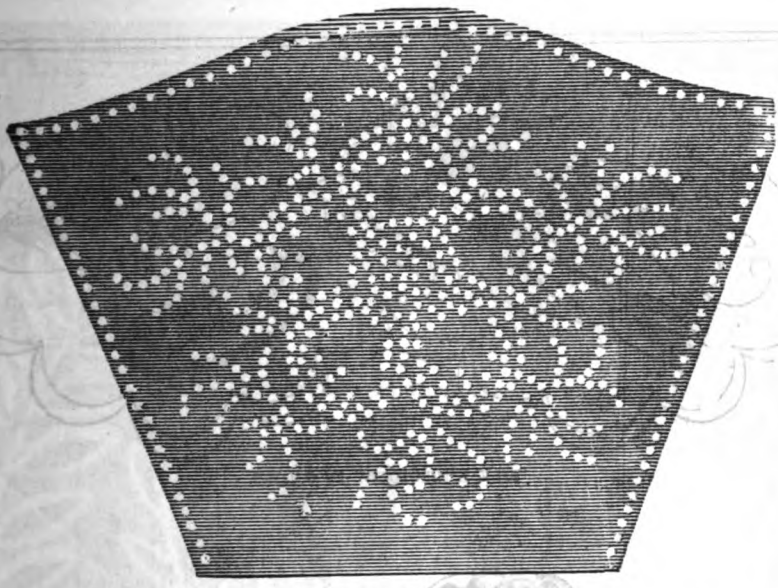
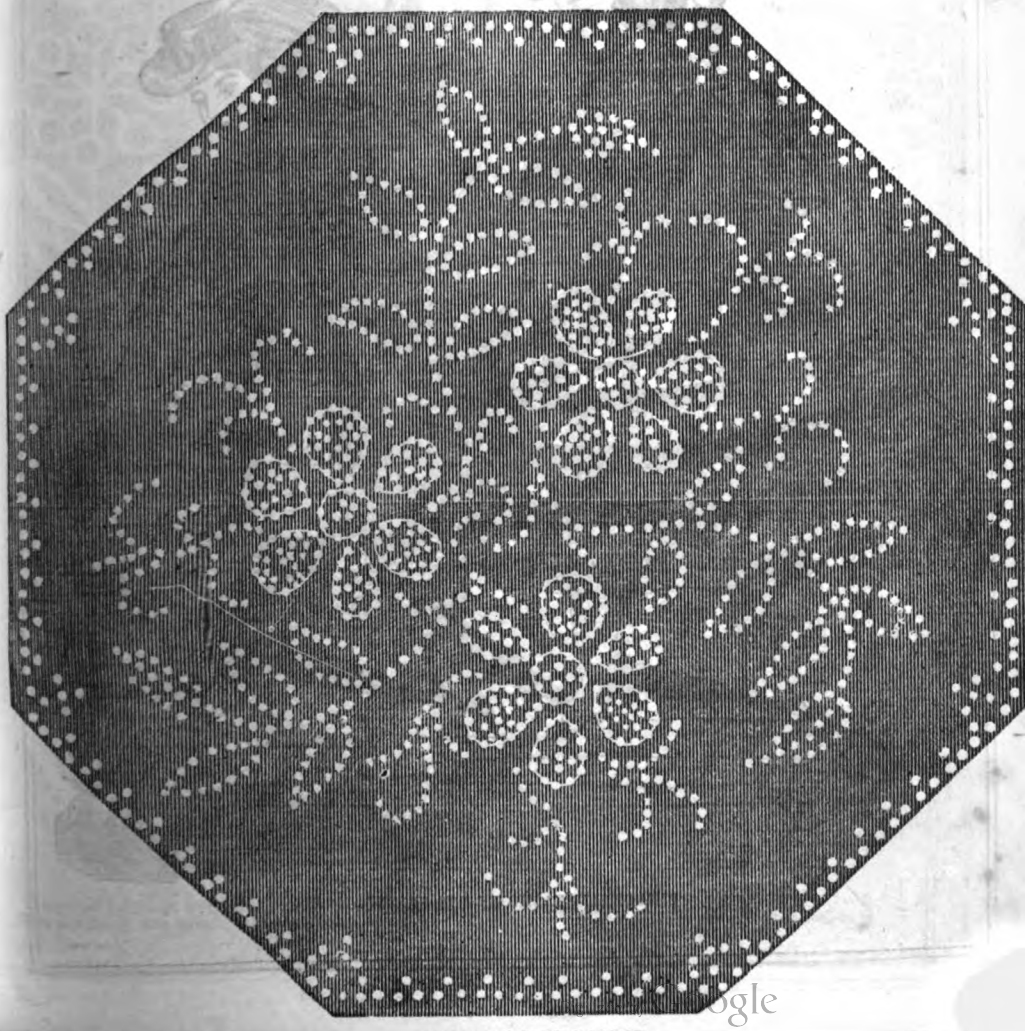


SIDE OF CARD BASKET.



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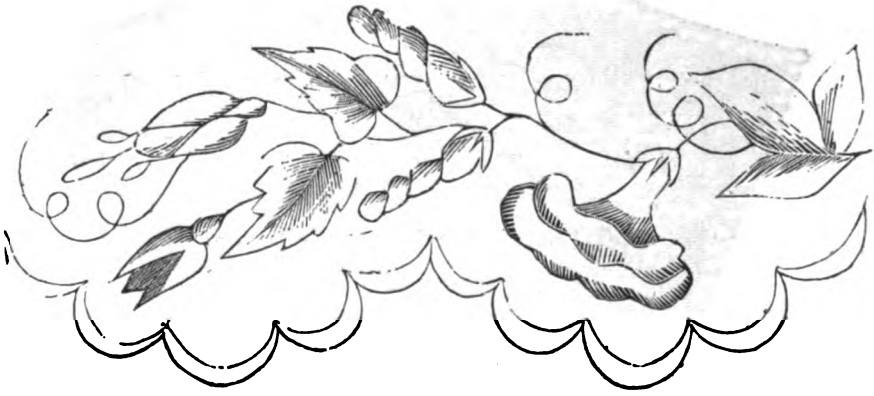

SILK EMBROIDERY IN COLORS.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SPRING.

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LINEN EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

BAREGE DRESS,

Imported by YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Nos. 40 and 42 North Third Street, Philadelphia, importers and dealers in Silks and Fancy Dry Goods, white Goods, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls.

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WHAT SHALL I OFFER THEE?

NEW BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato.

Piano.

p *f* *p*

First Voice.

What shall I of - fer thee? What shall I tend? What shall I give to thee Now as a friend?

p *mf*

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Second Voice.

Give me an ev . er green Fresh from the bough; Some - thing in af - ter years As it is now.

First Voice. D.C.

Duett. I'll give thee an ev - er - green fresh from the bough, Some - thing in af - ter years As it is now.

Second Voice. D.C.

Give me an ev - er - green fresh from the bough, Some - thing in af - ter years As it is now.

f *pp* *cres - - cen - - do.* D.C.

2. What shall I offer thee,
Life is so strange?
All I can give to thee
Surely must change.
Give me an ivy-leaf
Green as the pine—
Give me an ivy-leaf
Fresh from the vine!

3. What shall I tender thee?
Gifts have I none—
What to remember me
When I am gone?
Give me an evergreen
'Ere we must part,
Something to hide away,
Close to my heart!

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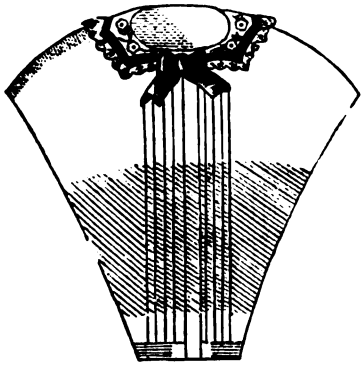
HEAD-DRESS.

DRESS CAP.

BLACK LACE BERTHE



SAILOR'S COLLAR.

SLEEVE TO MATCH SAILOR'S COLLAR.

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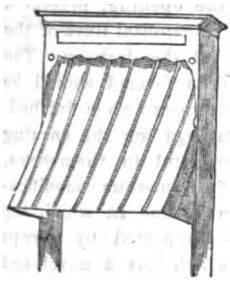
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1860. No. 4.

DRAPERIES, BLINDS AND CURTAINS.

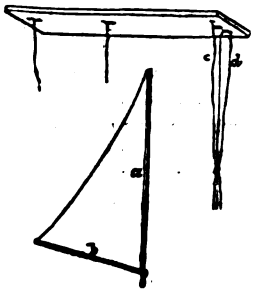
BY FANNY N. COPELAND.



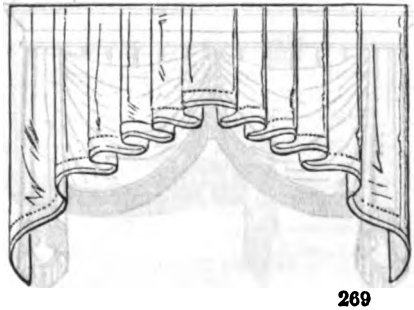
Ladies, who live in the country, or even in small towns, are often at a loss for curtains. We propose, therefore, giving a few directions, by aid of which any lady, with ordinary skill, can make and arrange her own curtains, or other window or bed draperies.

Of late years, outside blinds of stout canvas have come into use, as they are particularly adapted for our summer climate, excluding the sun, while admitting the breeze. When there is a balcony or a rail fixed two or three feet in front of the window, they can be fitted as outside roller blinds at but little cost and trouble. The blind being drawn down, the lower end is tied to the rail, so that it presents the appearance of a long sloping verandah, which excludes heat and light, without hiding the view from those in the room. This is the way of fixing very frequently seen, where this form of outside blind was first introduced.

The windows, however, which have a balcony or rail in front are comparatively few; for the others a different mode of fitting the blinds has been applied. This is shown in the engraving at the beginning of this article. The deep cornice at the top forms a case into which the blind is drawn when raised, and thereby protected from rain and other casualties of the weather. The mode of construction of this kind of blind is shown by the two figures just given. In the one, the straight line *a* represents an iron rod fitted inside the wooden frame or case of the blind, which, of course, is made to fit the window. Three feet six inches, as a general rule, will be a sufficient length for this rod, and it must be fixed about half an inch from the wood to allow the swivel to work freely up and down upon it. This swivel is attached to the rod *b*, which forms, so to speak, the mouth of the blind, as shown in the figure at the beginning of this article: it is to be twenty-eight inches long from back to front. In the other, we show the lath, and the arrangement of pulleys for raising or lowering the blind. The line *c* is carried to the pulley on the extreme left; *d* goes to the centre pulley, while the other line descends over the pulley on the right. These three lines being tied together a short distance below the lath, form a single rope. The lines led through the pulleys extend to the lower edge of the blind, being carried down the inside by small rings: and when they are pulled, the rod *b* rises to a perpendicular, and is lifted up with its canvas hood into the case at the top of the window. Hooks are usually fixed at the side of the window to secure the lines upon, so that the blind may be easily managed by any one standing in the room.



Valances for windows or bedsteads are of almost every pattern. We give an engraving



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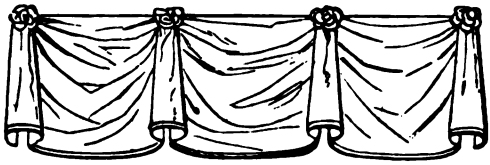
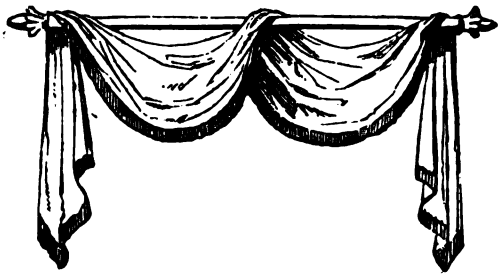
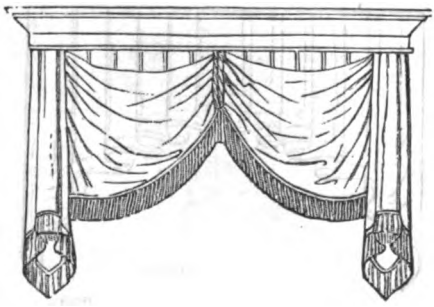
of a piped valance for a window. The upper edge may be made to fall with a festoon curve from the centre toward each end, or the lower edge may form a deep curve, the outer curves descending in similar patterns half way to the floor. The next engraving is another form,



very suitable for a parlor or drawing-room. The effect is made much richer by a fringe, which may be attached to almost every kind of piped valance with a certainty of improvement. Some persons put their valances up plain, adding the fringe after a year or two, which makes the whole look comparatively new. Piped valances may be used for bed-hangings, care being used so to divide the spaces as to bring a pipe at each corner. If the pipes will not keep their open, trumpet-mouth form, a copper wire passed into the hem will retain it in any curve to which it may be bent. Chintz, being a stiff material, is well suited for piped valances. A drapery of the same form as the last, may be made with a double cord in place of the pipes, each cord being made to appear as though looped over the



cornice with a bow, and supporting the drapery. When finished at each end with a pair of long full tails of pipes or folds, it has a very graceful appearance.



Another mode of arranging window drapery is represented in our next cut. This is a very graceful form, and gives a light and cheerful air to an apartment. Another, of a heavier character, is also given. The festoon, in this example, is made to appear as though drawn up in the centre by a double rope, while the outer ends are brought behind the tails, and fastened to them: the latter cannot then be drawn from their place when the curtains are pulled back. The effect may be heightened by a pair of tassels hanging from the rope in the centre. The perpendicular stripes of the piece, tacked to the edges of the lath to fill up the opening, present a pleasing contrast to the horizontal lines of the cornice and the curves of the drapery. The piece of which the tail is formed should be three times as wide as it appears when finished.

Our next three engravings (on the ensuing page) are not only beautiful in themselves, but are suggestive of numerous modifications. The last design is one in which the drapery appears to be supported by a rope instead of a cornice, which has a novel and pleasing effect. The rope is stretched upon three blocks of wood fitted to the lath on the upper side, at such a height as to keep the lath itself concealed by the drapery. The central pipe is made separate, of two breadths of the material, and of such a length as to form the head gathered up in folds, as represented.

In all these drawings of valances and draperies, the curtains are omitted to avoid confusion and overcrowding. It should, however, be understood that curtains may be used with any one of the designs. The making of the curtains is a simple task, and needs no explanation; the chief consideration is to put in breadths enough, and cut them long enough. They are gathered to a tape at the top, and to this tape the rings or hooks are to be strongly sewn.

Much of the graceful appearance of curtains depends on the way in which they are looped up during the day. One method is by a long loop of silk or worsted cord, with or without a tassel, suspended from a hook three or four feet above the floor, which is the usual height. Bands of bronze or brass, too, are much used, fixed either upright or horizontally, as may be tasteful or convenient. The upright bands are generally found most suitable for small rooms. Curtain pins—that is, handsome rosettes of wood or metal—are also used for the same purpose; but, at the present time, they are not so

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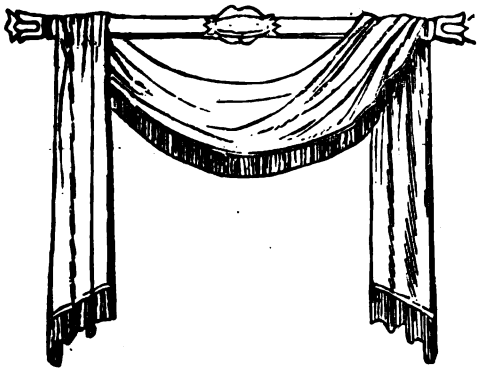


well liked as the bands or loops. When the curtains are looped up in the morning, some pains should be taken to make the folds fall gracefully. The curtains may be suspended

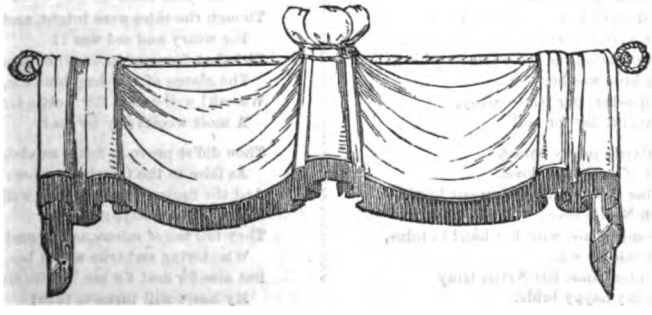
over the band or loop, either toward the window, or away from it; or they may hang straight up or down. Indeed, there are almost as many ways of arranging the curtains as of folding napkins for the dinner-table, and they may all be found out by a little ingenuity.

Curtains, however, are comparatively expensive, and, therefore, will never come into such general use as blinds. To return to the latter. The roller blinds which draw down to cover the whole of the window, are commonly made of a superior kind of white holland, known as Silesia. In cutting them out, pains should be taken to have the top and bottom perfectly square, and the edges perfectly straight; and the needlework required upon them should be so neatly done, as to leave the material free from crease or wrinkle; indeed, the blind should present the appearance of not having been touched at all with fingers.

Besides Holland, there are various kinds of ginghams, and fancy patterns, and transparencies, which are used for roller blinds, any one of which may be chosen according to taste or other circumstances. There are also various contrivances, by spring rollers and otherwise, to make blinds run up and down, as well as the usual line and rack-pulley.

In rooms much exposed to the scorching sun of summer, Venetian blinds are frequently used inside or outside. The laths of these blinds hang across the window, and as they can be set to any angle, they keep out the light and glare, but give free admission to the air, a matter of much consequence in hot weather. Outside Venetian blinds, which are altogether of a stronger make, instead of being made to rise and fall, are mostly contrived to open or close as shutters, and with the laths fixed at the proper angle for intercepting the superabundance of light. It is, however, possible to have the laths made movable, but at a greatly increased expense. Shutter blinds require to be very strongly fixed, as they are powerfully acted on by the wind.

We must not forget to mention the dwarf blinds, that is, those placed at the lower part



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of the window, as a screen from the gaze of passers-by on the outside. These are of muslin or net, hung to a tape, or frilled up on the sides, which retain them in a fixed position, and sometimes a brass band is shown running across the top. Another kind is the dwarf Venetian, with narrow upright laths or splaits, which turn from side at pleasure. A more durable dwarf screen is made of wire gauze, painted, on the outside, with a landscape in white. These cannot be seen through, at all, from the outside; yet present no obstruction to the sight from the inside.

FLOATING AWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

The leaves on the maple are crimson,
And silver the stream below,
And over the azure Heavens
The white-winged cloudlets go;
And the clouds float away in the distance,
And their shadows flit over the lea,
And the maple leaves float downward
On the stream that flows to the sea.
They are floating away forever,
Floating, floating away,
Those crimson leaves shall never
Grow green on the parent tree.

The cloud seems a fairy creature
In robes of fleecy snow,
A thing of light and beauty,
But its shadow falls dark below;
And cloud and shadow are floating
Over the sky and lea,
As the maple leaves float downward
On the stream that flows to the sea.
They are floating away forever,
Floating, floating away,
That same white cloud shall never
Cast a shade o'er the stream and lea.

The moments too are going,
And waning the Autumn day;
While I, 'neath the crimson maples,
Watch the dead leaves floating away;
Like clouds that fade in the distance—
Like shadows that skim the lea,
Are the hours like dead leaves floating
To Eternity's soundless sea.
They are floating away forever,
Floating, floating away,
Time's stream shall backward never
Waft vanished hours to me.

There are hopes that on life's horizon
Float like sunlit clouds and fade,
And o'er its varied landscape
Sweeps many a gloomy shade,
And thoughts unfold and ripen,
And float over land and sea,
As wind and stream are wafting
The leaves from the maple tree.
They are floating away forever,
Floating, floating away,
Light or shade from the past can never
Come back, save in thought, to me.

But the cloud in sunlight floating,
Leaves borne on wave or wind,
The shadow that skims the meadow,
Leave never a trace behind;
But life's heart lights and shadows,
The hours as they onward roll,
Not a thought but leaves its impress
On the tablet of the soul.
They are floating away forever,
Floating, floating away,
But their signet mark shall never
Be effaced while ages roll.

FAIR NETTIE GRAY.

BY MRS. FANNY SPANGENBERG.

My heart was free as the mountain deer,
And happy as sprite or fay—
Till one fatal morn in the Summer time
I met fair Nettie Gray.
Her curls were bright as the warm sunshine,
And dark blue was her e'e;
But ah! well-a-day, fair Nettie Gray,
'Twas a woeful day for me!

Oft by the river's mossy banks,
In the joy of an honest love,
With the blue skies smiling upon our brows,
Did I with Nettie rove:
And she promised me, with her hand in mine,
As we sat side by side,
'Ere the Winter came, fair Nettie Gray
Would be my happy bride.

Alas for me! as the golden time
Of the year came smiling by—
Though the skies were bright, and the days were fair,
For weary and sad was I!
Oh! that Summer morn when first I met
The glance of her deep blue e'e,
Was ah! well-a-day, fair Nettie Gray,
A most woeful day for me!

Thou did'st prove as fickle as yielding air,
As false as the treacherous sea;
And the Spring time of youth will never come back
To make life happy for me.
They tell me of others as fair and bright,
Who loving and true would be—
But alas for me! for me, Nettie Gray,
My heart still turns to thee!

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THE LOST PATRIMONY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

My patrimony was a neat little fortune, and I was just twenty-one when I came into possession of it. After duly shaking my head to arouse any wisdom that might be slumbering there, I said to myself,

"I have enough income to live a life of leisure, and moderate luxury. I will plunge into no business to drown my best years in care. I am just at an age to enjoy the pleasures of life—and, when I get tired of them, as folks say they always do—then I shall turn naturally to the excitement of business for occupation. Time enough to grow rich then. I scout the idea of being a mere money maker now."

But at the end of the first year, I had not only used my income, but had chipped no small corner off my principal. I continued to nibble at it the next year, and when December came I said, "Oh! well, what remains is not worth saving. My friends tell me that my money has been the ruin of me, and that I should have been better off if I had never had a cent I didn't earn; so here goes with the last of it, to further my prospects, by leaving me with nothing but hand and brain to depend upon. Pity I haven't had a jollier time spending it though."

Before the end of another year, I paid away my last five dollar bill, having inscribed thereon the whole amount of regret I felt at the necessity of parting with it, in the half serious words, "Go, last of thy kind, and find a better master."

Then I looked about me, and made up my mind how to proceed. To begin, I called up my landlady, and said *nonchalantly*,

"My dear madam, I have the misfortune to tell you that I have no more of the convenient commodity called money. If I remain here, you have only the hope that, some day, I shall find employment, and be able to resume payment, and clear off arrearages. There is much risk in this. Will you risk it?"

My landlady, Quaker and stoic as she was, yet gave way to a little change of color, in surprise at this information. Not without pondering—for she doubted my story, for how could a gentleman reduced to his last penny have such a comfortable, careless countenance?—not without pondering and a shade of dubiety, did she reply,

"Thee's always paid up readily. I don't see what's the matter now; but any way, I'll trust thee a few weeks."

I couldn't stomach that. I never afterward owed that woman a cent, let what might go to pay her; and this first experiment gave me a wholesome horror of even the smallest debt, whether of money or assistance. I had not chosen my friends for qualities which might be valuable to me in adversity, and I preferred not putting any of them to the proof in any way, to having my eyes opened painfully.

I looked about eagerly now for something to do. I had always said that a man must be a fool not to find work; but when the time came to look for it, I found the search a difficult one. So many diverse things must concur. Some one in a business I liked must be in want of me. He must be ready to give me a sufficient salary, and a post I was fitted for. He must have a congenial temper, and principles I could approve. He must demand no capital of me, yet must grant me a position in the firm not derogatory to my years, or dignity, or social position, as son and heir of the late Mr. O——. He must be willing to suppose that my past course fitted me for trust, that being able to dissipate a considerable fortune in a very short time constituted me a business man, whom it was desirable to secure at once, for the advantage of all parties concerned.

Such a person it was not easy to meet with. I met none like him. I tried one or two situations, but owing to the suspicions almost every one entertained of my unsteadiness, I found them intolerable. After a year of change, makeshift, and harassing anxiety, I fully understood what a key to success I had thrown away in my patrimony. I had possessed a power, a lever which would have lifted every obstacle from the path to fortune, and now I had only my personal force to clear the way for me. A moneyless man, with a fortune to make, is like a sculptor with a block of marble and an ideal form in his brain, but no chisel or mallet—and none attainable—unless he turn tool maker, and fashion them himself.

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My friends kept judiciously remarking to me, that if I would only put a little capital into this business, or that one, which was coining gold, I should soon fill my pockets.

"If it rains soup, and you've no spoon, what odds is it to you?" says the old proverb.

Finally I determined to become a real-estate agent. I got a license and an office, hung out my shingle, and advertised. My friends put some places into my hands for sale, and I waited for purchasers. They were slow in coming, and waiting was dull work.

I was too eager for business to read. I sat impatiently fretting a week or so, my only amusement gazing curiously at the swift whirl of business men past my window, all with calculating brows, and faces full of work—or, taking constitutionals, and coming back to see my lonely office boy, undisturbed by callers, turning forlorn summersets on the wide window-sill.

I should have gone distracted with this solitary confinement, if two fat women exhibitors had not pitched their tabernacles in my neighborhood. Large paintings of the rival beauties stretched along the house fronts, flaunting defiance in each other's faces, and challenging the public to a comparison of their charms. Before one house a band played that popular and suggestive tune, "Root Hog or Die;" while the rival musicians wailed out, "Love Not," in superfluous warning to all gazers upon the charmer within. These tunes, alternated with Yankee Doodle by both bands, made day and night ridiculous: so I still could laugh.

My friends dropped in—now and then—but did not stay long. I had no wine, cigars, or sporting intelligence to give them. They found me very "slow," poor fellows.

A month passed. My office rent became due—my boy's wages—my landlady's, and washerwoman's bills. No help for it, my watch must go—and it went. Another month. My books must go—and they went. Another month. My wardrobe must suffer—and it suffered. Another month, and I was as much like a hang dog, as a man can be and keep a hat on his head. Mine was just balanced, and that was all, so dejectedly low did I hold my gloomy countenance.

But after all was sold that I could possibly part with, and I had got over that chaffering business, I looked up again, and cocked my hat as usual. I got my landlady to move me up to the garret, and I docked off two meals a day. I did well enough with one.

I also let out half of my office to another poor fellow, who could not afford to rent one. He was only able to pay about a quarter of the rent of mine; so, to make all square, he took my office boy's duties, and that valiant hunter was dismissed, not without tears on his part.

I got to extremities at last; slept in my office, in as much of a bed as could be made out of my coat and a felt hat. Twelve cents a day nourished me.

Inquirers about the properties I had for sale came occasionally. But what ideas they had! Mr. A—— held his place at twelve thousand, (worth six possibly) and wouldn't take a cent less. Mr. B—— wanted it terribly—would give three thousand for it, not a cent more! I, between them—frantic to make a sale, and realize a commission—exhausted every power of mind and body in persuasion, without effecting a compromise. My two opponents held out, and continue to do so to this day, to the torment of the real-estate agents who now have them in hand.

One glorious day, I effected an exchange of two properties. My palm itched for my commission, which old Mr. Q—— was, by agreement, to pay. It was an insignificant one, to be sure, but it was enough to regale me upon beefsteaks for a month to come, over my usual expenses. So it was a weighty matter to me. I planned out a whole day's meals—yes, a whole week's—so as to employ my leisure hours agreeably in a way which my prospects now rendered justifiable. Before this it had been breaking the tenth commandment even to think of beefsteaks. I also dreamed of a new coat. The one I wore—my last—was a light summer cloth, and the weather was now ripping cold. I went so far in anticipatory extravagance, as to throw away a blacking-box, which had yet a rim of the precious compound around its bottom edge, that might have given one more "polit," as Biddy says, to my shoes. It was long before I bought another box, for Mr. Q—— *never* paid up!

After one week of tedious days with light dinners, and another weary seven days of lagging hours unbeefsteaked, I made inquiries about Mr. Q——, and alas! learned that never paying up was a little habit of his, which his friends had vainly tried to break him of. His creditors, therefore, had no hope, unless they had the money to make him pay by the urgency of the law.

Things took a turn at last. I had a beautiful little furnished cottage, a few miles from town, put into my hands. It was a very desirable property, and now at last my office was lively with inquirers.

One morning, a handsome carriage stopped before my door, and from it stepped a pretty

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widow lady, a Mrs. K——, whom I had often met at parties, who had indeed once been an acquaintance of my mother's. She knew me at once, and after some polite references to old times, she asked about the cottage.

After I had told her all I knew of the terms, &c., she said, with a voice sweet, and coaxing in its playful tones,

"I want that cottage exceedingly. I must have it—but I *do* not want to pay cash for it. Indeed I cannot, unless I first sell my tiresome brown stone house on —— Avenue. If you can only effect an exchange for me—oh! I will be so pleased! I will give you anything to do it," and she named a handsome sum.

My heart gave a leap for my throat. "I shall be happy to do my best for you," I said aloud, and thought, "only too happy to get such a windfall!"

I bowed her to her carriage. There sat, leaning back, "a phantom of delight"—her daughter.

She was just as much of a phantom to me, and as attainable by me for having and holding, as if she had been formed of ether, and was not the "sweetest piece of painted flesh" that ever nature dyed. This I growled into my own comprehension, as I turned away after the bewildered stare I had given her, and shut my office door upon the impertinent street, that might be disposed to look into my face, perhaps, and read its chagrin there. Her mother had been a long time arranging her flounces upon entering the carriage; and before I could shut its door, I had stolen many looks into that bewitching face, quite enough to have her image vividly before me all that day long.

Two days afterward, I went with Mrs. K—— to look at the cottage. She called for me in her carriage; and her daughter was there too. I showed them the grounds, and rooms with zeal, and answered all their pretty questions with delight. I was so happy that the fates took offence at it.

In pulling up a stiff, rusty bolt, which held one of the long windows shut, I was obliged to use some muscular strength, and my treacherous coat, buttoned to hide my seedy vest, burst down one of the shoulder-blades, where it was worn uncommonly thin.

I was desperate. I felt my cheeks set hard, and I stalked about with a bunch of shirt sticking out at one shoulder; the mirrors, too, showing me the figure I cut at every turn.

Well—what odds was it? They liked the place too well to be very nice in the bargain for it. The owner agreed to exchange it for the city property, and I won my commission.

That night I did my first, and last job at tailoring; and the next day, in my mended coat, I waited upon Mrs. K——, to let her know the final result of my negotiations. She was out, but her daughter received me, and had still much to ask about "that lovely cottage." My answers were all long ones. The next day I sat in my office, savage, because the excitement of the affair being over, I had leisure to think what a fool I had been in throwing away a fortune, which would have entitled me to dream as I pleased of a certain lady; when the carriage drove up again, and, looking over the half curtain, I saw that Miss K—— sat in it alone. I hastened out.

She greeted me with some embarrassment, and I colored up too—only because she did—(far gone, you see.)

"Mamma was too ill to come out to-day," she said, "so she sent me with this letter and package for you. She did not send it by John, because she wished me to tell you, as well as I can, how very much she thanks you for your obliging zeal in securing us the pretty cottage we had both set our minds upon. She also begs that you will give us the pleasure of your company to a little tea-party, we give at our new house-warming, two weeks from next Wednesday. She hopes you will come."

I am seldom flustered, and can generally "behave mysel' before folk," so I answered properly, accepted the invitation upon the strength of the new suit I felt must come out of the packet I held in my hand—and bowed an adieu.

Having the office to myself just then, I tore off the envelope, and therein I found the specified sum in gold and bills. I caressed the strangers. I never knew money to look really pretty before, but this did—it was beautiful. After I had counted, and stowed away the gold, I took up the paper envelope, and for the sake of the slight sweet perfume left by the gloved hand I had received it from, I kissed it devoutly. I then began to fold up the notes, laughing a little at the woman's way of sending the money itself, instead of a check on a bank—when something caught my eye. It was a five dollar bill with writing on the back, "Go, last of thy kind, and find a better master."

"Well," said I, giving it a spiteful twist, "here you are again! Be so slippery another time, will you?" Then I chuckled at a conceit that occurred to me. "I have got my old fortune by the tail," I said, "and clap ears and bells upon me if I don't hold fast, and haul it backward till I clutch it again!" I did so—no need to tell my ups and downs—but the result

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of my unresting efforts, and my pertinacious resolution, is property to about the same amount as my father left me."

I sit in the library of the K—— cottage, inditing this, after a lapse of five years from the date of receiving my first earnings. Close at hand is—the Phantom of Delight. She is rattling off crash towels on a sewing machine. This is written, impromptu, for her eye, in answer to a question put an hour ago by her.

She asked for some money to buy "our Charley" a coral and silver tooth-cutter. I gave her an old five dollar bill. She pored over it, and exclaimed, "Oh! poor fellow! it almost makes me cry! See here, love! his last. I wish I could give it back to him! Who did you get it from?"

"I'll tell you by-and-by," I said, and took this sheet of paper. Yes, dear, dear girl—pitying, sweet heart—you did once give the poor fellow who wrote those words, not only his note again, but with it the heart to win all the boundless treasures he now possesses!

* * * * She has read it, and boxed my ears like a stout south breeze, for not kissing the envelope before I counted the gold—woman!

For this infringement of my dignity, I have fined her five dollars, and recovered my bill. She, in revenge, declares that this scrap shall be fashioned into "an article," and given by her own intrepid hand to the public. I record this to her confusion; and here write down my opinion that she is welcome to all the five dollar bills she ever gets for it, and that we shall see if she dares carry out her threat. Signed,

J. Q. O.

(You see, sir! A. G. O.)

A WINTER LYRIC.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

The oak, the birch, and the maple tree
Stood shivering in the air—
Not a single leaf, not a clinging vine
Was seen on their branches bare.

Fretful they spoke to the Winter King,
As he swept with his wind-steeds by;
"Where are our mantles of royal green
That we wore in the bright July?

Why do we stand in the cold so long—
Shivering, gaunt, and stark—
With nothing to shield us from the snow
But this rough, uncomely bark?"

And the Winter King reined his sweeping steeds,
And lifted his sparkling hand;
"Dear trees!—ye shall be by to-morrow's light
The fairest in all the land!"

The morning opened his golden eye,
And mountain, and valley, and plain,
From the forest oak to the briar, were hung
With jewels of frozen rain.

The birch was a giant spray of pearl.
The oak, with a kingly grace,
Wore over his gnarled and knotted limbs
A mantle of silvery lace.

The elm was covered with flashing gems
Set into an ermine robe.
The maple carried, on all its twigs,
A glittering, golden globe.

They stood in mute, resplendent joy,
And flashed to the flashing sun;
While the Winter King clasped his hands and smiled
O'er the work that he had done.

CANTILENA.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

There's not a song that trembles
Around my heart to-night,
But thrills with untold gladness,
And eloquent delight;
For I have cast the shadows
Of sorrow all aside,
To let Hope's joyous music
Through all my being glide.

And there is not a tear-stain
Upon mine eyelids now,
Nor yet a shade to ruffle
The spirit's sunny flow;

Life seemeth, oh! so joyous!
So blithesome, and so light,
Like some long dream of Summer
That haunts a Winter's night!

Like rosy childhood playing
Among the early flowers,
My happy heart is straying
On golden-footed hours!
Perhaps I may be dreaming
When I my ills forget;
Break not the blissful seeming—
Oh! do not wake me yet!

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SHOULD AND MUST.

BY CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear James, don't you know there is a stronger word than *should*, and that is *must?* We *should* be angels of holiness, sell all we have and give it to the poor, and take no thought for raiment, like the birds. We *must* build up our fortunes, make a place in the world, educate our children, and keep free from debt. Let us be generous when we can: we *must* abide by our purpose."

"Very good for special pleading. It is a pity you were not the lawyer, Helen. And so this poor little Mary, with her plaintive face, a stranger among strangers, must not be invited to our party? Nell, she has three times the refinement of you or me!"

"Possibly; but she has not money, brilliancy, nor position, and we cannot afford to patronize her. Is it not rather for your interest to be known as the friend of Judge Slade, than of his children's governess?"

"Judge Slade for some cause dislikes us; he declined being introduced to you, last week, and has openly slighted me in court. He is conservative and aristocratic. I do not belong to his club, do not give brilliant dinners; and, being nothing to him, I am worse than nothing, and he means to frown me out of existence; but before heaven, he shall not! And it is because I feel so bitterly this grinding influence of power, that I would give the little help I can to other unfortunates."

"*Should*, you mean! These sentiments are very noble, James, and, some day, when we are rich, we will follow them out to the letter; but we must pursue a large policy, and by appearing selfish in the present, open wider opportunities for usefulness in the future."

"The talents buried in the napkin, rusted, Helen!"

"I will run all risks, if your conscience still demurs. It is your place to regulate affairs at the office, mine at home. Let me invite whom I choose to my drawing-room."

A little stress was laid upon the word my; for the father of Mrs. Lippitt had furnished, and purchased a three years' lease of the fine house in which this conversation occurred.

Slight as that accent was, it struck home; and the young lawyer walked to his office musing, "Too true! if I cannot support the house, I have no right to dictate concerning its inmates. And after all," he pursued, "others do not help me. Why should I others? Born into this system of infernal selfishness, I must slip in the grooves, or be crushed."

CHAPTER II.

A blazing fire of cannel coal lighted the library of Judge Slade. The green, thick carpet of this room was like woodland moss; and the table-cloths, and curtains, the deep-seated sofas, and arm-chairs, were all of the same hue, in plain cloth; relieved, where need was, by borders and heavy tassels of yellow silk. Only the clothy hangings on the walls were of a rich maroon, to accord with the walnut book-cases, whose treasure gleamed in the fire-light, range above range, and within range of gloriously apparelled volumes; the softest browns, the rarest purples and greens, all arabesqued with gold, the heaviest orange, and black; and the daintiest yellow, lettered in purple, and glistening like golden tomes, as indeed they were.

A large, old-fashioned chair stood empty before the fire; and at one side a group of children were gathered about Mary Lamson, a little arm around her neck, a head with fair curls sleeping against her shoulder; and a boy, the elder of the two, looked up with beaming eyes from his low seat.

"How much we all think of you, Miss Lamson! You are something like our mother, only, I suppose, any one that did not love her would call you prettier; and then——"

"Well, Harry?"

"She looked so bright, and happy; and took things in such an easy way, people thought them easy whether they were or not. Do you? What makes you sad?"

"I?"

"Yes; you remind me of a flower that hasn't any water, and so droops; and yet, somehow—well, you know that white jessamine, we brought from the green-house yesterday, was sweeter when it wilted."

"Out of the mouth of babes!" said the full,

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rich voice of Judge Slade—the voice that had spoken life or death to culprits; that spoke success or victory to trembling aspirants each day. "Why, Hal, are you making love to Miss Lamson here in the twilight?"

"Oh! father, the letters! I promised William to put them into your own hand," and flaxen curls, starting from her dreams, bounded across the room in search of a mail entrusted to her care.

"Look, a whole bushel! One, two, four, six, seven, and this is such a nice one. May I have the envelope? See how good it smells!"

"Yes, puss, the envelope and the billet both. Those Lippitts," he pursued, somewhat scornfully.

"James Lippitt: then you know him?" ventured Mary, who, to speak the truth, admired Judge Slade as one does a mountain, with awe.

"Then *you* know him? Did your invitation come with mine? Perhaps you would like to accept? Give me back the note, Jessie; let's see if I have an engagement." As he spoke thus, aloud, his heart was saying to himself, "Poor child, she has not many friends, and that lone face of hers looks as if she had lost her way into this world."

"I have a slight acquaintance with Mr. Lippitt," answered the governess. "He was my mother's friend."

"It will give me pleasure to escort you to the party."

"You are very kind, Judge Slade; but for several reasons I cannot think of going; one is—I am not invited."

She uttered the words so demurely that Harry laughed. But the judge frowned.

"A piece of their snobbishness! Because you are a governess, I suppose. Because you are so far above these children, as to be capable of instructing them, you are not admitted where they would be welcomed eagerly! What a world! But we will stay at home for a game of chess."

"Or, maybe, Miss Lamson will sing to us," outspoke Jessie, who dreaded the chess-board.

"Yes, sir, I will remain at home, and play chess if you wish. But, forgive me, I think you are wrong—that is—Mr. Lippitt has been kind to me, and Mrs. Lippitt gracious. They probably forgot, or their rooms are small, or they preferred me to come with some different circle of friends."

"Very sweet and good of you, Miss Lamson. What is that, Harry, the white jessamine is more fragrant when they leave it to wilt? We must look after you, or you will be writing verses. Now," settling himself in the deep chair, and extending his feet for Jessie to clothe with velvet slippers, which she had been warming, "now these Lippitts are a sort of persons I am wicked enough to despise; and a terrible crowd of such there are, too, in the world, pushing their way up over others' shoulders, living only for appearance, ambitious only for success, nothing deep, calm, true—nothing manly or womanly about their lives."

"Oh! Judge Slade! 'Even the angels dared not bring a railing accusation against him!'" She looked a pleading angel.

"It is my province to judge, you know, and I may be forgiven. I have noted them well: indifferently born and educated, and poor also, they inhabit a great house in Chester Square; furnished with every color in the rainbow, I dare vouch, and every texture the round world provides. Vases, pictures, cabinets, and stuffed silken sofas, that ought to be put into plain, sheep-covered law-books. I despise such pretension, and the worse that Lippitt has some little ability."

Mary's face lighted. "I am glad you think so; his education was acquired under the greatest difficulties, and he is, I know, a conscientious student still."

"Ah?"

"I have heard my brother say that he is given, heart and soul, to his profession, and studies into the small hours of each night; and that his wife encourages the sacrifice."

"Ah?" and Judge Slade relapsed into reverie. Had he always listened attentively, as in bare justice bound, to this man's pleas; or, laboriously and skillfully as they were construed, had they fallen on prejudiced ears? No one else would have asked the question; for our judge was a man of probity and honor; but the heart discovereth its own failings. Never so old, never so wise are we, and so true, but there come sudden lights into our minds that show us weak where we felt most secure, and sinful where we deemed ourselves most virtuous.

"Miss Lamson, we will attend this party."

"Oh! but——"

"You feel that the Lippitts only forgot you. We will go to assure them of your existence, and that you are not friendless; and—you understand my reason for accepting the invitation?"

He looked at Mary with his keen eyes: he looked with keener eyes than she supposed. Deep student of character, he knew her to be wounded by this slight, were it intentional or not—he knew her to be as proud as the Lippitts were vain and ambitious; and he would sound

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again the sweet forgiveness of her nature, of which he had already witnessed proofs.

"They desire a judge's name on their visiting list; and the judge will not stir without Miss Lamson."

"Then, of course, I am at your service, if——"

He understood her hesitancy, and remarked, "There will be enough of point lace and diamonds at this party in Chester Square; it is a famous placer for such deposits; but you and I, who wear our jewels within, have no need of such distinctions. I hope you will oblige me by dressing in simple white, Miss Lamson."

Tears would rush into Mary's eyes; he always foresaw and provided thus for her deficiencies, this great judge, this emperor among men! But she bent over Jessie, and whispered some words about bed time, and the tears fell into the flaxen curls unnoticed.

By all save Judge Slade.

CHAPTER III.

"Judge Slade at a party in Chester Square!" cried Will Howard to his friend, as they stood together, in a corner of Mrs. Lippitt's rooms, "Jove, I call that jolly! Ralph Waldo Emerson at a Fifth Avenue soiree were nothing to it; it is Coriolanus asking votes of the Roman citizens."

"The judge is a widower now, Will; maybe the lone dove seeks another mate."

"Not here. The eagle must have his eagle; or, if you like, the dove his dove."

"I think he has found her, faith! Did you see? No, you did not, or would never have noticed him—that lady with whom he had the long conversation? She is as out of place in fashionable life as he: a lily among tulips and poppies. They looked together—she in her airy white dress—and he all radiant, and drowned in delight at watching her—like the moon with a halo encircling it."

"Is she handsome?"

"The word is too unpoetical. She's one of those moonbeam women, that you pity and envy, and fear and love at once; so good and so etherial you feel evil could never touch them, but would cut impotently through their thin shroud of earthiness, like the sword through Ossian's ghosts."

"Where is the wonder? It is not like the judge to appropriate her in this way; and give no one else a chance."

"You selfish Adonis! with half the women in Boston smiling on you, longing to take away the one ewe lamb!"

Adonis shook the curls from his forehead of snow, and laughed, "Fancy the rugged judge, now, drooping for love!"

"We know he can be blessed by love; the dear old fellow, with his heart of gold! The most successful coquette I ever knew—and that means the quickest detector of character—was fond of saying that no man short of fifty is capable of loving. The judge is only too young. There—there!" He lowered his voice, suddenly, as if a bird had flown in sight; and when Miss Lamson had passed, whispered, "Now, did I overpraise her?"

"No, by all that's sweet and sad! Harry, you think I am heartless, but there is a woman with whose affections I would not trifle: genuine to the depths—how I pity her!"

"For her genuineness?"

"Yes, in part. Don't you see how unarmed she walks in this world of lies? But pshaw! one can't talk metaphysics at a party. Let us obtain an introduction."

CHAPTER IV.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Lippitt, by all means I will be presented; so many brilliant beings, though! One is dazzled, and does not know where to choose," and Adonis shaded his eyes with a white hand.

"Let me decide: there is Miss Lascelle, a most charming girl, and an own niece of Senator Windbug."

Adonis, *sotto voce*, "A snob, and the niece of a snob;" then aloud, "True, but one becomes tired of splendors; where is the nymph in white? Is she engaged for the supper-room?"

"Mary Lamson? Yes, oh! yes, I suppose so. You see, Mr. Bradford, her coming was altogether a mistake: an excellent person, but not one to make a party brilliant."

The white temples flushed with indignation. "She is the pearl of this assembly, Mrs. Lippitt!"

"Ah? I am charmed that you find a pearl here: and you gentlemen are so eccentric! I shall tell Miss Lamson, poor thing! it will cheer her. She is only a governess, and came this evening with Judge Slade, in whose family she resides. You see the lady in cherry and gold—there, by the mirror? Upon my word, Mr. Bradford, she nodded just now toward you, as signal for an introduction. You cannot refuse. She is the diamond of the assembly."

"The ruby, one would say, or," (*sotto voce*) "the red glass."

And the humming-bird, with feathers of cherry and gold, Adonis fed her with sweets

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from the table of Mrs. Lippitt. And Mary Lamson, left alone and forgotten, as she thought, waited till half the company were gone; then, with a sudden effort, joined the gay stream, and unnoticed found her way to the vicinity, but not the presence, of her friend, Judge Slade. She was freezing for sympathy among these strangers.

Did he know it? Had he observed the whole movement? Ah, an old man meeting old friends, and a grave man touching grave subjects, how should he keep on his mind the sensibilities of a poor little governess?

The judge turned suddenly, Adonis had whispered something in his ear. "Hush, you rash fellow! If we accept their hospitality, we must not insult them. And then, human nature is human nature, count it three or thirty generations back. I am truly pleased, in a way, with this glitter and glow of young life—I have enjoyed the evening."

"Bravo, judge! You are as many years younger than I in heart, as I than you in literal seeming. But who is this charmer of yours in the white robes?—neither glitter nor glow about her."

"Is she not charming? Now, that is my taste, and I'm glad you like it," the judge said, heartily. "Let me present you to her, she is sweet as she looks."

And in another moment, Adonis bent over the chair of Mary Lamson, conversing with graceful tact, and casting deep glances into her surprised eyes—eyes which had tears and smiles in them, for in her humility she felt his coming to be pure kindness, on his own part or that of the judge.

After supper, Adonis brought his friend, and the judge, from afar, looked on both with an approbation which all saw excepting Mary.

Mrs. Lippitt, quick to take a cue, approached with most flattering attentions; and her husband, now first perceiving his friend, out of the honest goodness of his heart, came also, and spoke of old times, and home, and thanked her for her presence there, till she was at ease and happy.

CHAPTER V.

The green and golden library again, the blazing fire, the books, the judge in his chair; the group of children, and Mary in their midst. There had been a pause in the soft, warm twilight of the room.

But Jessie, always the first to speak, and always rising into notice suddenly as an evening-primrose opens, Jessie rose now with,

"Miss Lamson, do you mean to marry that handsome Mr. Bradford?"

"No," outspoke Harry, from his favorite seat on the hearth-rug, "she will wait till I am old enough. Oh! why wasn't I born earlier?" and the child's eyes glowed like a seraph's.

"Nonsense, Harry! She will grow herself all the while, and be an old wrinkled lady when you are a man; but, dear Miss Lamson, why can't you take father, he is grown-up already, and you know how good he is, and then you might live with us always? Couldn't she, father?"

The judge nervously seized a newspaper to screen his eyes, and said from behind it, "To be sure—that is—I hope Miss Lamson will—not leave us at present."

"Leave you, oh, no! this house is more like home than any other." She was less timid than of old.

And the good, great heart of the judge spoke, still from behind his paper, "If Miss Lamson ever marries, Jessie, we will celebrate the wedding here; and have such a glorious time as shall make us forget we are losing her."

"But we cannot lose her, we can't!" and Jessie's arms tightened about the neck of her governess, till the fair curls touched her cheek; and Harry smiled upon her with his gleaming eyes; and behind his newspaper the good, great heart of the judge was beating as never boy's heart beat; and with the soft, warm twilight of the room there came another pause.

"Yes, Mr. Bradford is beautiful as Adonis," Mary's heart was whispering, "but so are statues and pictures; if some one with a soul as goodly as his face, could love me as he loves, I would not care how rough even his exterior, I would not care though he were old as—as——"

"Yes, she is lovely as a dream," the judge's heart was whispering, "and I rejoice that a younger, richer man will make her happy: she is too fair and too etherial for me. And yet, poor Jessie! it will be a dismal home without Miss Lamson."

"If I were a man and a prince," the heart of Harry was whispering, "I would build her a palace better than Aladdin's, I'd stud the windows with stars, and cover the couches with flower-petals, and make pavements of jewels."

Then suddenly, flaxen curls, speaking aloud, opened another bud of thought.

"Miss Lamson," she said, "you did not tell if you'd marry father."

"Chatterbox!" laughed Judge Slade, and arose from his chair. "What does Miss Lamson

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want with a rough, old man like me? I am her father, if she will but call me so; and you all are children together."

"Past bed time, Jessie!" and once more tears fell into the flaxen curls, as Mary departed with her charge.

And the "old" judge saw it and wondered; his knowledge of human nature did not serve him now. He slept well that night, for a difficult case was pending, and he needed his freshest powers; but on the morrow between weighty thoughts he was wondering still;

"And the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in the court an old love tune."

CHAPTER VI.

Mary Lamson was an orphan with parents, and friendless with troops of friends. Delicate, refined, good as we have seen her, too delicate and sensitive perhaps; her kindred were merry, matter-of-fact, unscrupulous beings, blind to all delicate shadings of beauty, propriety, and right; and constantly in her way while she dwelt among them. In her way with advice, assistance, comfort, praise; and she in theirs as well; and thus as many a woman does when proud enough to lack a narrow outward pride, and wise enough to take her destiny into her own hands, she left her comfortable village home, and procured the situation in which we find her, as governess.

Never anywhere at home in all her life, never from any one receiving sympathy; discouraged, always circumvented and expostulated with in what she rightly deemed her most beautiful instincts and noblest aspirations; it is not wonderful that a shadow fell early on her soul, and was reflected in her gentle face.

And in this new home, this home at last, which was ruled by the law of love, where aspiration found encouragement and aid, and sympathies were warmly met and nurtured, where the tenderness of childhood, the ripe wisdom of maturity, and all the sweet amenities of social life were gathered about our poor little governess; no wonder if the shadow left her youthful face, and left her soul.

And Adonis was kneeling at her feet.

CHAPTER VII.

All had gone ill with the Lippitts since their memorable party. The father-in-law had died a bankrupt, the house even not secured to his daughter; and various other expenses increased beyond proportion to their means. Mrs. Lippitt, still anxious to preserve appearances, devoted her days and months to economy; and rarely allowed herself to speak a frank and honest word for fear of betraying all. And the husband passed watchful nights among his books, and harassed days amidst duns, and wondered how it all would end.

There came at length an important case, involving great risk to his client, and, in the event of success, great gain to the lawyer; and James Lippitt worked now with the energy of desperation; night after night his lamp burned on till dawn, and day was like the night for all he knew of human interest. And again and again he murmured in despair, "If the judge only knew—if he were just!"

The judge knew more, and was juster than he deemed. It was in the close of this very case, that Judge Slade willed to sleep soundly in the midst of his love-maze, and defer all his dreaming till evening came with the twilight and easy chair; nor did his quick eye lose, as he turned from a chat with Adonis, the sunken cheek and eager countenance of Lippitt. As the able defence proceeded, his close attention and kindling eye impressed the jury, but encouraged the friendless lawyer more, till his thoughts flashed forth in sentences nervous, compact, glowing with eloquence. And the case was won: though right had seemed trembling in the balance—his case was won; his present embarrassments were over, his future rose bright and clear. Men who had passed him by unnoticed yesterday, pressed forward with warm congratulations; and among them Judge Slade. Not by the fine house in Chester Square, not by assemblies of brilliant prattlers, not by his life of pretension and unreality; but by the margin of genuine work and woe, the midnight vigils, the despairing, yet desperate will and industry—by these he had carved out the *must*.

"Miss Lamson was ever so glad your father gained his case," said Jessie Slade, one day, in the presence of Mrs. Lippitt; and addressing that lady's daughter, Isabel. "Miss Lamson was always taking his part, and telling how hard he worked, and how he supported his old mother—when my father said he was not gen—gen—I forget the word."

"A genius!" suggested Mrs. Lippitt.

"No, ma'am, something with *in* about it; oh! *genuine!*"

Mr. and Mrs. Lippitt exchanged glances, and there ended the lady's discussion of should and must.

And when Mary Lamson married, it was not

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at the judge's house; though the wedding was brilliant, and Jessie and Harry were bridesmaid and groomsman. Adonis sent for the bride a service of silver. And the bridegroom, who else could he be but Judge Slade? And where else could be the future home, but her first one in all this earth, the green and golden library?

There the fire is blazing brightly now; and Harry sits at his mother's feet and dreams of fairy palaces; and the judge leans back in his easy-chair and contemplates his wife, who is still a wonder and mystery, in that she married him; and Jessie's curls touch her cheek; and as there comes another of those blissful pauses into the soft, warm twilight of the room, an artist might paint them for his Holy Family.

EDEN DAWNING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

The stars have covered up their golden eyes
With day-dawn reddening o'er the Eastern hills;
The sun in triumph mounts the morning skies,
The mist is melting from the purling rills.

No cloud drops sombre shadows on the earth,
To mar the raptures of her bridal hour,
Nor bleak wind, sobbing, wailing into birth,
Chills budding life in field, or woodland bower.

No dusky omen in the earth or air—
No dusky omen in the azure sky;
Vales glow with living pictures, new and rare,
And mountains lift their sun-crowned tops on high.

Nature—fair one—with beauty all a-glow,
Thrills all her myriad voices into song.
In rosy censers, swinging to and fro,
Burns holy incense for her festal throng.

It is a morn of joy—a morn to love,
A morn which e'en our inmost being thrills,
A morn to make us dream of lands above—
The sunshine of the everlasting hills!

I sit and drink the flooding gladness in,
And wonder how a world so bright and fair
Could ever dawn to charm a world of sin,
And leave such blest and holy impress there.

How light should ever follow in the train
Of darkness, joy check sorrow's tearful flow,
When evil, like a harvest-blighting rain,
Sinks in so many hearts its seeds of woe;

How the God angels worship and adore
Could crowd so much of beauty in one morn,
When souls ungrateful feel to love no more,
And grudge the thanks of common justice born!

But quick my overflowing heart replies,
"It is a token of our Father's love,
His golden beckoning from the upper skies,
A herald star-flush of the morn above;

"Celestial shadows straying through the gates—
Half open gates of Heaven on wings of joy,
As glimpses of the glory which awaits
The good man coming from his life-employ—

"In favored moments flashing on our eyes
To fill with radiant thoughts the yearning soul,
To lift it nearer to the shining prize,
Crowning life-victors at the Eden goal!"

And so I trust Him for His boundless love,
So thank Him for His gifts so rich, so blest,
Joy-laden, sunny smiles of skies above,
Flower-spangled landscapes on earth's Summer breast.

So ever fondly hope and humbly pray,
This scene may prove an earnest unto me,
Of that bright morn which wakes the endless day
My yearning spirit longs so much to see!

LOVE AND YOUTH.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Said Love to Truth, "Well met, my friend,
For I have much to say to you,
All lovely things I comprehend,
But fail in any to be true.

"I enter in the crowded hall—
The festive court of mirth and glee,
Where youth and beauty meet, and all
Give praise and homage unto me.

"I bind a soft and silken chain
Around the heart of seer and sage;
But, when I visit there again,
I find them pale with jealous rage.

"I paint the rose on beauty's cheek,
And lend a glow to beaming eyes,
Yet, gentle tongues their curses speak,
And quaintly style me 'King of Lies!'

"To me the strong man boweth down,
I conquer more than Nero slew,
And yet, my subjects fret and frown,
Because—because I am not true."

"Friend Love," spoke Truth, "from what is said,
'Twould seem a sorry race you've run,
Then let us fates and fortunes wed,
That we, henceforward, may be one."

Thus, both agreed, they courted long,
As loving lovers always do,
For Truth had Love to make it strong,
While Love had Truth to make it true.

And so, adown Life's golden sand,
In steadfast age and wayward youth,
Go ye, forever, hand in hand,
Oh! heart of Love! oh! soul of Truth!

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HOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE HIS WIFE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"GODFREY, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back his chair, and put his feet upon the mantlepiece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?"

"I do not know, I am sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all 'our set' are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know either of them will have me?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come, be frank, which is the favorite sister?"

"Well, frankly then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet, I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and, let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure I always, in the morning, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a washerwoman, for instance."

"Good! I will!"

"Go there as a washerwoman?" cried Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower; who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch, he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years' mourning, and, although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughters' marriage, and, indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a stepmother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Fanny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same purpose. All his attentions were ascribed, by her, to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb; wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, little white collar, and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining-room door, "will you see him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up."

The servant departed to obey the last order.

In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket he carried on a table, and opened it.

"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss," and he held them before Jenny.

"It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Fanny, quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny, as she washed, wiped, and put away the dishes, swept the room, and dusted it, and then sat down beside Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not

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be lovely with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk?"

"But," whispered Jenny, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes, I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill."

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."

"Oh! Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father."

"Nonsense! It will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save it out of my housekeeping money."

"I should not wish to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The old pedlar looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You had better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming, Miss. Look in this glass."

They were becoming, mixing with the glossy golden hair, and setting off Jenny's dazzling complexion.

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura. "I should like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said, last night, that forget-me-nots were his favorite flowers."

Jenny colored, and, placing the bunch again in the basket, said,

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time, probably, is valuable," then, passing a chair, she added, "Be seated, sir, you look tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take the scarlet bunch, and these red camelias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you cannot afford it."

"Yes, I can. Godfrey Horton is rich."

The old man bit his lip.

"Think," said Jenny, in a low tone, "if you love him, how much it will grieve him if he should discover this deceit."

"Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "*she* is housekeeper. Miss Laura always gave me to understand that that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from my father!"

"Then don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant, entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye, in the meantime, running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No. Come here."

"I can't! Father has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlors must be dusted, and there is my white mulle to be finished."

"Before I would be the drudge you are!" cried Laura.

"Drudge! nonsense! I have plenty of time left for enjoyment, and father cannot have a comfortable house, if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry you may do it," and she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura. "There, I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call again for the change?" said the pedlar. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again."

So the pedlar took up his basket, walked home, threw aside his wig, beard, and disguise, and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Virginia Somers, which was accepted.

Laura Somers has two sources of profound speculation: One is, "Why did Godfrey Horton propose to Jenny instead of me?" The other, "I wonder why that old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers?"

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY HELEN A. BROWNE.

There's a ray of light that is shining now,
With a steady gleam and a golden glow,
Though the sunlight died in her halls away,
And the night came on with the shut of day;
Yet, a brilliant gem in her crown was set,
And it gleameth on through the shadows yet.

'Tis the star of Hope in the pilgrim's sky,
With its rays of light that will never die,
And it leadeth on through the maze of night—
Through the winding paths in a land of blight—
To that brighter land, and that blest retreat,
Where the ransomed bow at our Saviour's feet.

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THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 215.

CHAPTER XXII.

Florence Water-Cure, September 18th.

"I OUGHT to go away on with you; I know that as well as anybody; but I can't!" said Rosenvelt, standing before me at the Springfield station. "I can't stand it! I'm weaker than a woman; but I can't help it. If I just turn my face that way," making an inclination of his head toward Northampton, "it actually seems to me that a fierce heat comes pouring over me. When my back is turned, I can get along. I didn't know it before; but there's the difference of a coat of mail, I find, between a man's face and his shoulders; and if I can get into the cars, my back this way, and going farther off at the rate of twenty miles an hour, this is all I ask. Ain't I brave?"

I smiled, looking in his face, his face that is wistful and sincere as a little child's; and he went on: "You can't help seeing what a coward I am. But I was *made* so. I was never made for a hero; although I suppose I was made to be——"

"To be a good, sincere, truthful man," interposed I, when he hesitated; "to be strong, free, fearless in *the truth*. In nothing else can a man like you be strong. Your face shows it. It isn't a face to grow hard, immovable, because your intellect is mighty to control it and all things, or because you have insensibility, or recklessness toward life. You don't appreciate yourself adequately; you don't know how great and happy you can be; this is the trouble. I wish you could see!"

"I can see sometimes. I did just now as you spoke, and it was like looking in, on a hot summer day, to where green shade and cool fountains are; but I see, the next minute, what I must do before I can go in, and it discourages me. I'm afraid of the world. I believe I shall be till I die; so, pity me till I die. If the time comes that you can't know me, don't be done with pitying me. But," he added, drawing himself up, looking about him as if to come out of his emotion, "I suppose it is almost time. Yes," looking at his watch, "in fifteen minutes you'll go; in twenty minutes I shall go. I like the looks of the woman they've sent." She was an elderly, fat woman, dressed with propriety, and bearing a good-natured, motherly air about her. She sat near us, eating an apple, telling a young mother what to do for her child's eruption. "Don't let it taste pork," she was saying when we listened. "It isn't fit to eat! The Jews, you know, never taste it; and such a thing as scrofula is never known among them. With us it is the most common of all diseases; altogether the most common; it is at the root of all our consumptions, cancers, spine complaints, debilities—there is no end to its evils!"

"Whew," said Rosenvelt, softly, and with a long breath, "what Crusaders your New Englanders are! But I don't mock it as I used to. I can see myself that there is need enough of them, reason enough for their energy, since there are so many who plant evils, so many others who come with hoe and watering-pot to keep the old evils alive and growing, so many others, who, like myself, are too lymphatic to do much at planting or watering, but still have their feet tangled and their hands scratched continually with evils, and so continually keep their complaints going. So I'm done mocking. Here's your train, Mrs. Hammond," beckoning to my attendant; and in two minutes we were on our way. In two minutes my heart had so sank and sickened that I hardly knew when Mrs. Hammond spoke to me; and she was soon done speaking to me, although she often looked up at me with motherly eyes from the daily paper she was reading.

"There you are, Rose!" called out Mrs. Hammond to some one outside, as we entered the beautiful domain of the Water-Cure. "There you are!"

"And Donna too. See what Donna is doing, Mrs. Hammond!" said a sweet, childish voice; and, looking out, I saw a little girl I would have known to be *hers*, by the deep mourning she wore; or, if this sign had been wanting, I would have known by the large, dark, beautiful eyes. I had never seen such eyes, or, in a child, any half so expressive.

"Her mother has lately died," said Mrs.

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Hammond, as, moving slowly up the drive, we lost sight of the child. "Her mother came here from the West Indies. She was in a consumption when she came. She was the most beautiful woman! You can have no idea how beautiful she was. I had the chief care of her; and I have had of Rose, since she died. Here we are. Isn't it beautiful?"

Evening.

I know not how it was with me when my eyes went over the place on entering, in alighting, and even before entering, when we slowly crossed the bridge, where I first saw the large white building reposing amid graceful trees, shrubs, and verandas, where I saw how lovely the stream was, how lovely the shady bank on which the domain lay; but it was as if a loving spirit came out from all the place, meeting my spirit, my seeking, striving, wearied spirit, and said to it, "Come and rest."

In a less degree, I have felt this in a few other places. In others, as beautiful, I have not felt it, could not, strive with myself as I would. I have been thinking, as I sat here of my oft-felt longing for the old faith of the Greeks and Romans that peopled every nook, every tree, shrub, and flower. Little by little the longing has gone. I see what a poor, inadequate type and foreshadowing it was of what the true, ever-present God reveals Himself to be to all who love Him and understand Him as he is. May my soul bless Him! I cannot look to-night where I do not see Him and feel His spirit coming to meet my spirit. I cannot hear a sound of bird, or river, or the voices of those who still walk in the alleys, or sit in the shrubbery, or in the sheltered court, that I do not seem to hear Him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thursday, the 18th.

Upon gaining my chamber, the day I came, I immediately looked out to see whether it commanded a view of the grounds in front. It did; and there, in one of the alleys, was the little, southern-looking figure, leading a dog as white as snow, by a cord. Enlivened by her voice, the dog tried to frolic. He sprang one way and another way, but, which way soever he sprang, he was stayed by his cord.

"Your chamber was to be a large, pleasant one; this your friends ordered," Mrs. Hammond was saying. I heard it, heard her say something about a large closet, heard the click of a key turning in its ward, but nothing so plainly as I heard outside the musical voice, saying, "Too bad, Donna! pretty Donna! nice little Donna! but you ran away; don't you remember? this is why you must be tied with a cord. When you've learned not to run away, then you shan't be tied any more; not any more; not any more, nice little Donna!" She was stooping lovingly over the dog, her face close to his curly, upturned face, to caress him; and what a lithe, graceful form it was; how tiny and supple were the fingers, the whole hand, the wrist, the beautiful arm! how transcendently musical was the voice!

"You're as much taken with her as the rest are, I see, Miss Burnham," said Mrs. Hammond, upon coming to the window, and seeing where my attention was directed. "Her mother's name was Lisle, Mrs. Lisle. Before she died, we didn't know what we would do with Rose, when she did die; for she didn't seem to know that there was anybody else in the world then, but her mother. Donna was lost; had been lost two or three weeks; and it seemed as though her eyes were never off her mamma; except in the night; and then she would wake at almost every bad coughing spell her mamma had, and come out in her night-clothes, trembling, shivering, scared-looking, to cling hold of her, kiss her, and call her such pitying, loving names! It was so the last night. When her mother was gone, when there was no more breath, or life, or motion in her, and we knew there never could be any more, she knew it, I suppose, by our looks. Her eyes—see them now!—you see they are large, bright eyes, any time; but then they were *so* large and scared-looking, as they went flashing from one to another of us! They came to me at last, and settled on me. I have a little girl about Rose's age. I was thinking it might have been she who was left here motherless, and was pitying Rose so when her eyes fell on me! I suppose she felt that I pitied her; for she gave one great cry, enough, it seemed to me, to wake *her*, especially as it was the cry of her child, then came rushing into the arms I opened wide for her; and then—but land! Miss Burnham! I didn't see that you were crying! and standing all this time! and your things not all off yet! I was careless to let you do so; for the doctor told me your friends had written that you are very weak, and have been a long time. I'm afraid I did wrong to say anything about Mrs. Lisle to you."

I gave her assurances to the contrary, thanking her for her attentions.

"Well, that's good! Let me have your gloves—oh! what thin, cold hands you've got! your hands won't be like this, by the time you've been here a month, you'll find. See, here are

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shelves in your closet, on this side. I'll lay your things here. There—now I'll tell you; I am to do anything for you that you want done. This is my room," crossing over and laying her hand on a side door—"a little room compared with yours; yours is one of the largest and handsomest in the house. This bell," going farther to lay her hand on a bell-rope, "will bring me in a few minutes, any time, when I am in neither of these two rooms. Rose's chamber is next to mine, and is a room nearly as large as this. I am in her chamber a great deal; I dress her and take all the care of her clothes, and everything. You would be surprised to see the difference between her and my girl, the same age. My girl takes care of herself, dresses herself, and dresses, and nearly takes care of two children besides, one five, the other three. Rose has always lived at the South, you know; this makes all the difference in the world. There, now you look comfortable. Now I shall go and get you something."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The 19*th.*

"If she is much like my mamma, I shan't know how to bear it! I shall feel so bad! and shall be so glad too! Come, Mrs. Hammond; come!" It was the child Rose speaking in this manner. She was on the landing; her voice, eager, musical as a recitative, came along the passage, and in at my partly open door; but Mrs. Hammond was still toiling up the stairs. With panting voice she replied, "I don't know as she exactly looks like her. I don't suppose she does; you mustn't feel disappointed if she don't; I think she some way seems like her; this is all. There, I'm up. You run up more like a kitten than anything else; come."

Mrs. Hammond had been to find Rose to bring her to my room. I thought of Rosenvelt, of the poor mother in her grave, of the spirit gone to God; and all at once love for the child filled and inspired me; and as she approached it was all poured out spontaneously upon her. I had not spoken one word; I had only looked in her face; held out my hand to her and drew her a little toward me, when she threw both arms round me, crying out with a piteous, long-drawn moan, "Oh! mamma! mamma!" She cried a long time; at first with convulsive agitation, then gently; and by-and-by she settled with womanly composure beside me in my big arm-chair, and talked with me hours about her "precious mamma."

"This is what I used to call her—'my precious mamma,'" she said, trying to control the quivering chin. "She would say I was *her* precious; her precious little girl; then I would say she was *my* precious; my precious mamma."

This was the morning after I came; yesterday morning. She clings very close to me since. With an instinctive delicacy, she fears she will come too often; that "I will think she is a rude girl," to use her own words, "who don't know how to do;" but when I tell her that she can't come too often, that it is the delight of my eyes to see her in my door, her gratefulness knows no bounds. She kisses me, calls me "good," bends down to Donna and asks her if she knows I am good, telling her she ought to; she ought to know it without being told.

"You must know who gave me Donna; I must tell you," she said to me, an hour ago, sitting on a foot-cushion close to me, and busily winding Donna's curls on her fingers. "It was a Mr. Horace, a *good* man; the funniest man ever you saw, that used to come every day, every *single* day to see mamma, until we went away to Limonar. Then he couldn't come, you see, it was so far, and the water was between. But he used to come"—now she was done curling Donna's hair; her large eyes, changing to sorrow, were raised to mine; "and when he came, mamma would grow so bright! her eyes and her cheeks would grow so bright! and pretty soon she'd laugh so at his fun, and at his dog Leon's sober face that wouldn't change! Then he would go, and mamma's brightness would go; and, all along, for a good while before we went away from New Orleans, she would sink down as soon as he was gone, and I would feel so bad! oh! so bad! But it wasn't like this. Now I know she's gone and can't come again; and it aches so here!" rubbing the slender fingers upon her heart. "I think about it, how, if she was only here now, she'd have you, and perhaps she would live. Oh! I feel so bad that she is dead!" These are her words; but the suffering in the uplifted eyes, in the fingers working upon her aching heart, in the tones exquisitely varied by her rich Southern accent, it is impossible to describe.

The 20*th.*

"There are Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield," said Rose, giving my arm a light, quick touch, this evening, when she and I were sitting together at one of my windows. The evening was perfect, and large numbers were out sitting or sauntering on the grounds, "There they are, there by the larches. They are so pretty! I look at them as long as I can, every time I see them."

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It was he. I was sure of it even at the name, at Rose's looks in speaking it. They were out some time, walking this way and that, in the alleys; I had a chance to "make the assurance doubly sure."

CHAPTER XXV.

September 23rd.

A LETTER came from Rosenvelt to-day. He says, "All the house is gone, as I knew it would be when you were gone. We've flesh and blood, and plenty of it left. I contribute my solid one hundred seventy-four pounds to this aggregation; but there used to be a free, strong spirit here I remember, that brightened the place as it is my opinion flesh and blood can no way do alone. They've gained something at Florence. Do they begin, any of them, to find it out? Are there any—is there one man there with such marks of greatness on him, that you know him and he you, for an equal and congenial mate, at a glance? If there is, woe is me that I am not your equal, nor ever can be. If you do see such a one, if such a one sees you, if you come together face to face and talk on, and on, and on, if there is no end to the things you and he have to say to each other, nor ever could be, then, if he offers to take you, wants to take you, let him. Leon and I should miss you; and go from place to place seeking something; (not you, for there would not be a minute in which we would forget that you were lost to us;) but seeking something. We would, both of us, grow gray faster, I haven't the least doubt, than if we had you; nothing that can come to him or to me, can prevent this; yet, if there is a nobler man, and if he wants you, let him have you. Nobody (excepting *him*, of course) could acquiesce more deeply than I. I don't vouch for Leon, here. My heart is sick writing it, I find; but I can bear it, and a great deal more. I have, most of the time, the idea that I am to bear a great deal more; but I shall never say, as some good men have done—David and Isaac Watts, for instance, if I remember right—'Why, oh! Lord?' I shall know why.

"But, let me come out of this! See if this isn't rascally in Somnus and Morpheus, and all the gods that have anything to do with it! Not a drop of their poppy-juice have I tasted at all lately, that some of the water of some of their infernal rivers haven't been mixed with it. So, if I lay my head down, saying, 'Now I will be rid of it,' (by *it* meaning the wearisome day dream,) 'now I'll sleep,' still more wearisome night dreams, dreams actually horrible, come pouring through my head, until I am actually driven out of bed; I was last night. Hamlet's mother did as perfidious a thing as these fellows, the gods, do; so did the Scripture woman, Sisera, (if I remember right.)

"To-night I shall start out and shall go tramp, tramp, over the rocky road, up and down the hills, until bodily strength is gone. Then the strain of mind will be gone and I shall sleep. But I wonder how it will be with other nights; with all the rest of the nights of my life. I dread 'em. I can get along with the days, but such nights! Heu!"

The 25th.

To-day Alice has written. She says, "Last evening I was desperately sad thinking of dear Robin, and of other things; and I went out to walk down the road. I kept walking and walking; thinking of Robin, thinking of you and of somebody else; I didn't know or think how far I had gone, until I was away down in that lonesome place where the brook is, and the trees come close to the road. Then I began to be timid; it was getting dusky, you see; and I turned to hurry back home, wondering what possessed me to come so far alone. By-and-by, I heard somebody's feet crunching the stones and gravel behind me; and I was frightened almost out of my senses; especially when the steps came nearer and nearer, so that the person, whoever he was, must soon be at my side, passing me. When he was at my side passing me, who do you think I saw that it was? Your Mr. Rosenvelt; and I was never so relieved in my life. I said, before I knew what I was about, 'Oh! I'm glad! I was so afraid!' Then, without knowing it, I began to walk very slow. I was so tired, you see, and so faint on account of having been so frightened! So we kept along very slow. First I told him how frightened I was; and how he laughed hearing me tell it! Then I told him how I miss Robin, and his looks and the few words he said, showed that he pitied me. Oh! how good he is, Anna! I don't think there is another girl in this world who has such reasons to be proud and happy as you have. He came in and rested awhile, for he had had a monstrous long walk. He says it is lonesome and dull over there, since you went; and we all think that it don't seem like the same house. You have no idea how he praises you, or what a serious, sincere face he has when he praises you. But somehow it seems to me that something worries him. I couldn't sleep last night, for thinking about it and for pitying him. Especially, because I remember what Mrs. Eaton said here; you remember I told you—something that she heard your father say to you. And,

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day before yesterday, I met Mr. Dobson in the street, and he stopped me to ask if we had heard from you; to ask me, with his keen little black eyes prying into mine, had I heard anything stirring about anybody lately? about you or your 'intended' or anybody? When I said 'No,' looking at him to hear more and know what he meant, he shut up his eyes, nodded a good many times, said, 'Wal, very well,' and went along. What is it, I wonder! Do tell me just so much. Is it anything that he—Mr. Rosenvelt, I mean—has reasons to be troubled about? Tell me just this, and I won't ask you to tell me anything more."

"I hope you gain; we all hope so. The neighbors all feel bad about your being so unwell; all the older ones say, 'Her mother was a good woman; she is a good girl; I hope she will get well again.' Write to me, do! Don't forget to tell me what I asked you. Don't forget to get well. Don't forget that I am to be your first bridesmaid, when the time comes. I wonder when it will come! I wonder what you will wear! I dare say it will be white satin, and beautiful, *beautiful* lace, and orange flowers. Oh! won't you be a splendid creature to see? I wonder what poor little I will wear. I suppose it will be plain muslin; but it shall be of the finest, thinnest, farthest-setting-out! I will be like Phebe, if I can. I'd rather it would be Venus, but I can't come up to Venus. I fancy you'll look like Juno, her very self. You know she was so beautiful that it couldn't be decided which was handsomest, she, Venus, or Minerva. Somehow I always think of Venus as having a little more beauty of face than either of the others; but I suppose Juno was queenly enough, and Minerva wise and learned and sweet enough, to make it about even. Only, you see, Juno was queen. You will be bride. I tell you, Anna, it would near about stop my breath every time I thought of it, if I were in your place."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The 29th.

I DO not yet go to the dining-room or to the parlors. I might now, but I do not dare to meet *him*. I tremble if I think of it. Brave this is, and admirably consistent, in one who longs for one attainment, one only, so to be mistress of circumstances, that they shall one and all uninterruptedly serve her. I go often to ride; but I drop my veil over my face before I go out and before I come in. I go out to walk, and sit on the grounds; but I always go in the morning when they are out riding. They ride between ten and eleven every fair morning; a carriage is brought to the door for them at ten. It was easy to learn this without inquiring, as it is easy to learn what are all their habits; for they are "the observed," I find, not only of Rose, but "of all observers." My fat neighbor across the landing, Mrs. Blanstone, tells what they do, how they do; calls them "*real* aristocratic people," praising them. When Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Blanstone, and Mr. Hepburne, who came with Mrs. Blanstone, and sat down with us in the shrubbery this morning, talked about public affairs, Mr. Hepburne said, "It is so and so, or it will be so and so." Mr. Blanstone said, "I used to think thus, and so; but this Mr. Mayfield thinks it's so, and thus, and I'm more than half of the mind that he has the right of it." Then Mrs. Blanstone decisively interposed and said, "Yes, Mr. Blanstone, you *know* he must have been right when he said so and so. You must be sure of that, he has such chances to know!"

Rose is ardent praising him. "He likes Donna, you see," she said, to-day; "he knows her name; he asked me what it was, one day, and ever since he has remembered; and when he speaks to her, when he says, in his way, 'Donna, Donna,' it takes her right off her feet. You never saw how she shakes herself and scrambles. It makes him laugh real hearty. Then he does something else I like. He lays his hand on my head in such a good way, when he calls me a good little girl, his hand feels so good! so cool and good! There he is walking; there's something I want to ask him. I don't know certain whether he knows or not; but I think he does." She bade Donna stay where she was; for she wouldn't know what she, Rose, was talking about, and would play, she said. I knew by this and by the solemn face, the noiseless movement, that she was going to talk about her mother.

"I wanted to ask him," she said, when she came back, "whether he knew that I hadn't got any mother."

"What did he say, dear?" I asked.

"He said, yes, he knew; and took my hand and looked into my face just as you do, and drew me up closer to where he sat. I cried awhile; I feel so bad, Miss Burnham, that she is dead now, when there is so much! He just held my hand until I had done crying, then he said I was a good, faithful little girl to remember my mother. Then he told me just as you have done, darling Miss Burnham, how happy she is now in being so much nearer God than we, any of us, can be when we have the flesh

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on. These were his words—'when we have the flesh on.' Yes, I told him. I told him I knew that, for Miss Burnham had told me so to make it easier for me to hear, almost the first thing when she came. I asked him if he had happened any time to see a lady with me, that wasn't Mrs. Hammond; that was so sweet and beautiful! so *very* beautiful! He smiled at me a little bit, at first; then he didn't tell me whether he had seen you; but he said he saw that I loved Miss Burnham very much, and you never saw how kind his eyes were, saying it, looking in my face. So I told him that you are the sweetest, blessedest, and that I love you best, oh! ten thousand times best, of anybody in all the world, and a good deal more."

The 30th.

"Do let me see your wrapper, Miss Burnham, dear!" said Mrs. Harrington, that moment, tapping on the door, and opening it to admit herself, at the same instant. "Wrappers are a great bother, any way!—wrappers, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, and riding dresses, and everything else! What can one do in *this* world, I would just like to know, but *see* to them?" She laughed, but she was withal vexed.

"Yes, your facings are blue," she continued, "so I was thinking blue and drab are beautiful together. I have been talking with Mrs. Blanstone about it. She tells me to get green and crimson like Mrs. Mayfield's. Of course, with Mrs. Blanstone it must be like Mrs. Mayfield's. We were talking about it in the parlor, just now; and the rest of the ladies—there were a dozen there—all like yours the best; the materials and the make. They said you were much the finest figure; Mrs. Blanstone held her hands up stiffly before her, so, and said, 'How *can* you think so? She don't seem to me to be half so—so—I don't know what—aristocratic, like. Mrs. Mayfield is from Philadelphia, you know; Miss Burnham is from New Ham'sher,' as she called it, with her pug nose curled. Now, I want to know, Miss Burnham, if 'tisn't a shame that New Hampshire is sneered at in this way?"

Oh! if one sneered at New Hampshire, or at anything, one wronged oneself, I said, and did something toward making one's pug nose unlovelier than it was before. But for the rest, she remembered how the excellent Prometheus was mocked and sneered at, for his gift of heavenly fire to mortals, until they, his mortals, so rose in ardor and invincible courage and prowess and all the god-like qualities, that the gods saw it; and then they respected the mortals, gave them places beside them, and sneered and mocked their benefactor no more. It needs a Prometheus, I said, or Christ, or a prophet, or men and women with a Christ-like tenderness, the prophetic instinct in them to honor men for what God intended them to be, for what they will be by-and-by, so we must see the sneers until the manifest occasion for them is past.

"Good! that's well said, Miss Burnham. I wonder I never thought of that myself. I shall open this to Mr. Mayfield. By-the-by you haven't seen him yet?"

"No."

"No, well, this is too bad! Day after day goes, and a day is worth something—don't you know it?—if you can have a chance to talk a little with him somewhere in the course of it. He and you are a great deal alike, think a great deal alike. When will you go down and be introduced to him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"You don't know, you're sure!" laughing. "You don't know, you're sure! as if we were talking of the man in the moon, and of you, the woman in Venus, and so you cannot really know, being no astrologer or seer, when you and he will come together in your orbits. I shall tell him how uncertain you find the subject. But this wrapper! My husband is coming Saturday. He likes to see that I take pains dressing myself; I want a pretty wrapper to please him. You shall see him; you will wonder, as I do sometimes, why he chose me. I suppose, though, that his goodness toward me, my love toward him, made it all natural enough that it should be so; for I do love him devotedly; he is perfection, its very, true self. Tell me, please, how many yards I must get. I'm going to ride over this morning, so as to have it done with."

I told her; and, after a little more examination, a little more complaint of "the business of wrappers, from beginning to end," she said, "Pray for me all the time I'm gone!" and went.

CHAPTER XXVII.

October 2nd.

I was resting, trying to sleep, in my chamber, this P. M. Rose was out in the veranda, near my windows, with Donna, walking. I heard her sweet, musical voice, now and then, talking to Donna, and this lulled me. But pretty soon I heard a voice that did not lull me. It was Mrs. Blanstone's. She was saying—with some hoarseness, some difficulty—"How long do you expect to stay here, little girl?"

"I don't know, ma'am," the childish voice said. "I don't know."

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"I suppose you haven't any father? I suppose he is dead?"

"I don't know, ma'am," pronounced the childish voice, still more slowly.

"Oh! I guess you must know, if you think about it. Didn't you ever see a man round your house that you called papa?"

I heard no sound; but when I knew by what Mrs. Blanstone said next, that she had got an answer, I instantly imagined the slow wave of of the head, the wonder and questioning coming to overshadow the large eyes.

"Didn't?—oh! well then he died before your remembrance, of course. But didn't you ever hear your mamma say anything about your papa? Didn't? never? Are you sure? That's curious! Did you use to see any man at your house? Did any man use to come every day, or so?"

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Horace used to; that is all."

"Yes," she said, speaking with briskness, as if now she felt that she had got a clue. "Yes; well, what was the rest of his name? Mr. Horace who? *What* Mr. Horace?"

"I don't know, ma'am," still with the same wonder-struck tones.

"Don't?" I knew the up-and-down inflexion, the expression of sneering. It made my heart ache for Rose. I left my retreat, came forward to the window, and Mrs. Blanstone vanished.

Rose was silent and abstracted after she came in; she looked up in my face several times, as if she would speak, but looked down again on her tassel, without speaking. At length she said,

"Do you think Mrs. Blanstone is a good woman?"

"I hope she is good in many things."

"Do you like her?"

"Not particularly; I don't know much about her; I haven't seen enough of her good things yet to like her very much."

"I want to tell you what she said out there. It sounded bad to me. A good deal that she says any time sounds bad to me; and there don't anything that she says sound very good, I believe," she said, and she gave me her and Mrs. Blanstone's conversation as I have written it. She didn't vary a word; for she is the most truthful, conscientious little body!

"Oh! well," I said, speaking cheerfully, when she was through, "never mind! There are always inquisitive people to ask unnecessary questions. One can just let them all go, as if they had not been asked." And I added, she could run and get her hat. I would put on my bonnet and shawl, and we would go out and walk. Yes, Donna, did Donna hear what blessed, darling Miss Burnham had said? Did she know what we three were going to do? But my heart ached for her. Seeing how the tender young spirit rose, now that the pressure was lifted, I knew how she had been borne down with it when it was upon her. May God help her! I see one way in which her trial may bless her life, even though it overshadow it; I see how it can give her a meek, chastened, sanctified, and sanctifying soul, such as shall make her life a rich, rare blessing to herself and to others. But only in one path, "the straight and narrow" one of truth, do I find this meek life. In whatever "broad way" I look for it, I see jealousy, passion, hatred of men and women, hatred of the God who made her, stinging, torturing, perhaps maddening her, tender as she is, perhaps wholly destroying her. Seeing one, seeing the other, I know what I shall do. I shall write to-morrow morning to Rosenvelt and lay it all before him; shall show him what must be done—for Rose's sake, if we would not do it for the sake of truth and dignity in our own souls.

Later.

Before noon to-morrow, Rosenvelt will know it all. I have said that if we can speak the truth, can own her—with humility before God, with no humility before men, with no defiance toward men, but with love toward them as our fellows, not as our rulers and judges—that if he will consent to this, I can desire no nobler mate; that I will so stand by him, look up to him and honor him, that all others, seeing it, seeing us leading Rose between us, shall honor him too; and love him a thousand times more than they can do with the painful secret shut up in his soul, hindering its serenity and greatness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

October 4th.

JUDGE HAVEN came to-day to tell us that the tablet was set at her grave, and to propose carrying us over to see it. It is in the large, beautiful cemetery over in the town, where the churches, the public buildings, the pleasant streets, the noble dwellings encircled with gardens and embowering limes and elms, are.

Donna watched our preparations, waiting for the word or look that would assure her she was going. When Rose saw it, she stooped to caress the upturned head, and said, "Donna mustn't go. Poor little Donna mustn't go; not there; for she won't know where she is, and will play,

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perhaps, there where poor, dear mamma is. Poor, little, blessed Donna! She must stay with Mrs. Hammond." The tablet is strictly according to her directions, Judge Haven told us; is a square column with an Ionic capital, and has this inscription:

CLARA,
Who died at Florence Water-Cure, Northampton,
August 31, 1856,
Aged 28.
"*Made white in the blood of the Lamb.*"

Rose wept a great deal, but gently; and, through all her tears, kept her eyes steadily on the grave.

The 6th.

"Now, Miss Burnham, here is something I have set my heart on, and don't you shake your head and say no," said Mrs. Harrington, coming into my room yesterday morning. "Mr. Mayfield's going to preach for Mr. Clayton to-day over in that little gray church among the trees—you spoke of it last evening; it is the quietest, most home-like place! Well, he's going to preach there to-day, and you may be sure he will say a good many things that it will be a loss not to hear; a real, irrevocable loss! Mr. Harrington and I want you to go over with us. We shall be so happy having you! you will be so happy riding this beautiful morning! so happy hearing him! You've no idea of it! Every word he says, the very sound of his voice will feed you! You will go, won't you now?"

I trembled, I was weaker than a child; but I said I would go. My heart, when it had recovered its serenity, in a degree, exulted in the thought of hearing him, seeing him, once more. It was the one thing that I desired. This desire once granted, I felt that I could die, or could live; could do or bear whatever came to me to be done or borne, and, in the midst of whatever came, could be satisfied, having once more seen him, and had him before me, speaking.

It was better than I hoped or believed. I am more thankful for that day, yesterday, than for any or all the rest of the days of my life. He looked at me steadily—oh! and with what truthful, heavenly eyes!—a good many times, when he spoke, when he read his hymns. We were not near him in going or coming, or at the church; but he knew me. I felt at the time that he did. And, in the evening, Mrs. Harrington came in to say, "What is it, I would like to know? Do you *know* Mr. Mayfield? Does he know you? Say, now! if there's anything to be got hold of, I want to get hold of it, and then I shall know my way. Did you ever see him before?"

"Once, at Boscawen. He preached there for my uncle one time a year ago this last summer, when he was on his way to the lake and mountains, when he and uncle had just met at an association, and uncle sent him, while he went another way. I heard him preach that day, and saw him a little while the next evening. That is all."

"Yes?" giving the little word an incredulous up-and-down inflexion. "It appears to me it isn't all. All along, I've talked to him about you, have said a thousand times more than I should think of saying to anybody else about a stranger, and I see now that he drew it out of me with his attentive eyes and ears. I can see how he has looked all along; and I suppose the reason he didn't tell me he had met you, was my saying to him—as I remember I did the very first time I spoke of you to him—that there was one lady I wanted him to see, but that I couldn't get her started. She was as cool, I said, or, at any rate, as immovable as Mohammed's mountain. I remember now how he looked when I said it. He looked as though he thought he wasn't used well, and he wasn't! If you had met him and known him at Boscawen, you should have given him a chance to meet you here. He deserved this of you, good as he is! When will you come down into the parlors, or out into the shrubbery, or out of your room somewhere where we can meet him?"

Evening.

I felt myself weak, cowardly, and little, felt that he was calm and great. I felt what I said when I answered, "I don't know a single reason, Mrs. Harrington, why I should take one step to put myself in his way. He has enough. If he hasn't, I am less than nothing to one like him."

"Oh!" said she, laughing, "if this isn't curious! You don't know anything about yourself, if you think so! There isn't another woman in this house who begins to be your equal! A fact, Miss Burnham! I am saying precisely what I think, what anybody else must think, that knows. And I'm sure he wants to see you. I'm *sure* of it! He said as much as to say this to me, this evening; after dinner we met in the veranda. I asked him if he noticed you to-day; he said, 'Yes, he did:' worked his tooth-pick a little, and turned a little away. But he turned back again in a moment, when I told him how good you found the sermon, the prayers, the hymns, and all the place—the simple, quiet, little church where we were, and all. His looks,

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when I told him this, showed that he estimates you somewhat differently from what you estimate yourself. How do you like my husband?"

"He looks good!" I answered, heartily.

"Don't he? He is good!—so kind always, and so full of courage! He's been courage and strength and all, to me, for more than a year. Now I hope he is going to have his reward. I suppose I am really getting well. The doctor says I am; and I know myself that I don't feel like the same person that I did when I came here six weeks ago. Haven't I reason to be thankful? Yes, indeed! but I must go now. I told my husband I wouldn't be gone long."

She gave me a kiss that did me good; said, "Good-by, dear," and went, leaving a bright look behind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The 7th—Morning.

When Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, Rose, Donna, and I came in, this morning, from a pleasant walk, Mr. Hepburn, who is Mrs. Harrington's uncle, was sitting in the shrubbery, and we went to join him. He was reading, and when we came, he drew off his glasses, and began to tell us what he had just read. Mrs. Stone, sitting some way off, muffled in her big shawl, came with her book in her hand, to sit nearer, to tell us what she had been reading in "Aurora Leigh;" to say that Lady Waldemar was "a wretch, if there was one on God's earth!" to say that the world was full of just such hypocrites; or of hypocrites in some shape. It made her sick! If there was an unpardonable sin in these days, she believed it was this hypocrisy, this phariseeism—for they were both one now, as they were in Christ's day; or, if they weren't one, they went together. She had no patience with them!

The gentlemen laughed; Mr. Hepburn a little, Mr. Harrington heartily. "See my husband!" said Mrs. Harrington. "That's the way he always does when *I* scold. He always laughs just like that."

"There isn't one redeeming thing about a Pharisee!" went on Mrs. Stone, after shutting off her smile, after thinking a moment. "A publican is a sinner; but he knows he is a sinner; he feels it and prays standing a great way off. A Magdalen, poor thing! comes crouching into the dirt, where she thinks she belongs, she has been such a sinner, she is so sensible of her sins, poor, poor thing! but the Pharisee!—We have got one of these here. When I read or think of Lady Waldemar, she's Mrs.—you *all* know who," (and we all did; we all knew it was Mrs. Blanstone.) "There she comes now! mark her approach."

"When she comes," said Mrs. Harrington, speaking low and quickly to us all, "I'm going to ask her if she ever feels herself a sinner."

Then she said, raising her voice, "Good morning, Mrs. Blanstone; come in and sit with us."

Mrs. Blanstone, loftily putting her long ribbons back, said, "No, excuse me, I will stand here." She was standing at the back of the circular row of seats, close to Mrs. Harrington and me.

"Mrs. Blanstone!" said Mrs. Harrington, wheeling round and looking up brightly into Mrs. Blanstone's imperturbable face, "do you ever feel that you are a sinner?"

Mrs. Blanstone smiled—we all did—at the open, curious question.

"Do you? I want to know. We've been talking about sinners, about feeling our sins; I want to know what you will say to this."

"Why, yes, of course I know I'm a sinner sometimes. Of course everybody is sometimes."

"Yes; but, if you please, we will let 'everybody' go now, and find out how it is with you. How do you sin oftenest?"

"Why, in getting out of patience with Mr. Blanstone and with Bridget"—this was her maid—"and with the victuals on the table when they don't suit me, I suppose."

"And let me ask, don't you think you are a very proud woman? a much prouder woman than you have any reason to be? than it is strictly religious to be?"

"Yes, I suppose I am. I think so very often and try to get over it; but I can't; I was brought up so. I suppose my mother was the proudest woman in Lowell. My father was a factory agent; and the factory agents—if you know anything about them—are wealthy; and, having so many under them, they get some high notions into their heads, some of them. And so do their wives, some of them."

"And their daughters, some of them," subjoined Mrs. Harrington, with the same bright look upturned.

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Well, this isn't so bad, is it, Miss Burnham, is it, Mrs. Stone, if they know they are proud, and know their pride is a sin; and lament it, and work against it?"

Mrs. Stone said, "No; not if they really and humbly felt it to be a sin and hated it, as all sin should be hated, and worked hard to be rid of it."

"No," Mrs. Harrington said, "not if a little

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sin *did* cling then," (because it was born in one, or brought up in one,) "we mustn't, any of us, be too hard upon it. Don't you say so, Miss Burnham?"

"Yes," I replied; "for, if we are too hard upon it, it proves that we have, at least, the sin of hardness."

"Good! yes!" Mrs. Harrington said.

Mrs. Blanstone, musing and putting back her ribbons, said that there was one sin she set *her* face against, years ago, and that was—bad conduct in women, that kind of conduct that ruins them.

"Oh! as to that," Mrs. Stone said, "we all agree, of course. But I imagine there are many other kinds of conduct that ruin women in God's sight. I have seen many a woman ruined in His sight, whose conduct, in the opinion of the world, was irreproachable. Many a pharisaic woman, whom Jesus would condemn as he did the Pharisees of old, led a *strict* life of outward morality; but was, as Jesus said, fair without, within full of corruption."

"Still, of course, Mrs. Stone, you think a great deal of a good moral life?" Mrs. Harrington said.

"Yes, indeed! it takes it all to be a Christian; grace in the heart, morality in the action; and I say grace first, because it is first; grace is the fountain, morality the stream. Our first concern is the fountain; for if this isn't clear and what it ought to be, neither is the stream if its border is ever so fair. What we need to make us Christians, is Paul's faith, his grace in the soul; James' works, John's love, Peter's zeal. Christ had them all; we must have them all, in our human degree, or we fall short. I am sure of this! I have thought enough about it to know! Besides, it is the fundamental doctrine of all my minister says. So I say to the mere moralist, (and I'm afraid there are more moralists than Christians at this day, in all of the churches, and out of them,) out with your good works, if you have pride in them, if you expect them to recommend you to God, or anybody! out with your stream that depends solely upon the summer rains and the melting of winter snows!"

"I am glad to hear you say that, Mrs. Stone," said I, retrieving the breath I had been holding, by a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction. "I like to hear you say that."

"So do I," said Mrs. Harrington. "Let me tell you what I've been thinking; I've been thinking that we all, perhaps, have at least one sin to which we are comparatively blind and tolerant; and all, perhaps, look out one sin held elsewhere, on which we pile our reproaches and scorn. What *I* hate most is scandal! this scandal that picks people to pieces, tears them, and tramples them bleeding under one's feet. Oh! how I hate this!"

Her eye flashed as it always does in mentioning the subject. "And it isn't because I have suffered by it, myself, either; for people have let me alone as few are let alone. But it is because it is abominable! As true as I live, I would hold this right hand of mine in the fire, and burn it to the stump before I would bruise, and mar, and trample on one man or woman on this earth—where we'll all be likely to suffer enough by the time we are in our coffins and our hands folded, our lips stilled forever, if ill-will does not make it harder for us; if love instead of ill-will surrounds us. As it is—you just think of it a minute, what things go on here on this earth on which the blessed sun shines by day and the blessed stars by night, on which the flowers bloom day and night! think how neighbors back-bite! how Christians—so-called, and this is what many of them are, in the main—eye each other jealously! how politicians, who have the care of our country, wrangle, hate, misrepresent each other, shoot each other down, hunt each other's reputations, more like beasts of prey than like men who are showing the other nations what a republic can be and do! Oh! I'm ashamed! I'm angry!"

"But scandal will cease some time," said I. "All we can do is to keep our charity and patience here, as we keep them elsewhere. God knows what He does, and He lets it go on awhile, cuts it off little by little, as He does all other evils. Evil is never eternal. This I have seen clearly in my sickness, that has shown me so much that I never saw before. The time is sure to come when 'the lion shall lie down with the lamb and a little child shall lead them'—*a little child* shall lead them, Mrs. Harrington."

"Yes, that is true; that is the mine of comfort," said a voice close behind me, at my left shoulder; a voice that sometimes would have startled me, that now was but the most musical of ripples upon the summer stream.

"Oh! but if this never comes to our land, in our day!" sighed Mrs. Harrington.

"If not to our land, then to another; and all lands are God's," said I, "if not in our day, then in another; and all days are God's; this day and that day and all days. We can wait His time."

"But not without doing something, I hope!" plead she.

"No indeed! not without working, striving,

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praying! not without feeling how wicked evil is; but with patience toward those who do not feel as we do, or who are hindered with the real difficulties in the way; with patience to wait God's time."

"Oh! well, I can stand that! If you'll see what an evil it is, I can stand your patience; can even admire it; I do, every day of my life, although I have little of it myself, as you have all just seen. Mr. Mayfield, this is Miss Burnham; Miss Burnham, here is Mr. Mayfield. I am glad to introduce you to each other; for it is my opinion, that if we don't live to see the time when all the lions shall lie down by the side of the lambs, when this is the universal order of things, on the hill-sides and in the pastures, we, or somebody, will see here and there a lion so lying down, here and there a lion so led by you, Mr. Mayfield, by you, dear," speaking to me.

Mr. Mayfield came in and sat down; we had a good time; but he was reserved toward me, although very gentle. I was reserved toward him; but I thought, with my heart aching a little with all its joy, that there was no other such voice, no other such face and bearing, no other such man, in this whole world. Mrs. Mayfield, on whose account he is here, (for he is well,) is gaining, he answered, in reply to Mrs. Harrington's inquiries. They had been here only a day or two, when I came, I find. They came over from Hadley. It is Mr. Mayfield's native place. His parents are gone, but his brother still lives at the old homestead, which Mrs. Harrington and he spoke of as being very green and beautiful. He often rides over to it, of an afternoon, while Mrs. Mayfield is resting. She does not yet ride so far; but soon will, they say. He will soon go to Philadelphia; one more week will end his term of absence; but he thinks he may overrun it two weeks or so, perhaps; although he does not know.

Wednesday, the 8th.

Mr. Harrington has gone. Mrs. Harrington and I were sitting, after dinner, to-day, in the veranda. Rose was in the garden below, where she could see us, braiding flowering grasses into a garland for Donna's neck and head, when Mr. Mayfield came out; came respectfully begging our pardon for the intrusion, pleading with a sincere, delicate gallantry, that he could not very well help coming. Mrs. Harrington left us, after awhile, to go and help Rose about making Donna's crown stay on. It troubled Rose. Then, turning to me, he inquired about uncle Julius; spoke of the change in my father's family, meaning my father's marriage.

"Then you have heard from Boscawen Plain since you were there last season?" I asked.

He replied that he had had a letter from my uncle. I was silent, waiting for more, wondering why uncle Julius did not tell me he had written.

"It was in July, before I left Philadelphia. I wrote to him, for I thought of going to Boscawen Plain in my vacation. I altered my plans after hearing from him."

I suppose his voice did in reality sound as it always does; I suppose he looked and carried himself as he always does; but it somehow seemed otherwise to me. It seems to me now that his voice changed, that some thought of pain bore him down a little, so that his head was a little bowed. But Mrs. Harrington and Rose came, and Donna with her fantastic crown of grasses, her fantastic behavior, and then we were obliged to laugh. Rose's laugh rang all about.

One thing I perceive, I am happier this evening than I know how to bear. But there is no reason for it; this I know. On the contrary, there is a great deal in my affairs to fill me with anxiety and sadness. I say this to myself, repeat it to myself again and again, that the joy which is without reason, may go, that the serenity which is never without reason, may come.

Saturday, the 11th.

Letters came to-day from Alice and Rosenvelt.

"There is something going on, as Mrs. Eaton says," wrote Alice. "I know there is, you see, by the looks all round. But I can't get hold of one thing. I'm angry! Mrs. Eaton knows what it is; or she owns there is something, owns that she can guess what it is nigh enough! This is all I can get out of her. She sits with her lips pinched up, and looks like Mrs. Pipchin in 'Dombey and Son.' I told her so, and showed her the picture. I told her to-day she is a real mummy, and she is! I'm angry with you too; for what is the reason. I wonder that I can't be told one word of what *you* can know all about! When I begged so, too, to be told just one thing—whether it is anything against Mr. Rosenvelt; anything that worries him. I begged hard; but no! I wasn't fit to be told. I was quite too unimportant, I suppose; for not one word was there, any more than if I hadn't begged at all! when my head was so full of it! 'Now,' thought I, when your letter came, 'here it is; now I've got hold of it!' I tore the envelope all to pieces, to get at it. And then it wasn't there! Everything else was there, it was a beautiful letter; this I have found out

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since. Then, it seemed to me that nothing was there; that it was the most provoking letter ever written; that nobody could write a more provoking letter if they tried their hardest, used their best skill. Pardon me, Nan. I hope I shall never be so eager, so unjust again. But perhaps I shall; there is no knowing; for I am somehow all up in arms. I feel—I don't know how, but, in a way, hot-headed and in confusion as to affairs. Alas! that I do. I've always been a wild one, as you know; but I never before felt so much as if life was all jumbled up. Alas, for Robin! dead! lying there still in his grave, when I need him here so much! He used to still and quiet me almost any time, by showing me his own deep quiet. The darling! the blessed darling! Alas for you! gone! so far off that I can't see you, can't lay my hand on your arm, walking or sitting with you, and feel it do me good. Alas! alas for me! wave-tossed, without oar or rudder—or even a boat, for that matter.

"Ma is well—or, I suppose, she is. I suppose everybody is well. I am so selfish, within a few days, I don't really know how it is with ma, or anybody. If any—there is Mr. Rosenvelt passing, riding his magnificent horse, Pedro. He looked this way, (he didn't yesterday, or day before,) saw me through the snow-ball, and bowed to me, pleasantly. Yesterday and day before, he rode by like some mysterious baron just out of his castle for an airing; as gloomy and as unapproachable. I couldn't understand how it was possible that he was the one I had laughed and had such merry times with. I feel better now, for seeing him look like the real Mr. Rosenvelt, once more. The sky looks different, somehow, and the green of the yard.

"Good-by. Write to me and tell me how to be *always* good-natured and happy. I wish I knew. I can't bear to go up and down with everything. I do now. When I began this letter, I was down where the sun never shines. Now, with no reason, or, without any reasonable reason, I am up on the top of the mountains. But, no use in complaining. I am what I am. At any rate."

CHAPTER XXX.

Rosenvelt's letter is a long one. It repeats the others. He can see, he says, that truth is best. Sometimes, when he reads what I say, or thinks of it, he feels strong for a moment; for a moment he thinks he is going to do all I ask; and, the instant that he feels this, it is as if some mummy-like wrappings opened and let him out all at once into *life*. He is free; he knows then, for a minute or two, what it is to be really free; understands as he never began to understand before, what hidden meaning this has—"and the truth shall make you free."

Alack, but it goes! Some gossiping women with their heads close together, show themselves to his imagination; he sees how horror-struck they are; he can see tongues thrust out as if the gossips were half woman, half serpent, can hear them hissing—hu! In the night this is, that they turn to half serpent; but he is full of the horror and feverishness of it, in the morning; and all the next day, if he don't shake it off violently. So, it must be the old story—he can't stand it. Is there no compromise, he asks, for us to make? If he will consent to let the child come, as—but! this would never do! Don't I see as he does that if the child came simply as my *protegee*, which is what he was going to propose, don't I see? The child would recognize him. Mrs. Eaton would ply her with questions; would put this, and that, and that, and that together, and there it would be, the whole affair! Others—the women he sees with their heads together and their tongues darting—would get near Mrs. Eaton, would ply her with questions, would get all she knew, out of her, would read all she guessed in her expressive pantomime; nay, perhaps she would, after awhile, open and spread her patch-work before them, to let them see if she wasn't a shrewd one! if it wasn't ingeniously put together, since she got it out of so little! had so little to do it with! Didn't I see? He did; and it was more than *he* could stand! But was there no other compromise? If he, if I, could speak and live the truth in all else, (and he would religiously,) might not this pass? Was there nothing else that could be done with the child?—the poor thing! the witness on earth, and innocent avenger of his wrong? He did not know, but he felt as though there was no more solid, sure comfort for him anywhere. If he parted me from the child, if he saw me beside him and the child was far off mourning for me, exposed to all manner of gross inquiry and speculation, as he foresaw that she would mourn, would be exposed, he could have no peace. He would know that he had no right to the cup of happiness, and that he ought to put it aside, as often as my dear, dear hand offered it to his lips. If I remained with the child—only! did I not see? I could not remain with the child. I could not, of course, give up my home and all my friends. And, if I came and brought her there, there was my mother. He could take himself out of sight,

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but the child would, likely as not, recognize my mother. Then there was my father, to be offended, perhaps; there was Mrs. Eaton, to be set to work, surely; and there were the women with the tongues! So, so, what was there to do but to curse all the past? and—and what, he was sure he did not know or see. He must leave all to me. I had a simpler, clearer wisdom than he knew anything about; he had known that a long time; he knew it better and better. He would leave it all with me. This relieved him; why had he not seen before that this could be done? he supposed because his mind must first wade through all manner of morass and bog before it could get to its knoll, where the dry land was and the berries were growing. He had always noticed it, at any rate, that there must always be a time of prodigious turmoil and conflict with him, before relief came. Would I be glad, with him, that it had come to him, in a degree, writing that page? Would I settle things exactly as I saw fit? He was at my bidding; he saw clearly that he would find comfort in doing as I bade; only, there was one thing I must not require; that he was sure of never being ready to do. Would I forgive him? would I bless him a little, and let my blessing lie on him through all the rest of his and my life? however life went with us beyond this blessing, by me kept constantly on his unworthy head—his not utterly unworthy head, for, there upon it, would lie my blessing. I would, he knew, I was such a patient, blessed girl!

So, adieu, and God bless me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN MEMORIAM.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

Gone, to that dreamless land,
From earth-life riven,
Gone, to a purer world,
Asleep in Heaven;
The spirit-wings hushed from their weary flight,
Furled in the realms of Heaven's unclouded light.

Where the dark willows droop
Over the stream,
And its bright ripples catch
The last sunlight gleam,
Where with dew-freighted urn
The pale violet springs,
And in dark waving branches
The lone night-bird sings,
Bear him with slow and solemn tread,
And leave him sleeping with the dead.

How that glorious eye
Flashed Promethean fire!
With a hand which had swept
The stern spirit-lyre,
Virtue and nobleness
Stamped on his brow,
Low in the arms of death
Sleepeth he now;
At rest within a brighter world above
Ere he had felt the blight of earthly love.

Gone! to that dreamless land
From earth-life riven,
Gone! to a purer world,
Asleep in Heaven;
The spirit-wings hushed from their weary flight,
Furled in the realms of Heaven's unclouded light.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Pale stars look down from high—
Light clouds float o'er the sky—
While the moon, like beauty shy,
Smiles witchingly;
Soft winds flow idly now,
Sweetly they fan my brow,
Where deep thoughts come and go—
Thoughts pure and free:
And while I muse alone,
Feeling how dear thou'rt grown,
Doubt thou not me, dear one!
Faithful to thee!

Others may praise thee more—
Counting thy virtues o'er;
In thine ear flatt'ries pour—
Sweet though they be,
Think not I love thee less,
Though no ardor I profess—
Yet thy soft loveliness
Still charmeth me—
Then, do not doubt me, dear,
Cold though I may appear,
This heart is warm, sincere—
Faithful to thee!

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MARTIN SOUTHGATE AND HIS HOPE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WONDER if the people who read novels and grow sentimental over poetry, ever think how all these things are written. I believe the general impression is that books are concocted for the pleasure of writing them; that the authors thereof are a visionary race who have no real trouble, make no actual exertion in producing their works, and that, on the whole, it is as pleasurable an occupation as reading the pages and as easy as *criticizing* them.

I wish devoutly that the persons who talk about the happiness of a literary life might try it. I should like the young ladies, fresh from the inspiration of boarding-school studies, who write broken-hearted sonnets on superfine note paper, tied together with blue ribbons, and sent for publication—"not for the purpose of coining gold, but to obtain that for which the imaginative nature pines, spirit-sympathy and heart-companionship"—to see the women who have really made writing a business. I think that the three babies squalling at once, the complaining husband who always tears off his shirt buttons and grumbles incessantly at his wife, though he does not hesitate to live upon her earnings, might possibly cure them of their heaven-soaring dreams; convince their delicate sensibilities that insane folly is no proof of genius, that nervousness and irritability are not poetry, and that, on the whole, they had better settle down into what the Lord intended them for—tolerably sensible girls, and reasonably obedient daughters.

Martin Southgate was a literary man, in the fullest and dreariest meaning of the term, for his pen was his only means of obtaining a subsistence, and he lived, or rather did not exactly starve, upon its earnings.

He was a young man still, not more than thirty, and for ten dreary years he had followed that course of drudgery, more wearing to body and soul than the rounds of a tread-mill!

Life had not begun thus with him. At eighteen he had been an impulsive, imaginative boy, with a perfect treasury of hopes and dreams, and running through the whole, a vein of poetical genius, which, under kindlier auspices, might have yielded a product of pure golden ore. He had not been brought up to any regular business, nor could he be induced to study a profession. His father was a man possessed of wealth, and a large family of sons and daughters had been reared in the idle, expensive manner which characterizes the bringing up of children in these latter days of our republic.

Martin had gone through college after a fashion, attaining honors, not so much from hard labor as from the ease with which he mastered any study which pleased him. Languages he liked, and consequently excelled in them; but as for mathematics, I seriously doubt if he could have gone through the multiplication table without halting, although he managed to pass very creditable examinations, thanks to the loose sleeves of his college robe, which concealed the problems hieroglyphed on the wristbands of his shirts.

He began his university course at fourteen—nothing unusual in this land of precocious genius—and at seventeen he left before the term for graduating. Then came the trip to Europe, indispensable now-a-days to the completion of any young man's education, and Martin made all the progress which could have been expected, from the precocity of his intellect, and the perseverance which characterized him in any favorite pursuit, especially pleasure.

He learned to speak French with ease and grace, and Mademoiselle Zephyrine, of the Grand Opera, sported an unusual amount of rich jewelry. I do not account for the coincidence; there is no reason why I should grow scandalous as well as garrulous in my declining years. Martin made the grand tour in the most approved style, and the delightful air of Florence and Naples improved his complexion as much as their society benefited his morals—no, manners!

But, after all, there was something better in the youth than in most of his associates. There were intervals when he tore himself from the dissipated world around, and really benefited heart and soul by his wanderings amid those regions of the past. He read and wrote a great deal, and his poems were praised to his heart's content, and in some solitary moments he felt that God had given him powers that ought not

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to be frittered away in the aimless existence which he was leading.

An unexpected summons brought him back to America: his father had died suddenly, and he was forced to hurry home. I was wrong to use the word, for he no longer had one. Like many men reputed wealthy, Mr. Southgate had for years lived beyond his income, and indulged in speculations, which, after his death, showed him to be a ruined man.

A trifle was saved from the wreck for the wife and younger children; but Martin was only a step-son, and cordially reciprocated his second mother's dislikes, so he allowed her to take what there was, and the two parted: she seeking a home with her relatives in the South; and Martin setting out in the world for himself.

There is a volume of meaning in that phrase! To the young, full of bright anticipation; to the old and successful, a feeling of triumph at the dangers passed, of heart-ache at the hopes and feelings left behind; and to those struggling on through the darkness, replete with mockery and pain.

So Martin set out in the world; not for a moment sinking down, as many a youth, wearied like him, would have done, but determined to win for himself wealth and position. He adopted a literary career, of course, and, by way of commencement, prepared to publish a volume of poems.

He tried several publishers, but they scouted the idea. Some laughed in his face, and others treated him as a sort of lunatic; but this only roused Martin's obstinacy, and he determined to succeed in spite of them all. He found a man at last who was willing to take the poems, provided Southgate paid the expenses of getting them up, which he agreed to do, although it went hard with him to raise the necessary sum, and left him almost penniless when done. But the book was published. Martin had read the proof sheets, lingered lovingly over every line, and now he actually held in his hand a copy of his work, and on the table lay the newspaper containing the announcement of its publication.

That was the last advertisement Martin ever saw; for of course the publisher did nothing but print the book and pocket his money. Several papers noticed the poems favorably; then they fell dead, as many another such volume has done, and Martin was no nearer fame than before.

But one thing—before the winter was over he was dinnerless several times, and that is neither poetical nor pleasant. Something of course must be done, but it seemed very difficult to find any way of doing it. He took poems to several of the literary journals, whose editors boasted of their fostering care of genius, and pointed to one and another rising stars at whose first glimmerings they had assisted. But the patrons of genius snubbed him and his creations, until Martin was ready to plunge the unlucky verses into the fire, and throw himself out of the window.

At last he found the editor of a new publication who was willing to treat with him, but not for poetry—the powers forefend! Of course, Martin hated prose, all newly fledged authorlings have a supreme contempt for it; but our young genius found himself obliged to curb the flight of his fancy, and come down to writing stories, essays, anything and everything that his employer pleased, and for such sums as he could get.

So he lived for a time, how, heaven knows, for I don't; though many an author, who is now famous, perhaps, might, and then the establishment burst and the periodical vanished into thin air, and Martin was destitute again. Luckily his Bohemian mode of life brought him into contact with all sorts of people, and he met a rising actress, who desired also to be considered a literary star, and she bought and actually paid—remarkable woman—for Martin's poetry, which she published under her own name, with unbounded applause; being an actress wise in her day and generation.

First one kind of employment, then another; at one time our hero served as a "Dramatic Critic" for a morning paper, and raced each evening from one theatre to another till midnight, wrote his article after, took it to the office before daylight, and all for the magnificent stipend of three dollars per week. Once I have heard it whispered that he employed his poetic genius in producing those stupendous rhymes which celebrate the wonders of cheap clothing stores—New Year's addresses were quite in his way, and he wrote periods and puffs of every earthly thing, from quack medicines to French sugar candies.

So he rose gradually—do not smile, romantic young lady, reading this sketch, when you ought to be sewing on your father's vest-buttons—do not turn away in disgust, Byronically miserable youth, counting your halting rhymes upon your useless fingers—I employ the term advisedly. This habit of writing anything and all things, throwing them off at a moment's notice, yet giving them a finished look, taught him a force and ease which it would have taken him years

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to acquire in any other way, together with a grace in which amateur compositions are usually sadly wanting.

Before his strength and youthful vigor were worn out, and all his early dreams crushed, there came a change. Martin found a young clergyman, with many enthusiastic female admirers, for he was angelic in his surplice, and our poet supplied the material which raised him to eminence. In truth, Martin succeeded admirably; the sermons were better than anything he had ever written, and the crowds of stricken souls who flocked to the church, gained an immense deal of consolation from the eloquent language of our young Bohemian, as delivered by their rector. Now the clergman was not a bad man in his way, only very weak, and out of his large salary he paid Martin well, and introduced him to notice, so that he procured an engagement in a first-class magazine, and began to be favorably known as a writer.

Of course, about that time, he must commit an egregious folly—he married. I hold that a matrimonial appendage is only an added vexation to any young author, but when besides being a wife she is also a fool, the poor fellow, who is her other half, is badly enough off.

Now Martin's Eve was a fool of the very worst and most incurable class, for she had a trifle of brains at the bottom of her folly, and for such there is no more hope than for a woman attacked by an ism.

But the girl was very pretty, and Martin mistook a mere fancy for love, and so laid what he believed to be his heart at her feet, and she pleased with the verses he wrote her, flattered by the newspaper notices he received, accepted his hand, when he offered it, for the very reason that nine-tenths of the young ladies marry, because she was asked, and because in feminine creed matrimony is the aim and end of woman's destiny.

So those two were married! The gilding wore off the chain of life as quickly as off pinchback jewelry, and left bare the galling links which each must drag on as best they could. After a little they kept house, for Martin wished to have a home, and he had it, such as it was. His wife knew as much of household duties as a camelia does of a vegetable garden, so the young husband went through that pleasant torture—life in an ill-regulated family.

Bessie fretted, and moaned, and dawdled about, and Martin did the best he could, as far as providing for the house went, but by the time they had been married a twelvemonth he was seldom in it, and there was every probability of his sinking to the level of so many of his profession.

But there came an angel into that wretched house—a little daughter was born to them, and in the baby-delight he felt, Martin Southgate was for a season like another man.

He called her Hope—she was indeed the last one whereto his heart could cling! He tended her, cared for her, and Bessie did as well as her helpless nature would permit. Two years after, another girl was given to them, but she was never the same to Martin Southgate's heart. She was like her mother, and was her pet, so they all went on as well as could be expected.

To think of providing for his little family with the proceeds of story writing, would have been about as practicable as feeding strong men on rose-leaves, so with another pang, Martin yielded up his last dream. He had forsaken poetry long before, but it was very hard to let go the final link that connected him with the beautiful imaginings of the past.

But in spite of his follies and weaknesses—not as intolerable as those of most of his profession—he put his romances in the fire, and went boldly to work as assistant editor of a daily paper. If any of my readers wish to know how a soul in purgatory looks, let them seek out the working editor of a daily newspaper who was once a man of refined and poetical mind!

But Martin drudged and supported the helpless ones depending upon him, as well as he could, and so the seasons drifted slowly on, and bore him away from his youth.

Hope was eight years old on her father's thirtieth birth-day, a pale, clear-eyed child, not pretty like little Bessie, but infinitely more interesting with her quaint, womanly ways and original speeches.

"Haven't you worked enough for to-night, papa?" she whispered, from her little stool at his feet, as he paused for a moment in his task.

"I have never worked enough, little one," he replied, drearily.

"But just to-night, you know!"

"For my Hope's birth-day—it ought to be a time of rest to be sure."

"But it is your's too—we ought to keep it, oughtn't we, mamma?"

"Nothing is ever done in this house that ought to be," she replied, fretfully, leaning back in her chair, already a jaded, peevish looking woman, with scarcely a trace of good looks left. "I am sure nobody would think of my birth-day if I lived a hundred years."

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"Oh, yes, indeed, mamma, you know I remembered it last time, and I have papa's, too!"

She laid her little gift on the table—only a pen-wiper, but so prettily and fancifully put together, that it was quite a study.

"And it is part Bessie's, too," said Hope, when her father kissed and thanked her; "she couldn't help me much, but she did her best."

So Bessie was kissed also, and Hope whispered her father to kiss mamma likewise, and he obeyed—but there was no longer passion in those caresses—either of them might as well have flattened their noses against the mantlepiece!

"And now we will have a nice good evening," said Hope, when she deluded her father away from his work, and had arranged everything as neatly as possible.

"Papa," asked Bessie, "why is Hope's birthday the same as yours?"

"Because she was born on the same day, my dear," said her father.

"Well, then she ought to be as old—I can't understand it at all."

"It's so funny," said Hope, laughing gleefully, "I tried my best to explain it. But, oh! papa, wouldn't it be nice if we had been twins?"

Both the children laughed heartily, and so did Martin, at the ludicrous idea.

"Hope, you make my headache," said Mrs. Southgate, peevishly; "nobody has any pity on my neuralgia."

The child was quiet in an instant, but her father drew her on to his knee and whispered, "You are something better—you are my little, Hope!"

"I wish you would pay some attention to what I am saying," grumbled his wife. "We want some coal, and the man won't send any because his last bill isn't paid."

"I'll attend to it to-morrow," he replied.

"Oh! yes, mamma," cried both the children, "to-morrow."

"That is always the way I am put off, I shan't be allowed to speak next!"

Hope patted her father's hand gently, to keep down the impatience she saw struggling over his face.

"Papa," said Bessie, "mamma wants money to buy me a doll."

"Oh! Bessie," said Hope, "you said you wouldn't!"

"Well, I want it," whimpered the child, "any how."

"When I can get the money you shall have it—don't teaze papa."

"I am sure you bought Hope a pet of violets," said Mrs. Southgate, "you can always find money for her."

"The violets only cost a shilling," replied Martin; "a boy brought them into the office, and said he was hungry, so I remembered my Hope, and took them."

Hope had shrunk into herself at her mother's words; but when her father spoke she crept closer to him, and turned away her head to hide the tears that would come.

"Well, I must have some money," said the wife, "I can't go on this way."

"And I can't give you money when I haven't it!"

"It's always so—I expected it," she whined.

"I am sure we spend enough to live comfortably, yet, somehow, we are always in debt! I daren't go to the corner on account of that infernal shoe man; and, in the middle of the next block, that butcher prowls about for one—upon my life, it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"That's the way you always go on, when I speak, fretting at me as if it was my fault! I do the best I can! I'm sure, I never expected to live in a house with only one servant! I might as well be dead and buried, nobody visits me—my own relations are ashamed of me, and no wonder, such a figure as I am!"

"Oh! mamma," said Hope, "when you have that pretty new dress, papa gave you on Christmas!"

"And that is the way I am thanked for sitting up two nights, to earn the money," exclaimed Martin, bitterly.

"Please don't, papa," whispered Hope, and the keen suffering in her eyes again checked his anger.

"And you know, mamma," put in Bessie, "that on New Year's day that great author paid you so many compliments—and me, too, but he didn't say anything about Hope, though."

"Dear little pet!" exclaimed the mother, kissing the pert little monkey; but she was fairly started on the subject of her grievances, and nothing could stop her.

"I am sure nobody who saw me when I was married would know me now! Aunt Mary told me what would come of marrying a genius; she said I wouldn't have shoes to my feet, and I haven't! And just to punish me she died and left her money to cousin Amelia, who now she rides down Fifth avenue in her carriage, and don't know me——"

"Curse your aunt Mary, and her money!" exclaimed Southgate, violently, quite driven beside himself with nervous headache and her complaints.

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"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Mrs. Southgate, "that ever I should live to be treated in this way! (Sob—sob.) There never was anybody so wretched. I wi-wish I was d-dead along with my blessed aunt!" and she burst into a torrent of passionate grief.

"Why, mamma," said Bessie, "it's only yesterday you called her a horrid old thing!"

"So she was," exclaimed her mother, with the ready change of feeling characteristic of hysterics, "to go and serve me so, and I deserved it all!"

"You will drive me mad!" cried Martin. "I haven't slept for two nights, and I cannot stand this."

"Nor I either. I never sleep! I am dying by inches! I wish I was dead! I wish I never had married! Oh! oh!"

"I wish to heaven you never had!" cried Southgate, flinging toward the door. "You have been the curse of my life!"

"Oh! mamma, papa!" pleaded Hope, not weeping, but shivering and white. "Not to-night—be kind to-night!"

But her angel counsel was unheeded, for Martin's passionate temper was fully roused. More violent words ensued; then he rushed out of the room, leaving Mrs. Southgate and Bessie shrieking in hysterical grief, and little Hope crouched upon the floor and calling vainly,

"Papa! oh! papa!"

In his passion, Martin Southgate never heard her cry, and he hurried from the house, as he had done only too often before, to drown his cares in the wine cup.

It was almost morning when he returned, reeling into the hall and droning out a drinking song. He reached the foot of the stairs, when a sight met his eyes that sent him backward like a sudden blow.

Upon the landing he saw his daughter Hope looking in his face, motionless as the ghost of his better nature sent to warn him. An old cloak of his own, in which she had been wrapped, had fallen at her feet when she started up, and there she stood, unable to speak or move, gazing into his face with a look of horror that he never forgot to his dying day.

The shock sobered him in an instant, and he remained transfixed with shame and agony.

"Hope!" he cried, at last, frightened by her paleness. "Hope! it is I! Speak to me! Don't look so!"

She flung herself into his arms, with a burst of tears that burned into his very heart.

"Oh! father, father, is it you? I thought it was a bad spirit come to take us. Oh! papa, papa!"

Martin folded her to his heart, and sank down upon the steps with tears that seemed to wrench his life out.

"Don't cry, don't cry!" sobbed Hope. "Now I see it's you—I'm not afraid. Oh! don't cry, papa, don't!"

And there they sat and wept together, and in that hour the baleful impulses which had marred Martin Southgate's life fell from his soul never to return again.

"Please stop, papa!" pleaded Hope; and, knowing no other way to comfort him, she repeated a little prayer that she had learned, and, as Martin listened, his heart prayed likewise.

They knelt together, father and child—the angel of his life—and both rose up and stood there, calmed by the holy influence of those simple words.

"Mamma and Bessie are both in bed," whispered Hope, "don't wake them. I couldn't get to sleep, so I sat up. You aren't angry, are you, papa?"

"Angry, my little Hope! angry?" He lifted her in his arms again and kissed her. "My child, you have saved your father, never forget that. God will bless you, I cannot."

He carried her up to her room, and lay down on the bed beside her, and both fell asleep from excitement, Hope's head pillowed upon his bosom.

From that night there was a change in Martin Southgate's life. He never again treated Hope like a child, except in the exceeding fondness he showed her; but he counseled with her as he would have done with a woman, talked to her of his pursuits, his half-forgotten hopes that seemed farther than ever from realization; and Hope listened and understood.

She read every book that he put into her hands, and that which she did not comprehend he made clear, and in all their after life there was no shadow between their hearts, no thought or feeling that was not common with them, either through the medium of words or by the perfect sympathy between their natures.

There was a change in the house. Every day Hope took some new duty upon herself, and, whenever her growing cares detained her from school, her father taught her at night, and that was the pleasantest of all.

As Hope grew older, the force of her character had its effect upon her mother. Mrs. Southgate's health failed under the inert life she had led so long, but she grew less peevish and

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exacting, and there was at least a kind of peace in the dwelling, for Southgate never again allowed himself to speak harshly to his wife.

So the years kept on their way, and, amid the drudgery of his life, with all the best powers of his mind fettered and wasted upon that uncongenial labor, Martin found more peace from the pleasant influence growing up in his home than he had ever known before.

Hope was thirteen now, and little Bessie eleven. The whole management of the house fell upon Hope; and, for the first time in his experience of married life, Southgate saw something of order prevailing in his home. Hope seemed to learn things by instinct, the servant was perfectly devoted to her, and a new order of things was growing into vigorous life. She no longer went to school, for her mother needed much care; but she always found time for her books, and at night the tasks were repeated to her father.

It seemed impossible that there could be so little difference in the ages of the two girls. Bessie thought and acted like a spoiled child, vain of her floss silk curls, and happy with her doll; while Hope read books that most grown women would have rated too learned, and filled her soul with the inspired eloquence of the grand old bards.

One morning, Martin was a little more at leisure than usual, and he and Hope lingered over their quiet breakfast, Bessie taking hers by her mother's bedside.

"This is, indeed, a happy change," Southgate said, glancing round the tastefully arranged table; "there never was a man had so bright a Hope as mine."

But the little damsel's mind was full of weighty thoughts, and the moment her father's first cup of tea was disposed of, she began,

"I have been thinking of something, father, and I couldn't get to sleep last night for it."

"And what was that, my Hope?" Like every imaginative and affectionate person he had a world of pretty, fanciful names, but his daughter was always called "my Hope," and never, except with so much tenderness, almost veneration, that it was inexpressibly touching.

"Why do you never write any more stories, father?"

"I? Why I haven't done such a thing since you were a wee thing; I have forgotten how."

"Oh! no, I am sure you have not! And yesterday I found among your papers a half finished novel."

"I had quite forgotten the thing existed. Was it great trash, my Hope?"

"It was very, very beautiful! Father, I want you to finish it. You will have more time this spring. Will you do it for my sake?"

What would he have refused her? worn, tired man, in whose breast she had made sunlight all her brief life!

"We will read it over to-night, my Hope," he said, "and, if you approve, we will finish it."

The manuscript was read, and Southgate himself, coming after such a lapse of time to look at it with cool, critical judgment, was astonished at the freshness of thought and original management of the plot. He went to work upon it at once—not with any thought of fame or emolument—only to please his child, who sat by him as he worked, and read each page as he laid it aside.

The book was completed at last, and then all Southgate's interest in it was gone, and even Hope's solicitations could not induce him again to run the gauntlet of the publishers.

So Hope said no more, but she did not by any means put the matter aside in her mind. Not long after, a friend of her father called at the house, a man of high social and literary eminence, who was greatly attached to Hope, and remained for an hour's quiet chat, although Martin was absent.

"Mr. Bornley," said Hope, "I have a secret to tell you."

"By all means, my dear; nothing I like so much."

"Oh! but you must be very serious," she said, shaking her head sagely, "it is of the greatest importance."

"Grave as a Mussulman! What is it, Miss Hope?"

She went to a drawer and took out the manuscript, bringing it in her hands as carefully as some precious ornament.

"It's a novel, sir, that I want you to read; and do please to like it!"

"Have you turned blue stocking already?" he said, gravely. "Oh! I am sorry for that."

"My stockings are quite white, sir," replied Hope, in a way that made Bornley laugh heartily. "But look at the book, please."

He read a few pages here and there, occasionally interrupting himself with ejaculations of admiration and surprise; while Hope sat looking at him, trembling with pleasurable excitement.

"My father wrote it!" she exclaimed, at last, unable longer to control herself.

"The deuce he did! I always knew he could. And the man buries himself in a daily paper—why he ought to be trounced!"

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Hope explained all Martin's hesitation.

"It shall be published, nevertheless," said Bornley. "Ten years ago I prophesied that your father would be a great man, and I'll not be disappointed. Give me that manuscript, and keep your own counsel for three days. Good night, Miss Hope."

Often in her after life, Hope wondered how she lived those three days; but outwardly she was calm enough, and, if human prayers ever availed, the supplications she offered up must have been heard.

The time passed, and, punctual to his appointment, Mr. Bornley made his appearance. Hope went into the room quiet, but pale as a ghost.

"Well, sir?" she gasped, "well?"

"It is well," he said; "my dear, your father's fortune is made."

Hope heard nothing more, her brain was reeling, and she felt blindly for a chair. When she came to herself, Mr. Bornley was carrying her to the window.

"I am well now," she said, "please let me get down, and tell me all about it."

He obeyed her as he would have a woman, and with the respect he would have shown to a queen.

"I took the book to Standish, and he was delighted with it—just now American novels are the rage. He will publish it at once, pay your father a large sum, and if as successful as we hope, will take another next year, of which Southgate can retain the copyright."

It was decided to say nothing to Martin at the time. Mr. Bornley signed the contract for him—and before even Hope had space to grow weary waiting, there came a great pile of proof sheets.

Hope went up to her father's study—he had one now—and knocked.

"Come in, my Hope," he said, drearily, and she opened the door. Martin sat by his desk leaning his head upon his hands.

"You are sick, father?"

"No, only tired, and—I must tell you—I fear I shall lose my situation. I have been a slave, but I cannot quite give up all freedom of thought to those men."

"I don't think you will care much at losing it," Hope said, composedly.

"And what are we to live on?" he asked, looking at her, as if he thought she had taken leave of her senses.

"On your genius, father," she cried, proudly, "for you are to be a great man—Mr. Bornley says it, and I say it, and you shall!"

She laid the proof sheets, and the bank check, on the desk before him.

"My book!" he exclaimed; "a check for me?"

"Standish has taken it, father, and will take another—your fortune is made. I am so glad, oh! so glad!"

The time had gone by when anything could move Southgate's heart to the wild excitement of delight; but when he thoroughly understood, his first thought was to thank God, who had given him such a child.

The book was published, and was a success; and after all those years of toil and neglect, Southgate found himself suddenly raised to eminence, applauded by the very men who had once laughed at his efforts.

He was not vain nor proud—he seldom thought of it—never realized that he was distinguished, for the misery of fame is that it always comes too late.

But from that time there was no more want, no more petty debts, and in the sunlight of prosperity, Southgate's soul rested itself like a shipwrecked mariner reposing on the beach and hearing still the roar of the waves, from which he has barely escaped.

The close of the year was darkened by the death of the wife and mother. They all grieved for the helpless woman, but one who had so utterly wasted her life as she had done, could not expect to be missed—she had not made her place holy, and, therefore, though she left regret behind, they could not hallow her memory into religion.

Time passed, and every year Southgate rose higher in the literary world—he had reached the pinnacle of success, and the love of his children kept his heart from feeling that void which distinction so often brings.

Hope was nineteen now, and Bessie just in the brightness of early girlhood. Both were lovely girls, but Hope had nothing of the buoyancy and light-heartedness, which made Bessie's youth so beautiful—she had grown old too fast for that—suffered too deeply with her father's pain; but she was a woman to win admiration and respect, and true, earnest affection from those in whose natures love is something more than passion, something holier than an idolatrous dream.

But another trouble came upon Hope. one for which she was not prepared, but under which she did not give way. Their father's position took them much into society, and among the men who crowded about them, was one about whom Hope's fancy flung the bright hues, with

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which young girls are accustomed to clothe an object of affection.

Landor came much to the house, and as Bessie was more petulant and wayward with him than almost any one else, Hope believed that she disliked him, and often she never came down during his visits. But there was a change in her, over which Hope grieved, and so sought to win her confidence, but received only mocking laughter, or downright ill-nature.

At last, when poor Hope's fairy dream was the brightest, a rude shock dispelled it, and brought her back to the actual life, which looked cold and dreary enough after its sunshine.

Landor called one evening looking pale and dispirited. Hope sang him his favorite songs, and did her best to cheer him, but he appeared so obstinately moody, that she grew almost gloomy herself.

"Miss Southgate—Hope!" he said, suddenly.

She started, and there was something in his face, which sent the warmth from her heart.

"May I speak with you frankly?" he went on; "you have been such a kind friend to me, that I feel I may."

She could find no answer.

"You must have seen," he said, his handsome face glowing with the feeling that trembled in his voice, "how much I love your sister—will you tell me why she avoids me?"

Struck the cruel blow upon her heart, and never knew that he had wounded her—smote every bright hope with the black frost of his words, and left them clinging sere and dead upon her soul, unwitting always of her pain!

Hope closed her eyes for a moment, to gather strength—the world seemed literally passing away.

"You are silent," he said; "then she does hate me?"

Only the heart that has been tried can understand how Hope's strong will crushed back the withering pain, and bound the shuddering pulses with an iron hand.

"You gave me no time to speak," she said, not a trace of emotion in her voice, cold and hollow to her as clods falling upon a coffin-lid—no trouble in her face—nothing but the weary look in her eyes, through which her stricken soul looked out.

"May I hope, dare I?" he cried, wildly. "Oh! I have waited so long—suffered so much—can there be such happiness near?"

The past weeks shot in review before Hope's memory—she understood all now; Bessie's petulance and hours of depression, and Landor's kindness to herself.

"Wait for me here," she said, "I cannot tell how this thing is, but Bessie shall answer you herself."

She walked steadily out of the room, never heeding his broken exclamations, and went up stairs. She opened the door of Bessie's chamber, and in the dim light saw her sister stretched upon the bed, weeping like a grieved child.

"You have done wrong, Bessie," were her first words, "I saw that you were unhappy, but could not divine the cause. Go down stairs, little one, Herbert Landor is waiting for you."

Bessie sprang off the bed with a cry.

"For me—do you mean——"

She could not go on, but hid her face in the bed clothes. Hope raised her, and began to arrange the disheveled ringlets.

"He will tell you himself, Bessie, he only wanted me to send you to him."

The girl went down stairs, and Hope was alone. Luckily her father was out; it could not be sinful to grieve for a little hour over her beautiful dream!

But when Bessie returned, she found Hope calm and quiet as ever. Hope did not shrink when her sister embraced her, and told the tale of her past suffering and present bliss.

"I thought he loved you, Hope. I knew you did not care for him, and I almost hated you that you should have come between his heart and mine."

Hope heard it all, kissed her and blessed her as a mother might have done, and lay down by her side to watch the night out, while Bessie murmured in her happy sleep.

The next day, Landor called upon Southgate, and when the young man had gone to find Bessie, Martin sought Hope.

"You know," he said, coming upon her in the quiet of her chamber, "you have heard it all?"

"Yes, father, and Bessie is very happy."

"And my Hope, my all?"

"Blest in her sister's happiness!"

He put his arms about her, and she clung to him as in the olden time, weeping for a space, but so quietly he scarcely felt her tears. No word of confidence passed; whatever Southgate imagined or knew, was buried in his heart, only from that day, he watched his darling even more tenderly and constantly than before.

The brief months of Bessie's engagement passed, and the bridal morning came.

Hope dressed her with her own hands—stood beside her at the altar—and those who had known her all her life, marveled at the saint-like calm which made her face so beautiful.

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All was over—the gay breakfast—the tearful leave takings—Bessie and her husband were gone.

Hope stole up into the library for a little rest, leaving her father with one or two old friends who lingered still.

She stood by the window and looked out into the little park, bright with early spring, and the void in her soul ached with exceeding bitterness. She did not love Herbert Landor; it was a dream, every trace of which had been carefully covered up; but still in her heart there was a craving and loneliness unfelt in the old life of solitude, which might never come back to her.

Some one spoke her name; she turned and saw her old friend, Mr. Bornley, looking at her.

"Forgive me, if I intrude," he said, "but I was waiting here for you, I felt certain that you would come in. Sit down, Hope, I want to talk to you."

She obeyed him; she had always been accustomed to doing so, just as she would have obeyed an elder brother.

"Hope," he said, in his clear, honest voice, "can you ever look upon me in any other light than a friend—will you let me be something nearer, dearer to you—will you be my wife, Hope?"

She looked at him in simple surprise! In the pride of his intellect, the glory of his fame, he had seemed as far beyond her sphere, as the sun that brightens the earth with its beams.

"I have loved you for a long time, Hope, even when you were so young that the idea of marriage would have been out of the question; but, brave little Hope, you have been the one love of this poor life that has gone far on toward its meridian."

She could not let him continue, it seemed cruelty, although his words were very pleasant to her.

"Please don't," she said, in her former childlike way; "I can't hear you, Mr. Bornley, indeed I can't."

"Then you do not love me. I have deceived myself. Well, my little Hope, it is only one pain more."

"I am not worthy to be your wife! It is only a few months," and the crimson on her pale cheeks showed the effort that avowal cost her womanly pride, "since I thought I loved the man who is now my sister's husband. The dream is gone—I know it was only that—but the pain is there still."

Bornley bowed his head in his hands and was silent. It was hard to see the hope that had so long made his life beautiful fading farther and farther from his reach.

"I have the courage to say this," she went on, "because I feel it is right. Oh! Mr. Bornley, we shall be friends still; you will not put a poor foolish girl wholly away from your heart."

"I could never do that, never!"

He took her hands and folded them together in his own, looking into her eyes with his deep, earnest gaze.

"Neither can I put my dream away as you have done; for mine was the only promise of happiness I could look for here. I am going away now—it may be a long time before I can return; but remember, Hope, when I do come back, the question I have asked to-day will be on my lips again."

He kissed her hands and went slowly out of the room; to Hope it seemed as if she had let the best part of her life drift slowly from her hold, and had not the energy left to cling to it.

Martin Southgate and his daughter went on in the calm life which had settled down upon them. They were happy, for love like that between their souls must have brightened any existence.

It was Hope's twenty-fifth birthday! Her youth was going from her, but it left in its place a holy repose and steadfastness of purpose which made life still more beautiful than it had been in her girlish days.

Her father had gone out, and she sat in the library watching Bessie's little boy, as he lay asleep upon a cushion at her feet.

The door opened, and Hope said, quickly,

"Father, come and look at little Martin. If I move he will wake, I am afraid."

There was a step, but not like her father's. She rose quickly and stood face to face with Mr. Bornley.

"You have come!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad—my father will be so happy."

She strove to question him of his travels, trying to keep down the color that glowed in her cheeks; but he would not be put off thus. He held her hands tightly in his own, and, as of old, his eyes read her very soul.

"Now, Hope, will you answer me? Can you be my wife?"

Her eyes sank beneath the fervor of his, but he would not let her go, and pressed still for an answer.

"Why, I am an old maid," she said, feeling the tears so near her eyes that she could only keep them back by a poor jest.

"I know you are," he said, bluntly, "the

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young girls all call you so. I am over forty, Hope, I am not too young."

She was silent still. The tumult in her heart would not allow her to speak.

"Answer me, Hope, do you love me?"

The color died out of her face. The holy calm, like prayer, that in moments of deep feeling illuminated her face, stole over it then.

"I do love you," came her answer, "and I will be your wife!"

There was but little said for a time. Bornley held her to his heart with the deep sigh of a man who has realized, at last, the want of a life-time.

"God is very good to me," he said; "I will guard you well, my Hope!"

They conversed for a long time, and Hope let him see all the rare treasures of her heart, as no other human being save her father had ever been permitted to do, and that proud, care-worn man renewed his youth in the freshness of her soul.

Martin Southgate entered, and found them together. He needed no explanation; from the first he had known everything.

"With any other man than you," he said, "I should feel that I had lost my Hope; as it is, I know that I have gained a son."

In quiet and established happiness there is little to record. What Hope was to her father and husband no words of mine can describe. The tears are in my eyes as I think of her; but this feeble sketch portrays her character so faintly, that no one in reading these pages will be able to realize anything of the true woman—the Hope of their lives.

Here I leave them!

Martin Southgate had been saved from the moral shipwreck which once menaced him, and, though the wild dreams of his youth had never been fulfilled, the life before him had enough of beauty and peace to compensate for the loss of those visions which cannot be realized here, but may perhaps await us on the threshold of the hereafter—angel-pinions to bear the freed soul into the second and higher cycle of its existence.

LOVE AND FAME.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

A vision viewed me in my sleep one night,
And to my spirit seemingly did say,
"When it is day
Go forth o'er Nature's fields, so fair and bright,
And weave their beauties, with a language strong,
In living song.

"Thou art of inspiration's chosen band!
Then suffer not plebeian tasks to mar
Thy mind's parterre!
For, on a scroll, and in a temple grand,
E'en after death, thy eminence shall live—
In glory live!

"Yes! I will nerve thy soul-inspired hand
To wield a Heaven-pointed, magic pen!
Till, wondering, men
In mute astonishment and praise shall stand:
And, farther, I will give thee gold and name,
For I am Fame!"

Another vision shadowed o'er the first,
Ere I could fairly contemplate each word,
My spirit heard.
It, like a full-blown star of glory, burst
Upon my heart, and held my will in sway,
And this did say:

"Drink not the soul-intoxicating strain
That cancels peace, to gain celebrity;
But list to me:
Would'st thou eternal happiness attain,
And reap a portion of its bliss on earth?
Revere thy birth!

"Perch not upon ambition's gilded wing,
But follow me, for I am wholly thine—
Wilt thou be mine?
If so, within thy daily path shall spring
Fresh joys: and even the angels will, meanwhile,
Upon thee smile!

"I have no drafts on echo's bank to give;
No gold for adulation to be lent;
But sweet content,
In mortal's measure cast, shall, whilst thou live—
Whether in palace grand or lowly cot—
E'er crown thy lot!

"A fame through life, not after death, I'll give;
(Heaven-won souls care not for lauded tones
O'er dead men's bones!)
And if in immortality thoud'st live,
Follow me to my Aidenn home above,
For I am Love!"

"Love!" I awoke. The elysian spell
My heart and soul to new-born life evolved;
And I resolved
To follow the goddess, and ever dwell
In the syren smile which her features wore,
Forevermore!

Nor have I repented; but e'er rejoice
That the sylph woood and won me (as 'twould seem)
In that sweet dream!
And oh! immortals, be wise in your choice—
Earth's Fame explodes in ether ecstacies!
Love never dies!

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IX.

"Oh! how beautiful! It is like fairy land. Look! look! that old saw mill perched on the banks! Was ever anything so picturesque?"

Notwithstanding the sound of the sleigh-bells, Laura's voice rang out sweet and clear on the frosty air. She half started to her feet among the furs, and, seizing on the reins, with one hand, swerved the horse on one side, with a suddenness that ended in a discordant crash of the bells, and which left the horse prancing and stamping in the deep snow, while the breath congealed around his nostrils, and a cloud of steam rose from his panting sides.

Arnold clenched his teeth to force back the imprecation that sprang against them; but the young lady saw nothing of this, she still held tight to the reins, and, leaning over the side of the sleigh, gazed delightedly on the Falls.

Arnold forced her hand gently from the reins, and grasped it hard, while his eyes dwelt on her face.

How brightly the blood leaped to her cheeks! How those eyes sparkled! With what a gush of happiness those red lips parted amid a glow of happy smiles!

"Shall we go on?" he said, drawing her to his side with a triumphant curve of the lip.

She drew a quick breath, as he relinquished her hand, but still looked out upon the Falls.

"No, no. I must look at them nearer. Let us get out and find a view from the saw-mill."

"But it is dangerous. The wind comes howling through the rocks in a tempest. That old mill is the coldest and most disagreeable place I know of this side of Greenland."

"Oh! yes, but I am so warm. Nothing chills me except a cold heart. There, fling one of these robes over the horse and let us go. He will be glad enough, I dare say, for you have driven him like the wind."

Mademoiselle de Montreuil sprang out of the sleigh as she spoke, laughing as her feet sunk into the snow where she stood; while Arnold flung a robe over the now shivering horse, with suppressed rage, and prepared to follow her.

"Not that way! Not to the mill!" he said, following her as she ran along the road. "We can find a far better view from that clump of hemlocks that grow over the ledge up yonder, and the thick green of the trees will shelter you from the wind."

"But how are we to get there? The snow is so deep, and I can see no sign of a path," cried Laura, stamping her pretty feet up and down on the beaten road.

"The crust is firm—you will glide over it like a fairy. I may break through now and then, but what of that! Just keep within this belt of trees, and take a sweep back of that log cabin."

"But that seems a very round-about way, Mr. Arnold."

"True; but, in the end, we shall find it the best one. So trust me as a guide this once."

There was a meaning in his voice that could not be gathered from his words—that subtle meaning which penetrates to the heart like the perfume of flowers, but is as intangible. She turned, with a blush, and, mounting the bank, followed him across the snow-crust.

They left the road some distance below the cabin, and made their way along a belt of trees that sheltered it. There was no window on that side of the dwelling, a circumstance which Laura did not observe, but which Arnold had taken into his calculations when he selected that route to the Falls.

"That must be a pretty little home in warm weather," said Laura, looking toward the house. "The rose bush so full of red berries would cover half the cabin with flowers in the spring time. The net-work of brown stalks is a Virginia creeper, I suppose; then that great elm drooping over the whole. What a superb tree it is! Really I haven't seen so much taste since we left France. Pray who lives in that cabin, Mr. Arnold?"

"The man who owns the saw-mill, I believe," answered Arnold, sharply.

"And has he so much taste? for really this is a rustic paradise."

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"He is a hard-working, honest man, I suppose."

"Ah! but he has a wife, of course, and, it may be, a daughter. All this looks like a woman's work. How I should like to get a peep inside that cabin; it must be charming—can't we make some excuse, Mr. Arnold?"

"I should not be willing to invent one. Our New England people are a little shy of strangers."

"Ah! well, then it seems I am to give up my little romance. How beautifully the snow lies among the hemlock branches! After all, winter is full of pleasant things."

Thus she rattled on, forgetting one object the moment another presented itself, and striving to cheat the indignant feeling which was all the while burning in her heart against the man who, at times, seemed to be trifling with her. Thus every gentle word, every look of passionate devotion—for he was sparing of looks—created a revolt in her imperative nature. The doubt which he left her in was a delight and a torment.

At last they came out upon a ledge of rocks that overhung the foot of the Falls. A large white pine swayed and sighed above them, answering back the sweet voices of the water, as ghosts may be supposed to reply when called upon by earthly prayers. The Falls were in full sight, wild as they came from the Creator's hands, dashing over rocks, singing through chasms, and plunging downward with a force that made the trees on its margin tremble as with fear.

Before the late snow there had been a thaw in the highlands, and the Yantic was full to overflowing. Thus the rush of its waters took a force and volume almost terrific—a force that even the sharp frost could not chain, though it fringed each rock with jewels, and scattered beauty everywhere around.

In the summer time the Yantic cataract was beautiful: from the leafy luxuriance of its trees, the profusion of wild blossoms that drank life from its spray, and the rich fleeces of emerald moss that clothed its rocks. But, now that the elms, and oaks, and ash trees were naked from root to branch—when the flowers were all dead, and the moss crusted with snow, or jeweled with ice, the power of winter had run riot in the affluence of its beauty.

Around the Falls every shrub and slender tree was drooping and alive with fruitage of ice. Alders, spice-bushes, and long, brown ferns, seemed budding and blossoming with diamonds instead of leaves. Wild grape-vines, heavy with stalactites that shone like prisms whenever a gleam of sunshine reached them, chained the rocks together with ropes of crystal. All the broken rocks and sharp ledges through which the cataract hurled itself, were crested with fleeces of snow and drifts of hail, which the winds tossed from point to point, and scattered into new forms with every gust. Down these rocks, draping and crowning them, hung masses of delicate ice-work, forming ten thousand exquisite designs, which no art ever reached, and no pen can ever describe. Through all this bright tumult the Yantic leaped, in great waves of foam and crystal, shooting up whirlwinds of spray with every plunge, which froze as it fell a wild storm of brilliants, rattling over the crusted snow, shooting through the evergreens, and clinging to each naked shrub, till a burst of sunshine shone up from the bed of the fall in faint rainbows and turned them into drops of flame.

This was the scene upon which Arnold, and his companion came with a sudden surprise. It is seldom that the elements combine to give a picture so rare as this. The human being who sees one in a life-time, may be sure that he has caught one glimpse of beauty which the hereafter can hardly surpass.

Both Arnold and his companion were struck dumb, and stood there with the pine trees drooping under ten thousand snow wreaths high above them, the hemlocks trembling under their bright load, and the wild voice of the waters, answered hoarsely by the saw-mill just in sight.

At first Laura grew pale; then the glow came back from her heart, and a singular beauty flashed over her face. The scene around her was full of inspiration, and out from the depths of her being came an admiration so deep that, for the instant, her soul rose grandly away from its earthliness. She turned and looked at Arnold, unconsciously claiming sympathy with these feelings. He was looking toward the saw-mill, with a hard, almost bitter expression of the eye that chilled her in an instant.

"Have you seen this so often?" she said, with a feeling of disappointment. "To me the sense of beauty here becomes almost painful. Use could never change this, I am sure."

"I," said Arnold, starting, "I was thinking how harshly that eternal saw grates through all the sweet noises of the water. If some flood would sweep the mill away, it might be doing good service."

"Ah! don't say that!" answered Laura. "It is a fine object from this point. One gets an idea of life and industry from it; otherwise this

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whole scene would seem unnaturally wild. The sound is not sweet certainly, but it suggests many noble thoughts. All this vast water-power was intended for something more grand than beauty; yet, how perfectly the ideal is satisfied here, while the real toils for human good down yonder."

Arnold laughed, a low, sweet laugh, but still it did not melt harmoniously into the anthems thrown out by the cataract, and singing under the translucent ice traceries. Laura felt the discord, for all her refined feelings were exceedingly acute for the time, while his heart was full of bitterness.

"I did not know that you were a philosopher, sweet lady," he said, at last.

There was a sneer in his voice that irritated her. She turned her back to the waterfall, disquieted and half angry.

"Have we no feeling, no thought, in common?" she murmured, in a sad undertone, "even in a spot so much like heaven as this."

His ear was near and gathered up these whispers as they fell.

"Yes," he answered, in tones almost as low, "*one* feeling, *one* thought, else what would life be worth."

She turned quickly, with the roses all a glow in her face. But he checked himself on the instant, adding, "Friendship has many thoughts, and feelings in common."

She turned abruptly, and was about to leave the ledge on which they were standing. He checked her with a gentle touch of the hand.

"Why detain me?" she said, almost with tears in her eyes, "I am tired of all these rushing sounds."

"But I have not told you about this rock crowned by the great pine tree that looms over us: it has a history which touches the imagination. It was from this rock the Mohegan Indians leaped into the boiling flood at our feet, rather than fall into the power of the victorious Narragansetts, when the Indian wars raged in this neighborhood. A brave race were the savages who once held these forests. That after all is life; to be the leader of daring men in forest, or field, I would give up everything else."

"What, everything?" said Laura, flushing warmly.

"Yes, everything, and almost everybody," replied Arnold, kindling with the fierce animal courage, that was the redeeming point of his character.

"To subdue opinions—to fight—to conquer—to enjoy triumph to the utmost—that is real existence."

"I can understand this if great results are to follow strife—to struggle for outraged rights—for freedom, when it is withheld—to protect the weak and defend the good; this makes warfare glorious—but bloodshed for the sake of bloodshed is terrible."

Laura spoke with power; her eye kindled and her lips curved grandly. Here was sympathy between them at the moment, for both were courageous to a fault—she in her moral enthusiasm, he in physical daring.

"Anything," said Arnold, bitterly, "anything but measuring tape at a counter, or salt on the deck of a vessel; such occupations outrage one's manhood."

"Does anything outrage manhood, which is not wrong?" said Laura, gently, but with a gleam of pride in her face, for Arnold looked a hero while he was speaking, and every woman loves a spirit of daring in the man she looks up to, even if wrongly directed.

"That depends on the person—I have no talent for the drudgery of work or trade, but where is the chance for anything else, now-a-days? The Indians are all driven back, and there is no field of valor left to an American. If the country would rise up against our masters over sea, there might be hope; but we are too busy raising corn, and importing slaves for that."

"But the time may come, must, in the course of events," said Laura; "this great land cannot always remain a colony to England."

"Oh! if you should prove a prophetess, as well as the most charming woman on earth, worship would be too little for you."

Laura laughed, drew her hand from his, and said, "It was time to look after the horse and sleigh, the story of the Mohegans had made them both too romantic."

By this coquettish movement, the imprudent declaration, which seemed constantly on Arnold's lip, was driven back again, and they began to retrace their step toward the road. As he came in sight of the sleigh, Arnold uttered a quick exclamation, and with a hurried request that Laura would wait for him, dashed down the road.

The horse had got tired of waiting in the cold and up to his knees in snow; he had been tied to a slender sapling, which grew among the brushwood by the highway; the very frailty of his bondage, perhaps, tempted him; at any rate, after stamping the snow about with angry vehemence, and having shaken the Buffalo robe

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completely off, he began to pull at the slender tree with a violence that splintered it in the middle, and left one half dangling to the halter.

Thus free, away went the spirited animal, sweeping the cutter after him into the road, down which he dashed, homeward bound, with a tumult of bells, that made the cold air ring again.

Leonard heard the noise as he was setting his saw for its sixth journey down the great pine log it was converting into boards, and calling to Amy, that he would be back in a minute, if she would watch the mill, away he went, full run, after the horse.

Laura watched the chase a moment, laughing cheerily, at the strife of speed between the horse and its master, then she began to feel the cutting wind, and looked around for shelter. The saw mill stood temptingly near; she had been crazy to visit it from the first—a splendid view of the Fall would be obtained from one end, which looked up the stream. The moment was opportune, one glimpse at the cataract from a distance would satisfy her entirely.

She turned, with the first thought, seized hold of a young spruce tree, slid down the crusted bank, with a merry laugh, and leaping across some loose rocks, landed in the saw mill—landed face to face with Amy Leonard, who turned white as death, and shrunk back at the approach of this brilliant stranger. She knew the face—knew the flow of that white ostrich feather at once, and her whole being shrunk and quivered, with a feeling so much more keen than she had ever known before, that it was accompanied with a terrible dread.

"*Pardonne, ma belle*—that is, I beg to be excused for this rude entrance, young lady. I did not know that any one was here."

Amy lifted her eyes to the bright face, with a sort of terror. She parted her lips to speak, but no words came; then she turned, anxious to escape any where, or in any way.

Laura mistook this emotion, which held the poor girl a slave beneath her eyes, and said with an air of graceful deprecation,

"Ah! I understand, you dislike my broken English, when I, vain thing, fancy it so perfect; or, perhaps, I frightened you by that wild leap. It was the spruce tree springing back, that sent me off like an arrow. *Ah, ma chere petite*, don't be afraid of me, I am so harmless, like a bird in the woods; and you see I must stay somewhere till Monsieur, I mean Mr. Arnold, brings back his horse."

"I am not afraid—not in the least," said Amy, with a gentle lift of the head, which sprang from the pride within her.

"But you tremble so, *pauvre enfant.*"

"It is with the cold, then."

"Ah! yes, the wind does rage down this hollow, like a tiger—and the Falls, how plainly we can hear them roar. Can I see them from that opening in the boards?"

Amy bent her head, the mention of Arnold's name had taken away her speech once more.

Laura was vexed by this coldness, and with an impatient sweep of her person moved on. A single step brought her in contact with the saw, which was steadily eating its way through the pine log. She darted aside, gave a frightened leap, and landed on a loose plank, where she made a wild effort to recover herself; but with the next movement, one end of the plank sprang upward, tearing a chasm in the floor, through which she was hurled with a shrick, that rose sharp and loud above the roar of the cataract and the rasp of the saw.

A blow upon the heart had petrified Amy, a cry for help gave back all her powers. Her first effort was to stop the saw, and the rush of water; she had seen her father do it a hundred times, but would her strength avail? another cry, faint and smothered, gave her a power almost superhuman. It was wonderful to see the great saw obeying the force of those small hands, give up its bite on the wood and sink into helplessness. With almost superhuman strength she had chained the waters, and now the shrieks rose sharp and fast from the abyss beneath. She fell upon her knees by the chasm, through which the stranger had fallen, and, clinging to the rough boards, looked down, searching the deep for some trace of the human life, sinking and pleading there. The water rose high and dark under the mill, pouring with destructive force through the sluiceway, and crushing the blocks of ice between the huge logs that floated there.

Amy saw the strange girl clinging desperately to the end of a great sodden log, which swayed in the current, and sunk under her weight with terrible threats of death. Even in the dark and through the blinding water, those wild eyes looked up pleading for help.

Amy stood up, uttered one cry for help, and grasping the firm edge of a plank, flung herself down the abyss. With a lithe effort of the limbs, she sprang to a cross beam, wreathed one arm around it, and dropped to a log against that to which Laura clung. It knocked and jarred fearfully, threatening every instant to roll over in the water; on to this uncertain

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support the young girl swung herself. The sodden bark gave way beneath her feet, and fell in black patches to the water. Besides this, ice had gathered over the log, and treacherously betrayed every effort to support herself. She flung herself upon her face, clinging to the log with one arm, and throwing the other blindly out, calling for Laura to seize upon it without fear. No answer came; nothing but a gurgle of the waters, and then a rushing plunge of the log to which the wretched girl had held. Still Amy clung to the log with her limbs, and stretched farther and farther over the waters, striking out wildly, and shaking the blinding drops from her eyes. Something floated against her hand, she clutched it with a sob of joy. It was the ostrich plume, and the pink bonnet, a wet mass that shrunk to nothing in her grasp. Then her hand became entangled in another substance, that weltered up from the blackness like seaweed in a tempest; she knew that it was human hair; that the girl had sunk and was rising to the surface. A moment and she would be gone forever.

Amy half lifted herself from the log, wound her hands in the floating hair, and cried out for the young creature to seize upon her, and climb up the log, it was large, and might hold them both till help came.

Laura evidently heard, for a white arm started up from the water, and wound itself around Amy's neck, clinging there with such mad frenzy, that the noble girl was half dragged into the flood, where the other struggled for her life. Higher and higher that white wild face was lifted from the water, till it rose close to the other, so close that Amy felt the icy rain from those tresses dripping over her in streams. But blinded, weak and chilled as she was, the brave girl felt her strength giving way. Inch by inch she was dragged into the water, spite of her courage, spite of the desperation with which she clung to a support that began to dip and turn under its increased burden.

Laura made an agonized effort to save herself, the log gave a plunge, and rose with half its bark stripped off. Both girls were struggling in the deep, groping out for the loose bark, catching at the logs, and uttering choked screams that cut horribly through the gusts of wind wailing around the old mill. They sunk once and rose again clinging together; both wild faces blinded by the long tresses of the French girl; freezing in each other's arms. Again the current seized upon them, but a rush of footsteps shook the boards over head, and down through the opening leaped a human form, which tore the French girl out from the water, and left Amy struggling alone. She felt it, even in the agonies of death. The chill of that desertion struck to her heart colder than the ice that beat against it. Clinging to the splintered end of a log, against which she had drifted, consciousness grew keen within her. She knew that, somehow, Arnold, her husband, was climbing upward through the wetted timbers, bearing her rival away to safety, while she was left behind, freezing to death. He wished her to die—for that he had left her. She must sink there and be swept under the logs, through the whirling drift wood—away into eternal darkness; while they mounted to life and light. Be it so. Her freezing fingers lost their hold on the wood, her very soul grew cold. She felt a great rushing of waters over her head, and then, above all a hoarse shout, "My child! my child! Amy! Amy!"

Down through the broken floor—down to the sweeping logs into the black waters—Joshua Leonard plunged, dove, rose again and made another swoop under the timbers, huddled together by the current, searching madly for his child—the brave young creatures that had been swept away before his eyes.

He was gone a long, long time—an eternity—if any loving heart had looked on—a minute in the silence of that lonely place. At length he came up between two huge logs; beating the water with one arm, and holding her to his breast with the other. He was a powerful man, and seizing on the slippery logs, turned them into staves, and crowding them close together, strode over the uncertain bridge so quickly, that there was no time for danger, till he reached some projecting timbers, and climbing up them, came out in the upper mill.

No one was there; Arnold had carried Laura into the cabin, and Mrs. Leonard, all unconscious of her child's danger, was striving to free her from the heavy garments that still clung around her. While she was stooping kindly over the helpless girl, the cabin door flew open, and Leonard came in, with Amy held tightly to his broad chest.

Mrs. Leonard started up, left Laura prostrate on the floor, with her head resting on Arnold's knee, and went to the help of her own child.

"Oh! Amy! Amy! how did this come about?" she cried, while the tears rained down her face. "You in danger in the water, and I staying here with her! Oh! Joshua, Joshua, I did not know it! I did not know it!"

"Get some blankets hot—don't wait to cry!"

"But she is dead—her face is cold as snow!"

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"No, her heart beats against mine—a weak flutter, but it is life!" said Leonard, while great tears of thankfulness stole down his face. "I felt it in the saw-mill—it beats yet. Thank God she is alive!"

Arnold looked up harshly, as the old man thanked God for his child. Had he really wished her to die? One would think so from his face, and from the sharp bitterness with which he spoke.

"And must this poor lady be left to die because your daughter has got hurt?" he said.

Amy heard the words, and moaned on her father's bosom.

"God forgive me!" cried Mrs. Leonard, stricken in her conscience; "but blood is thicker than water, and she is our only child."

"Yes, but, nevertheless, we should not forget the stranger within our gates," said Joshua, looking compassionately on the insensible French girl; for the moaning voice of his child had reassured him, and his good heart was broad enough for more than her, now that his worst fears were over.

"Here, undress the poor lady, mother, while I heat some blankets to wrap them in."

"Give her to me," said the good housewife, busying herself about the French girl, but still casting anxious looks at her own child. "There now, father, bring out the warming-pan—heap it with red-hot coals. Never mind scorching the sheets—sprinkle a handful of brown sugar over them, and let Ben Arnold warm the bed in that room, while you heat the blankets to wrap them up in."

While the good woman spoke, she was taking off Laura's cloak and over-garments, wringing the ice as it melted from her hair, and strove to force her heart into the work; though it would go where nature sent it, spite of her husband's commands. Nay, I fear that she surreptitiously left the stranger, when the two men were safely shut up in the bed-room, and took off Amy's wet garments first, bestowing a burst of tears and pitying kisses on her pale face and arms, as she rolled her in the hot blankets, and flung the warmest comforter over her.

Then, smitten with a sense of her own selfishness, she returned to the stranger, sufficiently reassured to take considerable interest in the gold chain which she removed from her neck, and to remark the embroidery with which the delicate linen was enriched, with a wonder that approached condemnation. But when she saw how cold and marble-like was the form beneath, her good heart rose again, and she wrapped the helpless girl up with motherly tenderness, gentle as that bestowed on her own child, hoping, with tears in her eyes, that life might not be quite gone.

At last the bed was ready, and those young creatures were laid within it, side by side, lovingly as if they had been sisters. Joshua Leonard heaped wood on the fire, muttering thankful prayers all the time; but Arnold grew restless when he saw the two girls lying there, so close together, and began pacing the floor with abrupt strides, as if there was bitterness somewhere in his heart that required motion.

"Has she moved yet? Has she opened her eyes?" he demanded, with a degree of impatience that amounted to imperiousness, as Mrs. Leonard came from the bed with a brighter face than she had worn yet.

"Yes, she opened her eyes, and—and whispered something. I am almost sure it was mother that she said."

Arnold turned away impatiently; then looked back, and, suppressing some word that had sprung to his lip, said,

"I was speaking of the young lady, Mrs. Leonard."

"And forgot to care whether Amy lived or died? I'm very much obliged, Mr. Arnold. If anybody had told me this a year ago, I shouldn't a believed it; no, not if it had been the minister himself."

Arnold turned pale, and then flushed angrily.

"The young lady is under my care, Mrs. Leonard. I am responsible for her safety; though, heaven knows, I had no idea of her going down to that rickety old mill, and would have prevented it at any cost. But the chances and her own obstinacy have been against me, ever since we started from home. Then that infernal horse must break loose, and force me to leave her when her imagination was all bewildered and her pride aroused; but how she came into that water-trap, I cannot imagine, unless your precious daughter, who was evidently in the mill, enticed her."

The last part of this speech was muttered in an undertone, and after Mrs. Leonard had entered the bed-room, in answer to a low voice that called.

"Mother," said the voice, "she has moved a little. She is beginning to breathe. I have had her hand between both mine. See if it isn't growing warmer."

Mrs. Leonard put her hand under the bed-clothes, and laid it on the French girl's heart. It fluttered against her palm, growing stronger with each beat.

"Yes, yes, Amy, she's getting warm, sure

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enough. There now, did you ever? her eyes are wide open, and she is trying to speak."

A low sigh came from Amy's side of the bed, and, turning her face on the pillow, she began to cry, but so noiselessly, that no one heard her.

The French girl did not speak, but her eyes wandered around the room, as if searching for some person.

Arnold was in the next room, but his tread, as he moved up and down, could be plainly heard.

"Who is that?" she whispered with a struggle.

"No one who will disturb you," said Mrs. Leonard, whose heart, from some mysterious cause, began to rise against the poor girl.

"But I know it is *his* step," murmured the dreaming girl, "I know it is his step," and, as if this certainty composed her, she dropped off into sleep, almost smiling.

Amy listened, and shrunk away farther and farther toward the verge of the bed. By-and-by Arnold's step approached the door, and paused there. Then the chill came over that delicate frame once more, and she began to shiver; for the remembrance that she had been left to die in the water fell sharply upon her, and she wondered why God had permitted her to live when life was such pain.

The step aroused Laura again. She put up her hand, pulled the blankets down from her face, and strove to lift her head, but life was not strong enough in her for that; she only made a feeble movement, which left a smile on her lips, for she felt that he was drawing near the bed.

Arnold addressed her, for the first time, in very broken and imperfect French—so imperfect, that she would have smiled at another time; but now it was the sweetest sound on earth, and her fine eyes opened wide, expressing the satisfaction she had no strength to utter in words.

"Tell me—oh! tell me," he said, "that you are better—that no serious harm will come from this, or I shall grow frantic with self-reproach!"

"You saved me," murmured Laura, reaching forth her hand, from which the purple tint had almost faded. He took the hand in his, and a smile of ineffable happiness stole over her face.

"Every time I breathe, it will be a joy, because life is now doubly blessed," she said, with a sweet burst of gratitude.

Amy could not understand the words, for they were spoken in French; but the pathos and sweetness of that voice penetrated to her heart like poison. She lay still, holding her breath, and trembling. Then Arnold spoke in English, and made a commonplace inquiry about Amy's health, as if the peril had been only for Laura. But the French girl seemed now made aware, for the first time, that some one shared her bed, and with this knowledge came a clear memory of what had passed.

"Ah! yes, there was another—a sweet girl—but for her I should not have lived till you came, Arnold. She threw herself into that frightful abyss of her own accord. It was her hand that held me up. I sunk, sunk, sunk, dragging her with me. But you saved her also. How good—how grand of you! Ah! never in in my life shall I forget that little peasant girl, with her modesty and her courage. If she asks my life I shall give it to her twice over, for she is brave and beautiful like an angel."

"She speaks of you, Amy Leonard?" said, or rather inquired, Arnold, looking down at the young creature. "She says that you saved her life."

Amy felt herself flush under these praises, cold as her heart was.

"I—I wanted to die," was the pathetic answer, given with a settled mournfulness that touched even him to whom she had become a burden and annoyance.

"You certainly were very near your wish," he said, turning his eyes away.

"And this is my benefactress," said Laura, in English, turning on her pillow with difficulty. "It was you that saved my life. What can I say to you? How can I even thank you? Oh! if my heart could speak—that heart which would be frozen under the water but for your brave help! Oh! how I will love you forever and ever! I have been twice saved: by you, and then by him. Poor child! how it trembles! So weak, and yet so strong! So timid, and still so brave! She is not the pretty girl I thought her, but an angel who held me up till you came."

Laura stole an arm over Amy as she spoke thus, from the depths of her grateful heart, and would have kissed her, but the poor girl turned away with a heavy sigh, and closed her eyes to conceal the tears that forced themselves through the lashes. Then Laura, too, was exhausted, and fell back into silence.

Directly Mrs. Leonard came in from the fire, with a bowl of warm bread and milk in each hand. Seeing Arnold near the bed, her sense of decorum instantly took the alarm, and, setting the bowls upon a little table, she told him plumply that he had better go home and let his mother know, as there wasn't any sort of use

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in his staying there, just to keep the poor gals awake when they ought to be warm and asleep. That was her opinion, and she asked nothing for giving it, good as it was.

Arnold replied that he had not intended to go home without the young lady, as her brother would be greatly terrified. He thought, even then, that her clothes would be dry in a short time, and she might be well enough to return to his father's house before dark.

That Mrs. Leonard proclaimed impossible; and when he saw how completely Laura was exhausted by the conversation, which had seemed so slight to him, the young man was constrained to give way, and, much against his will, drove off, cursing the accident that had thrown those two females so close together.

When he was gone, Mrs. Leonard sat down by the bed with motherly kindness which Laura felt to the core of her heart, and fed her with warm milk, as if she had been a child; while Amy turned away her face and pretended to sleep, for she felt sure that a word or motion would set the tears flowing beyond her control.

When Mrs. Leonard had attended to her guest, she went round to Amy, saw how the drops were swelling under those eyelids, and, with gentle fondness, attempted to soothe her.

"There now, daughter, take a spoonful of the warm milk. Father has gone down to Norwich for the doctor; but, love, mar is worth a dozen doctors, any day, isn't she? Well, well, never mind! Just lay your head agin me, and cry it out, if you feel like it," she whispered, caressing the head she had lifted to her bosóm. "If it isn't enough to make any person histericky to be in the ice water under a saw-mill on a day like this, I don't know what is. I declare your par was almost froze with one dive, and trembled all over when I gave him his dry clothes. It was a mercy this trouble didn't come on Sunday, or his go-to-meeting suit would a been ruined tea-totally. He's got it on to-day—no help for it, any how, for the others was dripping. Then about this young lady's things, it really is dreadful, such fine velvet and broadcloth as her cloak is made on, and her frock—silk as thick as a board—they're a hanging before the fire, and sending up steam like a dozen teakettles. Now, Amy dear, don't you think you could just take a spoonful of the milk? This is wheaten bread in it, white as snow. Come, come, just swaller one mouthful."

Mrs. Leonard was not an artful woman, far from it, but her long speech had a sort of tender deception in it which soothed poor Amy—gave her time to choke back her tears, and wipe away those that would force themselves through her curling lashes. She was grateful, too, for all her mother's fondness, and made an effort to grow strong.

"Yes, mother, give me what you like, I want no better doctor than you are," she said, folding one arm over her mother's neck.

Mrs. Leonard gave the sweet face, on her bosom, half a dozen kisses, without stopping. Then she brought the bowl of milk; and Amy forced herself to eat a few mouthfuls, which brought a glow of strength with them, that delighted the mother beyond expression.

Amy turned her eyes on the stranger that so unexpectedly shared her bed, when convinced that Laura was asleep, she drew her mother's head softly down to her mouth.

"Mother, are you sure that she is asleep?"

Mrs. Leonard, who kept her eyes fixed on the sleeping face, nodded and whispered, "Yes!"

"Then let me go to my own bed, before any one comes. I cannot breathe here."

"Well, finish the bowl of milk and you shall."

Amy took the bowl between her two hands, and drained it, leaving only a sediment of white bread in the bottom.

"That's a good girl. Now put one arm—no, both arms round mother's neck, and she'll soon get you up stairs. Dear me, how like old times it seems, when you was a baby, Amy," she continued, lifting the slight form in her arms, and striving to appear as if the weight were nothing, "I've got a hull chest full of blankets, heating before the fire, so I'll just pile them over you. for it's cold up there, and I wouldn't think of letting you get out of this warm nest, only it don't seem to agree with you; then you shall have a wine glass full of cherry bitters, that'll make you sleep like a top, and who cares whether the doctor comes or not? I'm sure I don't."

Thus talking half to amuse her daughter, half because she loved it, the good woman carried Amy across the next room, and after mounting to the garret, with some difficulty, laid her in her own bed, sitting down to rest herself after the effort, for, with all her kindly imagination, she could not lift the girl with so much ease as she had done nineteen years before,

"Mother," said Amy, "do you think—did you see them together? Do you think—he, he——"

The good woman kept her eyes turned resolutely to the little window, which lighted one gable of the cabin. For the world, she would not have disturbed that young creature with a

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look. She did not understand all, kind soul, but enough to bring her native womanliness uppermost. Before the poor child could complete her faltering question, she took it up.

"Do I think Ben Arnold cares for her? Not a bit; she's a bird with fine feathers, and he always was for show, but as for the rest there's nothing in it. There's something wrong about him, Amy; but it isn't that."

"Oh! mother, you think this, and I was so near upbraiding her. When she came dashing down to the mill, with all that finery fluttering in the wind, it seemed as if she wanted to insult me."

"Pooh! nonsense, Amy! why with all her silks and ribbons, she isn't half as handsome as my own daughter, and without 'em, look at her now!"

"Oh! but, mother with all that beautiful hair, and those eyes?"

"Just as if you hadn't beautiful hair, and eyes worth a dozen of hers—don't talk to me!"

Amy was comforted spite of herself. Her mother's positive belief found a willing convert. Then she remembered what he had said to her only a few nights before, how he had left her to perish in the water while she was saved.

"But, mother, he saved her, and I was left, I shall never forget it, never! never! to my dying day."

"Well, I never did see such an unreasonable girl, how was he to pick and choose, up to his neck in water? just as if he wouldn't take the first that came, and off with her! besides, I dare say, she screamed ten times where you did once—just one of the screechy sort, I'll be bound. Now what on earth are you thinking of, he couldn't drag out two at once, could he? Besides, I should like to see Joshua Leonard stand by while any one saved his child. I'm astonished at your unreasonableness, Amy, and if you wasn't sick, and out of sorts every way, I shouldn't know what to think about it."

Now there never was a creature so thankful to be scolded and rebuked for unreasonableness, as Amy Leonard proved on that occasion. All her mother's soothing had failed to cheer her half so much as this little outburst of maternal disapprobation, for it half persuaded her reason, while the heart remained quiescent in its fears. But for the secret which she was forbidden to confide to any one—most of all, to either of her parents, she might have been tranquilized; as it was, the pain was still at her heart, but a vague hope seized upon her, that all might yet be right. If he did not love another, and of that, Mrs. Leonard seemed entirely confident, all must be well. When he said those cruel things it was to try, if, under all circumstances, she could be faithful to his secret. What if she had spoken to the French girl, and given voice to the wild appeal that burned in her when the girl appeared so suddenly in the saw-mill! That would have exasperated him beyond remedy. She thanked God that she had been saved from this temptation, more fervently than she had yet thanked him for her life.

Mrs. Leonard sat and watched the changes of her countenance, as the pain cleared from it, and the gentle tranquillity of weakness settled upon her. Still Amy could not sink to sleep, for minor troubles came when the great idea was swept away.

"Mother, dear, did I treat her harshly?"

"Harshly, no!—what on earth can you mean by such a question?"

"I turned my face away twice, and would not give her my hand, when she reached for it."

"Well, what of that, lips and hands belong to the owner, according to my idea; there was no harm in not kissing a person you had never seen but once in your life."

"Still I am sorry, mother."

"Well, well, we can make it up, to-morrow; now go to sleep, or, at any rate, lie still. The doctor will be here right off, now."

Amy started up in bed, "I don't want to see any doctor, mother, don't send him up here, if you please; I'm not sick, you know, only a little chilled and weak. I'll take the cherry bitters, anything you give me, but don't let the doctor come near this room."

Mrs. Leonard looked about the garret with the keen scrutiny of a housewife whose reputation was in question.

"It seems to me that everything is in its place, Amy; and the room looks as well as a cabin can be expected to. Yet if you're ashamed of it, why then——"

"Oh! it isn't that, mother, only I hate medicine, and don't need any. So just promise that he shan't come up here, to spoil all that you have done."

There was no resisting this subtle flattery. If Mrs. Leonard had a weakness beside that of promiscuous talking about nothing, it was that of believing herself a family physician of the first order. That this belief was not altogether unfounded, the general good health of her family testified; so she gave her daughter the required promise, without more contest; and went down stairs after the cherry bitters, which was the crowning glory of her medicine cupboard.

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Laura was sound asleep when she went down, but nothing could withhold Mrs. Leonard from tempting her also with the cordial, so she made a tumult among the bottles and glasses, that soon aroused the stranger from her slumbers; then, with a little extra bustle, and some consequential smiles, she came forward with a bottle in one hand, which she emptied very slowly into a tall, slender glass, which she held in the other.

"Take this," she said, smiling blandly, "it will make you sleep like a top; I never knew it fail, when a person was worried out, in my whole life. I'm just a carrying some up to Amy. She was afraid of crowding you, so I took her up stairs. Come, just let me lift your head a little. There, now, take a good swaller, it'll make the blood tingle, I can tell you."

Laura drank the ruby liquid with docility, murmured that she hoped Amy was better, and sunk to rest again, yielding heavily to the exhaustion that oppressed her.

Amy only slept in snatches. A thought that the doctor might come up to her room, when she was asleep, spite of her mother's promise, kept her restless. Then the sound of the waterfall, reminding her of the tumultuous rush of waves, in which she seemed again struggling, kept her restless. If she closed her eyes, it was to feel herself plunging down, down, into a gulf of waters, in which huge black logs were floating like monsters ready to devour her. Then she dreamed of Arnold—a strange weird dream—that made her moan and weep in the midst of her slumbers. She thought that he, instead of her mother, held the blood-red potion and tall wine glass at her bedside: she saw by his face, and knew in her heart, that there was poison in the liquid, and that he wished her to drink it and die. Still she was determined to drain the glass: when death came from his hands she would not reject it. But all at once a little child—an angel child—floated down from some invisible place in the room, and spread its wings, delicate as star beams, over the glass. Reach forth her hand, or struggle as she would, there was the angel child, guarding the cup with his wings, and she could not drink, even to please him.

From this dream she awoke with a wild start, for there was a sound of bells stopping suddenly before the house: and the tramp of feet on the door step made her tremble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE'RE GROWING OLD.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

We're growing old—Time's busy, tireless finger
Writes well the story of life's fleeting day;
In vain at some bright point we seek to linger;
In vain some cherished joy invites our stay.

The form may bend with years—the locks may whiten—
The brow be wrinkled and the eye grow dim—
The smile be faded that was wont to brighten,
Trembling with age, and palsied every limb;

And yet, the spirit all unbowed, unbroken—
All filled with vigor, filled with life, remain—
The heart's deep love, the dearest, fondest token
That all within is still untouched—the same.

The outer may decay, the form may languish;
The inner still preserve a perfect whole;
Disease may rack the body—all its anguish
Can bring no death-chill to the human soul.

We're growing old—with cheerful, kindly greeting
We bid age welcome, with its weakness all,
Since, on the heart with warm affection beating,
Its blighting, wasting influence cannot fall.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY M. S. MAITLAND.

Lost! lost! my beautiful ones!
Ah! never more will the ringing tones
Of merry laughter and childish glee
Fall on my ear with their melody.
My heart is withered, broken and crushed,
And life's bright hopes are—ashes and dust.

Lonely I sit in the vacant room,
Where the sun went down in Wintry gloom,
On that dark and cold December day,
When my darling ones were snatched away.
A few short years had they been my pride,
And then they bowed their heads and died.

Sadly I gaze on their little bed,
And my heart is heavy with tears unshed;
I fondle each worn and broken toy
That once gave their infant hearts such joy;
And I long to lay my aching head
'Neath the sod that covers my early dead.

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ANGEL SUSIE.

BY MARY AMES ATKINS.

"And a little child shall lead them."

A SOUND of suppressed grief filled, with a deep sense of sadness, a little room, whose sides, either way, one felt, by reaching out their arms, they could almost touch, and wondered if their fingers would really go through the narrow, solitary window, if they should judge the dimensions in that simple and easy manner.

A diminutive cot in one corner seemed to take by far too large a share of the little room, and left scant space for one to move in outside. The quilt was very white that lay upon the unpretending cot, but not whiter than the little arms that tossed painfully upon it.

"Is my darling better?" asked a watcher, noticing a momentary lull in the paroxysms of the little one.

"Mamma!" was uttered feebly in reply, while a pair of soft, baby eyes turned lovingly, yet reproachfully, upon the poor woman, whose eager gaze through blinding tears told a tale of despairing hope and culminating fear.

"Oh! Father," she cried, clasping her hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, "give her peace!"

"You don't love me, mamma!" interrupted the sufferer.

"I do! I do!" and a gentle hand smoothed the tangled locks that lay like threads of sunshine on the pillow.

"But you let me ache, mamma!"

"God knows I would hinder it, if I could! She blames me when I would give my life to bring her peace and health!"

"Do you love your little Susie still?"

"Do I? So much, my precious child, that I cannot even measure it! My child!"

And the mother, in her agony, dared question a higher right than hers to that little being, whose spirit-wings were fast unfurling to bear it to the eternal shore away from her—from her. She seemed to see it all, as she gazed appalled into the picture.

"Don't, mamma, look that way, it frightens me! Look at me, pretty mamma! Smooth my hair, just as you did a moment ago!"

"I will. I will, darling," and the sore-hearted mother turned her gaze from the gloomy future upon her little one, and, with a smile that mocked her hidden feelings, played with the golden threads again, and even tried to voice a tune that Susie, when well, had always claimed at night. But all efforts, at the last, died away in the gush of tears.

So often, in the drama of life, does melody give place to wailing!

"What makes you cry so? Do you feel worse because Susie does?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then do take all this pain away."

"If I could," thought the mother, feeling in that moment, perhaps more than ever before, how weak she was—how weak, when such a mighty will to do struggled within! "If I could," she repeated, in very helplessness.

And, in deep trouble, when wave after wave of despair rushes over the soul, who does not feel weak? Who does not see the need of a saving power we cannot behold, yet know exists?

And then, if but perfect trust is born, how narrow and easily spanned seems our bridge of sighs!

"You don't make me well! Nobody makes me well!" moaned Susie, again going into paroxysms of such intense suffering, that her mother's groans were almost as dreadful to hear.

"Will nothing help her?" sobbed the wretched mother.

"Yes," seemed to answer an inward sense.

"I know what you mean, but I cannot bear it," she cried, in reply, as if an audible and human tongue had spoken to her. "I cannot bear it!" and she cowered within herself.

The door opened to admit a neighbor, whose coarse air, mean dress, and horny hands, showed her to be an inch or two lower in the social scale than the poor mourner at the bedside. But how sweet her voice, as she asks,

"How is the little one?"

Tears, audible and endless, answered the speaker, who approached the bedside with steps silent as thought, and, laying her hand upon the bowed head, murmured,

"There is one who wounds to heal."

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"But this my *all*," came through heavy sobs.

"Think of the glorious rest in waiting for suffering Susie!"

"I shall be alone—all alone!"

And the grief-racked mother turned angrily from her comforter.

"Alone? Not so, not so! My child who left me twenty-five years ago, seems nearer to me now than when her earthly presence filled my house with joy."

And the horny hand, in its tender stroking of those damp locks, felt soft as the softest velvet.

"Can grief become thus tempered?" asked the young mother, lifting her eyes to those of her friend, wherein the light of faith burned clear and steadfast.

"He holds the mourner's heart in the hollow of his hand," was the reply.

"But my one ewe lamb!" pleaded the mother, who, the next moment, bending frantically over the little sufferer, cried, "My child! would God I could die for thee!"

The kind neighbor thought of the hard lot of the orphan. But she did not speak, for she knew how far beyond control were the feelings of the mourner, who could realize nothing, but that her one ewe lamb was soon to lie down sleeping in the fold of the eternal.

"Mamma," said Susie, suddenly becoming still, and free from pain, "mamma, tell papa I love him. Give him my cornelian heart, and ask him, when he feels like doing wicked things, to look at it, and think if Susie could see him then, she'd cry about it. Tell him, he must try to be good all the time, and not leave you alone so much!" And Susie paused, exhausted.

"Oh! child, child!" cried her mother, as if she would fain ward off the approach so near and dreadful.

"Take off my heart now, mamma, and let me put it in the little box papa made for it, when he gave it to me," resumed Susie, with greater effort, "and, oh! be sure to tell him all I said. Mamma, don't cry so! I am better now! And if I can, I will be your and his little angel there! And I will come back to you sometimes; I will; though you may not see me, mamma. I will come! I will come! Kiss me once more, mamma!"

"But maternal sense of loss will be no less," thought the poor mother, clinging anew to the little form.

Then came a groan—a struggle—a faint sigh. Then a sweet smile settled upon the tiny features, instead of the contortions of physical agony.

"Is my Susie gone?" whispered the poor mourner.

"He giveth his beloved sleep," replied the neighbor, who laid a friendly hand upon the form so still, and white, and beautiful.

"I will robe my darling for the grave," said the mother, gathering with superhuman effort strength for the office.

"You cannot stand it!"

"I must—no other hands must touch her!"

"How beautiful!" said Mrs. Findlaye, the kind neighbor, when all was done.

"She was always beautiful. If he should come in now, perhaps——"

"The prayer of the righteous availeth much."

"I do not know anything about them, Mrs. Findlaye! I only know that she was not saved to me!" interrupted the mourner, rising and pacing the floor.

"His steps are mysterious, yet, through all, merciful."

"Don't say merciful! It will drive me mad to hear you say that mercy made me childless!"

Mrs. Findlaye did not attempt an answer, but had instant resource to prayer, unspoken and deep. Then, she audibily invoked resignation and faith for the bereaved ones.

A heavy step on the entry below; its uncertain progress over the creaking stairs; a loud oath at the darkness now disturbed the feeling in the room of death.

The door opened.

"Charles!" With this the mourner threw herself upon the man's breast, and burst into fresh lamentations.

"What's the trouble now?" and he attempted to throw the light burden from him.

"Hush!" looked, rather than spoke, Mrs. Findlaye, pointing toward the silent child, no longer sensible of his affection or reproof.

"Susie asleep? Wake up, daughter! Papa has a paper of bonbons in his pocket for you; put your hand in and get it;" as he thus spoke, he walked toward the bed.

"How's this?" he asked, quickly, in a gentler voice, yet scarce comprehending the grief of his wife, or the silence of Susie.

"Oh! my husband! Our poor little——"

"Susie's not dead?" And, with a burst of grief, the half intoxicated man clasped the beautiful clay to his breast.

A cold and cheerless day was it, upon which Susie was carried to the grave.

"How lonely it is now!" said Charles, on the evening succeeding the funeral. He walked to the window and looked discontentedly up and down the street. His wife watched him with

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dismal forebodings. His tender kindness the past three days had made her hope for better things.

"I think I'll go out a few moments," he added, in a hesitating tone, as if half-ashamed of his wish for a change.

"Don't go, Charles. Susie left a message for you. Shall I tell it now? I could not before."

"What is it?"

He was all tears and attention, as his wife had expected. She gave him Susie's parting gift and message. He was deeply affected, and promised to be all that the dear child had wished. He did really do better.

And this promising state of things lasted a fortnight. At the expiration of that time he returned to his wife, miserably intoxicated and abusive. He at last threw himself upon the bed, where he heavily slumbered; while his wife sobbed and moaned beside him.

The hours wore on until midnight drew near, and the light went out, leaving the room in darkness. At this juncture Charles awoke.

"Wife, where are you?"

"At the bedside."

"And weeping ready to kill yourself!"

The man's voice was sad indeed. A reaction was taking place.

"I wish I could die, Charles. I have nothing to live for."

"I do not wonder you say so, wife. You are fit to die; I am not, nor fit for anything else."

"If you would but do as well as you did for a spell."

"I am too weak to promise anything. Yet I wished to do right. But the first temptation overthrows me."

"If you would but think of Susie, you might keep from sinning, husband."

"Don't mention her pure name to me. I am not worthy of her love. I never was."

"Yet she loved you, and wanted you to do right."

"I wasn't worthy of her! I wasn't worthy of her!" the man cried, with a sudden return of his grief at the loss.

The room had been in darkness.

What was the strange light that now, from a pale glimmer, streamed all about the weeping parents? What was it? Ah!

"Husband!"

"Wife!"

And the pair clung to each other in trembling surprise, yet could not remove their eyes from the nearing vision of matchless beauty, that seemed floating in the centre of the strange light toward them.

It moved on, nearer, nearer, until it laid a thin hand on each parent. Its face was beautiful, pure, and tranquil. Its eyes beamed unutterable love and gentleness. Its wings were of transparent gold. Its vestments of azure cloud-stuff. It spoke, and its tones were sweeter than sound of earth.

"Parents, I promised to come to you if possible. Dear mother, be strong in faith; God is above you! Dear father, strive to do right. Will you promise Susie this? I am your Susie still. I love you, as of old. Dear father, will you promise?"

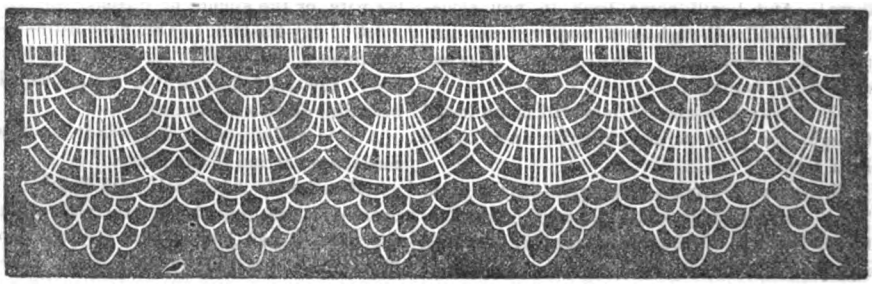
"I will."

A seraphic smile lighted the countenance of the vision. It touched its lips gently to the forehead of either parent, then vanished slowly away.

And from that hour Charles walked in the paths of righteousness, and found peace therein.

Who, having a dear one in heaven, will say there are not ministering spirits?

CROCHET LACE.



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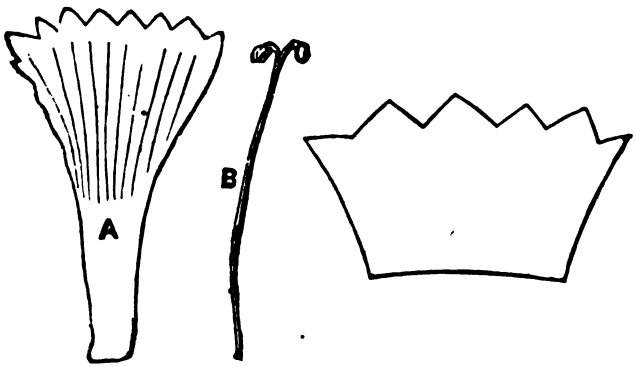
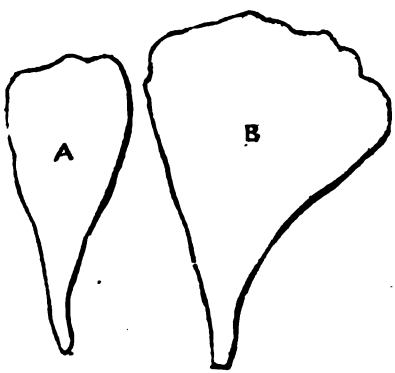
TO MAKE CARNATION, AND PICCOTEE.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.



As these nearly approach to the construction of the Poppy, only a brief detail is necessary. The petals of the Piccotee are nearly all of the same size as in fig. A; say twenty-five in number, and of those, about ten to be one-half the width. The jagged edges are nearly regular, and undergo the same process of manipulation as those of the Poppy, being slightly ribbed; this is performed by placing the petal on a board, previously covered with a piece of wash leather, to admit of a certain flexibility to the action of the point of the bone pin. By this means the ribs are formed with greater ease, and not so likely to cut through the wax. Then mould the petals with the sides a little curved inwards; afterward proceed with tinting. For



Piccotees—white, pale yellow, or brimstone-colored wax for the ground, the edges tinted with carmine or purple of various shades. For Carnations, white, pale pink, or salmon-colored wax for the ground tints of the petals, and colored with scarlet, purple, or carmine for the stripes. I should recommend a natural flower (if it can be had) to copy from. The petals of the Carnation must not be jagged, but nearly smooth, and yet irregular, as seen in diagrams figs. A and B. After having prepared all the petals, next prepare a thick piece of wire, by covering the end with a piece of wax, to which fix the pointal, which is forked, as shown at figs. A and B in diagram. Cut two thin strips of wax of nearly thread-like thickness; just turn the points round double; join them together, and fix on the point of the wire just named; then commence fixing the petals, first taking the small ones, and follow with the larger ones, lapping one over the other as you fix them; when this is done, make the foundation of the petals smooth and round, so as just to receive the calyx, which you have previously prepared, then draw over the stock, and bring close up under the petals. The calyx is easily formed, by cutting a strip of green wax about an inch wide, and about one and a half long; scollop out the one side, as shown in diagram, roll it round the foundation of the flower, uniting the two edges smoothly, completing the lower end upon the stock. This part of the flower being now finished, warm the work a little, just to enable you to place the petals in their natural form; cover over the lower part of the wire, forming the stock, with green wax; prepare a bud or two, previously forming the foundation with pieces of any wax in the shape

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of an acorn, only about one-third less. Cover with green wax; insert a piece of wire, and twist round it a strip of green wax, leaving the edge, close up under the bud, a little open, to form a little ball or cup in the bud; then mount with four leaves, two and two. Cut long strips of green wax lengthways, commencing a quarter of an inch wide, and running off to a point; press these a little between the thumb and finger; then place on a board covered with leather; form a furrow or mark with the point of the bone pin; curl over a little, and the leaf is completed. The buds and leaves of the Pink, Carnation, &c., have invariably a white, flowery appearance over the surface of the green, which can be given by dusting a little of the bloom over with a large camel's hair brush, dipped into the powder, and stippled on the wax.

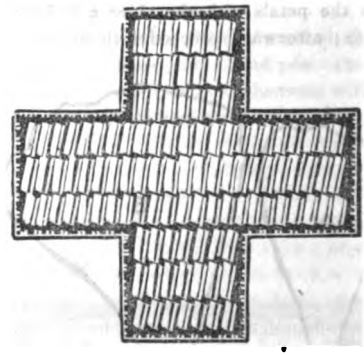
A RUG OTTOMAN OR FENDER PRESERVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is one of the newest things that has come out abroad, and we hasten to lay it before the readers of "Peterson."

Materials.—Cotton, No. 20; 1 lb. of chump size white bugles; half-a-yard of Penelope canvas, that which measures 9 double threads to the inch, or canvas which will admit of the bugles lying (when sewed on) evenly across each double thread of canvas, like a half-stitch in cross stitch; half an ounce of bright scarlet or blue Berlin wool. A common deal box, which can be made by a carpenter, 8 inches wide, 5 deep, and as long as the fender of the room for which it is required; also, sufficient coarse canvas to cover the box. Sufficient wadding, old carpeting, or old drugget, for padding the top of the box; also, a sufficient quantity of strong cloth, of a brown color, for covering, and, also, large worsted cord to cover the seams, and a worsted tassel for each corner. Some gum-water, ink in which a little loaf sugar has been dissolved, a camel's hair brush, a rug-needle, and sewing-needle.

First, get the box made, and observe that inside this box there are two bracings of wood screwed in; but these must be half way up the box inside, otherwise the cloth and canvas will not turn in round the edge; then place the drugget or wadding well over the top and edges; then fasten the canvas well over and nail it inside the edges of the box; now place the cloth on the wrong side outwards, tack the corners without fullness, then stitch them; fit the cloth cover on again before cutting the superfluous cloth away at the corners. If all fits well, do this, turn it, place it on the box, measure, and tack with a white thread, the place whence the bugles must come, which should be about two and a half inches from the lowest edge of the box. Do not fasten on the cloth till the bugles are sewed on; and to work these, draw the outline of the diagram on to a piece of silver or foreign post paper, marking the outline very broad and black. When dry, place the canvas over this and draw the lines on the latter. Of course, the number of patterns will depend on



the length of the work required. Each cross is drawn and worked separately, and afterward cut round and sewed together. When a sufficient number are drawn (before cutting round) with the Berlin wool and a rug-needle run round the outlines, as if it were muslin, then overcast this running, exactly the same as if embroidering, then with No. 20 cotton, doubled, and a

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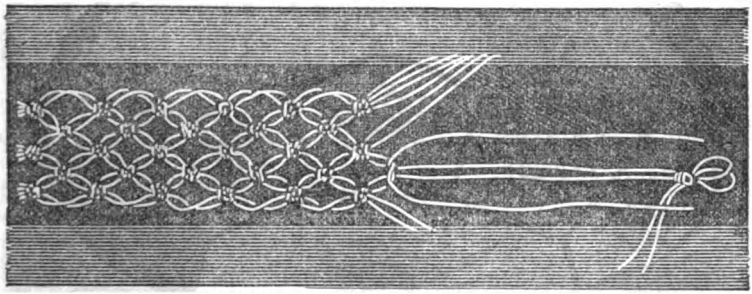
fine sewing-needle sew on the bugles in regular rows. When finished, turn the canvas, the bugled side downward, on a table, and nail it with tin tacks, straight and firm, but yet so that they can be easily drawn out with the finger and thumb. Then gum over the back of the bugles and the wool edge, and when dry detach the nails. Cut round the canvas close to the wool; sew the crosses together cornerways with the same colored wool, place a strip of light blue cloth, merino, or cotton velvet, at the back of the crosses, so as to show through the diamond shaped interstices. Then, finally sew these strips of bugle crosses on to the cloth. Nail the edge of the latter firmly on the inside of the box, and sew on the cord and tassels.

GIMP TRIMMING, &C.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THERE has just come out, in England, a pretty style for a gimp trimming for morning jackets, for a border for anti-macassars, for a heading for furniture fringe, for a gimp for trimming table-cloths, ottomans, &c. We give it here, as one of the latest novelties.

MATERIALS FOR TRIMMING MORNING JACKETS.—To be finished by drawing ribbon, or washing Batiste under—the latter is preferable as it saves trouble in washing. Rink narrow striped gingham will answer the same purpose. No. 4 cotton. If a colored gimp is needed, take silk of an amber-color, or 4-thread Berlin wool.

According to the length required, use three times the length of cotton: that is, if six yards of trimming are necessary, let each strand or length of cotton be 18 yards long; 12 lengths of cotton are required, which may be wound on pellets of paper, or lead is better. Tie the ends of 4 lengths of cotton together, 3 times, there will then be 3 lengths of cotton with 4 strands of cotton in each; pin each on to a lead cushion, about a quarter of an inch apart. Take two threads from the centre bunch, and two threads from the right hand bunch, placing the others apart, then take one of *these* two from the centre, and one of the two threads of the outside bunch, but not either of those which have been placed apart. About half a yard from the knot tie a slip-loop in these two threads, and pin on to the front of the dress, so as to keep the threads tight; take the right hand thread of the outside three and place over the two tightened threads. Now take the left hand thread of the centre thread, place over the right hand thread and twist it under the right hand thread, so as to produce a tie and enclose, at the same time, the two extended threads, pass the tie to within a quarter of an inch (or the same as in engraving) of the knot. Now take the left hand thread, lay it over the tightened threads, pass the tightened thread under the left hand thread so as to form a second tie. Now again place the right hand thread over the tightened threads, then the left hand under this for another tie; now, again, the right hand thread over, then the left under; these four ties form but two stitches. * Now unpin the loop of two threads, draw out the loop, take one of the threads from the centre on the left hand side, and one from the outside four threads on the left hand, tie these in a slip-loop as before, and pin on to the waist as before; take the remaining thread from the centre and with one of the outside threads tie as before; taking first of all the right, then the left hand thread till 4 knots are tied forming 2 stitches. Then untie the slip-knot, take the two centre threads, tie in a slip-knot, pin to the

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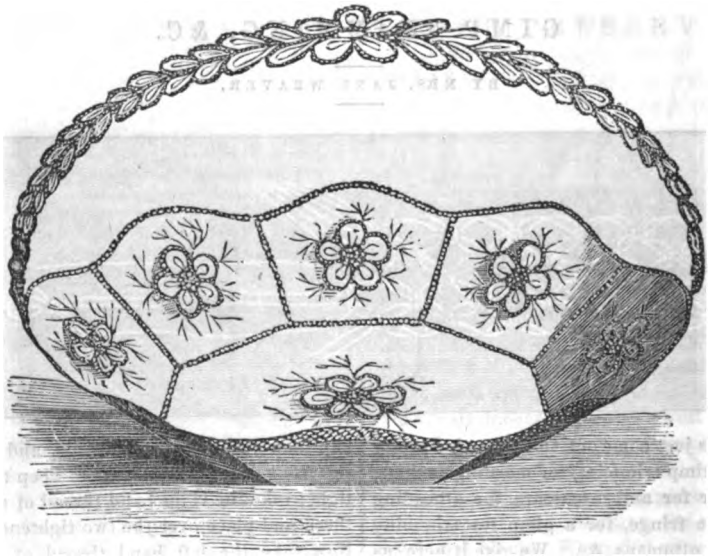
waist, take a thread from the right hand knot and a thread from the left hand knot, and tie as before, then unpin; take a thread from the outside threads on the right hand side and a thread from the next knot and pin a loop; take the outside thread and one from the next knot, and tie over as before, but make the knot even with the last knot made, then the same on the left hand side. There will now be 3 knots across; now repeat from *.

CARD-BASKET IN VELVET AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pretty affair is one of the latest foreign novelties. The shape of the octagon, which forms its foundation, and a pattern of which we give in the front of this number, must first be cut out in perforated cardboard, as well as the eight parts which fit to it and form the sides of the Basket, and a pattern of which we also give in the front of this number. These are to be neatly covered on one side with ruby-color velvet, which may be stretched over and tacked on like patchwork. The shape of the flowers is then to be cut out in white velvet, and each laid on separately in its own respective place. These are to be covered closely and thickly with strings of beads reaching from the centre to the outer part. Worked in this way, the parts around the centres appear richly raised, in consequence of the strings of beads crossing each other. The centres are formed of small loops of beads crowded in as closely together as they can be inserted by the needle. The flower-leaves are to be in transparent white, the small loops either in gold or steel. The sprays which surround these flowers are in clear white, each point being finished with three beads in either gold, steel, or chalk white. The foundation is in perforated cardboard, for the sake of allowing the needle an easy passage through.

When all the parts have been thus far completed, each must be lined, the octagon may be with silk, the rest with velvet, the ornamental bead-work being all in the inside. Every stitch must have a bead left on the outside of the Basket. To conceal the joints inside, a string of beads is to be carried from point to point, and these look the best either of gold or steel. The edge is finished with a cord of white silk, covered with short strings of beads alternately of opaque and transparent white. The handle is formed of strong wire twisted round with coarse knitting cotton, on which are laid loops resembling leaves of the beads strung on fine wire, and fastened on by means of rolling round, after adding each a narrow crimson ribbon, which also conceals the ends of the wire. These leaves should commence at each end and meet in the middle, when they are completed by a rosette of the beads.

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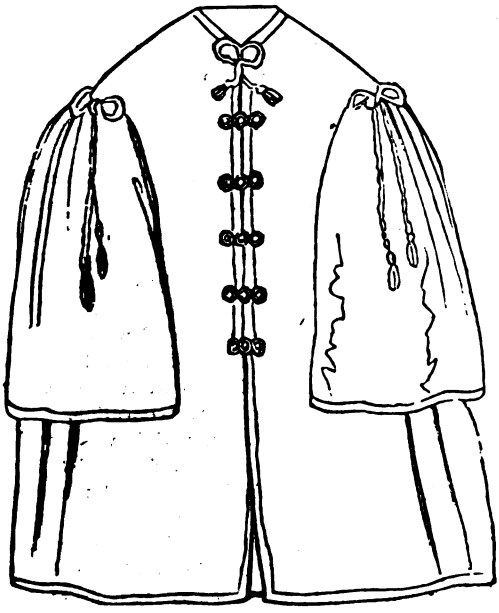
THE METTERNICH MANTLE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is one of the latest novelties of Paris, and particularly adapted for spring wear, if made in silk.

It is a handsome full cloak mantle: the pleats spring from the armhole, and are fastened down the front with buttons, and bound round the edges, tastefully, with a rather broad galoon.

The sleeves are large and square, with plaits at the side arm seam; and on the top is placed shoulder knots of cord and tassels.

We annex a diagram by which to cut out the mantle. It will be seen that the pattern is easily executed. Enlarge the pattern in the way mentioned in our last number.

No. 1. BACK.

No. 2. FRONT.

The diagram gives only the upper part of the mantle, which is to be prolonged according to the size of the wearer.

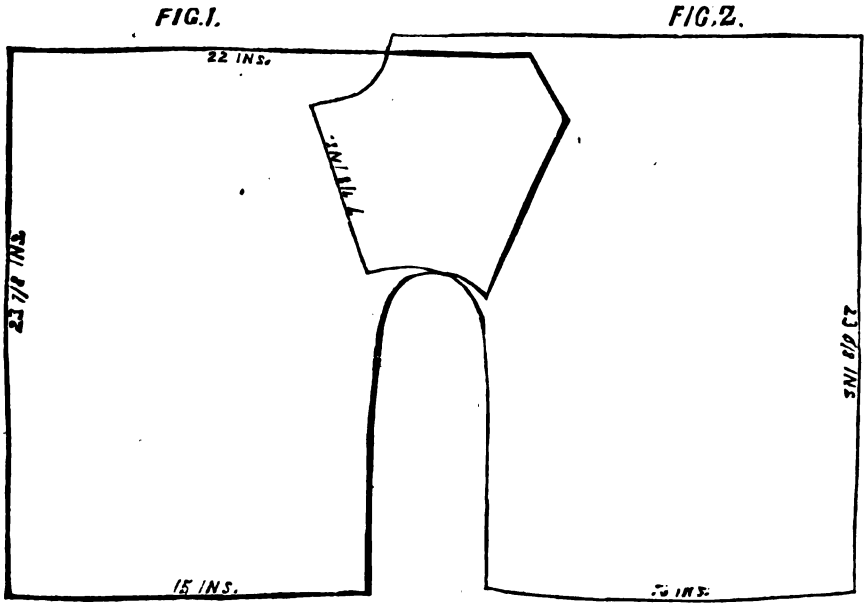


DIAGRAM OF METTERNICH MANTLE.

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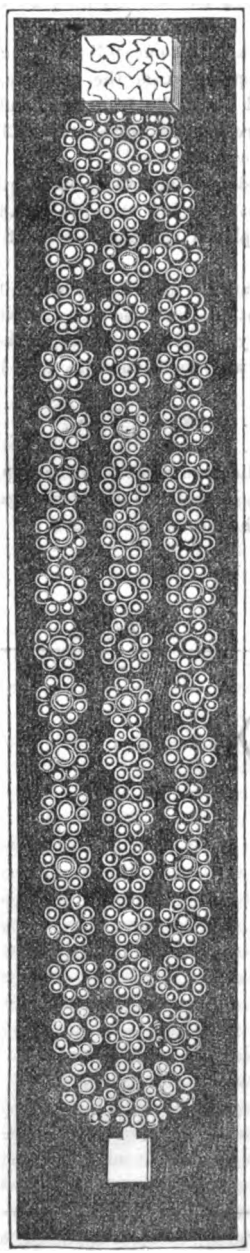
BEAD BRACELET AND CHAIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



FEMININE taste and ingenuity are sometimes permitted to have a more extended influence than appears on the surface. As a case in point, the manufacture of beads, which has within the last few years become quite an important branch of commerce, owes its increase entirely to the ornamental taste of the ladies. If we take into account how much industry is employed, and how many families are provided for, in food and raiment, simply by the making of these sparkling little globules, we shall not consider it altogether vanity and waste of time when ladies devote a little of their leisure in forming these materials into articles of either personal adornment or home decoration.

The bead-work pattern, which we have inserted here, we have selected from a late English periodical. This little bracelet may be composed of as many rows as the taste of the worker may prefer. We have given three rows in our illustration. If made in black or imitation pearl, a chain to match is a great improvement. The following are the instructions for threading the leads. Commence with three strings, keeping one for the centre, on which thread one bead which ought to be a little larger than the others. On the right hand, thread two beads, on the left, four, passing the needle of the right hand through two beads on the left, leaving the centre thread *under*. Thread two more beads on the left-hand side; pass the needle from the right through them, bringing the centre thread *over*. By passing the centre thread alternately under and over, the middle bead and thread are firmly fixed in their place. Repeat to the required length.

One advantage which this bead bracelet has over many other articles for the work-table is that it unites, in a rare degree, economy with taste; and not only this, but it is comparatively easy of execution. Our object, indeed, is to suit all. Some ladies wish the most difficult pieces of work that can be had: others desire patterns that may be done with facility. This is a species of work, too, that can be handily carried about; and is, therefore, desirable on that account; being a nice kind of work to take when visiting socially.

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PINCUSHION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We have designed this pincushion expressly for the subscribers to "Peterson."

Materials.—1 skein white cotton tinsel cord, ¼ yard colored silk, 2 yards colored satin ribbon, No. 4, 1 piece colored wire chenille, (fine) fine hook.

With the cord, make a ch of 8, join, into this work (for the 1st row) 14 dc stitches.

2nd Row.—1 dc (3 ch between) into every stitch of 1st row.

3rd Row.—* 3 dc over 1 dc in 2nd row, 3 ch: pass 1 stitch and work 1 dc, over the next dc stitch of 2nd row, 3 ch *; repeat all round the row.

4th Row.—* 5 dc over the 3 dc of 3rd row, 3 ch; pass 1 stitch and work 1 dc over the next dc stitch made by 3rd row, 3 ch *; repeat all round the row.

5th Row.—* 3 dc over the 5 dc of last row, 3 ch; pass 1 stitch, and work 1 dc into the next stitch, 3 ch; pass 1 stitch, and work 1 dc into the next stitch, 3 ch; pass 1, and work 1 dc as before, 3 ch *; repeat all round the row.

6th Row.—† 1 dc; pass 1 stitch, 3 ch *; repeat.

7th and 8th Rows.—Same as 6th.

For the Border.—*1st Row.*—Make 9 ch, and work this loop into every open stitch of the 8th row.

2nd Row.—9 ch into every loop made by last row.

3rd, 4th and 5th Rows.—Same as 2nd. This completes the cover for cushion.

For the Cushion.—Cut two circular pieces of muslin five inches in diameter, also a strip one inch wide. Sew this strip between the two circles. Stuff tightly with bran. Cover this with the silk, (cherry or scarlet is the prettiest,) over this place the crocheted cover, sewing it down as far as the border. The border is to be turned up in five places around the edge of cushion, and ornamented with bows of ribbon, same color as cushion. These bows are to be placed around the edge of cushion in the five places where the border is turned up. Of the chenille make small rosettes, and place them in the centre of bows, and the cushion is complete. It may be enlarged according to fancy, and the tinsel zephyr may be substituted for the tinsel cord, if preferred.

BREAKFAST CAP IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This breakfast cap we have designed expressly for the fair patrons of "Peterson."

Materials.—½ oz. finest white Shetland wool, ½ oz. colored split zephyr, small bone crochet hook, 1¼ yards ribbon 2 inches wide.

With the Shetland wool make a ch of 8, join.

1st Row.—Work 1 dc (with 1 ch between) into every stitch.

2nd Row.—Work 4 dc in a group (forming a shell) into every stitch made by 1st row, 1 ch between the shells. This ch stitch is to be observed throughout the work.

3rd Row.—* 4 dc in centre of shell, 1 ch 4 dc

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between the shells, *. Repeat all round the row.

4th Row.—4 dc into centre of every shell, 1 ch between the shells.

5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Rows.—Same as 4th.

9th Row.—4 dc into centre of shell made by last row, and 1 ch, 4 dc between the shells.

10th Row.—4 dc into every shell.

11th and 12th Rows.—Same as 10th.

13th Row.—Join the colored wool and work 4 dc into centre of shell. Repeat for 13 shells, then work 4 dc into every shell, and between every shell, for the rest of the row.

14th Row.—1 sc stitch between the shell, and 5 dc into the shells. The ribbon, which is to be of the same color as the edge, run into the 8th row, and tie with a bow and ends at the back, as seen in the design.

KNITTED CRIB COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of this number, is given a pattern, printed in colors, of a knitted crib cover, designed expressly for "Peterson."

Materials.—10 oz. blue double zephyr, 10 oz. white double zephyr, small bone knitting-needles.

This cover is to be knitted in stripes from 1 yard to 1¼ yards in length.

With the blue wool cast on 17 stitches. Knit in plain garter stitch 17 rows, making a square. Tie on the white wool, and knit 17 rows. Knit alternate blocks of blue and white until you have the required length, ending with the white block. Knit ten stripes. Sew the stripes together, arranging as seen in the design.

For the Points.—Cast on 1 stitch.

1st Row.—Put the needle under the wool and knit plain. This widens 1 stitch. Widen in this manner until you have 17 stitches upon the needle. Bind off. Sew these points all round the cover, the blue points on the white blocks, the white ones on the blue. Finish with tassels made of the wool, alternate blue and white, or mixed, if preferred.

BABY'S SHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The following instructions for working a baby's shoe in crochet and wool will be found perfectly easy, as well as an extremely good shape. Make a chain of twenty loops, turn, making two stitches in the first loop, work to the end in single crochet, making two stitches in the last loop as well as at the first. Work ten rows, taking up the back stitch of the last row; increase every row at the end, which will form the toe of the boot, but only increasing five rows at the other end. Work four rows with fourteen loops, still increasing; this forms half of the shoe. Then work four more rows, decreasing in the same proportion; this forms the front of the shoe. The other side now remains to be worked to the same measurement, still continuing to decrease, so that both halves shall be exactly the same. When this shoe shape is finished, it is folded down the centre and sewn up from the toe to the heel. This will form the sole as well as the upper part of the shoe.

To form it into the boot shape, if required, work one row of chain all round the top. In this row, chain three and loop in every other stitch of the last row. Repeat as many rows of the same as will be sufficient to form the upper part of the boot or sock. A narrow ribbon is inserted in and out round the top of the shoe part, and tied with a bow in the front. The same plan of forming the boot may be adopted either for knitting, tricot, or crochet.

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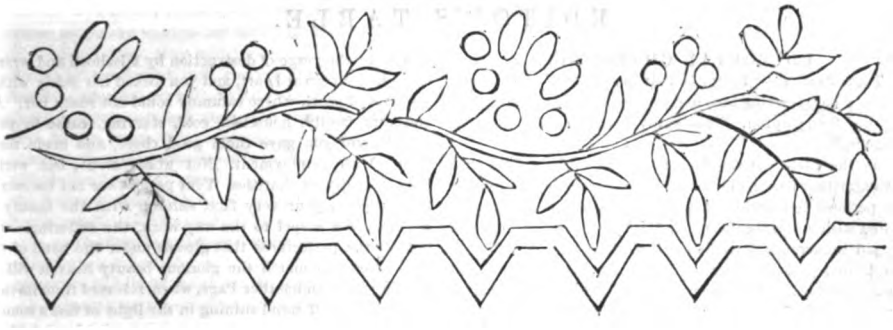
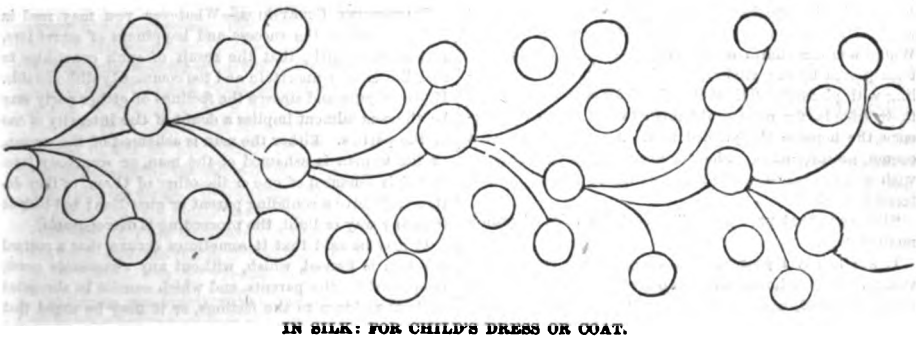
ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY.

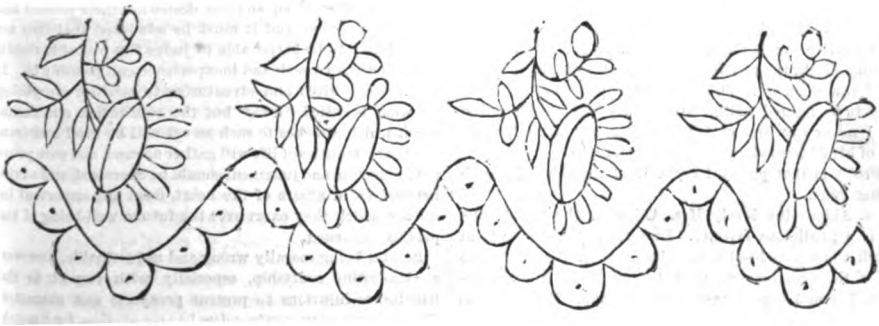
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



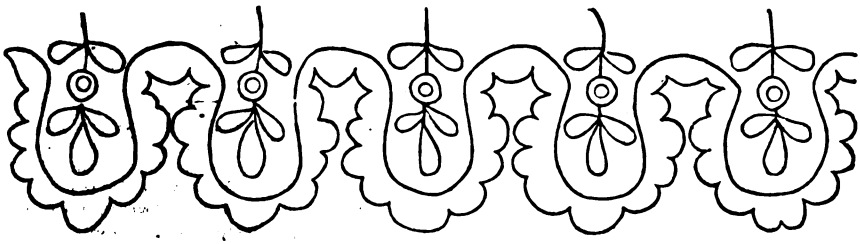
FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.



IN SILK: FOR CHILD'S DRESS OR COAT.



IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



IN SILK: ON FLANNEL.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

True Beauty.—"Pretty is that pretty does," said grandmother Page, coming into her sunny old kitchen, and tying on her floury apron. "Kitty, my dear, hand me the rolling-pin."

As the little deformed creature—an orphan child that grandmother Page had taken to her generous home—sprang to perform her little office, I thought the words seemed filled with a new significance. I had just been musing upon a sad occurrence that had taken place but recently. A promising young lawyer lay dead not many doors off. He was a suicide; he had taken the life God had given him; he was ruined by the treatment of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich merchant.

"Pretty is that pretty does," echoed the voice of grandmother Page. She who had driven a man to despair was so lovely! Her lips, her brow, the color of her cheeks, her graceful form, how often had I gazed upon, enraptured! Where was the charm now? Only yesterday that manly form passed by our window, the head erect, the eye sparkling with pleasure. "How well fitted for each other!" said their friends, for none could mistake the decided preference, the homage she yielded him. Alas! the wiles of a coquet, nothing more. She did not love him—told him so with a cold smile—crazed him so that he committed that terrible deed.

"Pretty is that pretty does," echoed the voice of grandmother Page.

It was nearly a year ago that Judge Payne came to our village. At once he was the lion *par excellence*. Tall, handsome, dignified, a fine musician, a fluent speaker; none could hope to vie with Judge Payne. His wife, a gentle little woman, was pale, silent, dejected. "Foolish woman, with such a model of a husband!" I, among the rest, admired him; but, one night, in some trifling conversation, he spoke harshly, bitterly to his wife. It was done aside. He did not mean it should be heard or noticed; but the flushing cheek, the moistened eye, the trembling, grieving lip—I saw them all! The candle of our respect went out, never to be lighted again. His beauty became deformity, and I never saw him smile upon others but the sad, sweet face of his ill-treated wife came up before me.

"Pretty is that pretty does," echoed the voice of grandmother Page.

Mrs. Alden—the lovely Mrs. Alden, as the world calls her, is a prodigious favorite. In society the standard—in church the revered—at home the grace of the circle, the idol of the hearthstone. Once I overheard a colloquy between her and a poor, respectable woman. Her tones, so cold and cutting, her allusions to poverty so insulting, her proffer of aid so unwomanly, so ungenerous. And when she returned to me, radiant with smiles, we could only see the bowed down figure, the cowed, abject departure of the once high-spirited woman—her own *cousin*—as she glided stealthily from the back gate, and went home to her fireless home to weep.

"Pretty is that pretty does."

Yes, grandmother Page, you may well say that. You, with your large, homely face, square figure, and awkward gait, the glass will never reflect your beauty.

But oh! that soul-smile! grandmother Page! Look on this hand and on that, the human gardens planted by your hand, flourish. Ragged Tim, taken by your own warm grasp from the gutter, fed, clothed, taught, there he stands, a man! with his pretty wife and one dear child. Maggie, driven to the verge of destruction by falsehood and wrong, came to your great heart, and you locked her safely within its gates of pearl, where calumny could not reach her. An emigrant family, houseless, cold, starving, came to your hearth, and you gave them good cheer, and made them happy with employment. Not words alone, but works, have graced your charities. Your parlors are not too sacred for the poor; your very face, shining with the beauty of holiness, is a gospel to the way-worn, the suffering. Oh! not all the perfectness that gleams under the hand of the true artist can match the glorious beauty heaven will reveal in you, grandmother Page, when, released from its clay, your angel shall stand shining in the light of God's countenance, and He shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me."

Clandestine Courtships.—Whatever you may read in romances about the success and happiness of secret love, rest assured, girls, that the result of such courtships in real life is very uncertain and too commonly dishonorable. However pure and sincere the feelings of either party may be, the concealment implies a doubt of the integrity of one of the parties. Either the man is ashamed of the woman, or the woman is ashamed of the man, or somebody interested is ashamed of one or the other of them, or they design to deceive a confiding parent or guardian; but look at it in any way or light, the proceeding is disreputable.

It may be said that it sometimes occurs that a mutual affection is formed, which, without any reasonable cause, is opposed by the parents, and which cannot be abrogated without violence to the feelings, or it may be urged that love is not to be overcome by mere argument or persuasion. It rarely happens, however, that parents are instigated by any other motive in regulating the conduct of their children than that of an anxious desire for their present and future happiness; and it must be admitted that they are more likely to be better able to judge the probable results of any act than youth and inexperience can possibly be. It may seem spirited and adventurous to sacrifice everything for what is called "love," but the admiration and enthusiasm which attaches to such an act will be brief and transient; the realities of life will gather around, and soon prove that reflection and judgment should be exercised, and advice listened to, in affairs of the heart, from the important influence which they exert over the future well-being of the parties concerned.

Besides being morally wrong and unjustifiable, however, a clandestine courtship, especially with respect to the females, is injurious to present prospects and character. The young woman compromises her reputation, for "people will talk," scandal will originate, and society is prone to be censorious. The man, too, is not restrained by some purity of principle, is ever ready to regard the woman with suspicion. He naturally thinks, that if a girl deceives her parent, she will deceive others. So, girls, have a care that, in attempting to deceive others, you are not yourselves deceived.

Another Improvement.—Hereafter we shall give, among our fashion illustrations, engravings of the newest styles of materials, as well as of the styles of making up said dresses. We begin this improvement with the present month. Dresses, with from five to seven flounces, will be all the rage, this season. Indeed, one lady, at a ball at the Tuileries, actually appeared with a dress of twenty-five flounces.

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To Get Rid of Moths.—A subscriber asks us how to get rid of moths. We know no sure method. But the American Agriculturalist, which ought to be well informed on the subject, says that if certain offensive substances are placed where moths are wont to lay their eggs, during the months of May and June, they will be repelled. A few drops of the oil of wormwood, sprinkled on an old cloth, and then laid in a chest of drawers, will drive off almost all insects. Camphor-gum scattered along and under the edges of carpets, in the crevices of furniture, and among the folds of clothing, is rather disgusting to moths. Where they have already burrowed in carpets, sprinkle a little water over the infested spots, then lay on a sheet of brown paper and apply a hot iron vigorously. Vinegar would perhaps be even more efficacious than water—but both of these applications may injure the color of the carpet. The steam generated will be too much for the moths.

A chamber may be cleaned of vermin (and probably of moths) in this way:—First remove all furniture, bedding, and clothing not infested, put a little sulphur in an old kettle and set fire to it, and set it in the chamber. Close every door and window, and keep them shut until the smoke has disappeared. Then ventilate the room, and the vermin will have been repelled. The odors of the sulphur will penetrate every crevice of the woodwork and the furniture, and every fold and seam of clothing, and be a great offence to vermin of all sorts. It must be remembered, however, that the sulphurous acid formed when sulphur is burned in the air has considerable bleaching power, and will often destroy the colors of clothing, especially if they happen to be damp. We are not certain that the colors on furniture may not sometimes be injured. Bonnets and hats are bleached white by moistening them, and then surrounding them with the fumes of burning sulphur.

Premiums for Additions to Clubs.—These are only given, when the additions amount to as many as the original club, and at the same price. Thus, if $5,00 is sent for three copies, and afterward three more names added at $1,66 each, we give a premium for these three additional names, even though the names may have been sent at different times. So, if $7,50 is sent for five copies, and afterward five more copies added, at $1,50, each, we give a second premium for these last five. Or, if $10,00 is sent for eight copies, and afterward eight names are added at $1,25 each, we give a second premium for the second eight names.

The Sunflower.—The value of this plant, which is easily cultivated, is little known. It will grow in almost any situation where there is plenty of sun—close to a fence or wall, in places where few other plants would thrive. The seeds form a most excellent and convenient food for poultry, and it is only necessary to cut off the heads of the plant when ripe, tie them in bunches, and hang them in a dry situation till wanted. They not only fatten every description of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay.

Gardening for Ladies.—One little job in a garden is particularly adapted to the attention of the fair sex. They should go out, scissors in hand, and nip off every decayed flower, especially of roses, which will grow all the better, and look all the smarter, for riddance of the dead blooms, besides lasting the longer in flower. Geraniums want their dead flowers cut off regularly, for it makes them look better, and encourages new growth and bloom. Everything, unless seed is wanted, should be deprived of decaying blossoms.

"This Stupid Lesson."—This charming engraving is copied, by permission, from a French picture, imported by Goupil & Co. The engravers are Capewell & Kimmel.

Home Pastimes.—This is a new and capital book for the family, being a selection of one hundred Tableaux, how to arrange as to dress, lights, &c., and general rules for producing effect, so carefully given that any family can readily produce these delightful pastimes. It is got up in the publishers' well known style, with illuminated titles, &c., and is sent by mail for one dollar. It is sold also by all principal booksellers. Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, are the publishers. They are also publishers of the elegant book, "Art Recreations," a book on drawing and painting, noticed in another column.

Our March Number.—The Platt (Ill.) Conservative says: "We have received 'Peterson,' for March, and it abounds in everything that is calculated to make a periodical desirable; the embellishments are exquisite and beautiful, the matter excelled by no other work of the kind, in the land. Ladies, do not let your husbands have a night of peaceful slumber until they subscribe for 'Peterson.' Girls, give your gallants the mitten if they do not send for it, immediately, and present it to you as a peace offering."

Coasting in Germany.—Coasting, as our northern readers know, is the term applied, by boys, to sledding down hill. Our principal wood engraving, this month, represents a scene in a German village, the counterpart to which, however, can be found in many an American one, especially in New England.

"Hetty Holyoke."—One of our most valued contributors, who has heretofore written under the assumed name of "Hetty Holyoke," comes out, this month, under her real one, of Caroline S. Whitmarsh. Her "Should and Must" is one of her very best stories.

Answer to Charade.—The answer to the original Charade, in our last number, is *O-leander*, Oh! Leander.

Parlor Charades.—Another Parlor Charade soon, probably next month.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Capt. McClintock's Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin. With an Introduction by Sir Roderick Murchison, F. R. S. With Maps and Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Two editions of this deeply interesting work have been published by Ticknor & Fields: one, a very elegant one, at $1,50, and another, in cheaper style, for $1,00. For months, curiosity has been on the alert to hear the particulars of the voyage of the Fox: and now, at last, we have that curiosity gratified. From this volume we learn all that we shall probably ever know of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew. It is a melancholy, but yet absorbing story; one that will be perused, with tears, in thousands of households; one that will fire youthful ambition for years and generations to come. Let us hope, now that the sad fate of the Franklin expedition is known, that there will be no more waste of life in similar fruitless, though heroic, enterprises.

A Trip to Cuba. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A handsomely printed volume, containing a series of well-written papers, which appeared originally in our New England cotemporary, "The Atlantic Monthly."

Tom Brown at Oxford. By the author of "School Days at Rugby." Nos. III & IV. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This capital novel increases in interest as it proceeds. It is even better than "The School Days," which is saying a great deal.

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Edgar A. Poe and His Critics. By Sarah Helen Whitman. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—A generous defence of Poe against the aspersions of the late Rufus W. Griswold. We knew Poe well, having edited "Graham's Magazine," in conjunction with him, during the palmy days of that once popular periodical, and we can testify to the substantial accuracy of Mrs. Whitman's estimate of the poet's character. She is mistaken, however, if she will allow us to say so, in her opinion as to the manner in which Poe composed. We had opportunities, which perhaps few other persons, out of his family, possessed, of studying his method: and of all men we have known, he was the least synthetical, and the most analytical: what he wrote, was always elaborately forged, chiseled, and polished, never poured forth, molten, to take form instantaneously. He wrote, as Hazlitt used to say Frenchmen painted: beginning at one corner and working painfully through. No correct judgment of Poe's genius can be had if this is ignored.

Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous. By T. Babington Macauley. New and Revised Edition. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The recent death of Lord Macauley has increased, if possible, the interest felt in his writings. We are not surprised, therefore, at this new and cheap edition of his essays. No writer, since the days of Addison, not even Johnson, has exercised more influence on style than Macauley; and it is chiefly through these essays that the influence in question has been wielded. The historical value of the work before us is, doubtless, great; but Macauley, say what you will, too often sacrificed truth to brilliancy; and, therefore, it is as models of lucid writing, that fascinate by their mere word-power, principally, that we commend these essays. The book is a double column octavo of nearly eight hundred pages, and has a portrait of the author after the picture by Inman.

History of the United States. By J. H. Patton, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Appleton & Brothers.*—While there have been labored histories of the United States, on the one hand, and on the other, excellent school-histories, we have never before had a history like this. It does not pretend to rival Bancroft, but it tells, in plain, idiomatic English, and in a conveniently condensed form, the story of our country, from the first discovery of America down to the present time. For young persons, about to enter on the study of their nation's history, the work is particularly adapted: indeed, a better introduction to Bancroft, Tucker, or Hildreth, need not be desired. The volume is a handsome octavo of eight hundred pages. W. W. Smith, No. 533 Chesnut street, is the agent for Philadelphia.

An Ancient Geography, Classical and Sacred. By S. Augustus Mitchell. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.*—We thought we were familiar with all the principal book publishers of the country, but this volume bears an impress altogether strange to us. The "Ancient Geography," however, is an excellent work, and we are glad to call attention to it. If the publishers could get up similar school books, or would venture their taste on even wider fields, we think they might have some success: certainly they would deserve it.

Answer to Hugh Miller and Theoretic Geologists. By Thomas A. Davies. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—There was a time when it was considered heresy to believe that the earth revolved around the sun. The author of this book, if he had lived in the time of Galileo, would have been among the first to denounce that great astronomer as no Christian.

Lucy Crafton. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Much the worst novel ever written by this author. It is hardly to be recognized, indeed, as from the pen that wrote "Zaidee."

The Habits of Good Society: A Hand-book for Ladies and Gentlemen. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—Books of this description are generally worthless. But the present one has merit, not only in matter, but in style also. It is lucidly written, well arranged, abounds in wit, and is plainly from the pen of an author really accustomed to cultivated society. Making allowances for differences between the customs of England and America—as, for instance, where it is said that a white cravat is indispensable for an evening party—the canons this London writer lays down hold as good for the United States as for Great Britain. If any person is in doubt how to give a dinner, ball, or other entertainment properly; how to behave at a wedding, or at morning calls, in town, or country; how to dress; how to introduce; or how to salute—purchase this work.

The Works of Alexander Dumas. 15 *vols.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here the entire series of Dumas' novels, in fifteen handsome octavo volumes bound in cloth. The volumes may be had separately, or together, at $1,25 per volume. The series contains "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After,' "Bragelonne," "The Iron Mask," "Louise La Valliere," "The Memoirs of a Physician," "The Queen's Necklace," "Six Years Later," "The Countess of Charny," "The Adventures of a Marquis," "The Forty-Five Guardsmen," "The Iron Hand," "Diana of Meridor," and "The Conscript Soldier." Of all novelists, Dumas has the most incident.

Dr. Oldham at Graystones and His Talk There. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is not a novel, but a book of rambling discourses, now on politics, now on religion, now on social life. Dr. Oldham does not approve of universal suffrage, the election of judges, or various other things popular in this day and generation.

Chambers' Encyclopædia. No. X. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is the best work of its kind which comes under our notice. It is to be completed in eighty parts, one of which is published every month.

ART RECREATIONS.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.*

CAKES.

Weisse Lebekuchen.—(White Cake of Life.)—Cut three pounds of almonds into three or four pieces each, and roast them yellow. Beat up the whites of thirty eggs to a froth, then add the yolks, and three pounds of sugar, and beat them up over a moderate fire; when cool, beat them up again, and repeat the beating when they become quite cold. Then add three pounds of dry, fine sieved flour, the three pounds of roasted almonds, half a pound of the best citron, and fine cut orange peel, a small quantity of ground cinnamon, cloves, and cardamom seed, stirring them well in; roll out the paste about the thickness of a little finger, cut it into cakes, place them on paper, and bake them on tins; strew sugar over them, lightly, and finish them over a moderate fire. To ornament them, pieces of citron may be stuck in the middle and corners of the cakes.

French Bancees.—Take half a pint of water, a piece of lemon peel, a lump of butter as large as a walnut, and a little orange flour water; let these ingredients boil three or four minutes; then take out the lemon peel, add to the liquor a pint of flour, keeping the water boiling, and stirring it until it becomes stiff; then take it off the fire, and put in six eggs, leaving out the whites of three of them. Beat all together for about half an hour, till it becomes a stiff paste, and then drop it by the teaspoonful into a pan of boiling lard; if of the right lightness they will be very nice; keep shaking the pan all the time till they become a light brown. Drain them, and strew fine sugar over them.

Savoy Biscuit.—Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs, separately; then add them gradually together, and beat them for a long time. By degrees, put in half a pound of fine loaf sugar, beating it in very hard, with a little rose water, or essence of lemon; lastly, stir in one pound of flour very gradually, and keep stirring it very briskly with a spoon. Make the dough into oval cakes, and lay them on a buttered paper, but not too close together; grate sugar over them, to keep them in shape. They must be baked immediately, in a brisk oven.

Orange Bread.—Let one pint and a half of molasses come to a froth, and then add to it three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a teacupful of ground orange peel, three cents worth of mace, and one teacupful of apple jelly, peach, or quince marmalade, cut fine. When cool, knead it up with as little flour as possible, and set it away until next day. Then roll it out very thin; wash the cakes (when they are cut) with the yolk of egg mixed with milk, and lay them far apart in the pan, as they spread very much.

Bakers' Gingerbread.—The ingredients are: One quart of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in a pint of sweet milk, half a pound of melted butter, (pour the butter into the molasses,) three ounces of ginger, a piece of alum the size of a cherry, and enough flour to thicken it properly. The alum is to be added in, last of all the ingredients.

Pint Cake.—The ingredients are: One pint of dough, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of pearlash, raisins, and spices.

To Paper a Pan.—Grease your pan well with a brush. Cut some white paper, a little larger than the bottom of your pan. Then cut four pieces of paper for the sides, about five inches wide, and twice as long. Put your paper in the bottom of the pan, making it lay even; then arrange the side pieces, and grease the ends, so that they will cling to each other, and to the pan. Let the paper reach three or four inches above the top of the pan.

Crullers.—The ingredients are: Half a pound of butter, two pounds of sugar, twelve eggs, a wineglassful of brandy, a wineglassful of wine, a wineglassful of rose water, a teaspoonful of nutmeg and cinnamon, and three pounds of flour. Roll the paste out very thin; cut out the cakes, and boil them in lard.

Lemon Drops.—Dip a lump of treble refined loaf sugar in water; boil it until it becomes stiff, take it off the fire, rub it with the back of a silver spoon to the side of your pan; then grate in some lemon peel; boil it up, and drop it on paper.

Waffles—Made with Bread.—Soak half a loaf of bakers' bread in a pint of milk, add sufficient flour to make a tolerably thin batter, also some salt; lastly, put in three eggs, beaten very lightly. Bake in waffle irons.

Silver Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, mace and citron to your liking, the whites of fourteen eggs, one pound of flour. A very nice cake, indeed.

Cocoanut Cake.—The ingredients are: Three-quarters of a pound of almonds, two cocoanuts, grated, one pound and a half of sugar, and some whites of eggs. The almonds are not to be too fine.

DESSERTS.

King William's Cream.—Beat the whites of three eggs very well; then squeeze out the juice of two large, or three small lemons; take two ounces more than the weight of the juice, of double refined sugar, and mix it together with two or three drops of orange flower water. When all the sugar is melted, put the whites of the eggs into the pan, and the juice, set it over a slow fire, and keep stirring it till you find it thickens; then strain it, quickly, through a coarse cloth into the dish.

Black Caps.—Take six large apples, cut a slice off the blossom end, put them into a tin pan, and set them in a quick oven till they become brown; then wet them with rose water, grate a little sugar over them, and set them in the oven again till they look bright, and very black; then take them out, and put them into a deep china dish, or plate, and pour round them thick cream custard, or white wine and sugar.

Bakewell Pudding.—Line a dish with puff paste, and put over it a variety of preserves, without much syrup; also sticks of candied citron. Then fill it three parts full of the following mixture:—One quarter of a pound of melted butter, a quarter of a pound of white sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of three eggs, well beaten; mix these ingredients well together, and bake them in a slow oven.

Pistacho Cream.—Take half a pound of pistacho nuts, extract the kernels, and beat them in a mortar with a spoonful of brandy. Then put them into a pan, with a pint of good cream, and the yolks of two eggs, beat fine; stir it gently over a very slow fire until it becomes thick; then put it into a deep china plate, and when it grows cold, stick it all over with small pieces of nut, and serve it up.

Cocoanut Pudding.—The ingredients are: Fourteen whites of eggs, one grated cocoanut, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, a wineglassful of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

Lemon Pudding.—The ingredients are: One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, seven whites of eggs, two grated lemons, and the juice of one lemon, and some grated sponge cake.

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Potato Fritters.—To a saucerful of cold mashed potatoes, add two eggs, some salt, a small lump of butter, half a pint of milk, and about five tablespoonfuls of flour. Rub the potatoes fine, then mix carefully in the flour, and other ingredients. Drop the mixture by the spoonful (a small spoonful) into boiling lard. There must be sufficient lard in the pan to allow them to swim.

Ribband Cream.—Take eight quarts of new milk, set it on the fire, and when it is ready to boil, pour in a quart of good cream; earn it, and pour it into a large bowl; let it stand all night, then take off the cream, and lay it on a sieve to drain. Cut it to the size of your glasses, and lay red, green, or colored sweetmeats between every layer of cream.

Soda Pudding.—Take four soda biscuits, soak them in water, and mash them well. Sweeten a quart of milk, and mix in it the mashed biscuit; beat the yolks of four eggs very light, and add them to the milk; then flavor the compound, and lastly, add to it the whites of the eggs, beaten light. Bake the pudding for half an hour.

Calves Feet Jelly.—Boil one set of feet in water, cool them, and skim all the fat off; add to it four eggs, half a pint of water, one pound of sugar, one pint of Lisbon wine, and three lemons, half of the peel grated; run the jelly through a flannel bag until it becomes clear.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Superior Washing Soap.—Dissolve one pound of soda and half a pound of hot lime in one gallon of boiling water; next dissolve one pound of sliced, hard soap, in two quarts of boiling water; when cool mix them together. This forms a compound for washing linen, &c., superior to any of the washing fluids and patent soaps in use. When "washing day" comes round, make a strong suds of this soap, and boil the clothes, previously soaked, for half an hour. Take them out, drain them well, pour boiling water on them, when they will be found to be clean; nothing more being required than to rinse them well, to free them from the remains of the suds.

How to Whiten Linen.—Stains occasioned by fruit, iron rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured, a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been previously well washed—or of soda, oxall acid, salts of lemon, in warm water; the parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft, clear, warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

Recipe for Mending China.—Boil a piece of flint glass in water (river water) for three or four minutes, then pound, and grind it as fine as possible on a painter's slab, mixing it with the white of eggs until it becomes a paste. China mended in this way will never break again in the same place. This mode of mending is used by the Chinese.

For Polishing Brass.—Ingredients: One ounce of oxalic acid, half a pound of raisins. Boil the raisins in three half pints of water, and then dissolve the acid in the water. Wash the brass with the mixture until it becomes clean, and then polish it with buckskin and rotten-stone.

Starching.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic, put it in a pitcher and pour on it one pint of boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night; in the morning pour it into a bottle and cork it; a tablespoonful of it put in a pot of ordinary starch will improve it very much.

How to Split Large Stones.—Kindle a fire on the upper surface of the stone, which, being expanded by the heat, splits. The hardest, and largest stone may be split by this method; continuing the fire, and increasing the heat in proportion to the size of the stone.

Furniture Wax.—The ingredients are: Turpentine, one quart, yellow wax, twelve ounces. Melt the wax, and then add the turpentine.

How to Extract Grease Spots from Carpets, or Woolen Cloth.—Dissolve a piece of pearlash, of the size of a pea, in half a teacupful of warm water; pour some of the solution on a grease spot, and continue to rub it hard, with a clean brush, or woolen cloth, until it is nearly dry, and your carpet, or garment will be as clean as ever. It has been frequently tried, and proved to be effectual.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potato Cheese.—In some parts of Germany, a kind of cheese is made of potatoes, and is much sought after. The recipe is as follows:—Select good white potatoes, boil them, and when cold, peel, and reduce them to a pulp with a rasp or mortar; to five pounds of this pulp, which must be very uniform and homogeneous, add a pint of sour milk and the requisite portion of salt; knead the whole well, cover it, and let it remain thus three or four days, according to the season; then knead it afresh, and place the cheese in small baskets, when they will part with their superfluous moisture. Dry them in the shade, and place them in layers in large pots or kegs, where they may remain a fortnight. The older they are, the finer they become. This cheese has the advantage of never engendering worms, and of being preserved fresh for many years, provided it is kept in a dry place, and in well closed vessels.

Lobster Pie.—Procure two or three fresh lobsters, take out all the meat and cut it in large pieces, put a fine puff paste round the edge of your dish, then put in a layer of lobster, and a layer of oysters, with bread crumbs, slices of butter, and a little pepper and salt; then add another layer of lobster, oysters, &c., till the dish is full. Take the red part of the lobster, pound it fine, with chopped oysters, crumbs of bread, and a small quantity of butter; make the mixture up into small balls, and fry them, and then lay them on the top of your pie. Make some gravy with the oyster liquor, and a little pepper and salt; strain it through a sieve, fill your pie with it, then lay on your crust, and send it to the oven.

Renowned Tea.—Set two quarts of good milk over the fire, and when it has come to a boil, put into it one large tablespoonful of the best green tea, some sticks of cinnamon, a few cardamom seeds, a blade of mace, and three or four cloves. Let it boil for a minute or two, sweeten it with loaf sugar, and run it through a hair sieve. Then set it on the fire again, and when it comes to a boil, have ready three or four yolks of eggs, well beaten, and by degrees stir them into the boiling milk. Be careful it does not curdle. Serve the mixture in a tea-pot of china, or silver. This is considered a delightful beverage.

Lime Water—To Preserve Eggs.—To twenty or thirty pints of water, take five or six pounds of fresh lime; slake it, and stir it several times; let the lime precipitate itself, then pour off the water which is perfectly limed, put your eggs into a jar, or keg, and pour the lime water over them. Cover them up.

Bologna Sausage.—To fifty pounds of beef, and fifty pounds of pork, add five ounces of ground pepper, five ounces of whole pepper, two ounces of saltpetre, one pound of sugar, and six pounds of salt. After being well mixed together, the ingredients must be well stuffed into the strait gut of an ox.

Butter—How to Cure it.—Take two parts of common salt, one of brown sugar, and one of saltpetre; beat them together so as to blend them completely, and apply an ounce of this mixture to every pound of butter. Work it well in the mass, and close it up for use.

Bath Toast.—Toast some bread; dip the crusts in some hot water to soften them; butter each slice, and sift powdered sugar and cinnamon over them. Place it in layers on a dish, and serve it for supper.

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MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

Dysentery, or Diarrhœa.—Procure some yellow corn, and roast it as you would coffee, taking great care that it does not burn, but being equally careful that it is well browned throughout. Take a cupful of the roasted corn, and grind or pound it; then pour over it a quart of boiling water, and let it boil twenty minutes. While boiling, add a teacupful of cream or milk, sweeten with loaf sugar or fine white sugar. For a dose: Give half a teacupful of this beverage every half hour to persons suffering severely with dysentery, or diarrhœa. As the patient becomes better, give a teacupful of the beverage every hour; always remembering it is to be served up warm. Persons slightly affected with the aforementioned disorders, may drink this preparation occasionally during the course of the day.

Dyspepsia Diet.—(Food for a person affected with Dyspepsia.—A valuable recipe for dyspepsia. Beat up an egg in a bowl, and then add to it six tablespoonfuls of water, mixing the whole well together; then add two tablespoonfuls of the farina of potatoes, mixing it well with the liquor in the bowl. Afterward pour in as much boiling water as will convert the whole into jelly, and mix it well. It may be taken either alone, or with the addition of a little milk and best sugar, not only for breakfast, but in cases of great stomachic debility, or in consumptive disorders at other meals also. The dish is light, easily digested, extremely wholesome and nourishing. Bread, or biscuit may be eaten with it as the stomach gets stronger.

Earache—An Indian Cure.—Take about the size of a walnut of raw, fresh mutton, burn it on a red-hot iron plate, till it is almost reduced to a cinder; then put it into a clean rag, and squeeze out the moisture into a silver spoon. Heat the spoon well in boiling water, and dry it well before you drop the expressed juice of the mutton into it, and then drop the juice into the ear, as hot as it can be endured. This remedy has been known to prove efficacious after laudanum has failed to afford relief.

Cold Cream.—Ingredients: Two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, one drachm of white wax, and one drachm of spermaceti. Scrape the wax and sperm very fine, put them with the oil into an earthen pipkin, and melt them very slowly. Then put the mixture into another vessel, and stir it until it becomes smooth and cold. Then add, gradually, an ounce of rose, or orange flower water; stir it the whole time until it becomes a thick cream. Put it into small pots, and keep it in a cool place.

Bite of Mad Dogs.—An English journal says that an old Saxon has been using for fifty years, and with perfect success, a remedy for the bite of mad dogs, by the agency of which he has rescued many fellow beings, and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia. The remedy is to wash the wound immediately with warm vinegar and tepid water, dry it, and then apply a few drops of muriatic acid, which will destroy the poison of the saliva, or neutralize it, and the cure is effected.

Opodeldoc.—This well known liniment is prepared by digesting three parts of soap, in sixteen parts of spirits of rosemary, till the former be dissolved, when one part of camphor should be incorporated in the whole. This liniment is of great service in bruises, rheumatic affections, &c.: being very volatile, it ought to be kept in bottles closely stopped to prevent the access of air.

Cough Remedy.—Ingredients: One ounce of camomile flowers, one ounce of squills, one ounce of saltpetre. Boil the ingredients in half a gallon of water; reduce the mixture to one quart, and make a syrup of it by adding a quantity of loaf sugar. When cold, mix in one ounce of paregoric.

Camphor Dentifrice.—Ingredients: Camphor, one-eighth of an ounce; prepared chalk, two ounces; bi-carb. of soda, thirty grains.

Elder Flower Poultice.—The elder flower poultice is not more valuable for the white swelling, than for ulcers, or for a violent inflammation; it has also been used with great success for whitlows. Wash the part affected occasionally with a decoction of elder flowers and black elder bark, and, daily, drink a tea made of these ingredients mixed together. When the inflammation has subsided, and signs of healing begin to appear, then it will be advisable to use an ointment made of the black alder, elder and lard. Prepare the poultice as follows:—Mix Indian meal and water, as for gruel; let it boil a short time, and then add the elder flowers. While warm, stir in a small piece of lard. Apply the poultice morning and evening.

Cure for Corns—Take two ounces of gum ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on a piece of soft leather or linen. Cut away as much of the corn as you can with a knife before you apply the plaster, which must be renewed in a fortnight, if the corn is not by that time gone.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Teaching Girls to Swim.—The art of swimming is not only a pleasant accomplishment, but a healthful one also. As many parents have written to us to know how girls can be taught the use of their limbs in the water, it may be interesting to them to hear how the art is taught in Paris. The bath is moored in the river Seine, and the space occupied by water is one hundred and twenty feet in length; a course long enough to afford room for all the exercises connected with swimming. A wooden platform, three or four feet under water, reaches to about the middle of the width of the bath; and this is for the use of children, and mere bathers who do not swim. The other half is of considerable depth in the middle, admitting of practice in genuine diving. The dress is excellent for the purpose. It is made of a light woolen fabric, which does not absorb much water. The trousers are loose, and fastened at the ankles. The upper dress, also loose, extends to the knee, and is belted around the waist, and closed at the neck. It is just as decent a dress as ladies wear, every summer, at Cape May, Long Branch, or Newport. The first step in the process of teaching is to make the pupils understand how to keep on the surface, and how to sink to the bottom. Most people know that to spread out the limbs is to float, and to double one's self up is to sink; but it is not everybody who knows that the quickest way of going to the bottom is to raise the arms above the head. This is precisely what women do when they fall out of a boat, or find themselves overboard in a shipwreck. Up go their arms in their terror, and down they go to the bottom like a shot. This is the action used by divers, who want to reach that point by the shortest way. From the ceiling of the Paris bath hangs a rope, which travels along on a sort of crane. Where this rope touches the water a broad belt is attached to it. The belt is fastened easily about the pupil's waist, supporting her in the water, and leaving her at liberty to learn the action of the limbs in swimming. She is made perfect in these, and must then try her powers without support. To render her safe and preclude fear, the instructor (who is a master and not a mistress) walks along the edge, just before her, holding a pole within her reach, which she can grasp in an instant, if fatigued or alarmed. It does not follow that we must have swimming masters in America. The art is taught all along the rivers of Germany, and invariably by women in the women's baths. It is a remarkable sight when the master is followed by ten or twenty pupils, his pole reminding one of the magnet which brings swans or fishes to the bread in a bason of water, in the old-fashioned

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toy which astonishes children. The second pupil has his hand on the shoulder of the first, and swims with the other three limbs: the third on the shoulders of the second; and so on, looking like a shoal of mermaids. After learning the art in fresh water, it is easy to swim in the sea, from the density of the water, and scarcely possible to sink. A woman who knows how to float is safe for many hours in the sea, as far as keeping on the surface is concerned.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Fig. I.—House-Dress of white Muslin, worn over a pale blue silk. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, each one edged with a blue ribbon. The body is low, and round at the waist, where it is confined by a broad, blue sash. Over the body is worn a small, round cape, with a deep flounce around it, and trimmed down the front with bows of blue ribbon. Very large, loose sleeves. Cap of white lace, ornamented with blue ribbon.

Fig. II.—Carriage Dress of Chene Silk, trimmed with three deep flounces, each flounce edged with a green ribbon. The sleeves are very large. Over the dress is worn a pelerine of the same silk as the dress, trimmed with a broad plaiting of silk.

Fig. III.—Barege Dress of an entirely new style. This dress has two skirts, the upper one reaching to just below the knee, and figured in flowers, &c., and the lower one trimmed with four flounces.

Fig. IV.—Grenadine Dress of a white ground, with five flounces covered with bouquets in the richest colors. The body has the bouquets in a much smaller pattern.

Fig. V.—The Tuileries, a mantilla of black lace, made nearly square, and put into a square yoke trimmed with a row of lace.

General Remarks.—The few new spring goods which have yet appeared are very beautiful. The most expensive silks have solid colored grounds, with small flowers embroidered over them. Small checks and pin stripes are also very fashionable, and much less expensive than the embroidered silks. These latter are to be made with plain skirts, while the checks and pin stripes will be most generally ruffled. The colors are exquisite in many of the new silks: the shades of green, lilac, blue, and mode colors, are prettier than ever before. Foulard silks are generally in chintz patterns, on black ground; and the same may be said of delaines, except that the grounds are of light colors. Grenadines are of every style, though those with many small flounces or ruffles will probably be the most popular. Organdies and lawns will be also generally ruffled, and some have as many as fifteen ruffles, though seven, nine, or eleven are the usual number. A ball dress lately made of white tarletane had as many as twenty-five ruffles. The handsomest, but also the most expensive, walking dresses now worn, are certainly those which are embroidered with the hand on the corsage and in front of the skirt. This is very fashionable and very rich; the work is generally the same color as the dress, and the effect is really beautiful. There is some variety in the manner of trimming dresses. A dress of black silk has a trimming of six flounces, each edged with blue silk. The flounces are arranged three by three, a puffing which surmounts the first three, separating them from the rest. The corsage of this dress is trimmed with small quillings of blue silk; it is not pointed at the waist, and a belt is worn with it. The sleeves are formed at the upper part of two puffs, above which a bow of ribbon is disposed as an epaulet; at the lower part the sleeves are shaped to the elbow.

For traveling dresses, walking dresses, or other dresses made of heavy material like pique or Marseilles, those without seams at the waist are getting more in favor. These robes must have a seam in front, from the manner in which they are cut, so must necessarily be trimmed down the front with buttons, bows of ribbon or rosettes.

The Compiegne, or Isabeau, as it is sometimes called, (see February number,) will with some be a favorite style of walking dress, the body crossing from the right side to the left, not closing to the throat, but having small lapels turned back; the skirt opening at the sides taking the same slanting direction as the body: these dresses are sometimes buttoned down, or are fastened by means of narrow straps and small steel buckles.

Tight Sleeves will not be so popular as the warm weather advances, and the *extremely* large ones will be generally used except for traveling dresses. The predictions with regard to crinoline seem not to have been fulfilled, for the Empress of the French still wears hers expanded to nearly its usual extent, and as she rules the French ladies most despotically in the matter of fashion, and as the French ladies rule us, we suppose that crinoline will still hold its own, though we hope with diminished size. Some courageous ladies lately made their appearance at the Tuileries without hoops, but the change was almost too violent. If the hoops could be reasonably reduced in size, the appearance of the ladies would be improved, and their health would not suffer, as it will most certainly do, when hoops are entirely abolished.

Mantillas are cut so as to fall over the arm in the old pelerine fashion, with long, square tabs in front.

Bonnets are made very large, coming far over the forehead.

Head-Dresses.—Gold and silver plaits with pendent tassels, intermingled with the hair, form very elegant head-dresses. One of the newest head-dresses in the style called the *petit-bord*, is composed of red velvet and gold net. On one side, a long, white ostrich feather waves over the shoulder, and on the opposite side a lappet of black lace, fixed by an ornament formed of loops of gold braid. Another most becoming head-dress consists of a sort of coronet, formed of quilling of black lace, intermingled with gold braid and large gold beads. At the back of the head there is a double bow of black lace, figured with gold beads. Among the most favorite wreaths, we may mention one of jessamine and lilies of the valley beautifully blended together, one of scarlet geranium, and one of moss roses. All are made in exquisite perfection.

Fans, ornamented with spangles of steel and gold, continue to be fashionable. The material usually employed for mounting these fans are tulle and crape, either colored or white.

There is a new caprice in gloves, which has the merit of novelty, if not of beauty—none other than the long Spanish gloves, embroidered in gold or silver, and which will soon, they say, become indispensable additions to a grand toilet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress for a little Girl of plaid summer Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with five flounces. Raphael body, gathered into the waist in front, and worn over a white plaited spencer. The sleeves are made with one puff and a deep ruffle, and worn over a puffed white muslin sleeve. Round straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and a long black ostrich feather.

Fig. II.—Dress for a little Boy of yellow Pique or Marseilles.—The skirt is made short, and trimmed with a broad band of white pique, above which is a row of red vandyked braid. The pocket is also trimmed with the red braid. The body or skirt is of white muslin, with long, full sleeves. Over this body is a Zouave jacket profusely trimmed with red vandyked braid. Straw hat trimmed with white and red cock's plumes, and white and red plaid ribbon.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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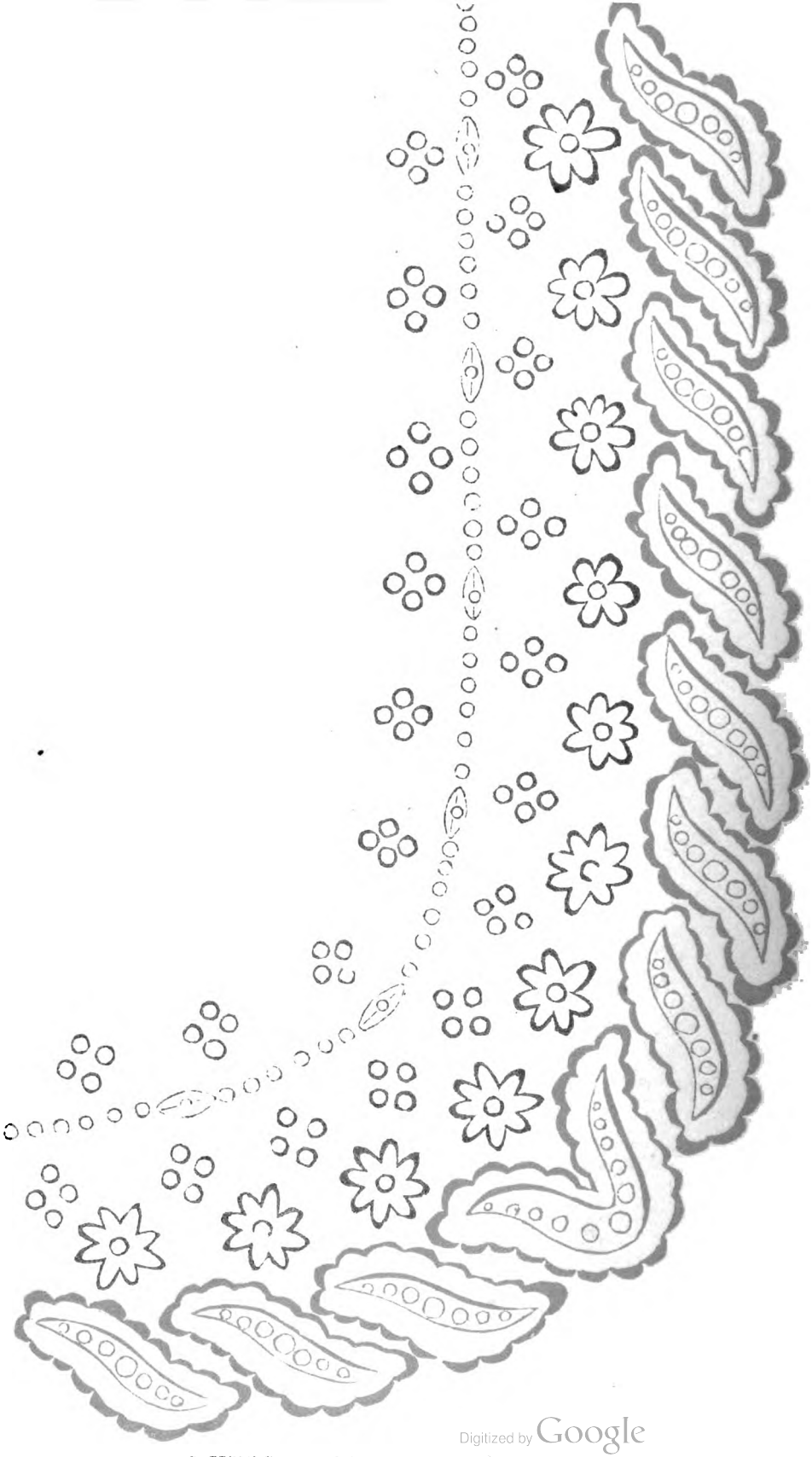

PATTERN FOR HANDKI

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THE "GOOD NIGHT."

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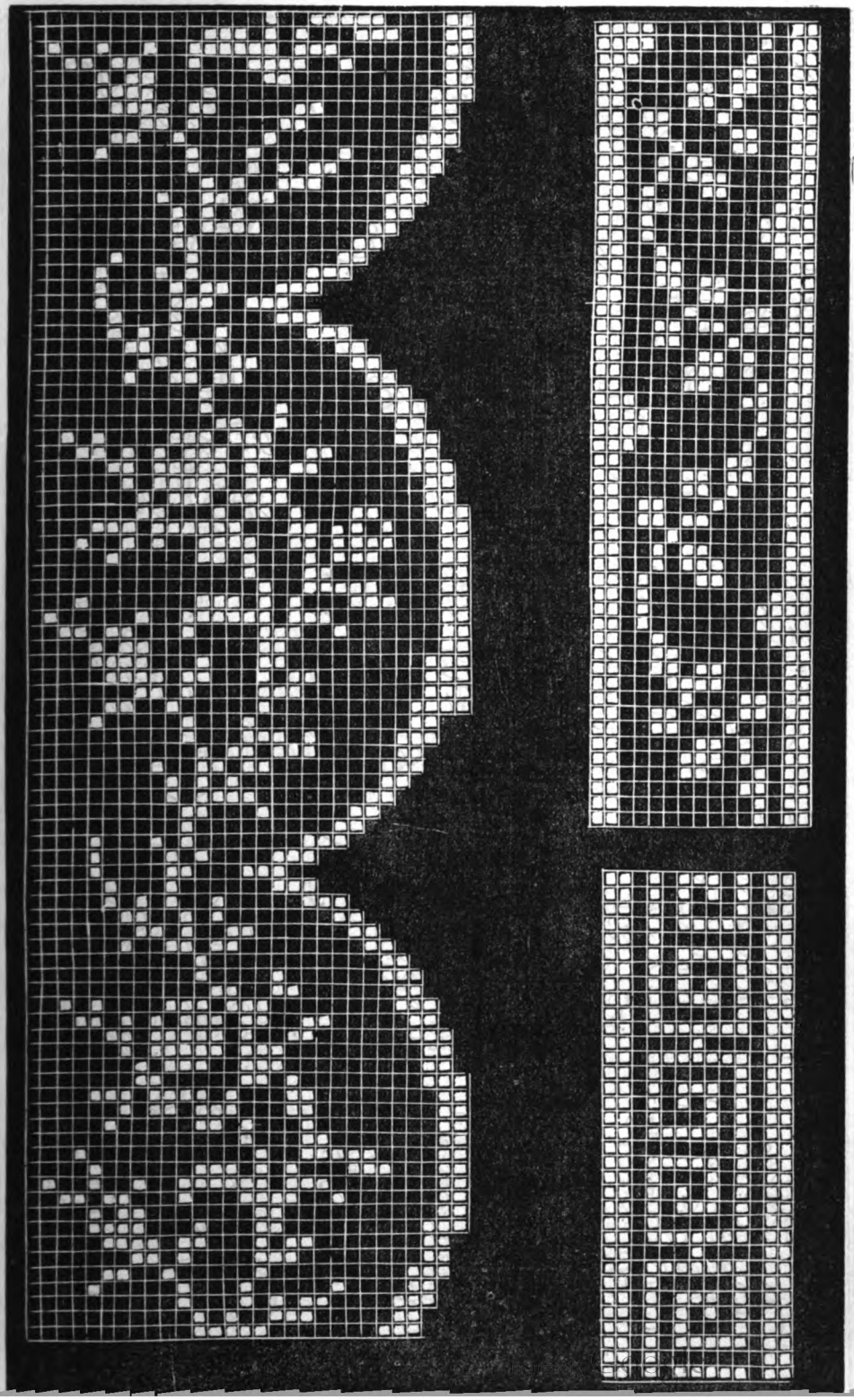

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

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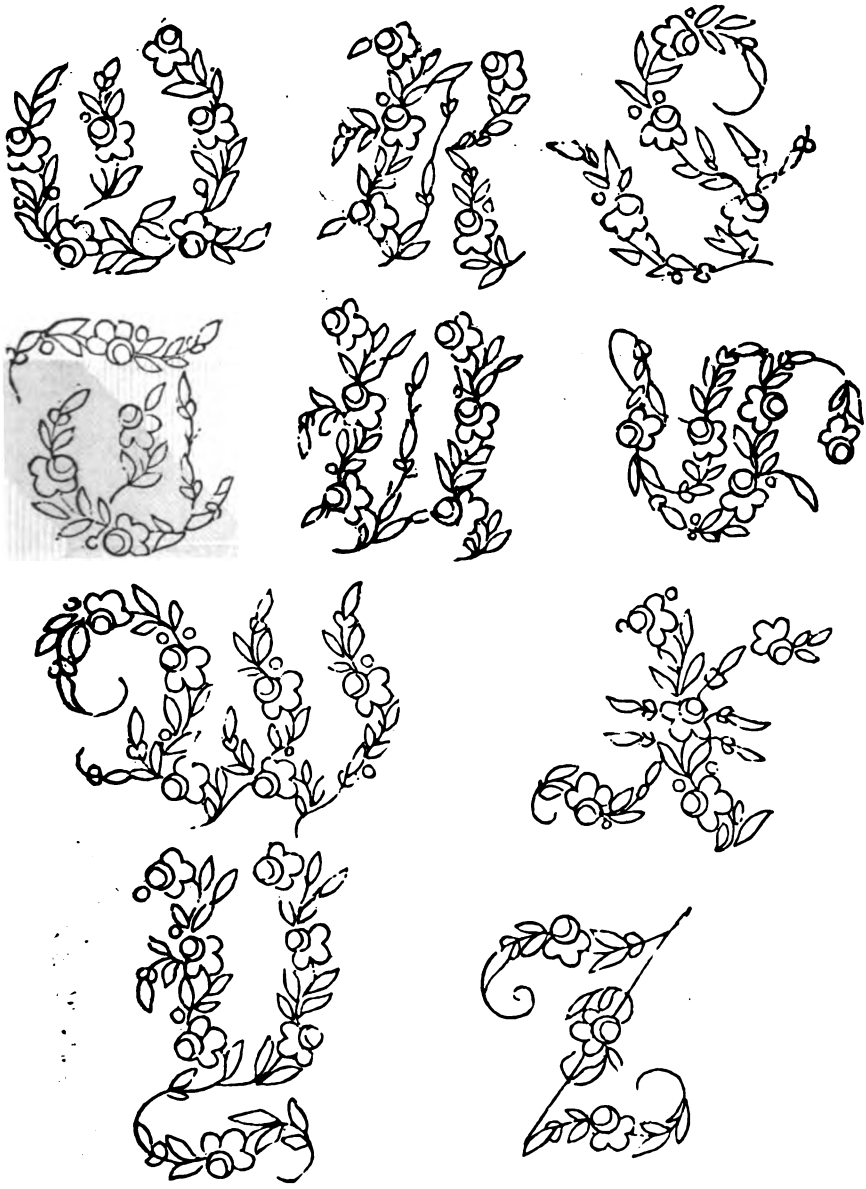

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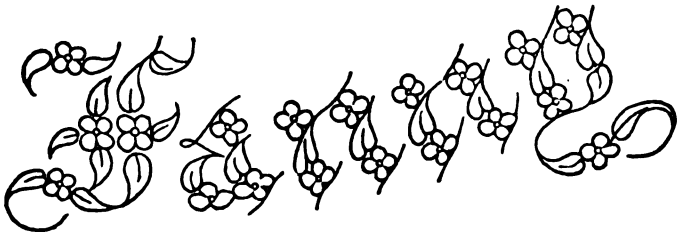

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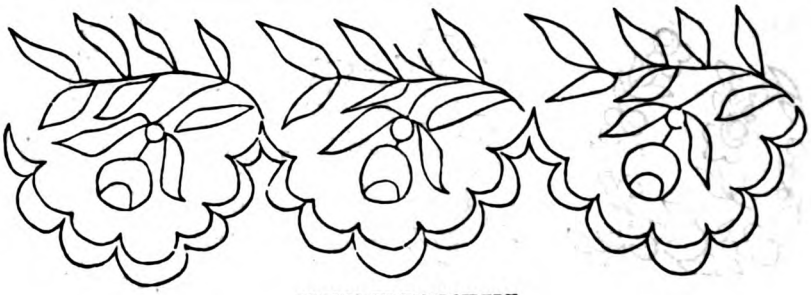
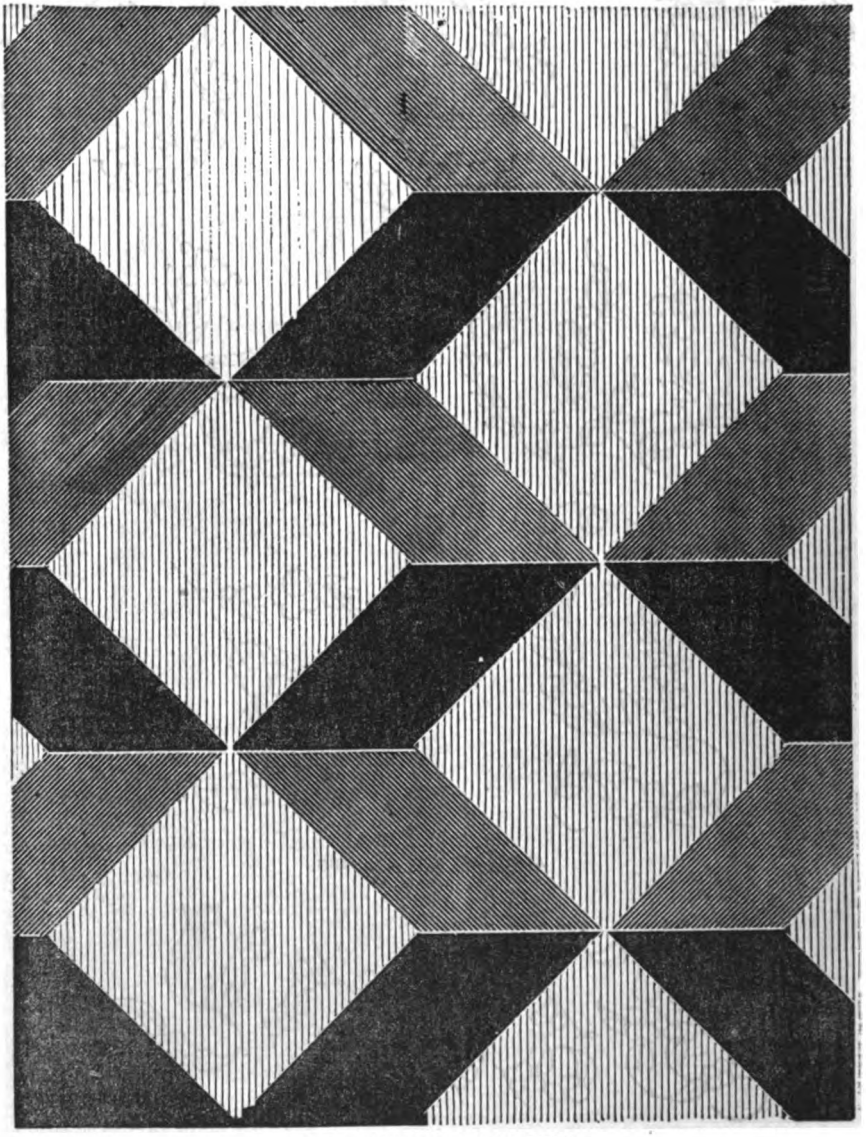


EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.



SILK PATCHWORK TABLE-COVER.

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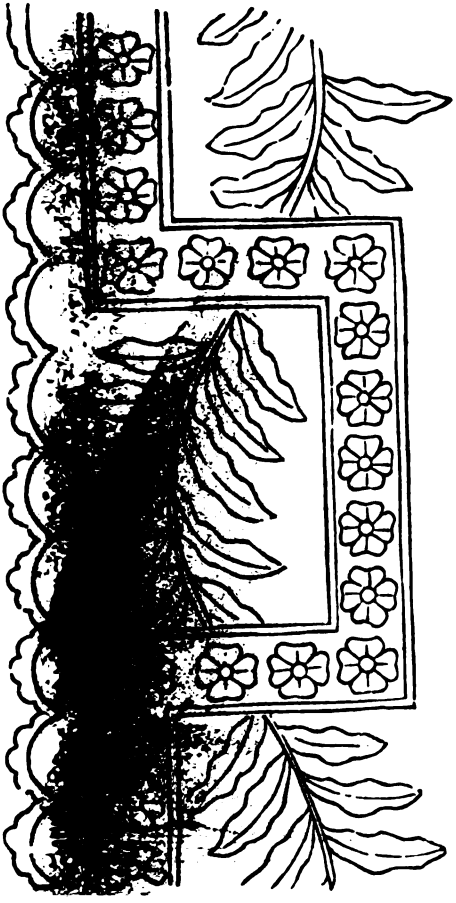
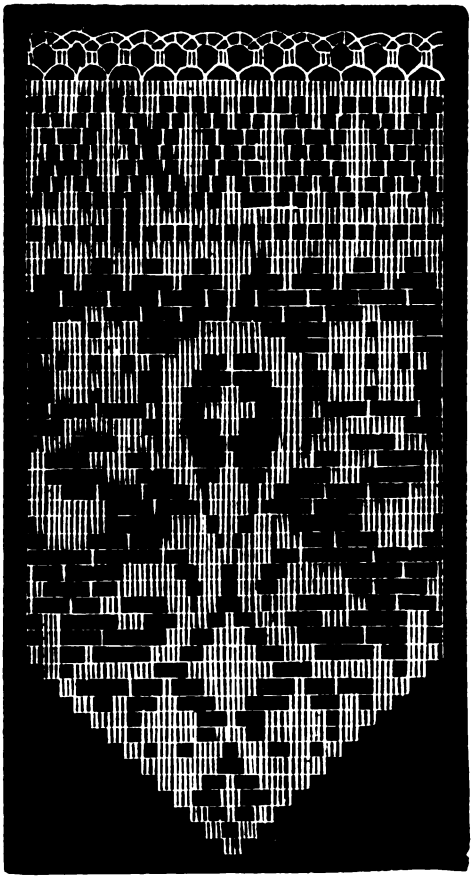
IN SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



NECK-TIE IN CROCHET.

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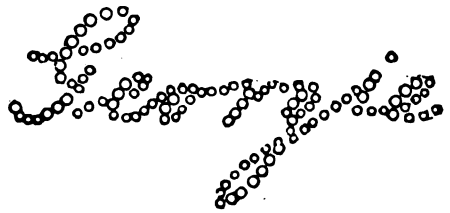

NAME FOR MARKING.

THE PRINCESS MANTILLA,

Imported by YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Nos. 40 and 42 North Third Street, Philadelphia, importers and dealers in Silks and Fancy Dry Goods, white Goods, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls.

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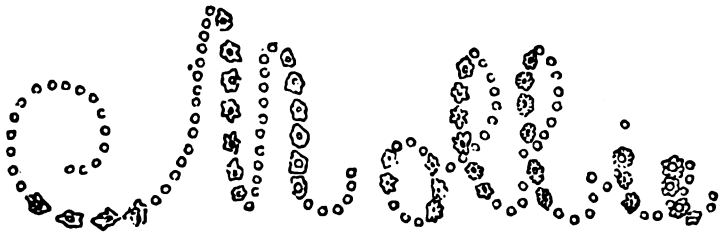

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FLOUNCED LAWN DRESS.

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NEW FRIENDS! TRUE FRIENDS!

Words and Music, Composed and Arranged for the Guitar, by

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT

Voice.

Guitar.

Moderato.

Chang - ing, chang - ing, day af - ter day, Near friends, dear friends Pass - ing a - way Scenes that are dear to the heart and the eye, Pass - ing a - way as the time goes by.

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New friends, true friends, gen tle and kind, New friends, true friends,

still do we find.

Second Verse.

Chang - ing, Chang - ing, day af - ter day, Near ones, dear ones, pass - ing a - way. Still as the days with their changes de - part,

Time has its scenes that are dear to the heart. New friends, true friends, gen - tle and kind, New friends, true friends, Still do we find.

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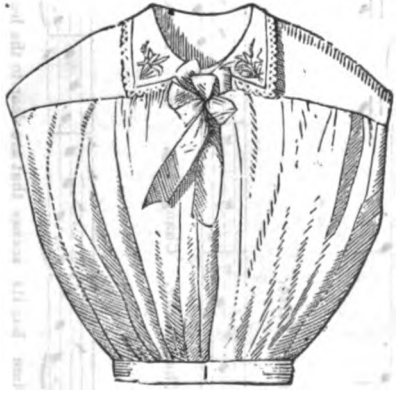
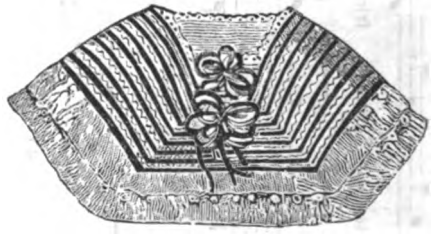
HEAD-DRESS.

HEAD-DRESS.

MUSLIN BODY.



COLLAR.



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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1860. No. 5.

WASHINGTON AT HOME.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

I once saw a painting representing the mother of Alfred the Great, engaged in reading to her son a Saxon poem. The queen, a stately woman crowned and royally attired, sat with the M.S. spread out on her lap—one hand on the page, the other upraised in an earnest and graceful gesture. The little Alfred, kneeling at her feet, with flushed cheek, fixed eyes, and lips apart—seemed drinking in her words, as one who listened to the recital of noble deeds, and resolved that he too would, one day, perform them.

He became Alfred the Great.

And is it not a reasonable supposition, that the companionship of that noble mother, kindled those sparks of wisdom and virtue in the bosom of the boy prince, which, in his manhood, burned with so pure and steadfast a fire, that the radiance of it still streams upward from the hill of fame, a beacon-light for ages yet to come?

When Palissy, the Potter, had spent in unsuccessful experiments the last coin he possessed—when cold, "and something that bites sharper than cold," had wrung the vitals of his suffering family—he exclaimed, "Oh! for one small bit of gold, to try once more." His brave and trusting wife drew from her finger her wedding ring, and placed it in his hand. His next experiment succeeded!

That sacrifice of the wedding ring, is a fine point for a poem or a picture—but what patience, what faith, what sympathy with hope, what perseverance under discouragement, does the action imply! And Palissy's discovery would have remained unmade, but for the devotion of a woman.

A worthless woman lost Mark Antony his honor and his life.

The brave Duke of Marlborough was said to be meanly avaricious. He was fondly attached to his wife; had that wife been a generous-hearted, high-thoughted woman, instead of the beautiful vixen she was—his memory might not have borne that dishonoring blot.

No hero of early or latter times, of sacred or profane history, shows in his mental and moral character, so large a surface of unspotted excellence, as does Washington. It has been said, that men of perfect physical proportions never look tall. It may be that the symmetrical developement of our hero's character, makes him appear, on a cursory inspection, less wonderfully great than he really was. A patriot, without personal ambition—a hero, without any selfish desire for conquest—a man, who, while most fitted to enjoy and adorn society, never overstepped the limits of rational mirth—one

> "Who might have been a King,
> But that he fully understood
> How much it was a meaner thing
> To be ignobly great, than honorably good."

And who can tell how much of the influence which urged him up to his unmatched excellence, flowed from the heart and mind of his wife? "Politics," says Bulwer, "require that the heart should be free, and at peace from all the more absorbing private anxieties." The character of Martha Washington seems to have been almost as poetically perfect as that of her illustrious husband. From the anxieties of the Senate, and the tumult of the camp, his thoughts could always turn to his home, as the place where they might rest. Brave with woman's peculiar courage, the heroism of endurance—she accompanied him whenever it was possible and proper; to cheer by her presence, soothe with her sympathy, animate by her energy, and refine by her elegance. Whatever woman-fears throbbed at her heart, they were silently repressed; whatever discomforts encumbered her way, they were smilingly overstepped. The language of her actions was—

> "My love should be a garland for thy brow—
> And not a peevish hindrance in thy path."

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But Martha Washington was encouraged to do this. Her husband not only possessed her love, but merited her esteem. Washington's private life was as irreproachable as his public career was glorious—his happy wife rested securely under the shelter of her husband's virtues. Hers was what God intended to be the position of woman—the only one in which a true woman can be really happy; a graceful dependence on one whom she can trust as well as love. He, the granite pillar which upholds the home—she, the blooming vine which twines round and adorns it. Let man be virtuous, and woman will be happy. Let the sacred rights of the domestic affections be secured to our sex, and we shall hear no more clamor about woman's rights, for woman will no longer suffer wrong.

American women! the exertions you have made to redeem the place of our hero's grave, prove that the spirit of Martha Washington still lives among you. American mothers! will you not strive so to train your children, that, should new political emergencies occur—new Washingtons may arise to meet them in your sons—and that your daughters may grow into women such as *she* was, who blessed and illumined WASHINGTON'S HOME?

NEIGHBOR SMITH, AND I.

BY EARL C. BRONAUGH.

My neighbor Smith he has two farms,
Broad farms, of fertile soil,
And brawny hands and stalwart arms,
Three score, upon them toil.

Whilst I have one broad, bright, clean hearth,
A hearth of old-time style,
And two fair hands which sweep it, worth
The sixty, rank and file.

My neighbor has great barns, that groan
Beneath their loads of grain;
The flocks and herds he counts his own
His fields can scarce contain.

Well, we've two hearts as large, and right
Well stored with virtue's fruits,
And one act nourished there, is quite
Worth all my neighbor's brutes.

My neighbor Smith has gold to loan,
To those who pay per-cent.
But from his gates old beggar John
Is always empty sent.

Well, we have frugal fare, 'tis true,
But yet we can divide
With those who've none, and so we do,
And have enough beside.

My neighbor drives his "spanking span"
To church on Sabbath days,
The world calls him a happy man:
I wonder if he prays?

We walk—yes, through the blooming fields,
And hear the wild birds' lays,
And thus, you see, bright Nature yields
New matter for God's praise.

My neighbor has two children—yes,
But toilet-roses bloom
On their pale cheeks, and people say
They're rip'ning for the tomb.

While we have four, a ruddy clan,
Healthy, and hale, and spry—
Now which think you the richer man,
My neighbor Smith, or I?

"WAITING AT THE GATE."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh! April morn—so glad and bright—
How fair thou seem'st to me!
Thy gentle kisses touch my cheek,
And fill my heart with glee.
Why are my pulses thrilling so—
My spirits so elate?
Oh! softly let me whisper it—
She's "waiting at the gate!"

On! faster still, my bonny steed,
Shake out thy flowing mane;
And spurn the earth beneath thy feet
In gay and proud disdain!
The morn is very bright and fair,
But we must not be late;
For oh! I know a gentle one
Is "waiting at the gate!"

The fairy, blue-eyed maiden, Spring,
Seems tripping o'er my way,
With songs, and flowers, and loving wiles,
And beckons me to stay;
And bird-notes fill the sunny air—
"A song for every mate"—
I heed them not, for I've a love
"A-waiting at the gate!"

Just o'er yon hill, my bonny steed,
And then, with voice of glee,
Some one will pat thy arching neck,
And welcome you and me.
But gently now—we're almost there—
And what shall be my fate?
Ah! now I see—be still my heart!—
She's "waiting at the gate!"

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CORK-LEG.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

LOOKING-GLASSES have made their "reflections," chairs have attempted outlines of their "impressions," and even inkstands have, with much propriety, dabbled in literature; but cork-legs have never been given to talking, either of themselves or of others; to me, therefore, belongs the honor of bringing the race into notice.

I have no particular recollections respecting the period of my birth—indeed, I have more reason than "Topsy" to "spect that I growed;" but I believe that I slept until, with a sort of yawn, I awoke to the consciousness of existence, and the busy world around me. The first thing that struck me particularly was my own exquisite beauty; my shape was perfect, slender, but beautifully rounded—while the bend at my knee was natural enough to deceive a leg of flesh and blood. Quickly following upon this discovery was a feeling of superiority to all my companions; they were well enough, to be sure, the productions of the same hand—but I was the pearl of legs, the crowning work of my inventor—modeled in a moment of inspiration, and worked upon and polished off with great care and tenderness, for I was the favorite child of his genius.

Notwithstanding my attractions, however, I passed through a monotony of many weeks, still occupying the same quarters; while my common-place companions were walked off to begin their adventures. I panted for distinction, but I was particular respecting the means that led to it. I scorned the idea of being shackled to some coarse, vulgar body, no, indeed! I had made up my mind that I would belong only to some delicate, unfortunate lady, or a slender, refined man. And, in truth, I was only fitted for such; stout people and short people were obliged to discard me; after trying in vain to associate our uncongenial natures, they shook their heads and gave it up in despair; and one disappointed fat man, I believe, almost cried over me.

In the course of time, however, I found a master; one, too, after my own heart.

A plain, but handsome carriage stopped, one morning, before the door of my prison, and a gentleman and lady, one very distinguished-looking, the other rather common-place in appearance, entered the room of which I knew, by this time, every crack in the ceiling. I appropriated the gentleman at first sight, for he walked heavily with a cane, and I felt that my time had come.

I was produced at once, for any one could see, at a glance, that we were made for each other; and, after a short examination, I was purchased by my new master. I felt really proud of the figure I helped to support, and thankful to be transported to a more exciting sphere.

But, in order to explain properly how this came about, it is necessary to go back a little. Not that I would, by any means, claim the gift of ubiquity; but from conversation which occurred after my entrance into active service, and a certain readiness at "putting that and that together," I became aware of the circumstances.

"You remember our conversation by the library fire?" was a question so frequently repeated during those early weeks of my new life, that I kept all my energies awake to find out what the conversation alluded to was; but it was not long before I discovered that I had been the subject of it, and, after a short sojourn, I understood matters and things thoroughly.

I was surprised, although considerably relieved, to discover that the stout, fresh-looking lady, who answered to the name of Rebecca, was not the wife of my handsome master; and much more to my astonishment, this disinterested female, instead of employing her excellent opportunities to her own advantage, might be said actually to worry Mr. Mowerton to go forth and seek a wife elsewhere. She called him "Herbert," and I believe there was some distant cousinship between them; but they seemed to feel more like brother and sister, having been much together from earliest childhood.

For some years, Herbert Mowerton had been alone. When his father died, in the same old counting-house which had been Herbert's home ever since, his last near relative was gone: and lately, the old housekeeper, who had hectored him for so many years, that he could not remember the beginning of her sway, had followed her old master.

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Herbert's life was one of disappointment. Young, handsome, and ardent, he had longed to distinguish himself, and win a name to be entwined with the history of his country. This it was that took him to Mexico; but at the very outset of his career, a cannon-ball shattered his leg, and he returned home, a disappointed, crippled invalid. His wealth gave him no enjoyment—society was painful to him—and he was fast sinking into a gloomy misanthrope. Various substitutes for the lost limb had been tried in vain; they only increased his sufferings; and unable to endure them for any length of time, he threw them aside, and looked sadly forward to the life of a disfigured and useless cripple.

Rebecca Knorr was one of those admirable characters whom the world passes by with indifference, and yet which it could, by no means, dispense with. As free from the slightest taint of selfishness as it is possible for an erring mortal to be, she diffused the sunshine of her presence around on all with whom she came in contact; apparently looking upon the world as a great hospital, in which it was her office to bind up the wounds, soothe the suffering, and comfort the sorrowful. She did all this so naturally and quietly, that people actually persuaded themselves they had a *right* to call upon Rebecca Knorr on all occasions requiring energy and self-denial; and she went pleasantly from one task to another, a Sister of Charity in all but the name.

Even Herbert Mowerton, with all his refinement and fastidiousness, experienced a sort of mesmeric influence in Rebecca's presence and counsels; and in his new trouble, he sent a pathetic letter to his old playmate, beseeching her to come to his assistance. She lost no time in obeying the summons; and this brings us to the conversation by the library fire.

A very cosy place was that library. It was curtained and furnished with red, and had always a glowing fire of anthracite coal, that cast a cheerful light on the well-filled bookshelves, and soft-cushioned chairs and lounges; and so well did it suit my ideas of "what was what," that, when my master was not disposed to linger in this pleasant room, I always put in a remonstrance, in the shape of inconvenient bends, or *un*-bends, that usually produced the desired effect for a time, at least.

It happened to be a rainy day; and Herbert Mowerton, like most men who have no particular occupation, did not know what to do with himself. (This was before I came upon the stage.) He paced the room, looked out of all the windows, took down books and put them up again: and finally, in despair, he threw himself upon a lounge, and fell to studying Rebecca Knorr.

Hers was not a face, however, in which there was much to study; and Herbert found himself wishing that she had been younger and prettier. There was something irritating to his restlessness in the quiet way in which she pursued her knitting, (something for him, too, but that is man's gratitude!) and he presently burst forth upon the subject of his troubles.

Rebecca had said that she could not stay much longer; and he was enlarging upon the difficulties of getting a new housekeeper.

"*I* would get one of a different pattern, this time," observed Miss Knorr, significantly.

"I have no doubt that I shall!" groaned Herbert; "I should only be too thankful for a second edition of poor, old Mrs. Rinkle!"

"Poor, old Mrs. Rinkle" had been a dreadful scold; but like many another who has little deserved it, at her death she was canonized a saint.

"I meant a *wife!*" explained Rebecca, seeing that her meaning was quite misunderstood.

"A wife!" repeated Herbert, in astonishment; then he added more bitterly, "No, no, Rebecca—no woman whom I would have for a wife would have a poor, maimed, cripple like me for a husband—I am doomed to live and die *alone.*"

He turned his face away in sadness, for he had read of such things in books—he had seen his friends with beautiful and loving women lighting up their firesides—and he had dreamed that such blessedness had come to *him*—but he put it aside as only a dream.

Then good Rebecca, who was very matter-of-fact, touched with pity for the despairing tone and saddened face, tried to cheer him in her own quaint way; and she told him a wonderful story of a wonderful man, a friend of hers, who, meeting with more mishaps than usually fall to the lot of ordinary mortals, lost successively a leg, two arms, an eye, part of his scalp, and something in the region of his throat, (not knowing how much of this useful organ can conveniently be dispensed with, I have wisely forborne to particularize Miss Knorr's statement,) but far from allowing these little accidents to interfere with his matrimonial prospects, he went boldly forward and married the prettiest girl in the place!

Herbert laughed for some time, rather to Rebecca's mystification, for the good soul had related this marvelous experience with a perfectly grave face; but she was glad to see

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that her companion's melancholy had disappeared.

"Yes," she continued, with a bright smile, "get one of those new cork-legs, brush up your agreeableness a little, and then go forth into the world to conquer. *I* prophesy that your reward will be a sweet, young wife, who will soon make you forget that you were ever weary of life. Perhaps she may even like the old maid, Rebecca Knorr, a little—and then what pleasant times we can have together!"

Herbert smiled somewhat sadly, as he replied, "You know, Rebecca, that I have tried these artificial substitutes, and with what success. There is something so revolting, too, in the idea of art *personally*."

"That depends altogether upon circumstances," said Rebecca, energetically. "Do you suppose that, if, by some misfortune, I lost every hair on my head, I should make such a fool of myself as to go about with a bald and shining pate, because forsooth! I despised 'art?'"

The idea of Rebecca Knorr in such a predicament brought vividly before her companion the picture of a sleek monk, in those days when all good cheer paid toll at the convents. He smiled, in spite of himself; and Rebecca continued triumphantly,

"No, indeed; I should provide myself with a good wig without loss of time—but if people admired it, and were in danger of being deceived by it, I should tell them, at once, that it was an artificial embellishment."

"You are a brave woman," said Herbert, amused by her energetic manner.

"No," replied Rebecca, "only a truthful one. But that," she continued, briskly, "is neither here nor there—I am determined that you shall try one of these cork-legs. I am sure that you would like them; for they are very light, and at the same time strong."

Herbert was not very hopeful; but he suffered himself to be persuaded to a trial, and the result has already been told.

Weeks passed, and we got on admirably together, Herbert Mowerton was a different man; and Rebecca noted the change with triumph. No longer gloomy and desponding, he began to enjoy life, and to see beauty in everything around him. He had even evinced symptoms that the monotony of country life was becoming tiresome; and Rebecca, who considered him her own especial *protege*, and formed various plans for his happiness, proposed that he should emerge from his retirement and go into society.

"He had better," she said, "take up his quarters, for the winter, at some hotel in the city; he could there see the world in miniature, and be drawn from himself."

This, however, was a formidable step for one who had so long been a quiet recluse; but Rebecca was resolute, and returned to the charge again and again with praiseworthy perseverance.

"How can I possibly get along without *you?*" exclaimed Herbert, in a sort of comical distress, and actually shrinking from the idea of being set adrift in this way without Rebecca's good, sound sense to guide him.

"Oh!" she replied, laughing, "I will write you a book of directions, with special rules for critical occasions."

Herbert was decidedly more yielding than usual, and Rebecca talked on with fresh vigor; until, at length, just to get rid of her tongue, he said, he promised to follow her advice. I was very glad that he had arrived at this determination; for, to tell the truth, I was rather tired of the country, and, besides, I felt extremely anxious to see at whose feet I would be required to kneel.

Early in October, the little household was broken up; Rebecca Knorr going off to some other unfortunate family—while Herbert Mowerton and I, his now indispensable appendage, took up our abode in a neighboring city.

This hotel life was gay and pleasant; people seemed to have nothing to do but amuse themselves, and go on and on in an endless whirl of dissipation that was infinitely delightful. I watched jealously for the fiat of public opinion upon my master; and I soon discovered that we were entitled to hold up our head (I am sorry to say that there was but one between us) with the best of them.

They pronounced him "very interesting"—the golden halo reflected from his hundreds of thousands may have contributed to this; but the pallor of suffering still lingered upon his handsome features, and as I exerted myself faithfully to do *my* part, anything extraordinary in his gait was scarcely perceptible. Instead of being *neglected* by the community, he was rather troublesomely courted. Plausible widows paid him little attentions that were quite touching—ladies of an uncertain age were wreathed with smiles at his approach—but I must confess that the *very* young ones were not so assiduous.

Prudent mammas would frequently say, "Cora, my dear, play that new piece of yours for Mr. Mowerton," or "Anna, love, Mr. Mowerton speaks to you,"—but the Coras and Annas

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were somewhat absent in his society, and turned with alacrity to the first sprig of young America, with moustache and buff-colored gloves, that presented itself. Perhaps it was this very thing that fixed Herbert Mowerton's attention upon the star of them all.

A white-robed figure, with golden hair waving like rippled sunshine, and large, violet eyes, that looked purity itself, glided into the drawing-room, at a late hour, during one of the hops; and Herbert Mowerton, from his quiet corner, intently scanned this beautiful apparition.

She was leaning on the arm of a coarse-looking woman, many years her senior, who served as an admirable foil to the ethereal lightness of the young beauty. Mr. Mowerton kept his eyes fixed upon her during the time that she remained, and watched all her movements. She did not dance, she glided among the crowd, looking like a visitor from another sphere; but, once, she sat down at the piano and seemed to pour out her very soul in song, whose tender melancholy fairly thrilled the heart of her silent admirer.

She disappeared like a dream, at an aristocratically early hour; and Herbert Mowerton sat bewildered, almost doubting whether he had not been rapt in a vision. His first act, on coming to his senses, was to learn her name; and "Bertha Carleton" was repeated by him again and again, as though he would engrave those letters on his heart.

It was sometime before he obtained another glimpse of the face that had fascinated him; and when he saw her again, there was the same air of quiet unconsciousness about her, as though she fancied herself quite alone in the midst of a crowd. But Herbert could not remain satisfied with beholding his divinity at a distance; and he soon obtained an introduction to Miss Carleton.

She received him quietly and indifferently; and somewhat spoiled by the attentions that had been lavished upon him, he was piqued by her manner, and exerted himself to show her that the introduction *was* worth having. He was interesting, eloquent, brilliant; and yet she listened with a calm smile that was infinitely provoking—it seemed to say that she had seen agreeable people before.

But this was the very way to captivate Herbert Mowerton; and, every time they met, he became more deeply interested. She was not only beautiful, but there was something unique in her beauty, different from anything he had ever seen. Always dressed in white, there was a Madonna-like repose about her that reminded him of pictures of saints; and, before long, he bowed at her shrine in perfect adoration.

A silent looker-on can often see into things that escape the notice of those more interested; and somehow or other, Bertha Carleton did not convey to me the idea of a pure, unworldly being. I had seen a gleam of triumph in those blue orbs, as they sank beneath her lover's gaze; and I knew that the heart enshrined in that statue-like casket was throbbing with exultation.

Herbert seized the earliest opportunity to declare his love, scarcely daring to expect a return. What then was his rapturous surprise, when Bertha told him, in trembling accents, that she had loved him from the first!

The hour that succeeded flew on enchanted wings; and then the lover, unable to keep his happiness to himself, wrote to Rebecca Knorr an entire account of all that had transpired since his first meeting with Bertha. Rebecca smiled a little, when she read this epistle, and "hoped they would be happy."

Herbert now rejoiced in his wealth, since it enabled him to shower on Bertha, who had frankly told him that she was penniless, costly baubles and glittering ornaments, that seemed to him so much dross in comparison with her merits. "Tell me, dear Bertha," he would write, when enclosing, perhaps, a set of diamonds, "tell me if there is anything that I *can* do for you."

Surely, such love would ennoble almost any woman. And how did Bertha Carleton receive it?

Herbert was almost broken-hearted at the idea of parting with his beloved for a short time; but Bertha was firm against all his arguments, and insisted upon returning home with her aunt, who lived at some distance from the city, to make the necessary preparations for the wedding. She would write to him, she said, and tell him when he might join her; and the lover was obliged to submit.

But after one or two reveries upon the subject, Mr. Mowerton resolved to give his ladye-love a pleasant surprise; and in what I considered an extremely abrupt and flighty manner, he gathered together a few necessaries, and entering the cars unobserved, took a seat immediately behind the two ladies.

There he sat, waiting for Bertha to turn around and recognize him; but she was too much absorbed in talking to do anything of the kind. The very first remark arrested Herbert's attention, and he soon became spell-bound to the spot.

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"Well, Bertha," observed the older lady, "you *have* managed to secure a lover *this* time!"

"*Part* of one, you mean," said Bertha.

"Very true—but then half a loaf, my child, is better than no bread. It is wonderful how nicely you managed it; he is very devoted, too, poor fellow!"

"*Very*," rejoined the young lady, dryly, "rather troublesomely so. Of course," she continued, "I do not care a pin for the man, but I *do* care for his money; and when we are married, I shall enjoy the world, and leave him to his stupid books."

Poor Herbert! this was a cruel blow. I felt him trembling like an aspen-leaf, and his face was perfectly colorless; but there was a strange glare in the dark eyes that Bertha Carleton suddenly encountered—and, with that indignant gaze still fixed upon her, Herbert Mowerton passed before her into the next car.

She shrank beneath his look, and her face was as pale as his; but in that almost imploring expression there was no regret for the heart she had trampled on—only sorrow for the loss of the wealth that had slipped from her grasp. She never crossed Herbert Mowerton's path again.

On reaching the first station, Herbert took a return train, and was whirled back to the city.

Herbert Mowerton went back to his country home with his broken hopes and wounded heart. Rebecca Knorr came to him again, grieved and indignant; and she was so kind and sympathizing, that, after a few days spent in thinking the matter over, Herbert came to the conclusion that he had made a great mistake in expecting to find a loving, domestic wife in a city beauty; and very much surprised was our friend, Rebecca, at the turn which his thoughts suddenly took.

They were sitting together again in the library; there was no fire now, for it was summer, but the room was no less pleasant, with its open windows, through which came the flower-scented breeze.

"Rebecca," said Herbert, solemnly, "I have a great favor to ask of you."

Now Rebecca was at that identical moment engaged in hemming a table-cloth, a most uncongenial occupation at which to be made love to: such an idea was, however, as far as possible from her thoughts, and she answered very innocently,

"Granted, before it is asked. Nothing very formidable, I hope?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I want you to become my wife."

Rebecca let the table-cloth fall from her hands in sheer amazement, and gazed at Herbert as if trying to discover whether he had taken leave of his senses.

"Yes, Rebecca," he continued, "*you* know me just as I am—a querulous cripple, perhaps, but not insensible to kindness and affection. That I have always received from you—you are just the wife I need—and again I ask you if you will marry me?"

She looked at him a moment longer; yes, he certainly was serious about it, and she laughed outright.

Rebecca Knorr's laughing was no slight matter, she did it so heartily; but noticing the cloud on Herbert's face, she said kindly,

"Do not misunderstand me, Herbert; "I laugh at the idea of your turning to poor, dowdyish me, because you have been deceived by a heartless woman. You do not know *what* you want—but *I* know that you don't want *me*. You made a mistake, on one side, by selecting a brilliant belle; but *now* you are going just as far on the other side. No, no, Herbert—what you *do* want, is something between the two; and take courage, for I feel sure that you will find her yet."

Rebecca said this so positively that Herbert supposed she must be right; but he cared very little what became of him just then.

It was a settled maxim with Rebecca Knorr that every one ought to be in bed by ten o'clock; but it had struck twelve, and Herbert Mowerton still sat in my favorite room, gazing steadily out into the night. It was a few days after he had offered himself to Rebecca Knorr; and he smiled bitterly as he thought of the ill success of his wooing. He would give up all such dreams for the future; it had been folly in him ever to think of any other successor to poor Mrs. Rinkle but a common-place housekeeper, who did her work and received her wages; and if nothing happened on the morrow, he would himself go to the village in quest of one.

My master's rest, that night, was very much disturbed; and early in the morning he went off for a solitary ride, by way of composing his spirits.

But everything seemed to be against him; there had been a heavy rain the day before, and the horse found it hard work; when suddenly, he twisted his foot, and came to a stand still. Mr. Mowerton very composedly dismounted, and began leading the perverse quadruped. He appeared to be rather pleased than otherwise; it harmonized with the tone of his feelings to have this discomfort added to the

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rest; and with eyes fixed upon the ground, he proceeded slowly along until he entered upon a narrow footpath, bordered on both sides by masses of mud.

A lady was approaching from the opposite direction; and Mr. Mowerton had just collected his thoughts sufficiently to discover that the dry path was not broad enough for two, when, to his great distress, he perceived that she had already stepped into the mud, and waited for him to pass her.

She was a very agreeable-looking young girl, with an appearance of perfect health; and having recognized Mr. Mowerton at once, she instantly decided that a stand in the mud would prove much more serious for him than for her.

"You do not remember me, Mr. Mowerton?" said she, smiling upon his bewilderment.

It was just possible that he did not, for ten years had elapsed since he saw her; and Annie Dimpleton, one of the Rector's half dozen daughters, had changed, in that time, from a child of ten to a young woman of twenty. Annie had spent those ten years in a distant city with a rich relative, who had given her every advantage of education and society; but the frank, brown eyes, that Mr. Mowerton had praised in her childhood, retained the same sweet, unworldly expression, and gradually her identity dawned upon him.

"Miss Dimpleton!" he exclaimed, in much embarrassment, "I hope you will believe that, had I perceived you in time, I would not have permitted this?"

Now Annie was a sensible girl, as well as a kind-hearted one; and the reader is not to suppose that she still remained standing in the mud; no, indeed, she had landed on *terra firma* some time since, and she now replied frankly, "I knew that you did not see me—but I am most unromantically blessed with good health, and a momentary acquaintance with the mud will not injure me in the least."

Mr. Mowerton was endeavoring to recall the "little Annie" of former days, but she had acquired so many new charms that it was a difficult task. The face, shaded by a simple straw bonnet, although not beautiful, was, nevertheless, attractive from its youth and intelligence; and Annie became somewhat embarrassed by his protracted gaze. Herbert saw this, and said, as he remembered his horse,

"Your kindness, Miss Dimpleton, encourages me to offer the usual beggar's petition, to 'help a poor man,' and if you can direct me to some one who understands repairing lame horses, you will increase my obligations to you."

Annie was one of those persons who always know exactly what is necessary to know; and having directed him to a place, which, fortunately, happened to be near, she pursued her homeward route.

Rebecca Knorr was informed of this adventure; but, being a wise woman on such occasions, she said nothing. She did, however, make an early call at the Rector's, whose family she considered that she had neglected very much of late; and she mentally pronounced Annie the flower of the flock of daughters who came into the parlor to entertain her.

The worthy spinster talked eloquently of Herbert Mowerton's trials and loneliness; and the good Rector, who remembered that Herbert's father had been a faithful churchwarden, made him an early visit, and invited him warmly to the rectory. Mr. Mowerton speedily availed himself of this invitation, and soon found a visit there an excellent cure for low spirits.

A little circumstance, trifling in itself, but singular in the way of coincidence, happened, one evening, when Rebecca and her *protege* were taking tea at the rectory. They played "Consequences," and when the pieces of paper were read out, amid much laughter, the company were informed that "Miss Annie Dimpleton and Mr. Mowerton met in a mud-puddle," and then followed the usual incongruous consequences.

The parties thus coupled together looked so remarkably conscious and confused, that every one wondered what there was in this nonsense to embarrass them so—every one but Rebecca Knorr, she alone knew of the *real* meeting in a mud-puddle.

When winter approached, Annie received a warm invitation from her city relative to return to the cosy nest she had left.

"It is scandalous," urged the writer, "after the trouble I have had with you, these ten years, to settle quietly down in the country to become an old maid, or the wife of some humdrum clergyman or farmer. I intended to cultivate a Mr. Mowerton for you—a splendid man, with a nice fortune. He lives somewhere in the country, but I heard that he spent his winters in the city, and I think I could have managed it. To be sure, he has a cork-leg, but that is a trifle compared——"

At this interesting juncture, Annie's laughter was suddenly cut short by a summons to her father's study. When the Rector had a solemn reproof to administer, or an offer to communicate, he always held audience in his study; and it was difficult to determine beforehand which of the two was in store.

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Annie was not left long in doubt, however; and what the father and daughter said, on this occasion, is of no material importance. Dr. Dimpleton had known Herbert Mowerton from a boy—his character was unblemished—and if Annie chose to overlook his nearly two score years, and his infirmity, (meaning *me*, I suppose!) why, one of his six daughters would be comfortably provided for.

Annie's reply must have been satisfactory; for, before long, there was a new housekeeper where one had been for some time needed, and she was as unlike old Mrs. Rinkle as May is unlike December.

Annie's rich relative observed, at the wedding, that, "after all, chance was everything—and for all that she saw to the contrary, Annie might as well have been left to vegetate at the rectory those ten years." But *my* opinion is, that, in that case, she would not have been half so interesting, and that Herbert Mowerton would not have thought so either.

Rebecca Knorr spent the anniversary of the wedding with them; and Mr. Mowerton began to express his gratitude to the sensible spinster for her good advice, to which he attributed his present happiness; then he blessed his escape from Bertha Carleton—he had told Annie that story; then he became intensely grateful to his horse for getting lame; but Rebecca, who, as I said before, was practical, roused him to a sense of *my* neglected merits by exclaiming,

"*I* think, that, after all, that new cork-leg had a great deal to do with it!"

THERE WAS A TIME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

There was a time in days gone by,
When all thy smiles were bright;
When every glance from out thine eyes
Poured forth a flood of light;
When thy sweet voice, so soft and pure,
As it fell on the ear,
Almost convinced us that, indeed,
An angel hovered near.

There was a time, when 'neath the stars
We gazed upon the sky;
And watch'd the moon break through the clouds
As they went fleeting by;
Oh! then, from all things we drew hope,
As bees draw sweet from flowers,
And many a happy home we made
Amidst Spring's earliest bowers.

Few years have past, and yet to me
How alter'd dost thou seem;
I scarce can trace within thine eye
One glance of sunny beam;
Thy voice, which was so joyous once,
Has lost its gayest tone;
And 'midst the crowd of fashion's mart
Thou seem'st to stand alone.

Oh! let the days of old lang syne
Return again to us,
Let not our friendship and our love
Be trampled in the dust;
For though we are no longer young,
Yet let our bosoms glow
With the same true affection as
They did in days ago.

POESY.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Weary and bound! oh! poesy,
Bright spirit! idol of my heart—
I, but a humble devotee,
Bow meekly wheresoe'er thou art!

Blest soul of love, of joy, and truth,
Thou fadeless beauty, fresh and free,
Thou stream of song that charmed my youth,
A weary bound one cries for thee!

Before me in the starry light,
I watch thy quenchless fountain's play,
Oh! for thy sweet bewitching might,
To wash all earthly power away!

Do tell the thoughts that upward spring,
The dreams all bright and beautiful—
Like music softly echoing
Across the dreamy water's lull.

Unrest! unrest! forever bound,
And chafed with restless, longing thought;
Immortal music all around,
But my bound spirit answers not!

Oh! Earth, oh! Time, oh! Thou my God!
When will this mortal bondage cease?
When laid this chain beneath the sod?
When rest the soul in endless peace?

By the wild prayers I strive to speak;
By the sweet songs of angels free;
By the strong power I vainly seek;
By hopes, tears, loves—oh! answer me!

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THE COVERED HEART.

BY ANNE MATILDA WILSON.

ALICE CAMPION, the orphan heiress, had long cherished in secret a timid passion for Roland Home, which, however, he was slow to divine. Rumor explained this by reference to a proud, but rarely beautiful woman, well known in certain circles, and with whose name Roland Home's had been often associated, in times gone by. Yet, whatever mystery might attach to that ruptured connection, Alice certainly found no fault with the late devotion of her suitor; but, on the contrary, his marriage tenders were joyfully accepted, and the day even hastened, in meek compliance with his grave solicitation—a fact by no means singular, when one considers the attractive person of Roland Home, the fineness of his manners, as well as a certain silence of demeanor likely to have great weight with impressible women; since, representative of passionate and mysterious power, it has all the strangeness of the sublime, with none of its attending pain. But sometimes it is only the veil of Charlatanism, and only covers vacuity; yet hardly in the present case, for Roland Home carried on his brow the traces of manly thought, and his lips, with all their willfulness, had the melancholy significance of passion—passion gone astray, perhaps, but human passion still.

Meanwhile the nuptials were gay and brilliant, since neither expense nor invention were spared to grace suitably this union of beauty and genius. Alternate smiles and blushes illumined the fair face of the bride, dimly visible under fleecy lace and flowers, as a star dawning from the mist. Happiness has virtue to bring out beauty, even from a plain face; and on this special occasion it so transfigured Miss Campion's girlish figure, that some superstitious individuals, clustering in a shadowed embrazure of the hall, were heard to whisper inauspiciously of "dying flashes," and of that ominous exhilaration sometimes said to attend the foredoomed; while others again, declared that Alice impressed them with the idea of a triumphant soul treading the way to paradise.

How her light feet twinkled in the dance, timing deeper music than that of the orchestra! And how sweet the laugh pealing in sudden joy, as if it were "a joy forever!"

Yet Roland looked on, grave and pale, and the circle of silence around him rather widened than narrowed. It might be the silence of profound happiness, of mournful regrets, or of changeless resolution; nevertheless it was silence, deep and awful, and every one present, except Alice, so felt it, particularly when the disposition of his right hand was observed; for strangely enough he carried it in his bosom, over his heart, nor withdrew it during the evening, an action too eccentric to escape remark; hence the many rumors pretending to account for it.

One asserted the hand had been burned off in ministering to some proud caprice of Ida Hallam's; another declared Roland to be the victim of an incurable malady of the heart, whose paroxysm of pain he vainly sought to mitigate by extraneous pressure; while others, no better informed, maintained that the hand was there to moderate violent joy, which may be as destructive to the springs of life as pain; and again others were not wanting, who, from an action so trivial, drew evil augur for the future felicity of the newly wedded; for everywhere there are persons to whom all things have a malign aspect, who absorb darkness instead of sunshine, and so live, croaking like the raven, from the abundance of their own night. And, after all, Roland Home's hand upon his heart might be only an unconscious habit, to which his prominent share in the evening's ceremony had first drawn attention.

However that may be, it did not escape the eyes of the bride. Yet Alice was less affected than others with its strangeness. She only thought it added strikingly to the effect of his noble person, producing a yet stronger impression of collected and sustained manhood, not surpassed by any previous attitude of his she could remember. She was not even dismayed, when, after passing the ring to the minister, with his disengaged left hand he joined hers with the same, pronouncing the eternal vow of love, in a voice, whose hollowness must have struck warning to any heart less preoccupied than her own. But Alice was only conscious of her own exceeding fullness, and happily had no thought beyond, "I am his, and he is mine," which the occasion might well justify.

Yet surprise and pain grew in her bosom,

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when, in the bridal tour that followed, the hand was not withdrawn. If he caressed her, that mute, unintelligible member was always there, chilling and thrusting her back with a strange power. And, even if she rested in his bosom, the hand was still between, like a thick wall through which heart could not answer unto heart: so silence fell between them; for Alice could not forget the dreary, intervening hand: and yet that was the one theme upon which her lips sealed themselves. She could not shape into speech the deathly fear that possessed her, she had no words for the vague misgivings of her soul.

I have said she could not forget; yet this would sometimes happen, as once, when wandering with Roland, in a peaceful valley, embosomed like a nest of greenery, in the bend of a silvery river, she cried, with passionate yearning,

"Oh! if it were possible for the water to wind around, and lock us here, forever, from the rest of the world!" To which his absent smile must have been sufficiently chilling, without the pain of a more unmistakable reply.

"Wish no such isolation, at least for me, Alice; it would be slow death."

And his eye dropping, she remembered the covered heart, and was silent again, knowing it would be, indeed, as he said; so the wish went out in the very moment of its kindling and never flickered again.

It was not long before a feeling came over her, as if the doors of her home were locked—a feeling which grew and strengthened when the two were fairly established in the quiet and security of the noble old country house, descending upon Alice with the remainder of her patrimony; and whither her husband's sister, at his earnest invitation, had likewise come to live.

Elvira Home, in many respects, strongly resembled her brother. Tall, dark, and grave, she had the same high lineaments, the same mysterious sweetness haunting the willful mouth; with the same full, melancholy eyes. But Elvira's contained more intensity than his: indeed this was so much the case that her presence was oppressive to weak and nervous organizations.

Alice instinctively shrunk from her. She knew not why. Possibly Elvira made no effort to win the confidence of her young sister-in-law; for she was taciturn in common with most thoughtful natures. But, however that may be, the two lived entirely apart, not estranged, since they had never been together, but removed like souls in separate spheres; for Elvira was strong and self-sufficient, while Alice was a human ivy, weak, and clinging to every support within reach that did not positively repel.

Not unfrequently Alice beheld Elvira's intense gaze riveted upon Roland, and especially it dwelt upon the covered heart; after which she never failed, herself, to become the subject of those bright and searching eyes, in which sorrow and compassion, with something of scorn, forever blended. Often and again she would think to evade that gaze, whose secret sympathy, with its still disdain, grew insufferably painful at last. Yet ever it searched her out, as with a sort of fearful magnetism, constraining her to look up and face it like an ugly truth. In truth, in occasional losses of feverish thought, both those eyes of Elvira's seemed to melt into one large, luminous orb, which, shining from the centre of her forehead, presented a clear and mirror-like surface, in whose depths, brokenly reflected, would appear the dreadful mystery of the covered heart; yet ever before she could pluck it up from its drowning depths, diving back again, it would be swiftly lost, like a dolphin, sunning himself for a moment on the surface of the ocean, and then buried beneath the broken brightness of the waters almost as soon as seen; whilst nothing remained behind but a pair of intelligent eyes, with which Alice could but wonder, as they bent over book or drawing, that her wild fancy had taken such liberty; and a sense of intolerable pain, sinking all the more deeply that it was nameless and unspoken.

Neither was Elvira's the only face that cast a troublous shadow on Alice's life. True, the other was but seen at long intervals, and yet, glancing past her in giddy dances, in picture gallery, church, or street, it was lighted with the triumph of an eye avenging ancient wrong, speaking more plainly than in words,

"I wish you joy of your covered heart, Alice Home."

After which Alice was sure these eyes, at some time or other, had been permitted to look into the covered heart, and if they would, could tell her more than she knew. Yet that fair woman never crossed Roland Home's threshold, nor was her name ever spoken in his house. But unspoken names are none the less present. And most likely Alice had some such vague thought, as sitting apart in silence and shadow, which all the ruddy glow of the evening fires could not light up, she would hear Roland and Elvira speak strange words, to whose meaning she could attain by no effort of thought. And after which Elvira's smile would seem to say,

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"You cannot comprehend us. We are a peculiar and sacred family—the oldest aristocracy under the sun; whilst you are of the people, born to serve as a hand-maiden. Foolish child! to look so high, it is no union, but an alliance! Bear it as best you may, and let the covered heart alone, nor fret your poor brain with our strange speech; for you will never know it—never!" The great chambers drearily echoing, "Never! never!"

"Aspire not after us, poor child! It is as great a gulf as that between Dives and Lazarus. At the castle of gods we are fed by invisible priests—warmed at a greater altar than the sun's; and knowing a ministry more virginal than moon and stars, we rise in our growth till the lark is a speck beneath us, and his song a far away echo. Can you make wings of your jewels to follow? Gold is good, and it is power; but will it satisfy hunger? King Midas starved on gold, and gold is your gift—gold, gold!" So significant a smile may be! and yet unanswerable. And what gave peculiar poignancy to this smile was, that when Roland would dwell on some heroic deed, his kindling eyes forever sought Elvira's in sympathy, passing by Alice like a shadow; so, also, when he had a thought to communicate, it was to her that he turned for answer. Whilst Elvira, whenever she liked, might come in and out of the dim, west chamber, wainscoted with oak, and lined to the ceiling with dark volumes, and huge folios, in strange characters, where Roland passed his days; but whither, if Alice stole sometimes from her dreary self, she must needs feel the weight of a loneliness more awful than elsewhere, in the presence of the great dead, who, through her husband's forbidding courtesy, seemed to frown her back as an intruder in their august circle. Hence her visits became rarer and rarer, till at last she went no more; though sometimes standing on the outside, in the dark, she would press her pale face against the panes, and gaze in, with consuming eagerness not unmingled with a sort of fearful, shuddering curiosity. On such occasions she never failed to see Roland and Elvira, side by side, bending over some mysterious volume; and once a pale halo playing around, above whose lambent flame their twin heads seemed bursting into resplendent flowers, rare and dazzling beyond anything even in a tropical flora. But delirious fires probably shed their fantastic light on such visions; for Alice was a frail woman, at best, and the covered heart had made sad havoc with her health.

It could have been only fever that gave her courage, at length, to cry,

"Roland, take away the hand and let me see your heart!"

The tones were full of pathetic entreaty. Nevertheless, Roland only replied to it by stroking her brown hair mechanically, and smiling down upon her, as one on a child asking a precocious question, the answer to which would be neither judicious nor comprehensible; still it soothed her for the time, like an anodyne a chronic pain, and she sobbed herself to sleep upon his bosom.

But this could not last; and, again casting herself at his feet, and clinging to him with passionate embraces, she pleaded, piteously,

"Roland! Roland! take away the hand from your heart! It will drive me mad!"

It was a prayer to reach a heart of marble, and accordingly there was rustling and stir under Roland's immaculate linen, as if the hand struggled to release itself.

But Elvira's voice calling from the garden, "Roland!" he pressed it down close again, like a stone moved by some convulsion from beneath; and, as a frown gathered upon his brow, uttered the stern command,

"Never speak of it again!"

The whisper of the tragic voice, sounding like thunder to her terror-stricken ears, so paralyzed her twining arms, that she fell away from him like the arms of a dead woman, and trailed upon the ground, never more to clasp him through all her injured life again.

From that day the brightness went out of her eye, and the rose—the last lingering rose of her brief summer—faded in her cheek. More heavily her step fell upon the garden walk, and more lingering every day, as she came down the broad staircase from her bridal chamber, where Roland's measured kindness struck more fatally than anger could have done.

The house, in the meanwhile, assumed a strange aspect, everything changing its character to her gloom-haunted gaze. The lace draperies floating over the windows in sunny fleeces had a funeral air; the glancing marbles seemed like a family of sisters frozen into stone by her speechless grief; the fountains were fountains of tears flowing in mute sympathy with her passion; whilst the spacious chambers, illuminated with mellow pictures, seemed haunted with shadows, and rustling with unearthly sounds. Now it was of gliding feet; then a flutter, as of soft garments; and again sad, swelling sighs, accompanied with floating melodies, plaintive in their dying sweetness, as the death-song of the swan.

A bird singing in the elm branches, on a

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summer's day, seemed at a distance as inconceivable as her own youth; and when a stray gleam of sunshine chanced to slant through the shaded panes of flint glass, it showed her chamber a great grave; whilst in its light she beheld herself the ghost—she was haunting her own inanimate remains. But, perhaps, the strangest hallucination of all was, that Roland Home, the accomplished scholar and gentleman, was no more human, but a man of marble, petrified by his own right hand.

Of course such a notion could only proceed from the hectic with which Alice was slowly consuming; despite sagacious doctors recommending iron, when the iron had already entered her soul.

What careful nurses they placed around her! What vials and what delicacies loaded the table at her bedside! And, above all, how tenderly they shielded her from the autumn winds! she who had lived in Arctic coldness so long. She said they were preparing to bury her before death; and, probably impelled by some such fancy, she contrived, one night, to evade her nurses, and steal away, in her muslin night-robe, and with slipperless feet, to the dim, oaken chamber, where Roland passed so much time. Lifting the latch softly, she saw him within, sitting alone, asleep, in his great velvet-cushioned chair, as insensible to the gliding ghost beside him as to the gusty winds outside ringing such wild and mournful music from the solemn harp-strings attached to the casements of the chamber.

How, indeed, like marble he looked! not a hair stirring on his sculptured brow; not a shadow, not a motion, except as the deep chest heaved with irregular breathing—heaved and fell again with its burden of inexplicable life.

Then it came into Alice's heart, as she bent toward him in overwhelming return of the old passionate love, to lift the hand unknowingly, and see into the covered heart a moment. It was a thought no sooner born than acted upon. And the terrible energy—the energy of despair—with which she clasped his arm must have inevitably accomplished its purpose, had not—oh! fatal discovery!—the flesh of the two so inseparably knit together, that human strength was powerless to wrench them apart. Why should she clasp her two hands to her face? It was a flash to smite one stronger than Alice—that blinding vision of a woman, with the willow branch waving in fair locks, putting insane memories of Ida Hallam in her head.

But Alice's hot clasp, or the laughter must have disturbed Roland's sleep, for he knitted his brows uneasily, and with a motion of his right arm murmured,

"Closer! closer! that no eye may behold the vultures eating beneath—eating, yet never gorged."

Could it have been the wild, east wind that made her sink so heavily at his feet, winding her silken tresses about her bosom, as if to warm its sudden coldness? For it was thus Roland found her, hours afterward, when he wakened from his long slumber.

"Now you will lift the cover, Roland," cried Elvira, "and face the world with an open eye again. You know the path leading through the meadow, and across the rivulet to where the old cottage stands? And who is coming to meet you from the doorway, her willow changed to palms, and the smile shining as you left it?"

But Roland, shaking his head sadly, pointed to the hushed image beside him.

"The work of destruction is completer in me than in her; and, if I would, I cannot now uncover the heart—see!" and he showed her how the one had become a part of the other. "As for the path to the cottage, it is wild and rank with weeds, and she who is waiting in the doorway is a stranger."

"Nevertheless," said Elvira, when Roland had turned away, "he will sculpture a covered heart upon her monument, as a penitential offering to her manes; and then for the cottage again! A man is a man, and nothing under the sun is everlasting but love."

I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

BY ARDELL CHARIDEN.

Down by the weeping willow
I am waiting, love, for thee;
The moon in glory is rising
Far over the billowy sea;
The starry armies of Heaven
Are gleaming above in the sky;
And afar on old ocean's bosom
The ships go sailing by.

Down by the weeping willow
I am waiting, sad and alone;
The night wind, sweeping the ocean,
Has a low and sorrowful tone;
The waves sound like funeral marches,
As they break on the desolate lea;
While here, in the gathering shadows,
I am waiting, dearest, for thee.

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THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 297.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The 14*th.*

"MISS BURNHAM."

"What, dear?"

She did not answer. She was on a low seat at my side, where she had been some time, thoughtfully stroking Donna's head.

"What is it, blessed girl?" I repeated.

"Is it wicked to wish that anybody was dead? when you can't help it? when you can't, any way, help wishing so, if you try ever so hard?"

"Why, dear? why do you ask?"

"Because I can't help wishing, sometimes, that Mrs. Blanstone was dead, I *hate* her so sometimes!"

"Why, Rose, dear!"

"I do! She asks me such bad questions! and when I keep saying I don't know, she says 'don't?' or 'that's strange!' or some such thing, and it makes me feel so angry, the way she says it! She and Mrs. Hapgood were talking about me at the dinner-table, to-day; I knew they were, for I watched them after I saw one particular look of Mrs. Blanstone, and they kept looking out to where I was; with bad looks too, as if they thought I was bad; and, after dinner, Mrs. Hapgood came along, a little at a time, till she was where I was; and then *she* began to ask me questions, to say 'em,' 'indeed?' and 'ah?' At last I wouldn't speak to her, and then she went off with her back toward me, looking just as haughty as she could, and I grew so angry! I'm sorry, darling Miss Burnham. I know how it will be, after this; I shall be angry every day, perhaps! I shall be afraid all the time, that they are talking about me, and shall keep watching them and be so angry!"

How the tender form writhed with the inward pain! How pale was the young, sweet face! how mournful were the tones!

"Never mind, dear," said I, at length, my heart throwing off its pain. "They are only *two women;* that is all. And the women in this world, where there is so much to hinder one's doing right; and the men too, dear, are so full of weakness and error, at the best, so liable any time to do, or say, or look the things that are wrong, when they themselves would be the gladdest of anybody, if they could always do, say, and look the things that are right, that we mustn't let our comfort hang on them. They are weak creatures, at the best. We are weak. We are all weak, erring wanderers, at the best. Christ died for us all, we are all such sinners. He is the eternal Shepherd of us all, we are all such wanderers!"

"Don't you wish we weren't such wanderers, darling Miss Burnham? that we were all good? I'll tell you!" she added, her face faintly brightening, "don't you wish you and I and poor little Donna, that never, never, never asks anybody any bad questions, could go away somewhere to some beautiful place, where anybody else wouldn't come? Or, if we are here, don't you wish those women weren't here where we are?"

"I don't know as I do, dear. I wish everybody was filled with happy, kind, large thoughts toward each other, and toward all life; but if unpleasant things are said to one and another, they may as well be said to us, as to another. We can bear them as well as another. There is no reason why our part of the sea of life should always be calm, and we have nothing to disturb our voyage, when for others there are so many storms and fears. No, dear; we are going home; to our beautiful, heavenly home, upon this sea; and we will bear what comes. We will not do a wrong, a wicked thing in our hearts, be cross, angry, and suspicious, because others, who haven't so much to think about, so many things to make them content and good-natured as we have, are foolish, ill-bred, and filled with all manner of weak curiosity. We, at least, as far as we are able, will be what God requires all his earthly children to be, loving and kind. We will be kind even to the disagreeable people. We will let them be just where they are, ever so near us; and perhaps we will do them good, put some good thoughts into them. Wouldn't this be a blessed thing, my blessed girl, to do them good?"

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"Why, yes, if she only knew how, blessed Miss Burnham," warbled the voice. "How could she? If they came to her again and asked her questions, what should she say?"

"She should just look them gently in the face and tell them the honest truth—that she didn't know," I answered, "and not be in the least offended; not in the least. If she was in the least offended, she did wrong; if she watched them, or thought about what they would say, she did wrong; for, what they said was nothing to her; that was between them and their God; but what she herself did, and felt, and said, was something to her; was between herself and God; and God, the dear, good, loving Father, the Holy Being, would see and know it all. So she must keep a good, loving heart toward God, toward everybody."

"Let me go to Mrs. Hapgood's door and tell her I want to kiss her and say good night to her!" said she, her face beaming, her eyes filled with tears. "May I? I want to. I should feel better here!" spreading her hand on her heart.

"Yes," I said, "go, dear. Ask her if she will take a walk with us in the morning, if it is as pleasant as it was this morning."

When she came back she said, "I *like* Mrs. Hapgood! she's good! likely as not a great many of the folks are, that we don't like; likely as not!"

"Likely as not," I answered. "Nobody but God can know."

"No; nobody but God," she replied. "I said, 'I want to kiss you, Mrs. Hapgood. I was cross out in the verandah; I'm sorry. I want to kiss you.' And, in a minute, when I said this, she had the kindest face! Then I said, 'I don't know anything about my father, you see, Mrs. Hapgood. I don't know as I ever had any; but I suppose I did have, once.' Then she smiled and led me into her room farther, and called me a good little girl! a little woman! and filled my pocket—see! with lozenges, and laughed because her big, right hand wouldn't go into my pockets—'cunning' pockets, she called them. And she says she will walk with us and be glad to. She sent love and her good night to you. I'm glad I went! She said she wished I'd come and see her every day. Oh! and, Miss Burnham, if I had done as Mrs. Hammond told me to!"

"What did she tell you to do?"

"Why, when I told her about their asking me questions, she said it was none of their business! and I had better tell them so! What if I had? and I should, if you hadn't happened to be here to tell me different! I love you so, darling, for telling me different! Now I shall remember it, and know what to do if people keep asking me. But I hope they won't! do you suppose they will?"

I do suppose they will, unless the nature of her parentage is truthfully avowed, so that all in the house, all in whatever house or neighborhood she may at any time be, may know everything, and so have a chance to settle down upon it. She must be told the whole truth, in such a way that she shall feel it no shame upon herself. She must be told that her parents sinned, terribly; but that they are not the only ones who sin terribly; that we are all such sinners in God's sight, such wanderers from Him, such worshipers of this poor place, the earth, instead of Him, that no one has any right to despise her mother, much less her, an innocent, precious little girl. Others must see how erect and peacefully she stands and moves in her innocence, her truthfulness, and must love her the more for her early sorrow, so that the sorrow shall be turned by love into peace. I see it all. I know as well what to do, as if an angel from heaven had told me. Oh! but, I ask myself, is it not sadder than the grave, that such necessity exists for such action?

CHAPTER XXXII.

The 16*th.*

It is all over. He is no more mine. I am no more his. He goes his way, I go mine. We shall both suffer much; this is certain for every soul born upon the earth; we shall both get much refreshment as we go, I hope, since refreshment comes, even in the hardest strait, to the soul that loves, is patient, and does right.

He says, "It is as much as he can stand;" I say it is as much as I can bear. My tears stream, I am so lonely! I pity him so! I sink and pray; turn my eyes upward, strive to lift my soul upward, to lay it at Christ's feet. I shall have help soon, that I know. I never yet have prayed and striven in darkness, that light did not at length come beaming. This time it will come with no high noon-day radiance. I am sure of this. Such light lies no more on my path this side of the gate of heaven.

Evening.

My father has written to me that he is sorry, of course, that things have taken such an unlooked-for turn, but he can't say that he blames me; my mother, he adds, says she cannot. They both see from my letter that I am doing as I think I ought. They both hope it will turn out right. But they don't expect me to stay away from my home; they have missed me, they miss me now. They both think I had better bring

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the girl and place her at Miss Haley's boarding-school, Concord, where I can go every week, oftener if I want to, to see her. They think, and my uncle Julius does the same, that Miss Haley is, no doubt, the one to respect and love the child just as much as if she were of legitimate birth; is the one to lead her young ladies and others to respect and love her as much. Having hit upon this plan, which they believe I will fall in with, they feel more at ease, all of them.

Rosenvelt, they write, would start for the South in a day or two, as no doubt he had told me in his reply to mine. Would I not be well enough to come soon? At any rate, come when I would, I was their good, dutiful child, and always had been. So no more, at that time, except that they were my affectionate and waiting parents. Then followed both names; and there were tear-drops, let fall by my beloved mother when she wrote her name. I have answered them at once, and told them both how dear they are to me; how their kindness has brightened my difficult way; have written to Rosenvelt, begging him to stay, that I may see him when I come. I have shown him that there is no reason why he should go, as I shall leave Rose at Concord.

Later.

Mrs. Harrington was sitting with me in my room, this evening, and, after a little pause in the conversation, she said, "I have my doubts about Mrs. Mayfield. I think they will be obliged to take her to Worcester."

I looked up inquiringly, and she went on, "I think the symptoms grow upon her."

"Symptoms of what?" asked I.

"Symptoms of insanity; don't you know? haven't you heard? that is queer! why, they're afraid of insanity, her health is so poor, she has had this low fever and melancholy so long, and it has such effect on her brain and whole nervous system! They were in hopes the water treatment would cure her. But she lost her baby, all the child she had, in June, and it seems likely to kill her—or worse. She didn't *show* the symptoms much, when she came here. She was only pale—of a lead-like paleness—and so melancholy! She has never been at the table, although she is well enough for this, so far as her bodily strength is concerned; bodily strength, I say, as if the legion of white cords, called nerves, weren't as much a part of the body as the bones are and the muscles! Her nerves are so weak she can't come; she herself told me so one day, when I urged her. This is the reason she never mixes with the other patients. Mrs. Blanstone thought it was because she was so 'aristocratic,' you know, and admired it beyond measure. Strange you haven't heard about this before! strange we haven't before happened to speak of it together! Her husband has gone to Oregon; this is the worst of it; went in June, just before the little one died."

"Her husband?" said I, not daring to look up and show her my face—not daring to let her hear my voice in one more word.

"Yes; he had some appointment there, or something. The time will soon be out for him to come. Then perhaps she will be better. I hope she will; she is a sweet woman and it seems so sad."

"They live in Philadelphia?"

"Yes. Mr. Mayfield has his home with them, I believe. How do you like him?"

"I don't know."

"Don't?" with the up and down inflexion. "That's curious. When will you know, I wonder?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Oh! ho! if that isn't funny!"

Morning.

Just then, word came to us that Professor Hall, one of the patients, was showing some beautiful drawings below, and we went down to see them. They were his own, and were very beautiful; were of castle and glen, of mountain, ruin, lake, and stream and fall, and there they all were before his eyes, mementoes of the pleasant places he will see no more forever, for his health and strength are gone. He lived it all over again and said, "Here it was so and so"—"Here, within this dark ruin, it was so and so. I shall never forget *that* day while I remember anything." "Yes, that little girl was actually there, carrying her bundle of sticks. Children begin early there to carry their burdens. But they sing, carrying them. This little girl sang; only it was a sad song; I can hear it this moment."

I am ashamed and humbled thinking of what happened while we were there looking at the poor man's drawings. I despise myself for it, and see how easily sin besets one; how easily, if one does not watch and guard oneself, one may any moment become oneself a castaway, in those very graces and charities one has preached to others. I said I longed to be able to draw like that; he answered, "I will teach you; you will easily learn." If we had been in Tuscany, beside that little child with the bundle of sticks, I should probably have poured out my thanks and glad assent. As we were here in New Eng-

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land, where even the chairs are not allowed to be out of their rows, where, as yet, we are a law unto ourselves less frequently than our neighbors are our law, I answered him with snowy formality, thinking within myself that I must first learn something of his antecedents, who he is, what he is, whether he is professor of some grand branch of science or letters, at some grand college, or is some poor, out-of-the-way creature, who, some way, somewhere, has been covered with a pretentious empty title. I must first learn how he stands with Mr. Mayfield, with the ex-Senator; whether they let him come to their side as their peer. But I despised myself in two minutes for that miserable thought of pride and subserviency. My heart ached when I saw him with his back turned, carrying away his drawings. That he is poor, I have no doubt; for his clothes, although worn with neatness, are seedy and old-fashioned compared with those worn by the rest of the gentlemen here. This should make me the kinder to him, that is all. For the rest, it is all between his own soul and God, not between him and me. There is nothing in him that can harm me; there may be something in me that can do him good, give him comfort. There are many, this I believe, both among men and women, especially among young men and young women, who cannot stand securely unless the influences of good people, or, at least, of people with fair morals, are about them to uphold them. These must be careful where, at whose side, they stand, lest they go downward, lest they imbibe deterioration to their morals, or their manners, lest their spirits do not only fail in getting good, but do get positive evil. They are not yet ready to be leaders, consolers, teachers; and until they are, it is necessary for them to be led, taught, consoled. But for me, of one thing I am sure—no creature on this earth can harm me if I am loyal in my own keeping. No man, or woman, or child is so little respectable, so corrupt, wretched, insane, so ragged and filthy, that, looking into her or his eyes, I do not, as it were, look into his or her soul and see God there calmly presiding over it. Even so wretched, and despised, and downtrodden of men, there is God in his holiness and strength, keeping watch over the undying soul of his child. I say to that man—"You are not my Lazarus, on whom my tears of loss shall fall, or my John, who shall lean on my shoulder sitting at meat; but you are my brother; stay here by me and be helped and comforted." To the woman I say—"You are not my Mary, to sit at my feet, or my Martha to serve me; but you are my sister, let me help and comfort you. Poor creature! the world has been hard on you; stay here by me and be comforted." Neither have I fear of animals. So, to me, this is no beautiful figure merely—"And the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them," but a blessed, blessed prophecy. I shall not see it, but others will; and, in a way, it has already become fulfilled to me, because I believe. And so I have, thank God! no earthly fear, simply because I believe and understand. I know what dear Mary Lyon felt when she said to her assembled young ladies, "There is not in all the universe one thing that I fear, except that I shall not know my duty, or shall fail to do it."

Morning.

Mr. Mayfield joined Mrs. Harrington and me last evening, while we were looking at Professor Hall's drawings. We talked of drawing as an accomplishment, an attainment, so common among English ladies, so rare among us; Mrs. Harrington was scolding about its rarity among us, in her way that was, as usual, half-reasonable, half-unreasonable; and so it happened that we three were left standing alone, after all the rest had gone to their chambers.

"Mr. Mayfield!" said Mrs. Harrington, breaking in abruptly upon a little lull.

He looked at her inquiringly, waiting for what she would say.

"You saw Miss Burnham before ever I did. Have you any idea how long it takes her to find out what she thinks of a person?"

He smiled. "No, I am sure," he answered.

"Well, *I* haven't. I have been asking her this evening how she likes you, and she says she is sure she don't know *how* she likes you."

Then did he not laugh? I laughed; but I blushed and was ashamed. I would gladly have hidden my head, until, glancing his way, I saw so serene and manly a face, so kind and appreciative a face, that my trouble went, and I laughed nearly as heartily as they at what went back and forth between them. When we were parting, Mrs. Harrington said to him, "I shall inquire of her now and then; and when she herself knows, you shall hear. I will tell you."

He laughingly thanked her; then, with his face settling at once into his habitual mild seriousness, he gave each his hand, bade each, "Good night," and we parted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

October 20th.

"SHE takes to you amazingly. You don't know anything about her?—I mean about who her father was, and what he was?"

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"Yes, I know all about it."

"You do? well, I declare! I didn't know as there was anybody in the world who knew, now the child's mother is gone. Do tell me who he was; or is, if he is living?"

"No, this I can't tell you. I have no right to; and it wouldn't alter the case at all, if I could. She is illegitimate; this——"

"Is? is? illegitimate? How you talk! but I thought so all along; I thought it must be; I couldn't see how else to account for her not knowing anything about her father, or even that she had one. Illegitimate?"

"Yes, Mrs. Blanstone, illegitimate. This is all. This is enough for the father; it was enough for the poor mother; the sorrow of it destroyed her probably; but to the innocent child it is, or should be, nothing; no shame within herself, no disgrace with others. She is just as pure, just as sweet. She is just as precious in God's sight, and in the sight of His holy angels. She is a great deal dearer to me. I love her ten times more than if she had not this misfortune to be, in a degree, a sorrow to her all the days of her life." My eyes were on her; she was walking thoughtfully at a distance, with Donna.

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Blanstone, her eyes also on Rose. "That is true. She has, no doubt, got to suffer a great deal. Does she know?"

"No; but I shall soon tell her."

"And others? shall you tell others? Nobody, or nobody here, at least, seems to know it now, though I guess they all have their thoughts; a good many have asked me what I thought. I told 'em I *thought* everything wasn't right as it ought to be; but I didn't know."

"Well, now you know. You can tell others; but I hope you all will be careful how you carry yourselves toward the child; you will be, I am sure, if you are Christians. I should know by any one's treatment of a little child, under such circumstances, whether she had in her the humble, loving spirit of Christ, or the arrogant, self-righteous spirit of the Pharisee."

"I suppose so; I suppose she is no worse for what her parents did."

"You know she isn't, Mrs. Blanstone. Is there anything you know with greater certainty than you know this?"

"Well, I suppose there isn't. But we've always been used to consider the child a disgraced thing, you know. At least, *I've* been brought up to consider it so; and it ain't easy to get rid of such impressions."

"Alas! no, it is hard. From our childhood we are getting impressions that Christ would never have given us, if we could all the while have been at His knee. This is one of them—that the woman, ever so hard toward others, ever so full of wrong toward the poor, of malice and evil-speaking toward the rich, ever so much lifted up in her own conceit, if she does not commit adultery, is, or may be, a good, respectable sort of woman; and this is another—that a woman may be gentle, loving-hearted, trustful toward everybody, amiable and just toward everybody; but, if through her love, and trust, and weakness, her lack of aid divine and human, she commit adultery, then what is she?"

"What do *you* think she is?" she asked.

"I think she is lost."

"You do? I thought——"

"Lost until Christ finds her; or until she, poor creature! finds Him, lays herself at His feet, begs and pleads for mercy, for the fountain that cleanseth. Then, if He listens to her—and He certainly does, if she begs sincerely, humbly—she is saved; but we don't know it. In our sight she is still unclean, although she loves so much for the much forgiven, is so lowly in heart, as to be to God one of His best beloved children. We, lost still, lost as deeply in God and Christ's sight as she ever was, lost in our pride, our self-righteousness, the sin they abhor most of all, pass her by, lift our heads very high, as we pass her, and hold our skirts very close. Don't you know, Mrs. Blanstone, can't you think from what Christ said when He was on earth, what He would say now to her and to us?"

"I suppose He would——"

"Yes; to her He would say, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more'—the blessed, blessed teacher! To us, if He saw us go by with our heads lifted, and our skirts held in, He would say, 'Woe unto you, Pharisee!' and we would deserve it, until, finding out that we, too, were lost in our different sin, our pride, we would come and sue for mercy, for the fountain that cleanseth, as humbly as she would. Rose, darling." Rose had come, and, in her way, dipped her little fingers into mine, leaning against me.

"Darling Miss Burnham! I wish everybody was as good as you. But they aren't, and I'm sick!" She sunk down at my side, and clung to me, shuddering.

"We know of one good little girl, at any rate, don't we, Miss Burnham?" said Mrs. Blanstone, with a smile on Rose that made the child's face a little brighter.

"If you mean me, ma'am, I thank you; for I was afraid, when I came, that you didn't like

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me. I was afraid darling Miss Burnham would get so that she wouldn't like me; and if she were to, I should die!" she sank lower, clinging closer to me. "Mrs. Stone asked me those same questions, Miss Burnham, before I went out there," said she, at length. "I went out there because I *couldn't* bear it! and then I saw you, and, after awhile, I felt as though I should die, you looked so sober, darling!"

I was about to reply, when Mrs. Blanstone superceded me with, "If you had known what Miss Burnham was saying, you wouldn't have felt as though you would die, would she, Miss Burnham? She said that she loved you ten times more than if you had a father and mother, as other, or, most other children have. We both said you were a nice little girl. We praised you ever so much"—winking to me as a sign that I must let her talk on, if there wasn't much truth in it. "We praised you—you've no idea how many nice things we said about you." She gave me another vulgar wink, a vulgar tuck with her elbow. Rose saw it, and again sank down, this time sobbing. "I guess I'll go," said Mrs. Blanstone, rising. "She'll get over it sooner, perhaps, if she's all alone with you. Don't be unhappy, Rose; don't get in a habit of being unhappy in this world, for some people grow very, *very* unhappy so. I'll put something into your room; I'm going into the house now; you'll see what it is when you come; 'tis something that you love. You'll see." She was gone, and in a moment the sobbing lulled away. I raised her a little, and she came into my arms and lay on my bosom. I asked her, after she became calm, if she could bear to have me tell her all about her father, all but his name; if she would be happier knowing; knowing what to tell people, even if there was one thing in it to give her pain. "Oh! yes, if I would only tell her! Would I? Would I tell her now? She wanted to hear so! She thought about it so much, in the night, and when she was eating, and all the time!" She settled down close to me, my hand hugged close in both hers to her heart. She did not move—save once, and that was a movement of joy, when I told her it was Mr. Horace—to the end of the long, sad story. I gave it what brightness I could. I told her such connections were not uncommon, so that by large numbers they are hardly felt to be sinful; told her how noble her mother proved herself in feeling it, where so few feel it; in abandoning it, where so few abandon it, while they are yet favorites, well-treated, and really beloved, as her mother was by her father. I showed her all her father's generous qualities, his regrets and pain; bade her think what comfort there was in knowing that, but for this one error of her parents, they would have been so excellent! bade her not forget, that, with it, they were better than very large numbers whom no one blames, whom the law has pronounced man and wife. When I paused, she showed what points she did not understand, by asking me questions, such questions as a woman would ask, not such as one would hear from most girls of ten. For, alas! of late, she goes eagerly on, on! not as most children go, stopping for bird, butterfly, and every wayside flower and berry, so that they go slowly, idly, with lulled minds; but going forward, wondering, questioning about life, fearing it, dreading the face it will show, yet straining to see. Now that she knows all, and can see exactly where she stands, where others stand, I hope she will settle down in peace. I will take her to Miss Haley's school, and will, myself, be with her there a great deal. In the vacations, at any time when I see that she needs the refreshment of it, we will journey together; will come back to this place where so peaceful a spirit hovers; will go to the blessed little gray church behind the trees and columns, where I will again sit, and think what heaven must be, if here and there on the earth one finds such places of rest and joy. *He* will be far away. But I shall love to go where his feet have been, to look upon the place where his eyes have rested. My soul, will, in a degree, be sad, for I shall want him; although I believe it will, in a greater degree, be joyous, since, in a way, he is mine, if his flesh is ever so far; since this life is so soon over, and the life in which we will all meet and mingle under such blessed relations with each other and with God, is, at the farthest, so near. When——

Later.

Mrs. Warrington came to ask if I was ready to go down and take a lesson of the professor. He was all ready to attend to us.

Mr. Mayfield was there with his book, his fingers in to keep the place. I was a great deal too glad to see him; a great deal gladder than I have any real reason to be. It was far too good and pleasant to me having him there where I was, in the same room, living the same life, speaking to me, listening with such delicate attention to me. Heigho! I do not know how it will end; all I know is, that I cannot help loving to be where he is; cannot help living the hour over and over again; cannot help being happy. I wish I could; for in the midst of his mildness toward me, is something very grave and reserved, showing itself now and then; I

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can just discern it now and then, and it bids me be sober in all I feel and do.

It was our first lesson to-day. I had drawn before, bending over my desk at school, my table at home, copying engravings. Mrs. Harrington knew nothing about it; she had never had patience, she said. She made heavy strokes to-day; she liked them, she said; and besides, she could make no others; it wasn't in her. She went on with rapidity; in making a tree and a gate, she made it as she said it ought to be, not as it was before her; she wished, she said, that *she* could have hold of the real trees, the whole real landscape, she would make something of *them*. But since she couldn't alter *them*, see! wasn't that better?—only—only"—comparing it with mine—"it appeared to her that hers was rather botchy, somehow. Look, Mr. Mayfield! What made hers so botchy, Professor Hall?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

October 21st.

I HAVE met Mrs. Mayfield. We rode this morning—Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield, Mrs. Harrington, Rose, and myself. Rose was between Mr. Mayfield and Mrs. Harrington, on the front seat. Mrs. Mayfield and I were together on the back seat. Rose chirruped; Mr. Mayfield let her hold the reins. Mrs. Harrington had the horses stopped every now and then for her to get out and gather the bright autumn leaves appearing here and there; Mrs. Mayfield and I talked—she with averted eyes—almost all the time. How plaintive were the sweet voice and the look in speaking! The look was restless, and a little frightened at first; but it soon grew calm, although the sadness remained the same. She talked mostly of what she used to do, and feel. "I used to do just so," she said, abstractedly, watching Mrs. Harrington's quest of leaves in the edge of a wood beside the road. Another time she said, "I used to be always planning, looking forward. My mountain seemed to me to be very strong." Once when she said something of this life being full of trials, I said, "And not one is there that is not needed somewhere, by some one. God sees them all, knows where they all fall and why. He is 'too wise to err, too good to be unkind.' We may always know this, come what will."

"This is my trouble," she said, "that I can't believe. If I could believe that God saw and knew what was done the night my baby died, the day it was laid away out of my sight in the grave, if I believed He saw it, knew that it was for the best, I could never complain. It is because I don't see His hand; or if I see it dimly, I see no face of benignity above it, but a frowning face. If I believe for a moment that He did it, I think that He did it in His anger, and this is so dreadful, I try to think that my child died of croup and He had no part in it. Isn't this dreadful to feel so?"

"It is sad because the doubt troubles you; but it does not alter the truth. There is the truth beaming all the same. God is there just the same. He has your child in His own safe arms, all the same; is all the same your wise, kind, heavenly Father, as if you saw it and believed it, and so got the blessing of it. You are ill now; this is the trouble. If you can be well again so as to see things as you ought, then you will know."

"Do you believe I ever shall know? shall ever see God's hand, as it were, and feel as you do? Perhaps you wouldn't feel so, if you had lost a little baby, if you were ill, if your husband were afar off and all so dark."

"No, indeed, dear Mrs. Mayfield, if all was with me as it is with you, if all the circumstances of loss, health, and spiritual condition, were the same, I would feel as you do. But they never can be the same. I know too well what God is, He has shown Himself too clearly to me in my late sickness, and in other times of darkness, for me ever to doubt again, let what will come. I have seen what eternity is, that it is a long, blessed time with God, where death can never come, or sin to defile and grieve us; that this life is but as a day, as it were, so soon over, that its largest griefs are but atoms, if we see them as we ought, in the light of God's everlasting love. *You* will see this some day. I am sure you will. Some time God will be so dear to you that you will bless whatever He does—His life and His death, His sickness and His healing, since it is all His work, is all for your eternal good."

"Oh! if I could!" she said, her eyes uplifted. "And it appears to me I shall! Oh! if I ever can feel that God took my baby because He loved him and loved me! that His eye of *love*, not of anger, is on me; that He is only keeping my lamb till I come! Oh! God, have mercy and help me to believe!"

"And remember, dear," said I, "that the truth is all the same, if you do not see it. It is there waiting for you to see."

"If it is there, I ought not to complain. But I ought to mourn for my unbelief, my ingratitude."

"Yes," I told her, "that was what she was to mourn for, not that God had seen fit to take her child."

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God forgive her, she said, how she had sinned against Him! "Arthur," she added, speaking forward to Mr. Mayfield. He turned to listen, and she said, "I believe the day is going to dawn; it seems to me that it is! And if it does, if I do get where I can see things clearly, there will nowhere on this earth, in any poor creature's heart, be such joy and gratitude as in mine!—for," she added, turning now to speak to me, "I have had so much done for me, so much kindness shown me to help me to bear it; and many a poor creature loves her baby, and has nothing, nobody left to comfort her! I see what I want, I want God. I have never found Him; never sought Him, in fact. I have lived altogether in the world. Now He punishes me."

"In other words, dear, (meaning the same thing if we understand what He does aright,) now He draws you to Himself by your suffering, that you may know how much greater, better, more satisfying He is to the human soul, than all this earth can be. He never meant that the earth should satisfy us. The earth is beautiful, good, a beloved place to us, if we have first of all sought God and found Him, so that the light and joy of His presence is upon all and in our hearts. This was what Christ meant when He said, 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Without this kingdom, we may have husband, child, lands, houses, gardens, fame, but they are not really added to our soul's stock of joy, unless God shine on them and on us, and in this light, this beaming spirit, we see them as they are, hold them for just what they are and no more. Then they are ours; but God is so much greater than they, that, if He takes them, if we feel as we ought, we can say out of our calm, submissive souls, 'None of these things move me, for I still have God.'"

She wept, with the tears dropping gently, one after another, shining as they fell. She said no more, but her eyes had a new expression in them; had no longer the look of restlessness, of half-affright, of dumb misery, but of meek, sad submission. I prayed for her; I do now, with the longings for her that go silently upward and lie at God's feet. She held my hand when we parted, and lifted her face to kiss me, without speaking. She seemed as if she had not strength to speak.

Later, before we left the dinner-table, I heard her talking with the doctor. She said, "I have given you a great deal of trouble, doctor. I haven't done as I ought in my diet or in anything. Now I will do precisely what you require of me. I long to be well!"

The 22nd.

We were below all last evening; or, that is, Mrs. Harrington, Mr. Hepburn, Rose, myself, and many others, were below until ten o'clock; we had conversation, music upon the piano and Professor Hall's guitar, and some very sweet, natural singing by two young ladies, sisters; one of them invalid, the other nurse. But Mr. Mayfield did not join us. I saw him passing the windows outside in the piazza; saw him passing the door in the hall; but he did not come in. We met him on the landing when we came up; that is, Mrs. Harrington, her uncle, Rose and I met him. He stopped to say good night to us, but he was pale and grave.

"Mr. Mayfield was graver than a judge; ever so much graver; a judge is nothing to him," said Mrs. Harrington, coming into my room. "I think he likes *you;* I think this bothers him. You're so immensely quiet where he is! you don't look at him, or feel him; you are always full of somebody else; it's my uncle, or it's the doctor, or it's the professor, or it's that tub of flesh, Mrs. Blanstone, or it's Mrs. Stone, or it's this good little chit," nipping Rose's upturned chin, "now there's another, Mr. Mayfield; you care nothing about him; you care for all these; but you've no gracious looks and words for him. I'm provoked very often. Aren't you, little chit?" again looking down on Rose's upturned face, again pinching it.

"No," said Rose, "I ain't provoked. I'm happy. I think Miss Burnham does just right, I think you do just right, I think everybody does just right, everybody is so good to me."

"Oh! that's it! Good night, chit; good night, dear. Forgive me if I do scold sometimes. I mean it for your good as all the scolders do when they scold. I hope you will have eyes, ears, and tongue for him who deserves it of you most of all, to-morrow. I shall watch you; and if you haven't, if I see that you haven't, I shall come pouncing upon you in the midst of it. Wouldn't you, sissy? Good night."

Having looked in my face to see if Mrs. Harrington's complaint and threat troubled me, having seen that they did not, Rose said with a happy-looking face, "Now I'll go to bed, darling Miss Burnham, after I've given you one good, long good night kiss." She met Mrs. Hammond in the door, coming to bring her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The 25th.

I SAT reading, an hour ago; Rose sat near me with the last "Little Pilgrim" in her hand; but

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not reading; for, among her resemblances to Rosenvelt, this is one, holding a book that she takes a fancy to—from something she hears said about it, or from some picture—in her hand, carrying it about with her, but not reading. I saw that she was not reading; that she was watching for a chance to speak to me, so I looked away from my book to her and smiled. Then her face kindled. Then she said, "I was wanting to tell you, Miss Burnham dear, how glad I am we told people the truth! Now they all know; now I know; I love them all so! and they love me! It makes me so glad!" Then I gave her the little lesson I had seen before that she needed—that we must love truth for truth's own sake; not for the sake of the love or the gladness it brings. Another little lesson I gave her—and this also I have seen before that she needed—that we must not let our hearts find too much gladness in the love and fondness of others. They are but mortal, I taught her; any day we may lose them in one way or another—there are many ways, many causes to part us from the love and fondness that are human—and so we must not build our comfort too much on them. When people loved us, were kind to us, I said, they did no more than they ought; it was what we all ought to do, to love one another, to be polite and kind one toward another; when we had shown others love and kindness, we had done our simple duty, that was all; when others had shown us love and kindness, we had met our simple right, that was all. There it all rested. We must not think too much of what we had given or of what we had received. We should just be kind and polite still, and bless God for all. We cannot love God too much, trust Him too far; but men and women we can easily think too much of, set our hearts on too far. Did she understand? I asked. Bless her! did she know what I meant?

She guessed she did. Let her tell me. She guessed I meant so and so, so and so; didn't I?

"Yes, blessed girl—darling—how well she understood, for such a little girl!"

We are going over into the town, this morning—Mrs. Harrington, her uncle, Rose, and I.

To-morrow will be the Sabbath day. Mr. Mayfield is to preach in the morning. Mr. Clayton has been over to press it. I shall go and hear him; and it may be the last time; for he will soon go.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

October 27th.

SATURDAY I did not see him at all, to be near him. He was at breakfast; but he sits a long way off. He is at one end of the long table, I am at the other. He bowed to me at a distance; he looked to me pale and very serious. Rose went out to him, as he was leaving the table, and got hold of his hand. He asked her if she knew who was a good little girl.

"Yes," she said, laughing, looking up into his face, "I am."

She told him we were going to ride. He told her he was going to ride. He was going to ride to Headley to spend the day.

"Then it will be lonesome here," said she, looking around. "It is always lonesome when you are gone! it seems lonesome up in our chamber, up in Miss Burnham's chamber, I mean, where I stay so much, if we know you are gone."

I was in conversation with others, but I heard every word. He did not reply to the last she said; they passed out together, hand in hand, into the hall.

We did shopping, rode through some beautiful private grounds, where the bright autumn flowers bloomed, where the birds flitted rapidly from bough to bough, from border to border, singing no spring or summer songs, but twittering with rapid notes, as if of the frosts that are coming, and the long journeys they must soon undertake. The leaves begin to brighten everywhere, to stiffen with age, and to moan when the wind goes through them. We went to the cemetery and braided a wreath of fading leaves for Clara's grave.

"Darling—darling—blessed, *darling* mamma!" Rose said, speaking tenderly, tenderly placing the wreath. She wept, but with less agitation than in our former visits. And, coming away, she said, "I don't feel half so bad about my dear mamma as I did before I knew all about it. I don't feel so bad about anything, now I know." She has often said to me, "I'm so glad I know; I'm so glad they all know! now I am easy everywhere. Nobody watches me now and whispers about it, and so I don't watch anybody and feel angry and bad, as I did then. Oh! Miss Burnham, you can't think how bad I felt then! I felt as though everything was turning dark, or falling to pieces, or something! I can never make you know how I felt! Now it is all over. I don't care now how much people tell; for I am ready, you see, to tell as much as any of them. I'm willing that everybody should know all; and this makes it so pleasant for everybody—being willing about things! I shouldn't have thought anything would make it so pleasant as it does just being willing about things."

I saw Mrs. Mayfield this afternoon. She

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says—I just pray. I pray almost all of the time; not in set words, not in set forms; I don't mean that; but my whole heart goes up with longings to God. I just ask him to forgive me; to remove my unbelief and ingratitude. The unbelief goes, I find. The ingratitude, it seems to me, is gone. I can only ask Him to forgive me for being so blind all my days, and to help me now to see.

She told me how her feelings change with regard to everything. She had hitherto done exactly as her feeling led. Now she saw duty everywhere. For instance, she had had a miserable, craving, uneasy appetite all along, and had ate anything she pleased, without regard to its effects upon her body and her mind. Now she could not swallow the thing that would harm her; for God was everywhere, the Father of our flesh, the Father of our spirit; duty was everywhere—so it seemed to her now. "We do all fade as a leaf," was his text yesterday; but his sermon was no dirge; it was a pæan, with here and there a few minor notes which did but give grandeur to the concord. It was the last time I shall ever hear him. He told Mrs. Harrington, this morning, that he finds he must leave this week. He told her he doubted if, another season, he will come to New England.

"He says," added she, when she was telling me about it, "he says he wants to go a long way off. He wants to go to the old countries where decay goes on. He says he wants to see it going on. He is in profoundly low spirits; I can see that; but what it is about is more than I can make out, with any reasonable certainty. I keep thinking of you; I have the unaccountable feeling that it has something to do with you some way. But I suppose it can't be. I suppose it must be something else; yet, that it is some affair of the heart, as we say, I am sure; just as sure as if he had told me. I imagine he has got himself unpleasantly entangled somewhere; I think that must be it. Too bad, if that is the case! If it is, I hope she'll die. I do! I hope she'll be well prepared; then I hope she'll die; for this will be ever so much better for her, remember, than being married to one who isn't satisfied with her. Then I hope he and you will come together."

But it is dinner-time.

The 28th.

Professor Hall, who sits near us at the table, told us about an herbarium he had, this morning, received by express, from his brother's family in the south part of Texas. He would bring it, when dinner was over, to the parlor. Speaking to Mr. Mayfield, on his way out, he told him the same, inviting him to join us. So Mr. Mayfield came. But he declined being seated near us, in the chair Mrs. Harrington offered to him. No, he thanked her, he would stand. Some of the flowers and leaves were wonderfully large and beautiful, others were wonderfully curious; the others talked about them; but it seems to me that I no more than half saw them. I did not often speak; my lips seemed grown together. Mr. Mayfield did not talk as the rest did, as he does sometimes. When he said anything it was mostly to Professsor Hall, and in low tones, as if he spoke solely to him.

The mail came, and Rose brought ours in. "Just one magazine for you, Mrs. Harrington; all those letters and papers for you, Mr. Hepburn; that letter and that paper for you, Mr. Mayfield; two letters for you, Miss Burnham. Guess who they are from! I know, I've seen their letters so much! Guess, if you will."

"Is one from Alice?"

"Yes, ma'am, that is it. Now guess who this is from; it is a gentleman; he has sent you ever so many letters before! ever so many!"

I believed it was from Rosenvelt; but something kept me from speaking his name there where Mr. Mayfield was standing so still, so near; so "Is it from my uncle?" I asked.

"Oh! no, no! not from him! his is such a queer hand! This is large and beautiful—see! Mr. Rosenvelt's."

I don't know why it was so still, or why it seemed to me to be so still, for a few moments. But I am sure I heard every tick of my watch; I seemed to hear hearts beating all around me. Mrs. Harrington spoke, after what seemed a long time, but what was, I suppose, in reality a very short one. "I don't see," said she, "what business this Mr. Rosenvelt has to be writing to you so often. Let me see what sort of a hand he writes. Yes, I see. He's no genius; he has hardly a bit of talent even; but is as orderly and precise as a merchant's clerk. I don't like such a hand, ever. Is he—now be honest and own it—is he your betrothed?"

"No."

"No? that was a faint no. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Good! that makes me glad! You must pardon me, dear, but I really do not like that hand. And, besides, there is one person in the world for you to marry; only one, in my mind; and this—isn't Mr. Rosenvelt."

I knew whom she meant. There he was, silent, reserved, standing afar off; afar off, that is, in his spirit, his sympathies, in all his life

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and thoughts; but very near in person. He could not have been two feet from my chair. I felt my head bowed down, felt my heart ache. I longed to be away. I asked her if she was ready to go, and we came. I did not once look back; there was no reason why I should. I must have shown him unequivocally, at one time and another, that I prized his conversation; but for many days now he has kept it sedulously from me; there was not one reason why I should turn back, to give him a look or a word. In the pain I felt and feel now, there are reasons why I should.

Later.

"Precious!" said Rose, calling me by that name at the threshold.

"What, darling?"

"Mr. Mayfield has just come in from carrying Mrs. Mayfield to ride; I was out there, and he asked me if I didn't want to ride to Leeds and a good, long way. I said I guessed I did! Then he looked bright, and told me to run and ask Miss Burnham if she would like to take a long ride with him and me. You would, wouldn't you!"

No, indeed! thought I. No, indeed! no, indeed! that is something I can't bear just at this time. I am a baby just now. If I sat by him, if he said, speaking coolly, "This week I am going home," my heart would sink so low that there would be no help for it, no mastery over it. I would swallow my tears all the way; I could not speak; he would see what a baby I am, and it would be all over with me.

"No, dear," said I, "run down and tell him I am obliged to him, but am not at all ready to ride. Go, dear, and not keep him waiting any longer."

In a few moments she returned with a slip of paper in her hand. "He told me to wait a moment," said she. "I did, and he wrote this and told me to give it to you."

"If Miss Burnham will come at last," it said, "I will wait for her any length of time and count it a pleasure—the waiting and all."

So Rose ran down to tell him we would go; for something in his note—I am sure it would not be easy to tell what, the words were so few, so simple—assured and comforted me. Mrs. Hammond helped us, and in a few moments we were on the landing, where he met us, thanked us with a face of light, for coming, and led us down.

Oh! how happy I was! I did not know before that such happiness was ever felt on earth. Now and then I was sad a few moments, thinking that it would so soon be over; that probably that was the last time; that, after he was gone, if my memory of those hours was my most precious memory, it would also be my saddest, since I would always know from it what——

And yet why should one think or write thus? I say, "Since I would always *know*—but one cannot always know; can never know how it would be with one, if in one respect, or in two, or in many respects, things could go according to one's notions of what is happiest. So, as we do not know, as there is One above us, a faithful, loving One, who does know, let all things lie in His hand, to be arranged and disposed of as He sees best.

We talked of Fichte as we rode. I told him what a clergyman, who came to exchange with uncle Julius after he was at Boscawen Plain, said to me of Fichte and of the students at Harvard College; how he said it as if approaching both Fichte and Harvard. He said, "The fact is, almost every young man, of a certain turn of mind, rather a serious, spiritual turn, comes away from Harvard tinctured with these German notions. When I was at Bowdoin, I used to run down to Harvard at commencement; I used to see a good deal of the Harvard students, one time and another; I do now; and I almost always find them more or less tinctured with these notions. I got hold of them, one while. One while I was all swallowed up with them. Fichte, Kant, Klopstock, Fichte, Kant, Klopstock, it was from morning till night, for awhile; and my Bible was quite laid aside. But it passed, I found, and then it was the Bible again."

And so it passes with others, Mr. Mayfield said. Fichte, Kant, and others of the metaphysical class, serve us, help us, lead us, in their time, in their place, at a certain plane in our career. They open to us a great deal that we did not see before. It is all in the Scriptures, (that is, all the *truth* they open is in the Scriptures,) but we do not understand all that the Scriptures mean, not in many a year, not in a life time. The metaphysicians help us to see many things that we did not see before. They are helps; their elucidations are helps in understanding the blessed, beautiful truths that it takes us so long to get hold of adequately, so as to see all there is in them, with all our helps, human and divine. "If the clergyman had said all," added Mr. Mayfield, "he presumed he would have said that he never loved the Bible a thousandth part so well before his studies, as when he came to it after them."

I answered, "He did say so, I remember. The Bible had been a dearer book to him ever since, he said. He was touched often, thinking how much dearer it was than all other books."

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"As we all are," replied Mr. Mayfield, his head bowed. "As the young men who come out from Harvard all are; or, that is, as the most of them are who come before men to teach its truths. There are the Scriptures growing dearer and dearer, opening more and more into 'the perfect day.' Meanwhile the dust gathers upon those old helpers, Fichte and the others. Their help is with us; all that they in their human way could do for us, is with us; but there they are where they belong; here we are with the living, moving present, with God and His word. But honor be to all our helps. Gratefully, reverently should we say this to the end; long after the time has come when we, in our turn, come forward to take our place among the helpers."

"Yes," I said, loving every word he spoke. I said I was thinking of something Mrs. Browning says in her "Casa Guidi Windows." It is where she speaks of Savonarola burnt in martyrdom in Florence, in the year 1498, for his opposition to the corruptions of Papacy; and of the beautiful custom that has descended even to our day, of strewing the pavement where he suffered with violets, every spring, when the anniversary comes round. I remembered a part of it and repeated it.

"It were foul
To grudge Savonarola and the rest
Their violets! rather pay them quick and fresh!
For that
Is wise and righteous. We, who are the seed
Of buried creatures, if we turned and spate
Upon our antecedents, we were vile.
Bring violets rather! If these had not walked
Their furlong, could we hope to walk our mile?
Therefore bring violets!"

"Yes!" Mr. Mayfield said, pleased with the extract. He had not read the poem.

"Yes, I like that!" chimed in Rose. "'Therefore bring violets.' I didn't quite understand, darling, about the man. Did he die? Was that what it meant?"

I told her the story in such a way that she understood it.

"Thank you. And so they bring violets and lay them where he died. I wish I could; but I suppose it is too far."

Mr. Mayfield told her how far it is.

That was too far, she said. But it wasn't so far to Philadelphia, where those books were that he didn't care anything about then and let the dust be on. If she could ever go to Philadelphia, the first thing she would do, she would go straight to the books and wipe the dust off of them; and, if she could find any violets, she would make a wreath and hang it on them. She would rather do that than anything else she could think of.

He would rather she would do that, than anything else *he* could think of, Mr. Mayfield said, smiling on the eager, beautiful face upturned.

And may be she would, some time, she replied, speaking thoughtfully. May be she would. Miss Burnham had said that they too would go long, delightful journeys together, in the vacations, and perhaps they would some time go to Philadelphia where he would be. "Don't you suppose we will, some time, darling Miss Burnham?" she asked, with the tones of pathos so touching whenever one hears them. "I shall want to see him so after he is gone!"

I did not know, I told her; and then, after a short silence, we talked a little of his going, tears of cold lead dropping on my heart all the while. I was sick. I am sick now.

Later.

Alice writes—"Blue work here, without you, and with Mr. Rosenvelt saying that he must go; that, hu! these October days shake him and give him a regular ague. How can I ask him to stay here and meet our December weather? He has heard about it and about our snow-drifts, he says. A man back on the hills has told him that, a few years ago—just a few, he says, not in the early days of the settlement, before our climate had had a chance to grow civilized—on the third day of April, he walked straight across lots, more than a mile, and saw nothing but the tops of the fences and walls. Did any one think he would stay here until such a winter came? I began to tell him about our air-tight stoves; but he stopped me at once, and put 'the miserable things,' as he called them, all out-of-doors. And then he laughed, looking in my face to see what a loss I felt it. I was glad to have made him laugh though, any way, and I told him so. I told him he had been sober enough to keep one frightened half out of one's wits, ever since you had been gone; and, for my part, I should be glad enough to see you back again, for the sake of his being better natured, if for nothing else.

"Had he really been so frightful? he asked. Had I really been afraid of him? He had really been frightful, I told him. I had really been afraid of him; and I'd leave it to him if that wasn't too bad. I began half in earnest; but when I saw how sober it made him look, I laughed; for I imagine he began to think that he really had been something of a tiger. Well, he said, would I forgive him? Yes, I said, if he would be better natured so as not to make me afraid of him any more. He would try, he said; I should see how he made out. This was yesterday, when I met him at your gate; we shook hands upon what he said, and parted.

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He looked as happy as could be, when we parted; but nobody can tell how he will look the next time I see him.

"Oh! but indeed; I can tell now; he is coming up to our door with something in his hand; I can't make out what; and he looks good! Now I must go down. Now I wish you were here; I am so afraid of him always, when we first meet, and until I get him to laughing and being funny. Then I am no more afraid of him than I am of anybody else. This, and because I like fun so much better than I do anything else, makes me wish so much that he would always be funny! Perhaps he would, if I could always get the courage to start him. Good-bye, for a little while—only, I do wish I could stay here, I am in such a tremble about going down! If I only had you or somebody to go down with me! Good-bye.

"*Evening.*—It was fruit that he brought us, oranges, figs, lemons; he had just got a box from New Orleans. Wasn't it good in him to come right in here with some of them? I told him it was. I wasn't at all afraid of him to-day, he seemed so good and so happy! He says he shall go South; but perhaps not so soon as he has lately been intending to. Mother had a good time seeing him so comfortable here. She never forgets how good he was to Robin, or how Robin liked to see him near him. I see plainer and plainer what a loss mother met, when she lost Robin! but she never complains. I shall never be like my mother, or half so patient and sensible. I shall always be a changing thing, going up and down, up and down. My mother is a rock, so are you. I am a reed floating, as people say. But there is no help for it, that *I* see. Perhaps I shall have something to sober me. Robin's death sobered me at the time. I thought it had sobered me forever; and I don't feel long at a time since, just as I felt before about things.

"When are you coming? I ask Mr. Rosenvelt; and he looks disturbed and says he don't know; but he supposes before a great while now. I can't get over the impression that something is wrong, somewhere; that something troubles him whenever he recollects it. I wonder if I shall ever know what it is. I wonder who will be the one to tell me if I ever know. I suppose it won't be you; you looked so impenetrable when you said, 'I have no right to tell you!' Perhaps he will tell me some day; he seems so open, seems as though he would speak all his thoughts; still he keeps back something; there is something that he keeps watch and guard over, all the while that he lets all the rest be seen and touched. This I can see. It makes me anxious to know, but it don't prevent my thinking everything of him; he is so gentle, so kind and pleasant. Even when he is so sober as to make me afraid of him, I always feel that he is not unkind, not cross, but troubled with some hidden anxiety. So I like him then, as well as I do any time, and I don't know but better. I think I do, better.

"But, just see! how I write, and write, and write of him! Somehow, I can't help it; somehow, he fills my mind, and always has, ever since he came, he is so different from others one sees! is so much more interesting! Don't you think so? Of course *you* do; of course it belongs to *you* to; but one can hardly see what I have to do with the affair, only, I am your and his cousin, and he was so good to Robin! Robin loved him so in his last sickness! So let me prize him; let me think as I must, that he is a jewel, that you are fortunate above all other women. And let me stop right here and subscribe myself."

In the beginning Rosenvelt tells me that he has not much to say, has only to tell how sincerely he esteems me, and thanks me for all my goodness toward him, toward the child, and toward poor Clara's memory. But he wrote a long letter before he was through. "A great deal of this," said he, in conclusion, "I have said before. It is what I shall say and feel, as long as I feel and say anything, I have no doubt. I shall always know infallibly, as I do this day, that it is you who are acting nobly, rightly, I who am acting with cowardice and wrong. Nobody can see this plainer than I do; nobody can admire your action from beginning to end more than I do, or despise himself more than I do myself, when I think it over. And I do really feel it so just to her that is gone, so indispensable to the welfare of the child, that you should do precisely as you are doing, that I would not alter your course, lonely as it leaves me, if I could do it with one word. So, God bless you! I would be glad to stay until you come; I long to see you; but it will be easiest for me to go. By the time spring comes round again, I shall be ever it a little, perhaps; then I can bear it; now it would upset me.

"I have got some nice oranges; I wish I could pick out the fairest one of them all for you; I know with what interest I would look them over if it were for this."

Afterward comes a postscript, in which he tells me that he may remain at Boscawen a week or two yet—he does not know—he cannot tell.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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THE LEAP YEAR PARTY.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Cousin," said Madge Carlton, suddenly breaking off in the midst of a merry song, "cousin Grace, I am going to give a leap year ball."

"A leap year ball?"

"Yes, this is leap year, so I mean to have some fun out of it. I will issue invitations for a ball to the ladies; each one shall then select the gentleman she will escort, call for him, bring him here, furnish his bouquet, and give him her arm to enter the room. The ladies shall invite the gentlemen to dance, make love to them, pass the refreshments at supper, and finally escort the 'dear creatures' home."

"It will be splendid! Of course there is no objection made to a serious proposal, if any of the ladies are so inclined?"

"Not at all. Now to make a list, and then get pa to consent. Come!"

Madge Carlton was the gayest little brunette that ever fluttered, butterfly-like, amongst the flowers of society. Madge was an heiress, a coquette, not a flirt, for she would not intentionally have wounded any one for worlds: but she could not help being pleased with attention, and showing she was pleased. Madge was tiny, beautiful, sparkling, loving, and lovely.

Madge Carlton had two lovers. Of admirers she had a score; but there were two men who had made it the first object of their life to love this bright little Madge. One loved hopefully, earnestly endeavoring to win a return. The other loved sadly, silently, not daring to woo the tiny fairy.

Harry Wells was handsome, talented, rich; a good dancer, a perfect gentleman, and a gay idler in fashion's haunts. Lawrence Hayes was also talented, but quiet and reserved. He had been Mr. Carlton's clerk for seven years, and had loved Madge when she was a winsome school girl. He never "made love" to his idol. He was poor, shy, and proud; and could not stoop to try to win the heiress, but he looked on when Harry Wells courted her, trying to think he should be happy if she married and was happy with his rival; crushing back his own ardent, unselfish love into hopeless, sad sorrow.

Which did Madge prefer? She knew these men loved her. Lawrence had never spoken, yet with a woman's quick instinct she felt his love. She flirted gayly with Harry; rode with him, walked with him, and accepted his attentions; yet, with a perfectly frank, easy manner, she kept a wall of ice between Harry and herself; and while he could not tell what prevented him, he still felt that he had best not tempt his fortune yet. She was not so free with Lawrence. Gay, laughing, and radiant, she had a pretty, shy manner when alone with him. He attributed it to his own ten years seniority, and longed for the frank, girlish manner she exhibited toward Harry; yet, when he conversed with her, drawing out the treasures of a well-stored mind, and a pure, womanly heart, hidden under her gay manner, he sighed to think how great was the treasure he coveted. Sometimes he wished poverty could come to his employer, that he might gather his treasure close to his heart, shield her from every sorrow, and prove in adversity his great love. Under the grave reserve of his manner, none suspected this burning passion. None? Madge did!

It was the evening of the ball. Merrier laughter was never heard, brighter blushes never seen, than those in Mr. Carlton's parlor, on the evening of the leap year ball. A gay group of young people was collected near the hostess, who was the brightest reveler there. Lawrence watched her from his corner, where he stood toying with some ornament upon the mantle-piece. Harry was, as usual in such scenes, close beside her.

"Miss Carlton," said Mr. Harding, one of the group around Madge, "there is one condition in your invitation not complied with."

"Indeed! Rebellion in this camp must be put down! What is it?"

"The ladies do not make love to us!"

"No, they do not!" echoed several of the gentlemen.

"Shocking! Do they want an example? Mr. Harding, will you take my arm for a promenade?"

Mr. Harding looked down from his six foot height to the tiny little witch beside him, and then offered *his* arm.

"No, take mine! Mr. Harding!" a sigh.

"Miss Carlton, are you ill?"

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"No;" another sigh. "Not ill when you smile upon me!" Everybody laughed at Madge's pretended love-making.

"Ladies!" said Madge, "take your partners for the first quadrille."

There was plenty of blushing and some pouting, as one or two of the most fascinating beaux pleaded prior engagements on a third or fourth invitation from some fair ones. Who would Madge choose? Harry, of course! Lawrence was watching her little figure flitting from guest to guest, finding places for dancers, and with merry grace putting bashful folks at ease, introducing couples, prompting timid girls, carrying smiles everywhere, leaving a streak of sunshine wherever she went. She stood before him. The smile died out, and she blushed crimson.

"Mr. Hayes, shall I have the pleasure of dancing the first quadrille with you?"

Lawrence bowed, offered his arm, and led her to a place. He thought,

"This is her duty-dance. She knows I am grave, and would not win the admiration of the gay beauties here, so her kind heart prompts her to dance once with me."

Harry was Madge's next partner; then other guests were invited; then Lawrence again; then again three times, but others came between, and Lawrence sighed as he noticed how gay and chatty she was with others, how timid, quiet, and reserved with him.

The evening sped on; it was quite late, and part of the guests had taken their departure. Some, however, yet lingered, dancing in the large parlor. In a little library on the same floor as the ball room, Lawrence was sitting alone, when a fairy-like figure stood before him.

"Truant!" said Madge, "what are you doing here?"

"Have *you* missed me?" There was a deep thrill in his heart, a tremor in his voice.

"Oh!" said Madge, gayly, "you wish to remind me of my omission. I have danced with you, handed you ices, sent you a bouquet, but I have not made love to you. Shall I begin?"

There was a deep silence. The merry words she had used to many of her guests failed Madge now. His eyes were fixed upon her sorrowfully, lovingly. She softly crept up close to him, saying in a low tone,

"Lawrence!"

He started back.

"No! no! do not trifle with me! do not make a jest of my love! My love! Oh! Madge, do not tempt me to——" A strong man was Lawrence, but a great, choking sob interrupted him.

Madge's low, soft voice stole in on his heart,

"Do you love me, Lawrence?"

"Love you! Madge! Madge, I have loved you for seven years better than my life!"

She still crept closer to him, till her bright head was pillowed on his broad chest. Was it still a jest, a girlish freak?

"Lawrence! Lawrence!"

It was leap year, and she nestled close to him, as, daring his fate, he poured out the full flood of his love in strong, burning words, and the merry heart was bound to his, the tiny form was clasped close in his arms, the words of love were echoed at the ball given in LEAP YEAR.

THE LAST SONG.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I SAT beneath Italian skies
  A year ago to-day,
And saw the burning sun go down
  Beyond Fiesole.

The silver gloom of twilight spread
  Above the Arno's stream,
And objects glimmered through the mist,
  Like faces in a dream.

Beyond me in the myrtle grove
  A lone cicala sang;
The convent bells amid the haze
  For early vespers rang.

The harvest moon passed slowly up,
  And kissed the purple sky,
And in her train a vestal star
  Went coldly dreaming by.

Bocaccio's garden lay beneath,
  Its orange trees in blow,
The blossoms stealing from the boughs
  Fell down like scented snow.

The sweetness woke a nightingale—
  A gush of silver sound
Went trickling through the garden's depths
  That lay so still around.

The convent bells had ceased to ring,
  No other sound was heard;
The conscious breeze had paused to list
  The poet-hearted bird.

Another and more thrilling burst,
  The ecstasy was pain;
Trills like a harp of wondrous might,
  Then tinkling low like rain.

An aching silence took its place—
  A rustling overhead—
Close at my side with half drooped wings,
  The minstrel bird lay dead.

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THIS SIDE AND THAT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MRS. MUNSON would go to Europe! Now anything that Mrs. Munson decided upon doing, the fates usually regarded as settled; so it came about that, in spite of old Munson's grumbling and expostulations, preparations for the journey went rapidly forward.

Mrs. Munson's life had been directed toward one great object—the worldly advancement of herself and those connected with her. Thirty years before, she had carried a milliner's band-box in the Bowery, and worked as faithfully as woman could; but when her duties took her into a more stylish part of town, and she caught glimpses of the fashionable world of that period, she inly vowed that one day she too would ride in a private carriage, and with that she grasped her band-box more tightly, and hurried with renewed energy about her business.

At that time, Eleazer Munson was an errand boy in a Bowery grocery store, just opposite the milliner's where Susan James was apprenticed. She was by no means an ill-looking girl; out door exercise gave her a fresh, healthy color, and her saucy black eyes and white teeth made a deep impression upon the youthful Munson.

I have no leisure to dwell upon the early loves of the worthy pair. Suffice it to say that Miss Susan reciprocated the young man's passion, which she never would have done had she not seen in him the same energy and perseverance which characterized her own nature. The two were married when Eleazer became a clerk, and made themselves very happy in a ten by twelve room, "three pair back."

In process of time, Munson became proprietor of the very grocery where he had served as boy of all work; he and his wife lived in the little den back, and sold cabbage and carrots in front. Mrs. Munson attended to her house, and worked her way up in the milliner's shop after a fashion that would have astonished any less energetic person.

They toiled, they economized, they took advantage of circumstances, and the result was that Eleazer moved into a larger shop, and Susan passed up to the milliner's desk—the head of the establishment.

Children were born and died—sorrow and misfortune at times sat beside their hearth, but they were never disheartened. The day came when they were rewarded for their labors! Susan sold out the bonnet shop, and Eleazer became a wholesale dealer down town.

By the time the only two children who lived had reached an age to take notice of their surroundings, they were living in a comfortable house in a respectable street, their father was on the high road toward riches, and their mother slaved night and day to educate them without infringing upon her husband's means.

Years and years went by! The milliner's shop was far in the past; no odor of cabbage lingered about their dwelling. Slowly and surely they went up—from one street to another—creeping on to wealth and respectability.

The two children were man and woman grown. Mr. Mortimer Munson had graduated at Columbia, and was now as elegant and useless a member of society as any fond mother could desire. Estelle was two years younger, and at seventeen she left Madame Choufleur's establishment as accomplished and helpless as it is proper for a young lady to be.

They had been reared as the children of such parents are sure to be in America. They had known nothing of the trials and struggles through which their father and mother had passed; they had never had a wish unsatisfied, nor had it ever occurred to them that any gratitude was due those who had borne so much for their sakes.

They had made pleasant acquaintances at their schools; Murphy (I fear some one of Mrs. Munson's ancestors had dug potatoes in the Emerald Isle) grew into Mortimer, and Esther glided into Estelle.

By the time school days were over, they lived in a brown stone house in Fourteenth street, and Mrs. Munson prepared to launch out into the career which had been her aim through life. Of course the elder Munson kept to his business, and was no more heard of than the rest of his class, whose wives and daughters take rank, or seek it in our American fashionable world. Mrs. Munson ruled her house and petted her children; outside all was glitter and magnificence, but the worthy female had by no means forgotten her old habits of prudence. The butcher's

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bills were carefully cut down; the best china was not brought out for daily use; and though, at the proper time, dinners, parties, and the like, Mrs. Munson did not hesitate at expense, her household economy was something wonderful.

There might be those who sneered, and who hinted of the grocery shop, or the three pair back; but such jests are dangerous—in this country one never knows whose tender points may be touched—besides, too many men owed old Munson large sums for their wives and daughters to slight his family.

So Mrs. Munson pushed and fought her way into society, nor was she a whit more ridiculous than one half the rest who considered her as barely standing upon the confines of their greatness. Her house was elegant—furnished like theirs—in the best taste of the upholsterer—she had pictures quite as valuable as their own, and any of them would have thrown Turner into spasms; her son was a gentlemanly dandy, in no way different from the rest of his class, made up of shirt-collar and fancy studs, and any amount of small vices grafted upon native indolence and mediocre ability; and her daughter, if she ever really woke up, would make a charming woman.

Mrs. Munson, herself, was now a fine, stout woman, with sufficient claims to good looks left yet, no more "fussy" than the generality of American mothers—guilty occasionally of a solecism in grammar—grinding up a little the customary phrases in regard to books and paintings; but, on the whole, a tolerably fair specimen of a wide class in our blessed country.

But to Europe they must go, there was no help for it! Estelle dreamed of Italian sunsets, picturesque bandits, and the like; Mr. Mortimer of the conquests he should make among the Parisian ladies; and Mrs. Munson wished to go because everybody went, and she thought like another well known lady, "that a *Paury* trip gave a certain style and *distinguishment* to young people that nothing else could do."

So the house in Fourteenth street was shut up; the day came for the steamer to sail, and away floated Mrs. Munson, bearing her children in her wake.

I am not so certain that during the preparations, Estelle's feelings had been those of unalloyed delight. There was really more in her, as far as heart went, than she herself supposed. She had been wonderfully educated—what pupil of Madame Choufleur's has not? She spoke French admirably, played the harp to perfection, and sang like a prima donna, entered a room very gracefully, and danced like a fairy. She had the faults so common among American girls—she dressed too much, laughed too much, there was a little too much manner—metaphorically, she was on too extensive a scale. She had as many follies and caprices as such a girl can well have—the same visions of counts and dukes which haunt the brains of nearly all American females in their youth—but at the bottom of it all there was one little sentiment which she could not entirely smother.

Old Munson had a favorite clerk whom he insisted upon having well received at his house; and though his wife grumbled a little, she could not run counter to her husband's express commands.

So Ralph Hamlyn became a frequent visitor while Estelle was a school girl. In the end, Mrs. Munson liked him very much; Mortimer was jealous of his fine appearance, but had not the courage to show his dislike. Estelle grew accustomed to his society—at last she was surprised to find that a feeling, which no other man had been able to excite, had crept into her bosom. She reproached herself as any other well-bred girl would have done—a penniless clerk! She laughed at her own folly—flirted outrageously—insulted him in every way—yet when she met the haughty reproach of his eyes and heard his voice, her pride fluttered away, and she could but listen with more of womanly gentleness than she ever betrayed at other times.

But all that was over! There was an end to the quiet hours spent over the piano, the little talks in the conservatory! Estelle was on her way to Europe, certain that Hamlyn loved her, but philosophically determined that her share in the matter was enacted.

I pass over the trip, the sea-sickness, the fright, the landing at Havre at low tide—if any of my female readers have tried it, they can sympathize with Mrs. Munson's distress at descending the ladder "with all that nasty troop of Frenchmen a staring at her, and the wind quite turning her inside out."

The months in Paris were heaven! They were presented at court, and then and there Mrs. Munson's pride and ambition blossomed to its full—nothing less than a marquis for her daughter! They fluttered like numberless other Americans upon the outskirts of Parisian society—they made part of the motley group always to be found at the republican ambassador's, who never by any chance knows a French word—they talked with titled people to their heart's content—made all sorts of ridiculous mistakes, got into all manner of doubtful saloons, and

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spent more money than Mrs. Munson would at one time have thought sufficient to support a king.

Mr. Mortimer did his part—he gambled—he haunted the stage of the opera house—he lent money to his titled friends—he was snubbed, laughed at, or caressed as it happened, all of which he took quietly, seeming like many others of his young countrymen, to consider both slights and attentions part of the "polishing off" process.

They made the usual tour, and were no more laughed at than their neighbors. Of course they mistook every man for a count—their countrywomen are wont to. Estelle did not run away with a courier in "dear, delightful Florence," and only grew rapturous over one *matadore* in Spain, mistaking him for a prince, who was said to be stopping at the same hotel.

They had been abroad over a year, when some before unheard-of German springs bubbled into sudden notoriety, so along with the rest of the world thither went Mrs. Munson and her family.

They found a suite of rooms that had just been vacated by a Russian princess, very splendid and very comfortable, for which they paid a price something beyond belief.

"But," said Mrs. Munson, "it's worth your while to sleep in a bed where a live princess has slept."

It certainly was more agreeable than sleeping in the couch of a dead one; and though there was a suspicious smell of cigarettes about the curtains, Mrs. Munson took it to be the true odor of royalty, and bore it beautifully.

"Everybody that one has seen seems to be here," said Estelle, peeping out of the window upon the street crowded with gayly dressed people on their way to drink the waters. "Mamma, there's that Neapolitan duke we saw at Florence—how delightful!"

"Oh! this is really living," exclaimed Mrs. Munson. "How do people stand anything else?"

No vision of the grocery shop intruded upon her mind—a year on the Continent had buried its memory! Mrs. Munson had no dreams now, except those which glided about on palace floors and took titled people by the hand.

"This season will surely bring something decisive," thought Mrs. Munson. "I don't believe there's so pretty a girl here as Estelle, and such *bone tone!* Eleazer grumbles so much about money—I really could not make head nor tail of his last letter—I'm sure I helped earn the money, and every penny I spend counts."

That night there was a ball at the *cercle*, and the ladies went escorted by the elegant Mortimer. They were squeezed and knocked about unmercifully; but then their toes were trodden on by hairy princes with unpronounceable names, and their laces torn by nobody under a count—of course it could be borne. They met many people whom they knew, and Estelle made quite a success, for fabulous accounts concerning her wealth had been spread abroad, and had produced their due effect. Neither was Mortimer without his conquests, and Mrs. Munson sat flushed with pride watching the triumphs of her children.

While she sat there, a distinguished-looking man of forty, covered with decorations, came toward the place, and leaning upon his arm was a lovely girl.

"These are the real sort," thought Mrs. Munson, "there's nothing lost by proper politeness," and she moved a little, graciously motioning the young lady to sit beside her.

The offer was accepted with a profusion of French apologies, to which Mrs. Munson tried to respond; when she spoke bad English she fancied that she was conversing in a foreign tongue.

"You are much welcome—oh! oui—much heat to-night!"

And she fluttered her fan, and grew quite warm with her efforts in the beautiful language. The young lady bowed, and the gentleman began conversing in very good English, evidently aware with whom he was talking, and paying her so many compliments, that Mrs. Munson was charmed and confused beyond expression.

"Clemence," he said, to his companion, "I fear the princess will not come."

The young lady murmured some reply, and he continued to Mrs. Munson,

"The Princess Chaswalder was to have taken care of my niece, the Countess Clemence d'Arville," (Mrs. Munson took it as an introduction and bowed.) "She does not come—it is annoying, for I have an engagement with the Grand Duke of Hopel."

Mrs. Munson's breath was quite taken away by the list of noble names; she grasped her courage and faltered out,

"If your excellency chose to leave her with me——"

"So kind," he said, "so gracious—and they were stopping at the same hotel—so delightful!"

Then followed an animated discussion in French between the niece and uncle, which the latter translated—the young lady could not force herself on madame's goodness. But the upshot of the matter was, that the General de

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Mirecourt—he said that was his name—was allowed to retire, and there sat Mrs. Munson, smiling and red, with a live countess under her protection for all the world to see.

There was a very singular expression in the half veiled black eyes of that countess, as she listened to her companion's unintelligible nonsense.

"Do you speak the English?" asked Mrs. Munson, in her best French style.

"I spik a little Englis," murmured the countess, in a voice that was like the cooing of a dove.

"Oh! *molto bon*," cried Mrs. Munson. "No, that's Italian," she added, to herself—and really believed it—then aloud, "*Je vis*, and do you comprendre Eenglish?"

The countess did with a little difficulty, and on flew Mrs. Munson's tongue, mangling French verbs, twisting English sentences, and putting in delicious Americanisms, while her companion listened with the utmost affability, and all the while that strange look in her eyes gleamed out through the amusement which sparkled there.

Mrs. Munson saw her son at a little distance: she beckoned to him, told the whole story in a breath to his great delight, presented him to the countess, who, with a beautiful mingling of maidenly modesty and courtly breeding, accepted his arm for a waltz.

That was a delightful evening for the whole family; they drove back to the hotel in wonderful spirits, with the countess in the carriage, talking to Estelle as freely as if she had known her all her life.

Mortimer went to his room madly in love. He had seen his destiny—he must win her or perish! Everybody knows what he felt, for everybody has been a fool some time in his life, so I need not be sentimental.

The next morning, the general called on Mrs. Munson to thank her for her kindness; Mortimer called to inquire after the countess; the young ladies met to cement their newly-formed friendship. A wonderful intimacy sprang up between the countess and the ladies, in which Mortimer had his share. Such a match for him, the mother and sister were wild at the thought!

The general casually mentioned the great fortune which his niece possessed—it certainly did not decrease their pleasure. In time it came out that the general was not always kind to her; Estelle learned that he did not wish her to marry, he would lose the control of her wealth. Estelle was sure she liked Mortimer; the young man believed it; but they must not be precipitate, (there Mrs. Munson's wisdom came in,) it would not do to excite the general's suspicions. So they petted the countess and made much of her, and she returned their fondness with a delicious frankness, which spoke volumes for her heart.

But soon Estelle had dreams of her own, and Mrs. Munson's motherly heart was divided between the interests of her children.

There came a Spanish marquis to the baths; the general made his acquaintance, told Mrs. Munson of him, his vast wealth, his noble name, Montaldo, with more titles and estates than I can count, for I am not good at figures. He presented the marquis to the family and to his niece.

Such a charming young man—such a sad, poetical face, such glorious eyes, and such a black moustache! His manners were perfection; his style of dress so quiet and elegant; he spoke a dozen languages fluently; sang like a male angel, and talked in a voice that was music itself.

"I can't tell why," whispered the countess to Mrs. Munson, "but he is like our dear Estelle: be sure there is a sympathy between their noble souls."

"Oh! now he's come, you'll forget all the other men," said the mother, with dawning jealousy for her son.

"You are cruel," sighed the countess; "dear lady, I never forget!"

Mrs. Munson was profuse in apologies, her heart was touched.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" said the countess, with sudden girlish confidence and the old gleam in her black eyes. "I promised my dying father not to marry a nobleman; he wished me to become the wife of one who would take my name and title—it has been done in our family."

Mrs. Munson kissed her with tears in her eyes! Mortimer a count! it would almost give *her* a title; perhaps she would be called the countess mother-in-law! What would those odious de Lancys say when they heard of it?—they had snubbed Mrs. Munson; how different would it be when she returned to New York the mother of two titled children, with a sort of title herself!

The conversation was duly repeated—Mortimer took new hope. To do him justice, the few better feelings in his nature were really awakened: he would have married the dear girl without a cent. Still the idea of being a count was not unpleasant; perhaps Napoleon would make him one of his ministers!

The summer days flew on, and each one lifted the Munsons into a higher heaven of bliss. In

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the midst of all the gayety and dissipation in which they, of course, took a share, the party, as Estelle said, lived in a little paradise of their own.

Such drives and pic-nics! The general said he could trust his niece with his dear friend Mrs. Munson, so his black shadow seldom loomed between Mortimer and his fair enchantress. The marquis and Estelle gathered flowers on one side; the countess and Mortimer walking arm in arm at a little distance; and Mrs. Munson, looking from one group to the other until her head grew actually dizzy, while the countess' companion and former governess, smiled continually and chattered like a magpie!

She had but one annoyance—Eleazer's letters. He talked openly now of retrenchment—he had met with severe losses—they must return—he could not send them such sums. Mrs. Munson trembled and would have drawn back, but the thought of her children deterred her, she could not sacrifice their prospects. A little while and all would be settled, both married, and then Mr. Munson should have no reason to complain of her extravagance. She did try to check Mortimer, for his expenditures were fearful; but, as he said, to dazzle the general was the only hope he had of winning Laure, and the mother was silenced.

In truth the general was quite a tax; he borrowed money, which Mortimer could not refuse; he urged him to gamble, and the youth invariably lost. Then several times he played with his prospective brother-in-law, and met with the same success. Twice at the public tables he encountered the marquis, when the latter had, in the most unheard-of, careless way, left all his money behind; of course Mortimer offered his purse, and neither time had the Spaniard remembered to repay him—it would appear shabby to allude to it, so it went like the rest.

One morning Mortimer descended to the countess's rooms for a call; there was no servant in the ante-room, and he passed through the salon to her boudoir, where she sometimes received, but never except in the presence of her dragon, Madame Thillon, her second mother, as she called her.

A sight met Mortimer's eyes which nearly frenzied him. Upon a couch lay the countess, sobbing and moaning in a paroxysm of hysterical distress.

"Laure!" he cried, forgetting all ceremony in his suffering.

She lifted her face, around which her black ringlets fell in disheveled masses, and uttered a faint shriek.

"You here!" she faltered. "Go at once! Do you not see that I am alone?—it is not proper—go!"

"I cannot! I will not!" he exclaimed, "until you tell me what troubles you!"

"Never," she gasped, "never—go at once!"

She was so lovely in her tearful pleadings that Mortimer's passion could no longer be restrained. He fell at her feet, clasped her hands in his, and told all his love in really beautiful style—oh! young America owes so much to the scores of French professors who crowd our shores.

"*Je t'aime, je t'adore!*"

But, Lord bless me! I'm not making love to a French countess, nor writing a French story, so let me translate his protestations into as intelligible English as love-making is capable of being put.

"I love you, Laure—my heart is at your feet—do not tread upon it," and so forth.

She turned away her head, and yet she listened. Her bosom heaved with repressed emotion, and she strove feebly to free her hands.

"Oh! leave me," she sighed at length, "I must not listen!"

"Do you not love me, Laure? Will you not speak a word—only one?"

At last she did—a faltering, musical answer that thrilled her listener's heart. He would have clasped her to his bosom, but she repulsed him with charming delicacy.

"No lips but those of a husband must touch this brow," she said; "dear Mortimer, respect my scruples!"

He nearly devoured her hands in his ecstasy—indeed they were pretty enough to eat—and then insisted upon knowing the cause of her distress.

"Do not ask me," she said; "why should I pain you with my griefs?"

"Are not your sorrows mine? Do you not love me, Laure?"

She could not resist his pleadings, and, in passionate words broken by sobs, told the story of her wrongs.

Her uncle treated her like a brute—he was squandering her fortune—he always opposed her marriage, because the moment she became a wife his control ceased. He threatened now to take her away from that dear place, nay more——

"Tell me all!" cried Mortimer, and she went on, crimson with offended pride.

"He is furious with me because I will not wed him. You know that in France such marriages are common; and he is only my mother's half brother."

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A terrible execration burst from Mortimer's lips.

'I will challenge him—kill him!"

She calmed him at last; he vowed the most profound secrecy; it was their only hope, she said.

"But there is more!" he exclaimed; "what is that letter? Let me see it."

"No, I beg! I entreat! It is nothing—a trifle—*un petit misere*—yet it has made me more wretched than all the rest."

Finally all came out—the general had refused to pay her dress-maker's bill.

"It is enormous, I know," sighed the countess; "but I wished to appear well. Can you not think why?—oh! do not blame me!"

The enraptured youth fairly kissed her slipper. He begged for the privilege of paying it. She was shocked, indignant, almost insulted.

"No!" she cried; "you speak to a d'Arville, monsieur! I will sell my jewels—my mother's last gift—not a gem but is a memory of her—their very touch is a blessing—but they shall go!"

Mortimer expostulated and prayed; for a long time his words were unavailing.

"Grant me this proof of your love," he said; "show that you have confidence in my honor."

"Ah! you know well that is a plea I cannot refuse," she said, with renewed tears. "Have your will. I put away all pride, all reserve—Mortimer, I will be your debtor."

She was, indeed—the amount of the bill was startling. It took every cent he had that day drawn to pay debts for his mother; but he handed it to her with rapture; were he to pay the bill it might compromise her.

There were vows of secrecy, renewed pledges. Suddenly all the countess' delicate sense of propriety—the quality Mrs. Munson so much admired in her—came back.

"Alone with you!" she cried, clasping her hands tragically. "Go, I pray you! If my uncle were to see you here! What would my dear Thillon think, and she may come in at any moment? If you love me, go."

The youth tore himself away, at last; the countess had given him permission that he should inform his mother of their engagement, under a solemn promise of secrecy. When Mrs. Munson was growing angry to find that he had spent the money—how he could not easily tell—she was calmed by that heavenly intelligence—the countess had promised to become his wife. She actually flung her arms about his neck in her motherly delight, and wept quite as sincerely, if not as gracefully, as the young lady had done.

"My own Murphy—I mean Morty! My darling, darling son! I am so proud, so happy! and I shall be the mother of a real count and countess!"

Other exciting intelligence was in store—that day was an eventful one to Mrs. Munson, seeming to usher in the realization of her wildest dreams.

With the pleasant liberty of an American girl, Estelle had that morning been entertaining the marquis alone in the saloon.

He conversed beautifully: he told of his story-haunted chateau, his palace at Madrid, his longings, his search for perfection, and ended by saying that in her he had found all for which his enthusiastic heart so deeply pined.

The melody of his voice, the exaggerated passion of his words had their due effect; Estelle felt as if fascinated, yet in the very midst there came a memory of the quiet hours in the conservatory of her American home, and she could hardly tell whether to weep or be happy.

"Say that you will be mine!" pleaded the marquis; "I cannot leave you without hope—speak, dearest!"

Estelle faltered out the words; yet when he pressed her to his heart the tears would flow.

"May I seek your mother?" he whispered; "I cannot rest till I know that I may speedily claim you."

He went away and left her in a singular state of feeling; but she put the past resolutely aside as a foolish dream, and looked proudly forward to the brilliant future; felt the coronet already upon her brow, while its fancied light dimmed the purity and loveliness of her girlish visions.

The marquis entered the room, just after Mortimer had left his mother. The young Spaniard pressed his suit eloquently, and Mrs. Munson could hardly wait until he had finished before she consented.

"I offer your daughter one of the proudest names in Spain," he said, when all was arranged. "I do not ask fortune; I have never even inquired if she had wealth of her own."

"She will have a hundred thousand dollars the day she marries," said Mrs. Munson, magnificently.

"It must all be settled upon herself," he replied, with a kingly wave of the hand which seemed to sweep the trifle aside. "I shall settle twice that sum upon her, to say nothing of a palace in Madrid, and a castle in Andalusia, which will be deeded to her."

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Mrs. Munson neither shrieked nor fainted; but it required a strong effort of self-control not to do both. When the marquis left, she flew to Estelle, and the extravagances she committed during the next hour would have convinced any stranger that she was a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum.

"Now come to the countess," she said, when they had somewhat quieted themselves. "So much happiness in one day—she has promised to become Mortimer's wife, but it is to be kept a profound secret."

The fair Laure received them with blushes and tears; she and Estelle wept in each other's arms; while Mrs. Munson extended her hands over their heads in a sort of theatrical blessing; and the worthy Thillon, a little in the background, murmured her delight.

The marquis would hear of no delay—a contract must be signed according to the Spanish fashion—the nuptials should follow as soon after as possible.

All the world knew that the Spaniard had won the rich Yankee girl. He made no secret of it, nor did Mrs. Munson.

A party of Americans, belonging to a clique who had formerly slighted them, were there, and did their best now to cultivate the family. How Mrs. Munson patronized them! Grandly she talked of her future son-in-law, and hinted of a great marriage her son was soon to make. Her countrywomen congratulated her, and hated her with all the spite of feminine natures.

The days went by like Roman triumphs to the dazzled Munsons. There was no end to the extravagances in which they indulged. Mrs. Munson sailed about like a queen dowager, and Estelle struggled between her dreams of grandeur and a dull heartache, striving to forget it in every species of excitement.

Letters came from old Munson enclosing checks; but informing his wife it was the last remittance he could send: to raise that he had sold stocks at an enormous sacrifice—he was so crippled that ruin stared him in the face.

Mrs. Munson caught at the checks, and threw the letters aside unread; she was just dressing for a ball, and had no time to spare.

The day came upon which the contract was to be signed. The affair was to be private, but Mrs. Munson had invited all her American acquaintances, that she might overwhelm them with the glory of her family.

The group was gathered in the saloon! Mrs. Munson flushed like her crimson brocade; Estelle pale as the pearls she wore; the marquis handsome as a young crusader; the countess grace and perfection personified; the general dignified and decorated as usual; Mortimer restless with excitement; the other Americans fussy and funny as they are sure to be when anything unusual is going on; and the foreigners present calm and high-bred as icicles. Suddenly there was a commotion outside. A servant hastily entered and whispered to Mrs. Munson, that a gentleman must speak with her at once—a friend from America.

There was nothing for it but to see him, so she went out and found Ralph Hamlyn.

"I am in time," he said, hastily; "your daughter is safe!"

"Sir, are you mad?" she cried, with the air of Mrs. Siddons. "In yonder room wait twenty nobles to witness the signing of the marriage contract between my daughter and the Marquis Montaldo."

"Mrs. Munson, you must prepare yourself for terrible news. I had just reached Paris on business connected with your husband's house when I heard of this. I have lost no time in coming here; that marquis is an adventurer of the basest sort—I have the proofs in my possession—moreover, there is an associate of his here, a general something, whom the officers are about to arrest."

There had been a listener to his words; a woman crept out of the room and fled.

"You are crazy!" cried Mrs. Munson, furiously. "No, you are a base, mean slanderer—you wanted my daughter—it is jealousy!"

"Do not expose yourself—think of your daughter!"

"I won't—I will tell the marquis—he shall beat you to a jelly—oh! I've a mind to do it myself! Come, I say!"

"Not before strangers. Call your family here."

He ran out and bade a servant summon the marquis, the general, and Mrs. Munson's son and daughter, while the mother fumed and raged like a pent-up volcano

Mortimer was not there, but the others came, the two men very pale, though dignified still.

When Estelle saw Hamlyn, she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands: a premonition of the terrible shame in store had come upon her.

"Speak, marquis!" exclaimed Mrs. Munson; "kill that man—beat him! He says you are a scamp—and you too, general."

The pair tried to annihilate him with their looks; but Hamlyn stepped up to the marquis, showed him a paper, said a few words, and he shrunk away.

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"As for you," he said, to the general, "I advise you to adopt another disguise and be off, the police are on your track for that last swindle of yours on a Frankfort bank."

The doughty general—the hero of a score of duels—uttered one oath and hurried away.

Mrs. Munson fell on the floor in strong hysterics, and Estelle cowered in her chair with her face still buried in her hands.

"As for you, sir," continued Hamlyn, "I could arrest you—for the sake of this family I will not. One thing you shall do, or nothing will prevent my punishing you. Go with me into the room where your friends are—say that I have just been sent from America by Mr. Munson—that he forbids this marriage, and threatens his daughter with disinheritance and his curse if it takes place, and that she has refused you—this will take all shame from her."

The marquis bullied and blustered, but Hamlyn was firm. The Spaniard appealed to Mrs. Munson—she only struck her head on the floor and shrieked,

"You are all as bad as you can be! No, I don't believe it—oh! I don't know what to say."

She went off in a violent paroxysm, and the marquis turned to Estelle.

"Mademoiselle——"

She dropped her hands, rose from her seat and looked full in his face.

"Go, sir—I forgive you this wrong—I have brought it on myself by my own folly—I only ask you to go."

She sank back in the chair, shrinking from Hamlyn's eyes. Mrs. Munson heard her words, she sprang to her feet.

"Estelle," she cried, "is he a scamp?" and her fingers worked nervously.

In a few words, Hamlyn exposed his villanies and showed the proofs. For years Mrs. Munson had been a lady, surrounded by the elegancies and refinements of fashionable life, but in that moment all was forgotten. She made a dash at the marquis and caught him by the hair.

"Oh! you wretch, you thief!" she shouted. "You vagabone, you sneak! I'll show you—I'll teach you!" and with every word she shook him so violently that his teeth chattered, and ended every epithet with a box on the ear which made him stagger.

With great difficulty Hamlyn released the unfortunate man, who would have run away, but Ralph's voice of command checked him.

"Let me beat him," cried Mrs. Munson, "do let me beat him! I'll break every bone in his Spanish body, the nasty wretch!"

"Mother," exclaimed Estelle, "stop—not a word more! Are we not sufficiently disgraced?"

Mrs. Munson buried her head in the sofa cushions, shrieked and writhed in strong convulsions, which nobody had time to heed.

"A few moments, Miss Munson," said Ralph, "and all will be over. Wait here, if you please."

She heard him but made no response; and when the two had gone out she sat there dumb, while her mother's insane ravings continued.

All was done as Ralph proposed; so naturally was it managed that the Americans really believed the story, and the party broke up.

When Hamlyn returned, Estelle was sitting just as he had left her, and Mrs. Munson, quite exhausted by her struggles, was feebly moaning among the sofa cushions.

"All is settled, Miss Munson," he said, "nothing unpleasant to yourself can occur."

"I thank you," she replied, speaking like one in a dream. "Will you call my brother? Where is he? We must leave here to-day, and take the next steamer to America."

But Mortimer was nowhere to be found; the countess had also mysteriously disappeared. In the young man's room, which was in frightful disorder, was a letter for his mother, that renewed Mrs. Munson's frightful spasms.

Let us go back a couple of hours, and learn something of Master Mortimer.

Just as he was thinking of following his mother to find out who her mysterious visitor could be, he noticed that the countess had disappeared. He rose in haste, and as he did so, he saw his betrothed in the adjoining room beckoning to him.

"Come to my apartment, quick," she said.

He followed her in fear, and when there she exclaimed,

"You are to lose me! I know all; your mother's guest comes from my aunt, the princess—she has heard of you—she will take me from uncle and put me in a convent."

She wept convulsively, and did high tragedy equal to Rachel.

"Fly with me," he cried, "there is time!"

"Alas!" she moaned, "my uncle has left me penniless."

"But I have enough; my mother will follow us."

He had in his pocket the check for thirty thousand francs received from his father. The countess resisted for a time, but there seemed no other way, and she consented.

"My passport is *vised*," she said, "I have kept it so of late, for I had everything to dread from my uncle's violence; it is for Thillon too

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and a male servant—go as that, till we reach Brussels, then get a passport from your minister."

It required only a few moments to cash the check. The countess and her dragon met him at the station with a load of trunks, wonderful to behold considering the time they had had, and away they flew toward Brussels.

Mortimer had left a note for his mother, telling her what had happened, really believing that she would be satisfied. But alas! Hamlyn knew about the countess too!

Mrs. Munson was put to bed under the influence of a strong narcotic; and Estelle and Hamlyn settled everything. He took a list of their debts—paid them—learned the route the fugitives had taken, and before morning the three were on their way to Brussels.

That was a happy journey to Mortimer! Never had the countess been so kind; the dragon sat near, but did not intrude upon their whispered conversation, and away they sped toward what he deemed lasting bliss.

They reached Brussels. When the countess had taken a few hours' rest, Mortimer was admitted to her presence.

"We will wait here," she said, "for your dear mother, it would not be proper to go on to Paris. You must go to your minister in case you should need a passport before they come."

"But, for the love of heaven, don't take that money in your purse," said Thillon.

"Dear Thillon is so careful," laughed the countess; and he gave the thirty thousand francs to the respected old lady.

Late that night he left the countess, went to bed, and dreamed gloriously. As early the next morning as was proper he descended to the ladies' rooms.

"They are gone," said the servant.

"Out already?" he said, in surprise.

"Gone, sir, gone, with their trunks.'

"Yes, and here is the bill," said the landlord, coming up before he could speak; "you must settle it before you can go. They said you would pay it, and you shall!"

"Gone!" repeated Mortimer. He rushed into the rooms—not a trace—not a vestige left. Yes, on the table a note directed to himself, and which he opened in mad haste.

"My uncle has discovered my retreat—farewell, dear sir."

"Who did they go with?" he gasped.

"A general something——"

"De Mirecourt?"

"That's the name. And oh! *mon dieu*," said the servant, "I saw them after they got into the carriage—how they laughed about you!"

She had gone indeed, and the thirty thousand francs with her, to help carry on in other places her swindling practices, and with the successful adventuress journeyed the tyrannical uncle and the handsome marquis.

"And the bill?" said the landlord. "I believe you are all a set of swindlers! Pay or go to prison!"

Mortimer could not pay, so he did go to prison; and there it was that Hamlyn found him when he reached Brussels with his unhappy charges.

The family meeting is beyond the power of description.

A week after, they were on their way to America; and when they reached their native land, Mrs. Munson found her husband a comparatively poor man.

Human nature is tough, and none of them died. There were vague rumors, more sneers, but nobody ever knew the truth.

The business fell into the hands of Ralph Hamlyn. Mortimer became his clerk, and, only a year after, Ralph married Estelle. Mrs. Munson's sufferings must have been acute, but she kept them to herself, and, with renewed prosperity, her spirits revived; but, though still fond of show and self-praise, she was never heard to talk much of her European trip, or boast of her acquaintance with titled people.

DARK HOURS.

BY M. S. MAITLAND.

There are times when the heart is saddened
By some dread of future ill,
And the illusion can be broken
By no effort of the will;
When the future seems all darkened,
And the present overcast,
And our brightest thoughts and visions
Are taken from the past.

But these dark hours are of little worth,
They sadden our youth's best days,
They are tinted with the hues of earth,
And not with Heaven's bright rays.
Let us cast them aside forever,
And be happy while we may;
Then our hearts will be light and joyous,
And life—one long Summer day.

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TRAVELERS AND TRAVELING.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

THINK for a moment of the masses moving in every direction. From homes of wealth and of poverty they come—from the emigrant's little cabin of mud by the wayside, and the palace of the titled noble—on they throng, men, women, and children—sick and well—joyful and sorrowful. Some are in the first flush of wedded happiness, on their bridal tour—some are leaving the home of youth and childhood, where they have been sheltered and fondled, to seek a scanty living in a heartless world. Some go at the call of husbands to the lands of the golden mountains—some to while away a leisure that is wearisome, to fill a void no earthly pleasure can satisfy. What endless packing of trunks and bags is perpetually in progress from the rising of the sun till its going down! Did you ever think of it, reader? How all the avenues of commerce are crowded with the constant coming and going of articles needed for transportation. Fourteen trunks carried off from the steps of our next door neighbor, who is going to show her two or three dozen new "loves" of dresses at Saratoga. "That place where really noblemen go sometimes, dear!" Truly man (and woman too) is a living locomotive, under full pressure, flying, flashing from town to town, from country to country, never at rest, puffing and blowing, and steaming it through the world.

Those who have pockets full of money, and can afford to wait for detention of boat or car, ought to enjoy all the delights of traveling. They can stop when they please, put up at the most expensive hotels, keep a body-guard of waiters about them, all the time, by a liberal supply of the cash—be stared at, talked about, admired, and envied to their hearts' content. To such, there is scarcely a higher pleasure than to make a sensation. They love to hear the sly side communication, "Guess he's rich." They love to sit in state, on the right hand of the master of ceremonies—to have the wants of their wives and daughters attended to first, and themselves listened to as "Sir Oracles." So, their little hearts are contented. Then they smack their lips, and talk smoothly of the little things, whose cognizance has chanced to pass through the avenue of their very limited brains.

Others, languid and faint, to whom a straw is a burden, endure with indescribable anguish the discomforts of travel. How often have we seen some pale face, touching in its uncomplaining sorrow, leaning wearily upon the seat of car or steamboat! When the bosom is burdened with sighs, and brain and heart are throbbing with pain, the loud laugh of the thoughtless, the chit-chat of the happy, the bounding steps of the little child—how strange they seem! One thought only fills the mind—one star shines through the deep gloom—it is the thought and the star of home! They are going home! The dear, old mother is there. At her touch the fires of the brain will sink to slumber; the heart will throb less heavily. The pillow and the couch are waiting there—the voice of love—the prayer of faith. So long the earth-weary for heaven!

Sometimes there is a fugitive from justice on board, who sits in sullen silence, with clenched hands and teeth, and hat drawn over his brows. He dares not look at a single face, for he feels that on his own is branded an indelible mark.

As the train nears the village, or the town, he cowers in deadly fear, for he knows the very lightnings have proclaimed his guilt, and the officers of outraged justice are on his track. Poor, guilty wretch! was the paltry gain worth all this shame and anguish?

The selfish traveler makes his mark. The windows shall be shut and opened, as his sovereign will dictates; though the winds, soothing to him, strike the chill of death through a tenderer frame, he never disturbs his precious self. He is an unabated nuisance—turn him out.

It is passing strange, that many travelers, especially mothers with little children, will not take the precaution to provide themselves with water for the journey; a flask and dipper, or tumbler, would not take up an inconvenient amount of room, and would save much annoyance. Once, in traveling, we were seated near a little family, consisting of a mother and two children—one of whom was quite ill—and an aged grandparent. For the first part of the journey all went well, water could be obtained, at the depots, to cool the parched lips of the

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little stranger. But night came on—a stormy night of wind and tempest, and the child grew very sick and impatient; we seem to hear her moaning little voice, faint, weak, and imploring; we see those large, languid blue eyes floating in tears.

"Drink, mamma!—drink, drink, mamma!" resounded at constant intervals, accompanied sometimes with bitter cries.

We wondered that we had not thought of obtaining water. The mother, worn out with watching and fatigue, burst into tears and sobbed piteously, while the little voice kept up its pleading, monotonous cry, "Drink, mamma, drink!"

The fever burned her lips; her cheeks blazed; her breath was like fire—yet no water could be had for love or money, along the route of the rushing train. Think of it, the child was dying of thirst—absolutely perishing for water—and the thoughtless mother had no resort but tears Could they but quench the poor child's thirst, we could have wept till morning. Alas! when morning came, the little sufferer had put on wings. She died in the cars, and—here we will leave the subject. It may induce some to think.

A YEAR AGO.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The sky is crimson with the light
  Left by the blush of day;
And moveless stand the linden trees,
  Clad in their bright array.
Earth seems as glad and beautiful,
  As when the morning stars
First sang together in the blue
  Of Heaven's empyrean bars.

But as I gaze, the radiant glow
  Of amber fades and dies,
A steel-blue mist comes up and dims
  The gorgeous Western skies;
And in the East, the purple flags
  Change to a sullen gray,
And through the linden trees the wind
  Tears wildly on its way.

This change has come upon my heart
  Since last I saw the flowers
That gladden earth, and bloom for us,
  In May's delightful hours—
How bright the hopes that cheered me then,
  How radiant was their glow!
And life, it was a royal thing
  One little year ago!

Winter has come ere half of Spring
  Had blossomed o'er my head—
And hopes that budded brought no flower,
  Before they joined the dead!
In the chill grave I've hid them well—
  Peace to their sacred rest!
And peace to him who lies below,
  With earth upon his breast!

God giveth His beloved one
  A little dreamless sleep,
Unheeding the repining prayers
  Of those who stay to weep;
A little closing of the eyes,
  And folding of the hands,
And then He leads him up the steeps
  To the Immortal Lands!

THE REALM OF DREAMS.

BY S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Oh! the Realm of Dreams is a beautiful realm!
  With its glorious azure skies,
And temples built with a wonderful art,
  Like the temples of Paradise;
And streams that murmur mellifluously,
  'Neath the amaranthine bowers,
Waves diamond-like as the drops of dew
  That sleep in the cups of flowers.

Oh! the Realm of Dreams is a beautiful realm!
  There the smile-light of God doth rest,
Like a benediction breathed from the lips
  Of saints in the land of the blest;
And the bright pearls shine on the silvery shores
  Like stars on the forehead of even,
And the flow'rs weep their souls out in perfume, sweet
  As the aromas of Heaven.

Oh! the Realm of Dreams is a beautiful realm!
  There the silent river of day
Flows in 'neath the wondrous arc of the sky,
  From the founts of light far away;
And it sweeps along 'twixt the mellow shores
  Of a morning and evening land,
Like a silent life—like a breath of flow'rs—
  Like the tide of an ocean grand.

Oh! the Realm of Dreams is a beautiful realm!
  And Heaven is not far away
From its seas of light and enchanted isles,
  Where the magical wavelets play;
For an influence floats on the fainting air,
  Like a breath from the fields of Aiden,
And a murmur of voices, and music soft,
  Waft in from the gates of Heaven.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 317.

CHAPTER X.

It was the doctor from Norwich who left his horse tied to the fence, and knee deep in snow, while he went up to the cabin with a pair of leathern saddle-bags swung over his arm, and a riding-whip in his hand.

Mrs. Leonard met him at the door, ready with a broom to sweep the snow from his boots.

"Oh! bother, never mind the snow. What of my patients, ha! drowned or froze to death, which?"

"They are both alive and comfortable, I think," said Mrs. Leonard, with the air of one who felt conscious of deserving praise, and meant to have it.

"What have you done for 'em, ha?"

"Rolled 'em in blankets before the fire at first; heated the bed with burnt sugar till it smoked again, and tucked 'em in."

"All right as if I'd been here myself; pure good sense, good sense. Mrs. Leonard, only what on arth did you send after me for?"

"It's best to be sure one is doing right, you know, doctor. Besides, the old man wouldn't a been contented without you, he thinks nobody don't know nothing that hasn't been to college: so just step in and let me shut the door. The young lady is in the next room; Amy is up stairs."

"I'll go to her first, poor girl!" said the doctor, "I mustn't let her suffer whatever comes of it. If your husband hadn't hurried on after young Arnold, I shouldn't have known that Amy was under the mill at all; the young chap only spoke of the French girl."

"Never mind about that jest now, doctor," said Mrs. Leonard, quickly, while she rattled the great iron tongs about the fire that Amy might not hear; "but just go in and see the young lady. I'll make a mug of hot flip agin you come out."

The doctor took his saddle-bags from behind the door, where he had placed them, and went into the inner room talking cheerfully.

Laura had been aroused from sleep by his entrance, for there was an outbreak of cheerfulness in his voice that carried an idea of warmth with it. She looked out from among the blankets as he came in, and her eyes shone with pleasant astonishment; the grand symmetrical head; that voice, so full of genial intelligence; the brusque benevolence of his address, gave a glow to the heart that had hitherto rested like ice in her bosom: all unconsciously she smiled as the face beamed upon her.

"Well, my dear, and so you have had a ducking, eh! wonder you ever got out of that bottomless pit under the saw-mill. Narrow chance —narrow chance, I can tell you."

"I know it," said Laura, gratefully. "If the young lady, Miss Leonard, I mean, hadn't been courageous as a lion, and good as an angel, I must have perished!"

"Then it was Amy, my pet of pets, that got you out? Just like her—just like her—the goodness that is, but I'd no idea she had so much strength. So little Amy saved your life, my girl! Have you thanked God for that? Will you continue to thank Him all the days of your life?"

"I have only remembered to thank her as yet," said Laura, a little disturbed. "The shock was so great, the chill so cutting, I have hardly felt the power to think till your voice awoke me."

"Well, well, with life gratitude should come, and I dare say it will, for you seem a sensible girl, and it would have been a pity to have lost you under the ice. Cold yet, ha! give me your wrist."

Laura drew her delicate hand out from its shelter in the blankets, and laid it in the doctor's broad palm.

"Soft as a silk weed pod," he said, holding the hand in one palm, while he smoothed it down with the other tenderly, as if it had been a pet dove. "Never knew what it was to work, I dare say?"

"No," said Laura, smiling, "it is not necessary. I am only a useless, spoiled girl, doctor, with no one but my brother to love me very much."

"And, of course, no one to control you?" said the doctor.

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"Control? oh! no, I shouldn't like that," said the girl, with an impatient movement of the head.

The doctor pressed her hand in his, shook it with an anxious sort of sympathy, exclaimed once or twice, "Poor thing! poor thing!" and then began his professional part of the visit in good earnest.

"Cold yet?"

"Not exactly; a shuddering sort of chill creeping through and through me, but not that horrible icy feel."

"Pain?"

"Not absolute pain, but—but vague aches, as if I had been bruised."

"Have no doubt, Mrs. Leonard."

"Well, doctor," cried the good woman, coming to the bed room door with a pair of red-hot tongs in her hand, which she had just drawn from the mug of hissing flip.

"Any wormwood in the house?"

"Wormwood? Whoever heard of a house without wormwood in it, not to say catnip, pennyroyal, and wild turnip? Of course I've got plenty of wormwood, doctor."

"Steep some in hot water then, and lay it all over this young lady's chest; put something warm to her feet; and then, my dear, go to sleep again, for that is all I can do just now."

"But when shall I be well enough to get up, doctor?"

"Well enough? Why to-morrow, I dare say. One good ducking shouldn't keep you in bed longer than that."

Laura turned her head contentedly on the pillow and closed her eyes. The doctor laid her hand softly into the bed, as he would have returned a bird to its nest, and went out smiling benignly as he entered the outer room.

"Here," said Mrs. Leonard, lifting a brown earthen mug foaming over with the drink she had been brewing, between both hands, and bearing it toward him, "here's a mug of flip that'll do your heart good, doctor."

Dr. Blake took the brown mug from her hands, looked into its depths with a smiling countenance, lifted it slowly to his mouth and drank. Slowly the bottom of the mug rose in sight, and then with a deep, deep sigh, mellow as the wind which sweeps over an orchard of ripe apples, he returned the mug to its level, and looked into Mrs. Leonard's face with a glance of sunny approval, that went to her heart.

"Capital flip, Miss Leonard. There isn't another woman in Norwich that could offer one a treat like that!"

"Supposing you take another drink," said Mrs. Leonard, coloring with honest vanity. "I've got the tongs heating agin, and can have a fresh mug ready before the old man comes in."

"Supposing I do!" said the doctor, eyeing the drink with a side glance, and shaking it gently in the mug before he lifted it to his moist lips again. "There, Mrs. Leonard, I feel like another man; don't forget to fill up for my friend Joshua, while I go to little Amy, a noble girl that, Mrs. Leonard—one in a thousand—gentle as a dove, and brave as a warrior. Some fine stuff in the young French girl yonder, but nothing to Amy! The ladder is quite safe, I suppose. Why didn't the child stay down stairs, there was room enough in the bed for two?"

"But Amy wanted to be alone. She didn't quite seem to take to her," said Mrs. Leonard, nodding her head toward the inner room.

"I understand," cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder as he mounted the rude steps; "natural enough too."

Amy was very white, and shivered painfully when the doctor came to her bed. There was a sort of wild terror in her eyes, which reminded him of a poor little rabbit that he had seen taken from a box trap that morning, whose soft glance was turned imploring on its captor. It seemed as if Amy were begging him to spare her, and he laughed at the idea; for the pretty little animal, whose only fault had been a love of sweet apples, seemed to him no more innocent than the young girl.

"And so, Amy, you have been in the mill-race, like a precious, darling little dunce, have you? Why, child, it's a miracle you ever came out—do you know that I've a great mind to keep you in bed a week for it? How can you look me in the face after such work?"

"I—I couldn't help it, doctor, it all happened before I had time to think. She was sinking, you know, and, and——"

"You jumped in, like a brave girl; I wouldn't have believed it of you, Amy Leonard."

"Oh! if you had seen her eyes, those great, wild eyes pleading upward! and her poor hands slipping away from the log. Indeed, indeed I could not help it."

"Couldn't help it? Of course you couldn't; but come, come let's see if you have been hurt by the wild leap: give me your hand!"

Amy reached out her little brown hand, which the doctor took with far more tender reverence than had marked his conduct with Laura. He felt the pulse, exclaiming,

"Child, what is this? your pulse beats like a

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trip-hammer. Is it fever or fright? Why how this poor little hand shakes; don't take it away yet."

"Oh! I'm not sick, but sometimes my heart beats fast, and then, of course, the pulse rises. I only want a little sleep to be quite well, doctor. Say that to mother, or she'll be fretting about me."

"But you are not well, you tremble, and have fallen away. Your eyes are growing large; and, tell me, Amy, were you quite well before this happened?"

"Quite well, yes—I—I don't know!"

The doctor looked at her very gravely, and shook his head, at which she shrunk away and began to shiver again.

"This will never do," cried the doctor, "you are worse off a great deal than the young woman down stairs; your mother should have kept you there."

"No, no, I could not stay. She is strange, that young lady I mean, I could not breathe."

"Poor little fawn! how scared you look! Well, well, the young lady will be able to go home in the morning, and then we will have you down stairs, while I ransack the old saddle-bags for something that will make you strong."

"But I am strong."

"My fawn, you are no such thing, I must have a talk with your mother about it."

"Oh! doctor, this is cruel!" cried the poor girl, turning more and more pallid, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Cruel indeed! I only hope everybody will be as kind."

"But what do you wish to frighten mother for? I am well: how could I have held that young lady up in the water if I hadn't been strong?" pleaded the poor girl piteously.

"That's very true," answered the doctor, with the tone and manner of a person who yields without conviction. "To-morrow you will be down stairs, as smart as ever."

"Yes—yes," she answered, eagerly

"But I will drop in now and then, as I ride by the Falls, just to see how you get along."

"Yes!" The word came very faintly from those pale lips.

"So now good-bye," he said, pleasantly. "Keep your arms under the bed-clothes, and drink what I shall send you without making faces. Do you hear?"

"Yes, doctor."

Dr. Blake went down the steps backward, and thus entered the room where Mrs. Leonard was waiting.

"Well, doctor, has she got over the fright?"

"Oh! she'll do well enough," answered Dr. Blake, kneeling down by his saddle-bags, and preparing to open them. "Bring me a case-knife with a narrow point. That will answer. Now a scrap of paper—not very strong lately—the girl, I mean?"

"What? My Amy?"

"Yes, Amy. Touch of the high-po, now and then, ha?"

"Why yes," said the kind mother, drawing close to the doctor, as he measured some powders on the point of her case-knife, and folded them in tiny bits of paper. "Yes, she's been sort of down-hearted and good for nothing this six weeks, yet nothing really seems to be the matter; sort of feeble in the morning, nothing more."

"Oh! ailing in the morning, and a little restless after, I dare say."

"Jes so, doctor."

"Anxious and watching, as if she expected some one, or was afraid of something?"

"Yes, sort of fidgety."

"Starts when you speak to her suddenly?"

"Yes, that's jest it."

"Seems ready to burst out a-crying, once in awhile?"

"Yes, and does it, too."

"Especially if you speak very kindly to her?"

"That has puzzled me, doctor; she can't seem ter bear petting as she used ter."

"That will do," said the doctor, giving Mrs. Leonard the medicine, and buckling the straps of his saddle-bags. "Fine young woman in there, visiting at the Arnolds, I believe? Your daughter has been in New Haven; I suppose she saw young Arnold there?"

"Why I reckon so—of course. Why not?"

"Why not! Indeed he's a smart chap—too smart for these parts—above visiting his old friends, I dare say."

"Nothing of the sort, doctor," cried Mrs. Leonard, blushing in her eagerness to defend the young man. "He was up here the second night after he came home. Jest as friendly as ever."

"To see you and Joshua?"

"Why yes—he came to see us all, I reckon."

Dr. Blake swung the saddle-bags over his arm, and went out, rather abruptly, and with a cloud on his fine features. As he trotted off through the snow, the anxious expression grew deeper on his face.

"I wonder," he said, looking back upon the cabin, "I wonder if there has ever been a spot so remote that this one cause of heartache could

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not penetrate it. So the young scoundrel dragged out the showy French girl, and left the little one to help herself—the hound!"

All unconsciously the doctor lashed out with his whip, which gave energy to his thought, and set his horse off into a floundering gallop, that flung a storm of snow all around him. Just then he met Benedict Arnold coming back in the little cutter at a rapid pace, with his mother muffled up in the furs by his side. The doctor's fingers tingled with their tight pressure on the whip handle as the cutter dashed toward him.

"Stop! son, stop!" cried Mrs. Arnold, laying her hand on the reins, which her son handled with jockey-like ability. "Here is the doctor!"

Arnold drew his horse up with a sudden crash of the bells, and his mother called out, in her sweet, low voice,

"Doctor! doctor! How are they? Is there any danger?"

The doctor drew his horse close by the cutter, and, without looking at Arnold, addressed his mother.

"Not if they are left in peace, Mrs. Arnold; but you must not go up there now."

"But—but they will want care, and my son is so anxious. I could hardly persuade him to stay at home long enough to change his wet clothes."

"Anxious! what about?" cried the doctor, looking full at the young man. "Is it the French girl, with her frippery and her airs; or Amy Leonard, the poor girl whom he left to sink or swim as she could?"

"I am responsible to you neither for my actions nor my feelings, Dr. Blake," said Arnold, insolently.

"But you will be responsible to God for this day's work, young man, and for that of many another day that has gone before," said the doctor, with a sternness that was almost solemn.

Arnold did not speak at once, but quick rage flamed into his eyes, and left his quivering lips pale as the snow that lay around him. He lifted the long whip, as if to lash at the doctor, but curved his hand promptly, broke into a defiant laugh, and the blow fell with stinging violence on the spirited horse attached to the cutter. The horse gave a wild leap sideways; and then the ferocious courage of the young man broke forth with brutal violence: drawing the reins tight with one hand, he stood up, and the long lash curled and quivered like a snake around the generous beast, who reared, plunged, and fought against the strain upon his mouth, till his limbs shook, and drops of blood fell from his torn lips upon the snow. Still, such was the strength of anger in the young man, that he held the animal firmly, rave and tear as he would. Mrs. Arnold grew pale in the face of this brutal strife, and now and then cried out in a plaintive way,

"Benedict! Oh! Benedict, don't!" which her son heeded no more than a tempest stops to hear the whispered complaint of a snowdrop.

At last the horse stood, tamed and trembling, in his tracks; then Arnold turned fiercely on the doctor, and demanded what he meant by attempting to stop them on the way.

Dr. Blake, who had been gravely watching the contest between the poor brute and the brutal man, simply replied, that the strange young lady had good nursing, and was getting along well—so well that he did not wish her disturbed, even by her friends, who could not fail to be in the way in a small house already overfull. The doctor looked at Mrs. Arnold as he spoke; and she, in her gentle way which had a kind of sweet authority in it, said at once that it was best to return home; for the world she would not intrude herself into neighbor Leonard's house, unless she could be of use.

This decision, gently as it was given, Arnold was obliged to respect; for his mother had yet a strong influence over his wayward nature: so, wheeling the horse, he drove sullenly back, without a word or bow for the doctor.

Mrs. Arnold looked back, and bowed two or three times, as if to atone for this rudeness, at which the doctor muttered,

"Poor woman! unhappy mother! there is deeper sorrow for you yet."

With these words the good man turned into a cross-road which led to another patient, ruminating as he trotted along upon the cases he had left behind in the log cabin.

CHAPTER XI.

When Mr. Arnold's double sleigh drove up to the farm house the next morning, the whole family gathered at the front door to receive the guest, now rendered doubly interesting from her recent peril. She was subdued and pale, not so much from illness, it would seem, as from the chastening reflections that sprung out of the great peril she had been in, and a deeply grateful feeling toward those who had saved her from it. There was no more coquetry in her manner to Arnold now; with delicate and touching humility she had leaned upon his arm, and

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permitted him almost to carry her from the cabin, though Paul stood by, ready to perform this brotherly office. She smiled gratefully, as Arnold's hands gathered the furs around her and held them in place with his circling arm. She was so thankful for life—so glad to flee from that black ravenous vortex of waters, where death had seemed dragging her down and engulfing her in terrible darkness. An intense love of life, of her own personality, had seized upon her, with the first realization of what death was. She clasped her rosy palms together under the fur, with a sort of ecstasy, rejoicing in the warmth, and shuddering to think how cold and dark they might have been, weltering under those logs. Now and then she would lift one hand to her hair and smile to think that it was dry—that the horrible dripping of those icy water drops had ceased forever. All the night long, while lying in Leonard's cabin, she had thought of herself only as dead, and sunken under the mill, with the black waters rippling through her hair, and her frozen limbs floating up and down in the dark eddies. The picture would not leave her; and the Falls, which grew louder and louder after midnight, seemed to be rushing wildly that way to overwhelm her again. But she was in the sunshine now. The clear, bracing air made her strong again. She was fleeing from all thoughts of death into the broad light of heaven. The winter's sun blessed her as it shimmered down upon the snow. The sleigh-bells sounded like a jubilee. The heart was brimful of thankfulness, but alas! that warm heart turned in its gratitude rather to the man at her side than to the good God to whom the firstlings of every human soul are due.

When she reached the farm house and saw the whole family coming forth to meet her, tears of gratitude swelled into Laura's eyes, and she stood upon the threshold stone a moment, returning the soft kisses of the mother and of gentle Hannah Arnold, with a voice of thanksgiving whispering sweetly at her heart.

The family began to love her after this. With so much of her outward finery swept off in the mill-race, she was obliged to depend on Hannah, not only for her outer garments, but for the dainty little hat, turned up in front and behind, which looked coquettish on her, when it only proved modestly becoming to its owner.

These household garments, provided for her out of Hannah's little stock, brought the strange girl more completely into the bosom of the family; it seemed natural to love her when she appeared like one of themselves. Then Hannah had her own secret reasons for a generous access of affection. Was not Laura Paul's sister? and—and?—The young girl was alone when these thoughts came into her head; but she blushed crimson nevertheless, and looked shyly around, as if some one could hear her heart beating and guess the cause.

Several days passed, and still these guests remained at the homestead, notwithstanding the restless impatience of Arnold, who was almost inhospitable in his haste to be off. Laura was well now, and rosy with happiness, but she would not leave the place while one of her preservers suffered, and Amy Leonard was very ill. The shock and cold had settled on her frail being. Dr. Blake gave no opinion, but his brow clouded darker and darker every time he rode away from the cabin.

All the Arnold family went to the Falls; but no one was admitted to Amy's room except Mrs. Arnold, who came out crying; for the young girl only turned away her head, when she entered, and closed her eyes; but one tear after another rolled from under the white lids, and the good woman felt in her heart that the sources of those tears were such as she could not question without condemning her own son. So with many mournful regrets she went home, heart-stricken, as if the guilt of that abandonment had been hers, and resolving—the gentle Christian—to talk still more earnestly to Benedict, and plead her young friend's cause.

No, not the whole Arnold family. I am mistaken there. It was only the females who went to the cabin; but Mr. Arnold, the elder, drove them to the Falls; and, while the ladies penetrated to the room adjoining that in which Amy lay, he went down to the saw-mill, and found Leonard busy among his timbers.

In former years there had been great intimacy between these two men; but of late Arnold had sought associates more congenial to his habits, and they had become almost strangers. There was nothing of Arnold's former manner as he approached his old friend, who came gravely forward to meet him. Formerly, when he had been the richer and more prosperous man, his approach might have had something of patronage about it; but now he seemed shy and doubtful of a warm reception.

It was painful to see a man, really superior, with that down look—a look that had sprung out of conscious self-degradation. He hesitated, cast anxious glances at the mill-tender, and once turned away, as if tempted to walk toward the Falls. But Leonard's heart warmed toward his old friend, and he called him back.

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"Ho! neighbor Arnold, don't turn your back on friends. Come in, come in! It isn't often one gets a chat while the saw is going. After all, it's a lonesome place up here, so, while the women folks make a little visit, supposing we sit down and talk over old times."

Arnold's hand always trembled now, but it shook like a dead leaf as Leonard grasped it. He brushed the other hand across his face with a hasty movement, complaining that the cold brought the water to his eyes; and then Leonard's heart smote him that he had kept so completely away from a man who had been a member of the same church with him, and, in more than the Christian sense, almost like a brother. So all the friendship came gushing in a glow over his honest face, and shaking the hand in his grasp most heartily, he broke out in the old way,

"How do you do, brother? I'm right glad to see you at the mill."

Arnold gave one grasp of the hand that shook his, struggled against something in his throat an instant; and then, fairly turning his back, walked off toward that end of the mill which looked toward the Falls. One or two great sobs broke from him, and then he went slowly back, trying to look unconcerned.

"I haven't seen the Falls since this mill was put up, it seems to me; but we had a grand raising that day, anyhow."

"Yes, and a prayer-meeting after it that none of us ought to forget."

"I never shall forget it," said Arnold, with a quick turn of the eye. "It was the last one I ever went to—the last time I ever made a prayer out loud."

"Yes, yes, I remember the prayer, brother. The Lord was with us that night," said Leonard, kindling up. "You asked him to bless the work our hands had done in the day, and he did bless it. That prayer-meeting was a glorious house-warming. It was like taking up one's abode in a sanctuary, when the old woman and little Amy went to bed in the cabin for the first time."

Arnold's face began to quiver; holy memories were unfolding, like bird-wings, in his bosom.

"They were pleasant times, Leonard; our children were young and innocent; we had strength and faith in those days."

"And will they never come back, brother? The same merciful God rules over us just the same as then."

Arnold shook his head, and, as if to escape the closeness of the subject, began to examine the timbers of the mill.

"They have stood the weather famously," he said, "for, after all, it is an old mill."

"Oh! not so very bad for that; it was raised within a few days of the time your store was burnt down. Don't you remember?"

Arnold gave a start, and the unhealthy red left his face. "Don't—don't, I can't bear to think of that—it was—it was a——"

"A great trouble I know, brother Arnold; but you got the insurance money, and that ought to have kept you a-going."

"Yes, I—we got the money, but I—I was worn out, you know, and it's hard to begin life agin arter a fire like that. Such things take all the courage out of a man, Leonard. You wouldn't blame me if—if——"

The poor man sat down on a log that lay ready for the saw, and wiped the great drops of perspiration that had begun to gather on his forehead the moment this subject of the fire came up.

"Why, brother, I didn't think you took that one piece of bad luck so much to heart."

"Oh! it's over now; but I come to say something about our children, about Amy and Benedict."

Leonard's face darkened, and a look of distress came over it.

"The poor gal is sick," he said, "she was left in the cold water till the other could be dragged out. I was jest in time to save her dear life, brother, and no more. It's a'most too tough to see that foreign gal a-going about fresh as a rose, while Amy lies there moaning her life out."

"Is Amy sick as that? Poor gal—poor gal! I remember her when she wasn't moren so high. I've watched her growing up to the harnsome creature she is now. It's hard to know that she must have sickness and trouble like the rest of us, Leonard, very hard, and I want to save her from more, that's why I'm here, old friend."

"What is all this about?" said Leonard, wondering at the agitation which was evident in these rapid words. "What harm threatens Amy more than has happened already?"

Arnold folded his trembling hands over each other again and again, looked to the right and left, as if tempted to run away and leave a painful task half done. At last he faltered out,

"Leonard, tell me, has my son, Benedict, been about the Falls much of late years, that is, since little Amy's been old enough to care about such things? I've been in a sort of dream, a long, long dream, and hadn't a chance to find out for myself; but you are careful, always at home, you have kept your senses,

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Leonard. I don't like to ask anybody else, but you can tell me, are the young folks fond of one another?"

"They ought to be: and why not?" said the father, sternly; for he fancied that Arnold, with some of the old pride, was about to protest against his sweet daughter as a fit wife for his more prosperous son.

"Because," said Arnold, with an effort that made him shake from head to foot—"because he mustn't have her!"

"You say that to me, bro—Mr. Arnold? If it wasn't for the fear of God I'd——"

"Don't—don't take it in that way, it's all for her good I speak. She's too young—too tender—a little spring lamb that ought to be fed with white clover, and nothing else. He mustn't have her!"

"What *do* you mean, old friend?" said Leonard, feeling that however strange all this might be, no offence was intended to him or his child. "I hope, as a Christian—I hope you have not been—that is you—you are all right, Arnold."

The poor man shrunk into himself at this insinuation, vague as it was. He swallowed once or twice as if sobs were swelling to his throat, and then he spoke in a voice so broken with sorrow, that it went like a prayer to his brother's heart.

"It's a cruel thing to undertake—it's unnatral, but I don't want to drag anybody else down with me, least of all you or yours. I don't know how far this thing has gone, Leonard, but don't let my son—he's my only son, you know, and that makes it worse—don't let him marry your darter, I charge you—I warn you don't let him marry your child. I won't stand by and see it done, for it'd be a sinful thing."

"Why would it be sinful?" demanded Leonard, struck by the passion of distress with which all this was spoken.

"Because your child is innocent; and mine—oh! God, help me—mine is not."

The unhappy man fell back to the log from which he had risen, and, clasping his hands, began to cry piteously.

"Don't—don't ask me any more; I've done my duty, and you see how I am. You haven't a drink of something in the mill, just to give me a little strength? I wouldn't take a drop this morning, but it came harder than I expected. When a thing has taken root down in the darkness of your soul, it makes one tremble to pull it up. It's to save you from trouble I did it, Leonard, so don't be hard on me."

"I know you are in earnest, and think there is good reason for this warning, Arnold. But what if the trouble is upon us?—what if she loves him as our wives loved us before we married them?"

"But she mustn't—indeed she mustn't! Let him fall in love with that French girl, I shan't trouble myself to warn her; but little Amy, I couldn't see Amy carried off in that way, she's like my own darter. Now do remember that I warn you—words that make a father's heart ache as mine does now should be listened to, and minded, mark that, minded!"

"I will listen to them—without asking another question I will respect the warning. If he comes here again, I will take this thing in hand."

"That's right—that's right; but be firm, don't let him find you wavering like his poor old father. Be firm!"

"I will!"

"As a rock?—as a rock?"

"I will lean upon the rock of ages!" said Leonard, reverently.

"Oh! if I had something to lean on," cried Arnold, clasping his hands; but the next minute they trembled apart again.

"You have, old friend," and Leonard took both the trembling hands in his. "The same God that answered us once will listen again. You asked for drink to give you strength just now; let us ask for something better than that, brother, let us pray together."

"Me—me pray?" faltered the old man.

That instant the saw had traveled its course down the log and stopped. The sudden stillness fell upon the old man like a shock; he looked strangely around, muttering,

"Me—me, and here?"

"Come," said Leonard, taking him lovingly by the arm, "come, old friend, let us go away, you and I together, as we have done a hundred times before, let us go to the right place for strength and courage. This way—this way. Never fear!"

They trod a little footpath together, the strong man leading the weak, till they found a shelf of rock overlooking the Falls, and hedged in by evergreens on all sides but that which faced on the water, which sung an anthem around them that made the spot like a chapel. Leonard knelt down on the snow that crusted the rock: it was not his habit to kneel for prayer, but just then his soul was full of devotion, and, before he knew it, the good man bent himself to the earth, even as the Saviour bowed when the most terrible of all sorrows fell upon him.

Prayer was the great outburst of eloquence

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in those days—the best gifts that a man possessed were offered to his God. I do not know that Leonard possessed any great wealth of words or ideas, but his whole being was alive with one purpose, and faith turned every thought that sprang to his lips into eloquence. Up through the clear winter morning rose the voice of that prayer, above the anthem of the waves, above the winds that whispered continually in the evergreens, above the sobs of that feeble man, who kept his face bowed to the earth, and shrunk together with shame while the other prayed.

But there is mighty strength in a good heart really inspired! Never—to use Joshua Leonard's own words—had his soul taken such hold on the throne of God; he literally wrestled with the angels for that poor drooping life at his side. The powerful words that burned on his lips at last kindled gleams of the old faith in Arnold. His head was slowly lifted, his shrunken shoulders grew broader, the crouching attitude changed; then his face was turned heavenward, and the bright sun fell like a glory upon it. The old nature was giving way; he had no words for prayer, but when a warm and more ardent rush of faith came from Leonard, a single "Amen" broke up all the ice at his heart, and a shower of warm tears rained over his upturned face. Those penitent tears—angels might have crowned themselves with such drops, and still been all heavenly.

CHAPTER XII.

After the morning when Arnold became acquainted with his father's frailty, he had dared to despise the old man in his heart—dared to let this unnatural contempt be manifest in his manner, if not in words, so that a new cause of separation had sprung up between them, which threatened to grow wider and wider. The father had not felt this so keenly till after his visit to the saw-mill, for, when he felt the pain of these things, there was the liquor-case to flee to, and that deadened sensibility if it could do no more. But after that day, all that was sensitive and refined in his nature took sharpness and force. With his system all deranged and his nerves unstrung, he had taken a solemn resolution which was sure to shake his physical being to the centre. He was a broken-down man, and habits, that had preyed upon him like wolves, were sure to turn and rend him as he refused them food. A little kindness at this time, a look even of respectful sympathy from the son he could not help looking up to in many respects, would have aided him greatly in the terrible battle of appetite against principle that lay before him.

But Benedict Arnold was a man incapable of repentance; a strong, hard character, who never had and never could believe himself in the wrong. His own iron will was the only law he recognized, and the greatest sin that any of his fellow-men could commit was to oppose that will. Perhaps, he was lifted above petty sins, because they were not the best aids to selfish ambition. He was a man to commit crimes, not drop into foibles; a man of iron, with nerves of steel, that vibrated only to his ruling passion.

From this character, with all the fiery passions of youth inflaming his selfishness, what had the poor father to hope?

Two days after his visit to the mill, the old man went into the parlor where Benedict was sitting with Laura De Montreuil, who had been thoughtful and languid, but gentle as an infant since her accident. There was no more badinage, no coquetry in her intercourse with young Arnold now. The pride had been all broken from her heart in those cold waters, and a light word would have been sacrilege to her gratitude. It was her duty to worship him—a sweet duty, to which she submitted herself without stint or pretext.

Arnold kept half aloof, both from her gratitude and her love. He did not evade or tease her as formerly; but no engagement, not even a declaration had passed his lips. Yet she was content from the very wealth of her own feeling, and she would whisper to herself again and again, "Surely I could not love him so entirely if he were indifferent—it is not in my nature." This unexacting state of mind pleased the young man; there was no longer a necessity to be on the defensive, to skirmish around a declaration which he was resolved not to make at that time, or in that place, but which it had seemed almost impossible to avoid. It was pleasant to sit by her side hour after hour, and witness the utter subjection which love had made of her pride, to hear it in the soft tones of her voice, and read it in the timid glances of her eyes, for an all absorbing vanity formed the leading trait in his ambitious character.

Laura had been more than usually gentle that morning, and Arnold's self-love was gratified to the full. It was a triumph to have so completely subdued this spirited young creature by an act of simple courage, which cost him nothing, for many a time in his boyhood had he clung to the great water-wheel at the Falls, and been dashed now into the waves, then lifted

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high into the sunshine, for the mischievous excitement of the exploit alone. Still admiration was not the less acceptable to him because it was undeserved; Arnold had no sensitiveness of that sort to contend against during his whole life.

But the entrance of old Mr. Arnold was a shock to these complacent feelings. He had only come to seek Hannah, and not finding her was about to go away. The first terrible effects of total abstinence were gnawing at his vitals, and he staggered in his walk, glancing wildly around, disturbed by his son's look and voice; when he rose from Laura's side, and sharply demanded what was wanted, plainly showing the old man that he was considered an intruder in his own sitting-room.

This question and the unfilial gesture of the young man gave the poor father a shock, under which he broke down altogether. A trembling fit seized him, and, holding out his hands, as if to ward off a blow, he cried out,

"Don't! Oh! my son, don't!"

Laura started up; she was painfully surprised by the scene, and the distress in the old man's face. The tears that gushed up to his eyes went to her heart. But before she could speak, Arnold strode across the room, laid a heavy hand on his father's shoulder, and thrust him through the open door into the kitchen. As he closed the door and returned to the room, it was easy to see the unfavorable impression this scene had left on the mind of his guest. She was very pale, and her eyes shone with indignation.

"How could you, *mon dieu?*—how could you speak so harshly to the kind, old man? It will break his heart," cried the brave girl.

"You don't understand. He had no right to appear before my guests in that state," said Arnold, impetuously; "I will allow no man, father or not, to degrade me in this way."

Laura moved a step forward with the old imperious air; her eyes glittered with tears as she turned them on Arnold.

"I am sorry, very sorry for your father, Mr. Arnold; he seems ill, if you refuse to go and comfort him I must."

Arnold colored violently under this rebuke. He really believed his father to have been drinking, and wounded pride had stung him into the brutal act, which the woman, whom he looked upon as his worshiper a moment before, had so pointedly condemned.

"You cannot understand, mademoiselle. Every house has its skeleton; you have unfortunately obtained a rude glimpse of ours."

Laura smiled painfully and shook her head, singing,

"Go—go out and beg his pardon, Arnold."

"What, I?"

"Yes; you are brave—be generous—be just. This scene disturbs my idea of your character, and I cannot bear that. Everything about you seemed grand a moment ago."

Arnold's vanity was touched; he, also, could not bear that anything should check the idolatry of her regard. He kissed her hand, whispered that she was an angel, and went out, not to apologize, but to upbraid the unhappy father, whose state of moral and physical depression was pitiable.

"Father, how dare you come in that room when you could not walk for staggering?" whispered the young man, through his shut teeth, bending close to the stooping figure that sat heavily by the fire, with great tears rolling down his face. "How dare you?"

The old man lifted his head, and looked sorrowfully into the flushed face bending over him.

"I—I didn't mean to mortify you, Ben."

"You have done nothing but mortify me since I came home," whispered his son, fiercely. "Couldn't you keep sober one week?"

The old man winced.

"I am sober now, Ben, and that's what makes me seem as if I wasn't. It's three days since I've tasted a drop of anything stronger than coffee."

"Then what makes you stagger in this way?"

"It's because of the craving want; because—oh! my God! my God! help me, help me, for this is more than I can bear!"

"Hush!" commanded the son; "do you wish to disturb our visitors?"

"No, no; I will disturb nobody, if I can help it. Leave me alone, Benedict; it's hard to fight this battle all by one's self. Don't make it worse, for God's sake! Have mercy on me; I am weak enough! Do let me try and hold out! It's hard—it's hard!"

"This is unbearable! Can't you be a man, sir?"

"A man? Well, yes; I—I am trying. Half the night I was on my knees, in the cold barn, praying God to help me be a man once more—out in the barn, remember; for I didn't want to disturb any one, and crept away alone. I dropped the key of the liquor-case into the well, as I went along, for it seemed to hold me down like a chain. That key might have been ten thousand weight of iron dragging at me, but I flung it down, down, down!"

"This is delirium; you have reached the last

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stage of a drunkard's life, sir! Why, every nerve and muscle in your frame is quivering. What use can there be in talking to a man who doesn't know what he is saying?"

"My son—oh! Benedict, this is hard! Don't say it again! No wonder I tremble! The devil tempting me every step I take—mocking at me when I try to pray—taking all my strength when I walk—tugging at my heart like a wolf, and crying out, drink! drink! when I sit down to rest. And now you come—you, my only son, that I was so proud of once—that I never refused anything to in my whole life—you—you! Oh! Benedict, this is tough!"

"I tell you, sir, this raving will be heard! If you cannot command yourself I will leave the house this night and forever."

"You, Ben, you? If you had never left it, I had not come to this! But don't say that now; you don't understand how hard it is to stifle this craving. It makes me talk wild; but it isn't drink that does it—that would make me quiet."

"Then, for heaven's sake, drink! Anything is better than this state!"

The father shook the hand from his shoulder, and stood up, firm and strong, like a man.

"So Satan comes in the form of my own son with his temptations! This is horrible!"

He spoke loud and full; the force of his rebuking eye, wild as it was, startled the young man.

"Hush! father, hush! She will hear you!"

"Hear me denounce my own son? No human being shall ever hear that. Nothing but God and my own soul knows anything about it."

"About what, sir?"

"How it was I began to—to drink. That is what I mean. How it was that I lost a hold on all that makes a man strong. There was cause, when a father's conscience goes against his heart—when justice calls him one way and love another—when——"

"Once more, sir, what does this mean?" whispered Arnold, clenching his teeth again."

"Stoop down here, Benedict, close, close! You are sure Hagar is out?—no one within hearing?—you will know then?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Closer, closer! You remember that night—closer——"

The rest of the sentence was whispered close in Benedict Arnold's ear. He turned deadly pale; but clutched his hand on the old man's shoulder, whispering,

"Never breathe those words again, to God or man!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

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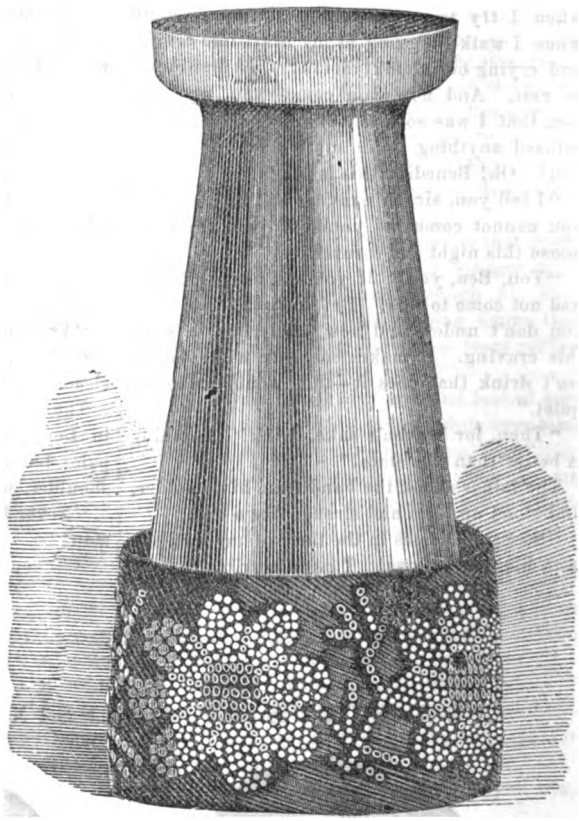
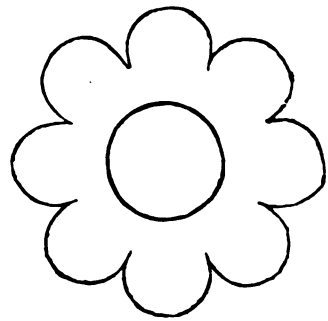
ORNAMENT FOR HYACINTH GLASS, WILD ROSE PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a new pattern, by Mrs. Warren, a well known contributor to the London Ladies' Magazines. We have engraved it, from her design, for "Peterson." The materials are No. 20 cotton; two ounces of large sized crystal beads; one ounce of chalk white, and also of cut garnet, or other beads of same size and color; two nails of dark green patent velvet, (or that which has a silk face and cotton back); a strip of stiff paper; a strip of dark glazed lining, or colored paper, and a strip of white fine calico; a circle of stiff card-board, a fine darning-needle that will carry the cotton and some strong gum water

Place the Hyacinth glass on the card-board, and with a pencil, draw a circle outside the bottom of the glass; just outside this pencil mark cut the circle. Now measure the strip of stiff paper outside the edge of card-board, and have an inch over the length; cut a strip of colored lining or paper the same length, but not so wide; lay the strip of stiff paper on the wrong side of the velvet, so that the edges of the latter can turn over; gum the edges of velvet, also the edges of stiff paper, and with the fingers and a cloth, fold the edges of the velvet on to the paper; gum the narrow strip of paper, and place on this, pressing it down with a cloth. Now on this place a strip of board, with a heavy weight upon it for some hours, till the whole is securely fixed, when the weight may be removed, and the work left to dry. For the circle of card-board, cut a round of dark calico, half an inch larger than the card-board, snip the edge of this circle of calico all round; gum the card-board, lay it on the calico; gum the edge of the card-board, and with the finger press the edge which has been snipped down on it; cut another circle of calico, gum down on the card-board, place it under a weight, and when dry, sew the strip of velvet round it, taking care to close the side neatly. Take off the outline of the design of flower, and cut in the white calico four of these flowers; these are to be tacked on the velvet, at equal distances from each, then the beads are sewed on so as to cover the calico.



DESIGN OF FLOWER.

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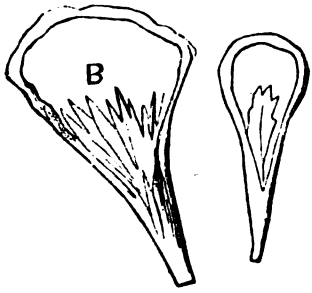
Fasten in the needle and thread at the bottom of one of the divisions of flower, thread four chalk beads, place the needle on the top of one of the divisions, and bring it out at the bottom; mark all the divisions first with the chalk beads in the same manner; then thread about seven crystal beads, more or less, as may be required, and take the centre of each leaf of flower in the same way; then fill up the sides of each leaf of flower, taking care that the lines of beads lie very straight and do not cross each other. The centres of the flower are filled with garnet beads, threaded in the same manner, across the centre.

To fill up between the flowers is a matter that may be left to taste, or reference to the engraving; taking care that each spike of crystal beads is pointed with two or three chalk beads, and that between each flower, two garnet spikes, pointed with a chalk bead, is introduced.

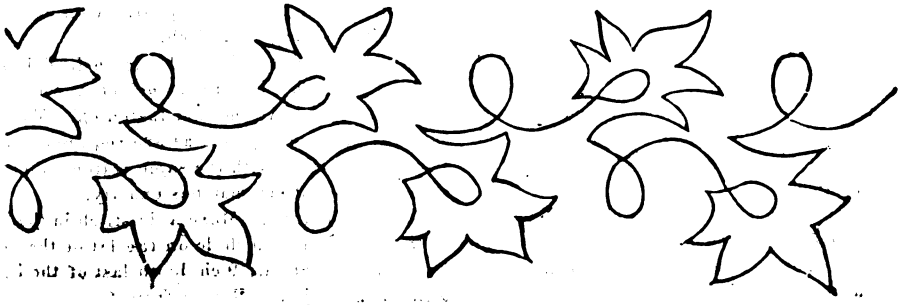
TO MAKE A PINK

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

Before I proceed to another flower, I cannot omit giving a few practical hints upon the Pink, of which there are a very great variety. The markings, edgings, and formation of petals vary considerably; some are smoothly edged, similar to the petals of the Carnation, and others jagged; those that are smooth generally have the edges tinged round with a reddish purple, besides the splash or coloring on the body of the petal, as shown in the diagram, figs. B A. The pheasant-eyed Pink must be made with clean white wax, jagged at the edges; and the splash or eye on the petals must be composed of carmine and ivory black, mixed with a few drops of gall and laid on with a brush. An examination of a natural Pink will establish all the preceding hints, and convey them more fully to the pupil. And, lastly, I will conclude my remarks on this beautiful species of flower by a short description of the Anna Boleyn Pink, one of the most elegant of the class. Its size is similar to that of the Carnation, but jagged at the edges like a pink; the ground color of the petals is a fine rose tint, and the splash on the petals of a dark maroon, which is composed of carmine, French ultra blue (a very small particle), and ivory black laid on, in liquid state, with a brush, as before mentioned. The moulding and construction are also similar to the Carnation, &c.



PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.



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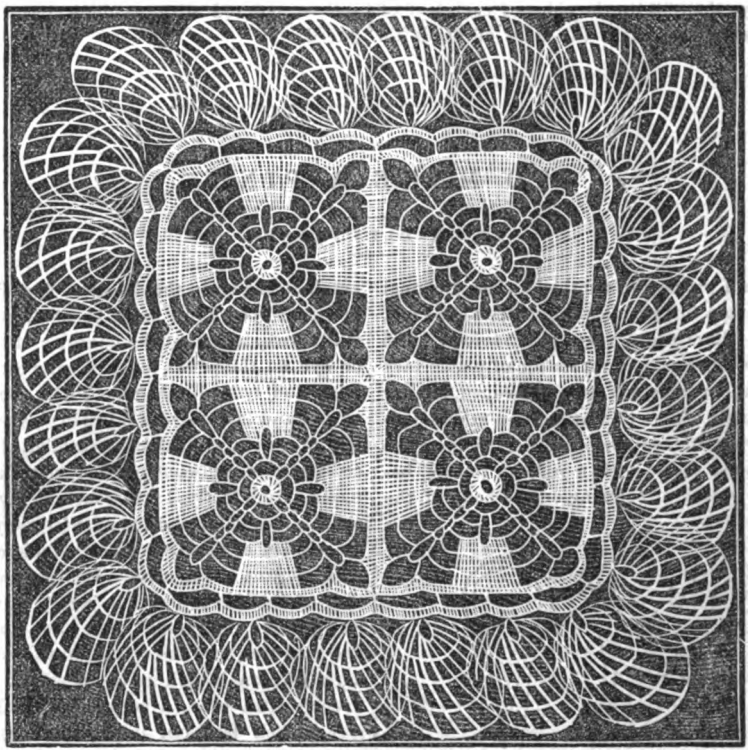
PATTERN FOR A SOFA PILLOW, OR A BABY'S COT QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We copy this from a late foreign periodical, to which it was contributed by the celebrated Mrs. Warren.

Materials.—No. 6 cotton. No. 2 Penelope Hook.

1*st Row.*—7 ch unite in a circle; *u* (or under) this circle work 3 dc, 1 ch 3 dc; 1 ch 3 dc; 1 ch 3 dc; 1 ch dc on 1st of the 3 dc.

2*nd Row.*—5 ch dc in next 1 ch; 5 ch dc in same loop; 5 ch dc in next 1 ch; 5 ch dc in same loop. Repeat again. Then 5 ch dc on last of the dc stitches; 5 ch dc in same loop.

3*rd Row.*—* 5 ch dc *u* next 5; 5 ch dc *u* 5 ch at corner; 5 ch dc *u* same. Repeat from * all round. End with 5 ch dc *u* 5 ch at corner; 5 ch dc *u* same.

4*th Row.*—5 ch dc *u* each 5 ch, making 5 ch dc *u* same 5 ch at each corner; that is, the same as the last row. End with 5 ch dc *u* same 5 ch at corner.

5*th Row.*—* 3 ch 7 L *u* 1st 5 ch; dc *u* next 7 L *u* next; 3 ch 1 L *u* 5 ch at corner; 3 ch 1 L *u* same. Repeat from *. End after finishing the last corner.

6*th Row.*—4 ch 15 L; that is, 1 L on each L, and dc stitch 4 ch 1 L *u* 3 ch at corner 4 ch 1 L *u* same. Repeat. End after the last corner.

7*th Row.*—5 ch 15 L on L, 5 ch 1 L chs at corner; 5 ch 1 L *u* same. Repeat. After finishing the last corner, make 1 ch.

8*th Row.*—* 6 dc *u* 5 ch; 15 dc on L; 6 dc *u* 5 ch; 4 dc 1 ch; 4 more dc *u* 5 ch at corner. Repeat from *. At the end fasten off. Make as many of these squares as are required, and sew them together with the same cotton, taking care that the pattern matches exactly.

For the Border.—Make a dc stitch in the 1 ch at the corner; * 9 ch dc on the 1st of the 15 L; 9 ch dc on 8th L; 9 ch dc on last of the L; 9 ch dc on the join. Repeat from *.

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2nd Row.—13 dc *u* each 9 ch; making 1 ch between each 13 dc at the corner only.

3rd Row.—Dc in the 1 ch at the corner; 3 ch 1 L 1 ch for 10 times in the 7th loop of the 13 dc; 3 ch dc on the dc stitch on the 1st L of the 15; 3 ch * 10 L with 1 ch between each in the centre loop of the next 15 dc; 3 ch dc in centre loop of next 13 dc 3 ch. Repeat from *, till the two groups of the 15 dc before the corner; there make the L stitches on the centre of each 15 dc, and work at the corner as before.

4th Row.—Dc on the dc stitch at the corner; * 2 ch 1 double L 2 ch *u* each 1 ch and under the last 3 ch; 2 ch dc on dc stitch. Repeat from *. The double L is made by twisting the cotton twice over the hook instead of once.

5th and 6th rows are exactly the same as the last.

DRAWING-ROOM WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

One of the prettiest affairs, that has lately appeared abroad, is the above work-bag. The foundation is a strip of pasteboard, three inches wide, and about eighteen inches long. This must be formed into a circle and surrounded with a wire at each edge, after which a silk covering must be stretched over it and tacked down over both the upper and lower rims. The decoration consists of two rows of quilled ribbon set on with a beading, having a row of white opaque beads laid over the stitches. Before the ribbon is put into plaits the border of beads must be worked upon it according to the design given. This being done, it must be slipped over a bag of silk, which is to be drawn into a handsome tassel at the bottom and firmly stitched down through the pasteboard. It will now be necessary to prepare the band, ornamented with the bead pattern which we have given; and this is done on velvet, intermingling a few gold and steel with the white, according to taste. This band is placed on the upper

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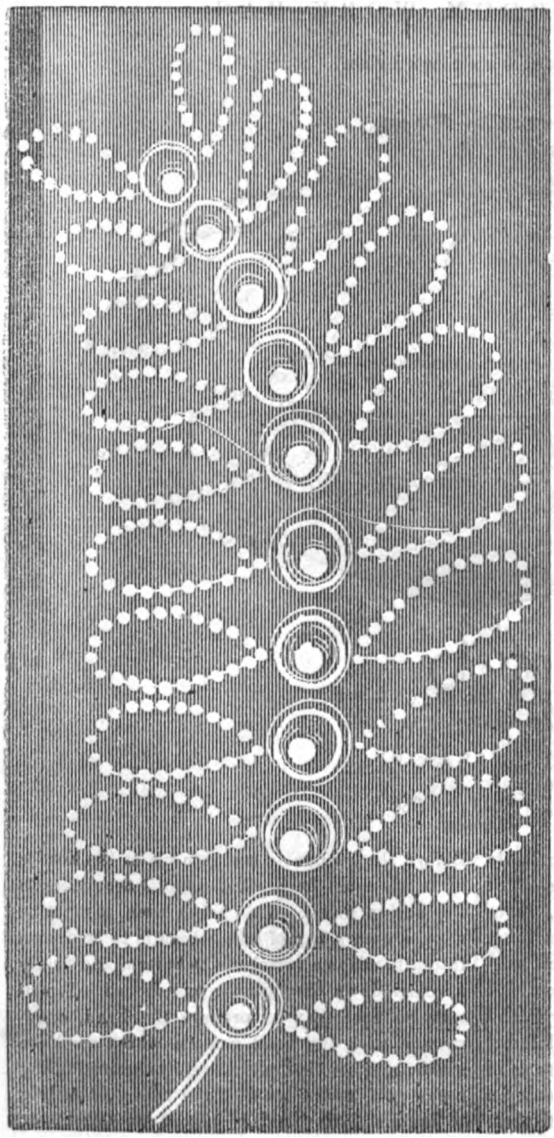
part of the circle above the quillings of ribbon. The color of the bag must depend upon the individual taste, but of course dark colors are the most useful, and violet, green, or brown, with a band of black velvet, contrast well with transparent and chalk white beads, and with gold and steel. This bag is also extremely pretty made in two colors, namely, the silk of one color and the quillings of ribbon of another.

PEARL SPRAYS FOR THE HAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The most fashionable ornaments for the hair, abroad, are just those which the Work-Table can enable any lady to produce.

One of these ornaments we give here, copied from a late number of the London Ladies' Newspaper, a leading authority, in England, on all matters pertaining to the toilet, the work-table, or fashion.

It will only be necessary to procure some large-sized imitation pearl beads, a few of rather a smaller size, and some which may be called small. These having been selected, take a length of the fine wire used for artificial flower making, and thread one large bead, drawing it into the middle of the wire; then one small: then return the wire through the large bead; then thread on each end of the wire as many small beads as are long enough for forming the leaf, twist them together, and then pass them through another similar large bead.

Repeat in this way until the spray is as long as is desired. Three or four of the smaller of the large beads are to be placed at the end of every one of the sprays.

Another way of making these sprays is to take their length in rather a stronger wire, to thread the leaves successively on the fine wire, twisting it each time round the stem, and so continuing to the end, adding the larger beads down the centre by stringing them on the fine wire, and then fastening them down at each end.

About four of these sprays laid over bows of black velvet, produce a really elegant effect for the evening head-dress, especially for young ladies.

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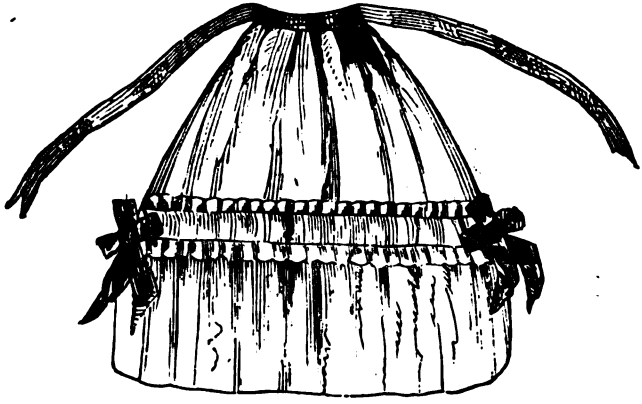
KNITTING APRON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS very convenient and pretty little apron, which we have designed expressly for the readers of "Peterson," is to be made of white muslin, either Swiss or plaid. Make the apron five-eighths of a yard long. For the pocket, take twice the width of the apron quarter of a yard deep, and gather top and bottom. Sew one edge in at the bottom of the apron; the other finish with a puff, ruffled on both sides. Sew the pocket at the sides of the apron, and finish with small bows of narrow ribbon, as seen in the design.

MANTILLA FOR MAY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

ONE of the prettiest mantillas, which we have seen, this season, is the above. It has been drawn from one imported from Paris The material is black silk. On the next page, we give a diagram, from which, when enlarged, the mantilla can be cut out.

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No. 1. Body.
No. 2. Upper Ruffle.
No. 3. Lower Ruffle.
Any lady can make this mantilla.

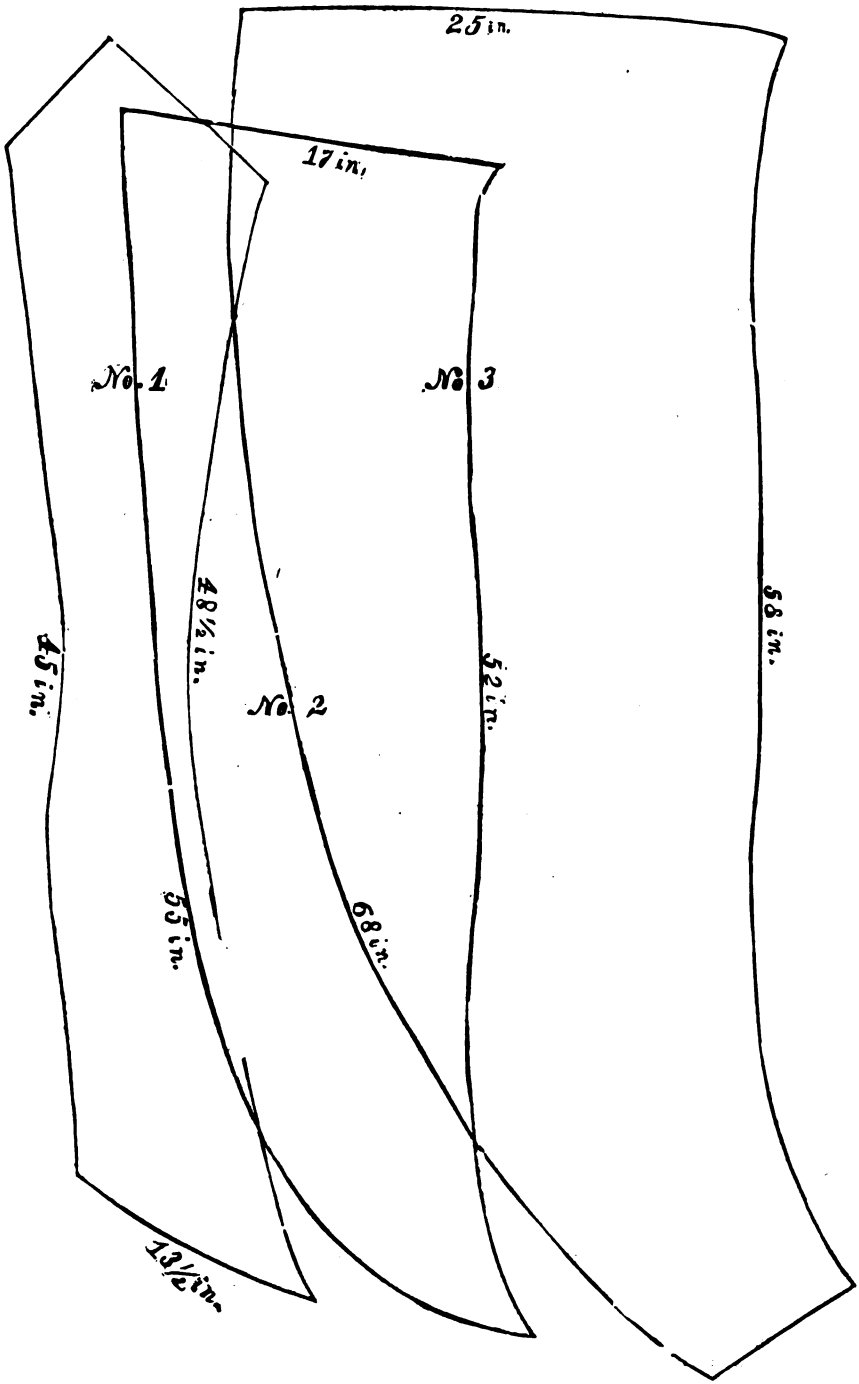

DIAGRAM FOR MANTILLA.

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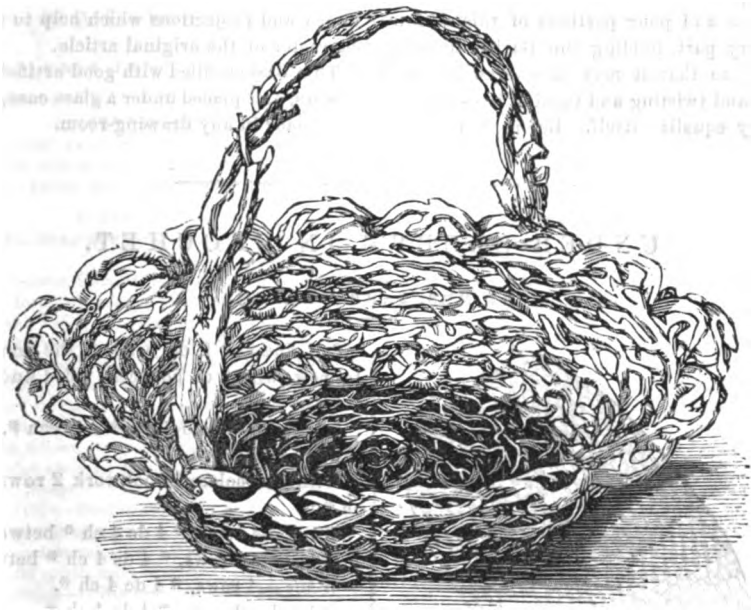
WHITE CORAL FRUIT OR FLOWER BASKET.



This is a novelty, for which we are indebted to a London journal. The foundation shape is formed in the following manner:—Take a piece of the white cap wire, which is covered with silk and rather thick, and some strong white thread. Form the wire into a round of about the size of half a dollar, and tie the joints firmly together, leaving the first end hanging down, for a purpose afterward to be mentioned. Surround this circle with four loops by continuing the wire and tying with the thread. This part is intended for the centre of the bottom of the basket, from which the work is to be continued in the same way, making loop upon loop in successive rounds. The length of wire left in these loops varies from three to four inches, but being irregular it cannot be exactly specified, for as the circle enlarges, the number of loops must be increased by occasionally placing two upon one. This Basket may be made of various shapes, either high or shallow, round or oval, according to taste; but as the Gipsy is, perhaps, the most graceful of all, we shall make it the object of this description. For this purpose, it is necessary to go on enlarging the round until it measures nearly half a yard across. Then, still leaving the wire attached, bend it upward and shape and mould it into the required form, slanting it from a rather small bottom into a wide, open shape, with a turned-over rim, which hangs downward on the outside in a pretty and peculiar style. It is in giving its last moulding to this wire shape that the taste of the worker is most called into requisition. When this is fixed it is necessary that the handle should be arranged; and now the long end of the wire, in the first instance left hanging, is to be brought into use, being interlaced through the intervening loops and brought out at the same spot where the other end has been left, and the two being securely fastened together, they must be twisted into a sort of chain and tied with the thread at each crossing, and after having been formed into a long handle, must be attached to the contrary side, and the two ends interlaced into the bottom of the Basket; thus adding to its firmness. The next portion of the work is to cut a number of lengths of white cotton cord, varying from three to four inches, and to tie them on to the wire loops of the Basket, leaving the ends to hang down, which ends are then to be partially untwisted and opened out so as to represent the knobs and branches of the coral. The same cord is also tied across the openings of the handle. In this state the work will present a most unpromising appearance, but a transformation is now close at hand.

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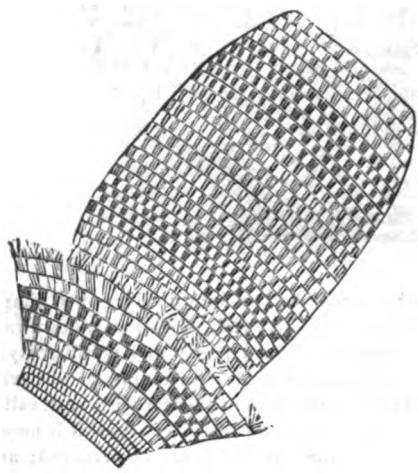
Take of the best plaster of Paris, and of white wax in the proportion of ten ounces of the first to one pound of the second. Melt the wax and mix the plaster of Paris well into it. Take an iron spoon and pour portions of this mixture over every part, holding the Basket in every direction, so that it may be everywhere well covered, and twisting and turning it so that the fluid may equalize itself. Before the wax is quite fixed, bend the ends of cotton cord into those various positions which may best represent the branchings of the coral, and in applying the wax do not attempt to obliterate the knobs and projections which help to realize the character of the original article.

This Basket, filled with good artificial fruit or flowers, and placed under a glass case, is worthy of a place in any drawing-room.

UNDER-SLEEVE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have designed this expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

Materials.—2 oz. colored split zephyr, 2 oz. white split zephyr, bone hook.

With the white wool make a ch of 54 stitches. Join.

1st Row.—* 1 dc in 1st stitch, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc in next stitch 1 ch *. Repeat all round the row

2nd Row.—* 2 dc between the dc stitches of 1st row, with 2 ch between, * 3rd and 4th rows same as 2nd.

5th Row.—* 3 dc 3 ch, * between *. Work 4 rows in this stitch.

With the colored wool work 2 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

White.—4 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch * between.

Colored.—2 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch * between.

White.—4 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

Colored.—2 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

White.—4 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

Colored.—2 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

White.—10 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

Colored.—2 rows, * 3 dc 3 ch *.

Colored.—2 rows, * 2 dc 2 ch *. Finish off.

For the Cuff.—Join the colored wool to the 1st row, and work 4 rows, * 1 dc 1 ch * between.

White.—3 rows, * 2 dc 2 ch *.

Colored.—3 rows, * 2 dc 2 ch *.

White.—3 rows, * 3 dc 3 ch *.

Colored.—2 rows, * 3 dc 3 ch *.

White.—2 rows, * 4 dc 4 ch *.

Finish with 1 row shell work. Turn the cuff back upon the sleeve; run an elastic cord at the top of the sleeve, also at the wrist.

TATTING WITH CROCHETED EDGE.

This is a pretty affair, sent to us by a subscriber. It is made of No. 15 crochet cord. The large loops are composed of thirty stitches, and the small of fifteen. The large and small loops can be made on the same piece of cord, or on separate pieces. We make all on the same, one large, five small: then leave a space of about three-quarters of an inch. The small loops are sewn around the large, the edging is then finished.

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WAY-WARD: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST, AUTHOR OF "PARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS."

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Mansfield, an elderly gentleman—Frank Graham Mansfield, his nephew—Lizzie Harding Colton, Mr. Mansfield's ward—Pattie, Miss Colton's maid.

SCENE I.—WAY.

Scene.—Mr. Mansfield's parlor.

Enter Lizzie.

LIZZIE.—So here I am, at home once more! How cosy everything looks! there's my piano, and my books, everything just as I left it, four years ago. Four years, what an age! Well, I was sorry to leave school, too. They were all very kind to me, and then—(*sighs*)—well I came off in such a hurry I could not tell him the truth about myself, so I don't imagine we can ever meet again. "The course of true love never did run smooth," as Milton, or Byron, or some of those old fellows justly observed. Well, I won't allow myself to pine away for love, at seventeen, that is a little too absurd. (*Sings.*) *Enter Mr. Mansfield.*

MR. MANSFIELD.—Good morning, my dear. I am glad to find you in such good spirits.

LIZZIE.—Good morning, sir. I am so glad to be at home again, that my spirits must be good.

MR. MANSFIELD.—It has been my desire always to make this a pleasant home for you. You like it, eh?

LIZZIE.—Indeed I do.

MR. MANSFIELD.—Well enough to live in forever, eh? To be its little mistress always, my dear.

LIZZIE.—(*Aside*)—Mercy! what *does* he mean?

MR. MANSFIELD.—To marry and settle down here? Ah! do you like it well enough for that?

LIZZIE.—(*Aside.*)—Is that meant for a proposal? (*Aloud.*) Really, Mr. Mansfield, I entertain for you a great esteem! a——

MR. MANSFIELD.—(*Aside.*)—Eh! what!

LIZZIE.—But for a husband, my dear sir, I, you will forgive me, but I think a younger man—I—in fact—(*Stops confused.*)

MR. MANSFIELD.—Why, child, (*laughs heartily,*) you don't suppose *I* want to marry you, do you?

LIZZIE.—I—I—(*aside,*)—what a dunce I have made of myself!

MR. MANSFIELD.—No, indeed, my dear. My dear departed Sarah Jane was my companion for sixteen years. The least said about bliss, in my case, the better. You are a very nice little girl, and, no doubt, will make a very nice little wife, not having had sixteen years' practice in studying the way to torment a husband; but I think I will remain a widower. I, (*makes a wry face,*) in fact, my dear, I've tried matrimony, and have quite satisfied the sentiment.

LIZZIE.—I am sure, sir, you do not need a wife; you live so comfortably, that it is the pleasantest home in Woodville.

MR. MANSFIELD.—I am glad you think so! I am very glad you think so! You won't care to leave it, then, will you? You will preside here for your old guardian all his life. Oh! I forgot. I came to have a little serious conversation with you. Let me give you a chair. (*They sit.*) You know, my dear, your father and myself were old friends, and, when he died, he left you in my care, with one request: that, when you were seventeen years of age, you should marry my nephew, Frank Mansfield!

LIZZIE.—Your nephew! I did not know you had a nephew.

MR. MANSFIELD.—No, my dear. I never had him here. I was afraid too much intimacy in childhood would run into brotherly and sisterly affection. He has been in Europe for seven years, and is now on his way home. He writes that he spent a few weeks in Clayton with a traveling companion; you did not see him, then? No, of course not! You were in school, attending to your studies. Well, my dear, he'll be at home this week, and we'll get all ready and have a really splendid wedding.

LIZZIE.—But, my dear sir, I may not like your nephew.

MR. MANSFIELD.—Oh! but you *must* like him! All your property depends upon your marrying with my consent, and I shall give it, freely. I mean to settle all *my* property upon Frank, in this case, and let you both live here with me. Tut! tut! to talk of not taking him. Now really, my dear, my heart is set on this plan, and I must have my own way.

LIZZIE.—And what, pray, becomes of *my* way?

MR. MANSFIELD.—Dear me! What is your way, compared to mine? Now do be a sensible child; because if you don't both consent, you are both beggars—there! I have written to Frank to that effect; and I hold your property, too. You *must* accept his hand.

LIZZIE.—Suppose he does not offer it to me?

MR. MANSFIELD.—Oh! nonsense. He *must* offer it! I have told him what a splendid fortune you have, and he isn't such a fool as to oppose me in this.

LIZZIE.—(*Proudly.*)—So I am held at a value of dollars and cents. Your nephew will court me to spend my money. Really, sir, you pay me a high compliment.

MR. MANSFIELD.—Was there ever such a child? My dear——

LIZZIE.—I have heard enough of this hateful scheme. I trust your nephew has more sense of manliness than to become a party to any such *bargain*. He will probably refuse to comply with your wish.

MR. MANSFIELD.—(*Angrily.*)—If he dares to do it I'll—well, there I am getting into a passion! I won't get into a passion for the whims of two children! My wife had *her* way for sixteen years; now, I am determined to have *my* way. Remember! *Exit Mr. Mansfield.*

LIZZIE.—Remember! as if I were likely to forget. A pretty finale to my boarding-school romance. I am to be sold to Mr. Mansfield's nephew. A house, guardian, and a husband for the amount of my fortune. Well, my dear guardian, you are determined to have your way; I am equally determined to have mine. Now we'll see whose will is the strongest, and whose way will prove to be the chosen one. *Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—WARD.

Scene—Same as scene I.

Enter Mr. Mansfield and Lizzie.

MR. MANSFIELD.—So I must go to New York for a few weeks. It is most unexpected and unfortunate, but there is no help for it! My dear little ward, you will remember your promise.

LIZZIE.—(*Coldly.*)—I have promised to receive your nephew with civility, and let him have a chance to propose to me, if he wishes it, and you have left me free to postpone my answer till you return. I will keep my promise, sir.

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MR. MANSFIELD.—There now, don't look so cross about it. Perhaps you may like each other, after all. (*Looks at his watch.*) Ten o'clock! I must be off. Good-bye, my dear!

LIZZIE.—Good-bye, sir! *Exit Mr. Mansfield.*

LIZZIE.—Oh! dear, it is too bad! All the pleasure I anticipated in coming home ruined! (*Sobs.*) Horrid—fellow, (*sobs,*) I hate him. *Enter Pattie.*

PATTIE.—Why, Miss Lizzie, what is the matter?

LIZZIE.—Oh! Pattie, I am the most unhappy girl in the world.

PATTIE.—You, Miss! You!

LIZZIE.—I was so pleased at the idea of coming home again, and now I've had all my pleasure spoiled. Mr Mansfield wants me to marry his nephew.

PATTIE.—Is that all? Why, Mrs. Morse, the housekeeper, says he's the most splendiferous young man ever lived.

LIZZIE.—Pattie, will you never, never repeat it, if I tell you a secret?

PATTIE.—A secret! Oh! I do love a secret. No, Miss, I'll never, never tell. Tortures shan't make me tell it, Miss.

LIZZIE.—Pattie, I'm in love!

PATTIE.—Oh! jiminy!

LIZZIE.—It is the most romantic story. You see, Pattie, I was out walking, about a month ago, where there was a horse ran away, and met me in the road; in another minute—oh! Pattie, I shudder to think what might have happened, when—is that door shut?

PATTIE.—Yes, Miss. Oh! please do go on, Miss, it's just like a story, Miss.

LIZZIE.—Just as I gave myself up for lost, a young man——

PATTIE.—I felt that a-coming.

LIZZIE.—He sprang forward, stopped the horse, gave it to the men who were in pursuit, and turned to me just in time——

PATTIE.—To catch your fainting form!

LIZZIE.—Yes, Pattie. You see, Pattie, one *must* faint at such times; and I had on a new white bonnet, and my best silk, so I could not fall on the horrid dusty road. He was so graceful, Pattie, he didn't mash my bonnet a bit; but just let me recline gracefully in his arms till I recovered.

PATTIE.—Oh! that's *too* lovely! Well, Miss?

LIZZIE.—I murmured, "My preserver!" and he gently soothed my agitation. Oh! Pattie!

PATTIE.—Yes, Miss, it is sweet. Oh! I know how you must have felt—as if you were dipped in molasses.

LIZZIE.—Bathed in happiness, Pattie. Well, to make a long story short, he escorted me back to school, and I met him every day afterward till I came home. He asked my name; but you see, Pattie, I was afraid the teachers would hear of it, so I only gave him part of my name. I told him it was Lizzie Harding, and left out the rest. You know my name *is* Lizzie Harding Colton.

PATTIE.—What was his name?

LIZZIE.—Frank Graham! (*Walks to window.*) Pattie! see! He is here! He has found me out! Look! there, just passing up the street.

PATTIE.—Why that is Mr. Mansfield. I have seen his picture often in the old gentleman's bureau drawer, when I cleared it up. He's looking for the house, see! and now I think of it, Miss, that's his *name*, too—Frank Graham Mansfield.

LIZZIE.—Pattie, I've an idea!

PATTIE.—Laud, Miss!

LIZZIE.—Pattie, I'll find out whether he really loved me. I'll disguise myself completely, and then we will see! If he offers himself to me, it is for the money, if he is true——

PATTIE.—But wouldn't it be easier to see him as you are?

LIZZIE.—No, Pattie; because, if he *did* propose, I could never trust him. Has he not come here on a speculation? No, Pattie, I'll try him. Besides, to be ready to take him, is too bad, after all the fuss I've made. I'll do as I please, in matrimonial matters, if I *am* Mr. Mansfield's ward.

PATTIE.—He's coming into the garden, Miss! Oh! my, it's more like a story now than ever. He's ringing the bell now!

LIZZIE.—Come, Pattie, you must help me dress, and I will tell you what to say to Mr. Frank Graham Mansfield.

Exeunt Lizzie and Pattie.

Enter Frank.

FRANK.—This, then, is the place! My uncle in New York, and I am to be received by the young lady proposed as the future Mrs. Mansfield, my uncle's ward, Miss Colton. Wonder what her first name is! I doubt if it is anything half so delicious as Lizzie! Ah! Lizzie! Lizzie! Well, I came here to please my uncle; but, if I marry any Miss Colton, may Lizzie cut me out of my inheritance by marrying my uncle. *Enter Pattie.*

PATTIE.—(*Aside.*)—Ain't them moustaches enough to melt the heart of a stone? (*Aloud.*) Ahem!

FRANK.—Ah! what's this? Is Miss Colton at home, my dear?

PATTIE.—Yes, sir, she's *at home!*

FRANK.—Can I see her?

PATTIE.—I don't know, sir. She's very busy writing the life of Kong-wong-par-jigger.

FRANK.—Who?

PATTIE.—Kong-wong-par-jigger, king of the Cannibal Islands.

FRANK.—So she is writing his life. Pray, is Miss Colton of a literary turn of mind?

PATTIE.—She's of all sorts of a turn of mind, sir. She gets up at three o'clock to observe the stars, and study as—as——

FRANK.—Astronomy?

PATTIE.—Yes, sir. Then she pokes in the garden awhile to study botany; and then she writes, and writes, and reads. She's got a whole lot of worms in a box, to study something else.

FRANK.—(*Aside.*)—A pleasant prospect for her future husband.

PATTIE.—(*Aside.*)—He has not heard half yet. (*Aloud.*) Would you like to see Miss Colton's museum, sir? She has two snakes that are quite tame.

FRANK.—No, thank you. Let Miss Colton know that I am here.

PATTIE.—Yes, sir. *Exit Pattie.*

FRANK.—My special horror, from a boy, was a pedantic, strong-minded woman, and here I am caged with one for weeks. Uncle! appear and deliver your miserable nephew! Oh! here she comes! Her very tread is literary.

Enter Lizzie, dressed in a faded calico wrapper, made loose and long, a large cap, green spectacles, and black lace mittens.

LIZZIE.—I was informed that a gentleman wanted to see me.

FRANK.—Myself, Miss Colton. I am Mr. Mansfield's nephew; you may have expected me. I do not mistake—you are Miss Colton, my uncle's ward?

LIZZIE.—The same, sir. Did I expect you? Let me see! Pattie! (*Enter Pattie.*) Bring me my memorandum book. (*Exit Pattie.*) I have so much now to occupy my mind that I am obliged, sir, to keep a memorandum book for trivial things.

FRANK.—(*Aside.*)—Trivial things! This is pleasant, truly. (*Aloud.*) You are quite right, Miss.

Enter Pattie, hands Lizzie a book, and exit.

LIZZIE.—(*Referring to book.*)—Let me see! Tuesday, make dissection of monkey. Wednesday, pull two teeth for the gardener. Thursday, ah! here it is: Mr. Mansfield, my future husband. Ah! yes, I recollect now. Well, my friend, it was entirely unnecessary to disturb me at my

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studies. I have ordered my books to be put in order, and I shall have some sort of a wedding dress made, I suppose. That's all!

FRANK.—Do you mean to say that you have no personal feeling in the matter?

LIZZIE.—None at all. Are you fond of geology, or natural history? I will escort you to my cabinet.

FRANK.—I prefer to remain here a short time. My ride from the city was quite a fatiguing one.

LIZZIE.—(*Aside.*)—I am sure I don't know what to say now. (*Aloud.*) I have the last edition of Smith on the Bumps, if you would like to peruse it. Are you fond of phrenology? By-the-way, let me examine your head. (*Forces him into a chair, and tumbles his hair, pulling it occasionally, when he jumps, makes a face, and sits down again.*) Let me see: Acquisitiveness large—(*pulls*)—do keep still! Patience small—(*pulls*)—can't you keep quiet? Ambition small. Avarice large. Obedience large. Manliness small.

FRANK.—(*Rising.*)—You are growing personal!

LIZZIE.—I beg pardon! One forgets the forms of society in the love of science. *Enter Pattie.*

PATTIE.—Luncheon is on the table. *Exit Pattie.*

FRANK.—Allow me to escort you to the dining-room.

LIZZIE.—I must go to my room first, to put my papers in order. I will join you presently. *Exit Lizzie.*

FRANK.—So this is my uncle's ward, my future wife. No! not my wife. Long may she remain to comfort my uncle's old age; but it must be as his *ward*, not as his niece. I would marry the Encyclopedia in his library, before I would this fearful ward of his. *Curtain falls.*

SCENE III.—WAYWARD.

Scene—Same as scenes I and II.

Curtain rising, discovers Lizzie seated at a table which is covered with books, maps, pens, ink and paper.

LIZZIE.—(*Rising and coming forward.*)—Two weeks today since Frank came here. What have I accomplished by my wayward freak; this masquerade attire I now detest. His courtesy, gentle deference to my whims, his intelligence and manly, pleasant manner have been so frankly offered, that I am forty times as much in love as I was before. My guardian will be at home in an hour or two, and I must resume my proper character, having gained exactly nothing. *Enter Pattie.*

PATTIE.—Mr. Mansfield sent me to ask you if he might have a private interview with you, Miss? Oh! Miss Lizzie, it's a-coming now, for sure!

LIZZIE.—Tell him I am at leisure now. (*Exit Pattie.*) Oh! how I tremble! I wish it were over. If he comes to offer me his hand now, how I will despise him! and yet, will he ever come near me when he knows the truth? He is here. (*Sits down.*) *Enter Frank.*

FRANK.—Good morning, Miss Colton. (*Sits down.*)

LIZZIE.—You desired to speak with me?

FRANK.—Upon a subject which it pains me to reflect upon. One of such delicacy that I have, day after day, postponed this interview, in order to avoid it; but now, expecting my uncle's return every moment, I can no longer put it off. I came to tell you that it is impossible for me to comply with his wishes, with regard to our marriage.

LIZZIE.—Is this meant for an insult, sir?

FRANK.—Far from it. I know you must regard this conduct as most rude and ungallant; but is it not better to speak now, than to entail the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage upon both of us? Believe me, I admire and respect your high talents; but—but, to be frank with you, I love another.

LIZZIE.—Another? (*Aside.*) Now for it.

FRANK.—You will understand now the motive for my rude address to yourself.

LIZZIE.—But this other? Perhaps I know her.

FRANK.—Quite possible. It is but justice to her to say that there is no engagement between us; though I may find her. At present, I do not even know her address. Her name is Lizzie Harding.

LIZZIE.—My dressmaker!

FRANK.—(*Eagerly.*)—You know her, then? Can you give me her address?

LIZZIE.—Wait a moment! It may not be the same one. This person made my dresses when I was at boarding-school, in Clayton. She lived at the school.

FRANK.—It must be the same. Where is she now?

LIZZIE.—Surely you do not wish to marry a poor dressmaker, when my thousands are at your service; for I will not conceal from you that you have won my heart entirely. My fortune is freely yours, and I can overlook this boyish love.

FRANK.—It is the love of my life.

LIZZIE.—Wayward boy!

FRANK.—I may seem wayward, but my heart is true to its first idol.

LIZZIE.—(*Taking a miniature from the table drawer.*)—Is this like your Lizzie?

FRANK.—(*Opening it.*)—Herself! It seems to breathe—to smile upon me! (*Kisses it.*)

Lizzie slips behind him, throws off the wrapper, glasses, mittens, cap, and has a light dress, curls, and bare arms, as in first scene.

FRANK.—Those soft, loving eyes, how well I remember them!

LIZZIE.—Frank!

FRANK.—(*Turning.*)—Lizzie! My dear Lizzie. (*Embraces her.*) Why, where is Miss Colton?

LIZZIE.—Here. Lizzie Harding Colton, who, in a wayward fit of doubt, tested your love to find it true. You forgive me, Frank? *Enter Mr. Mansfield.*

MR. MANSFIELD.—Hey day! what's all this? (*Frank and Lizzie stand confused.*) Well, upon my word! Here are two pretty specimens of wayward children. (*To Frank.*) Did you not write to me that it was impossible for you to marry my ward?

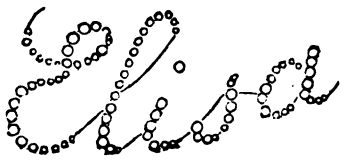
FRANK.—My dear uncle, I——

MR. MANSFIELD.—Hold your tongue, sir; (*to Lizzie;*) and you, Miss, what have you to say?

LIZZIE.—Only this: that if you will forgive your wayward ward this time; she will try to be a most dutiful niece.

MR. MANSFIELD.—(*To Frank.*)—Come here, you rogue! You don't deserve; but, as I don't approve of such ardent embraces as I saw just now, in any but lovers, why—take her! I declare I'm the happiest man in America, if (*to audience*) those present will join me in wishing happiness to my wayward children. *Curtain falls.*

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

POEMS OF READ.—In two handsome volumes we have the various poems of T. Buchanan Read, heretofore to be found only in separate publications extending through several years. We are glad to see that Mr. Read, in preparing this edition, has neither omitted, nor materially altered, any of his earlier poems; for writers, by such supposed revisions, too often destroy what thousands of their readers have learned to love. In Mr. Read's case, some of his very best shorter poems were among his earliest. He has, indeed, on the whole, vastly improved; but still he has hardly surpassed a few of his first poems. A delicate ear for rhythm seems to have been born with him. From the beginning, he had facility of expression, a graceful fancy, unusual descriptive powers, and general good taste. The longest poems, in this collection, are "The House by the Sea" and "The New Pastoral," both of which have been noticed, at length, in these pages, and of which it is sufficient to say now, that the first is a singularly bold and imaginative work, and that the last is altogether the most national and characteristic poem ever written by an American. Indeed of all our writers, Mr. Read excels, we think, in what may be called local color. There are descriptive passages in "The New Pastoral," as there are whole poems elsewhere in these volumes, which are so faithful to Nature that one recognizes them immediately as pictures of scenes in Pennsylvania, Virginia, or elsewhere. The incidents of the earlier portions of "The New Pastoral," for example, transpire in what is called the Great Valley, in this state, and no one, familiar with that unequaled agricultural district, can fail to recognize the picture. So "The Closing Year," and "The Deserted Road," glow with the atmosphere of the rural portions of Pennsylvania. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Mr. Read spent his childhood and youth in the Great Valley. A principal charm of the Elizabethan poets is their love of rural life, and the fidelity with which they describe rural sights and sounds. A principal defect of our modern poets is that they either neglect Nature altogether, delineate her at second hand, or give us pictures of the country which have no local color. Some of the most exquisite passages in Milton, as Masson has shown, may be traced to the poet's residence at Horton in Buckinghamshire. All through Tennyson we hear the sluggish streams of Lincolnshire, and see the willows of the Cam whiten in the wind. But even Goldsmith, great as he was, has no local color in his "Deserted Village:" and too many of our American poets rival Goldsmith in this, if they do not in other things. But enough. We should like to quote some of the poems in these volumes, if we had more space. We must make room, however, for one, entitled "Drifting."

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals.
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rock like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh! happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh! happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

No lover of real poetry, indeed, should be without this book. If there are any persons, still ignorant of this delightful artist poet, they ought to lose no time in making acquaintance with his writings. His old admirers, we are sure, will hasten to avail themselves of this opportunity to

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obtain his collected works. The volumes are published with the well-known neatness and taste which distinguish Ticknor & Fields.

Abbreviations in Knitting.—A fair correspondent, who asks us the meaning of the abbreviations used in crochet and knitting, is informed that we gave the meaning of those in crochet in our February number. The meaning of those in knitting is as follows:

K. Knit (plain knit.)

P. Purl.

M. Make (increase.)

K 2 t. Knit two as one. K 3 t. Knit three as one.

D 1. Decrease one, by taking off a loop without knitting; then knit one, and pass the other over it.

D 2. Decrease two; slip one; knit two together, and pass the slip-stitch over.

Sl. Slip.

R. Raise.

T. K. Twisted knitted stitch.

T. P. Twisted purl stitch.

In 1858 we published, in this Magazine, a complete dictionary of needlework, describing how to crochet, knit, net, embroider, &c., &c. In that dictionary the abbreviations were explained at length. Tens of thousands, even of our present subscribers, have that volume still. If any other new subscriber is at fault, we refer her to that volume. There is hardly a village, however small, where "Peterson" for 1858 cannot be borrowed.

Home Pastimes.—This is a new and capital book for the family, being a selection of one hundred Tableaux, how to arrange as to dress, lights, &c., and general rules for producing effect, so carefully given that any family can readily produce these delightful pastimes. It is got up in the publishers' well known style, with illuminated titles, &c., and is sent by mail for one dollar. It is sold also by all principal booksellers. Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, are the publishers. They are also publishers of the elegant book, "Art Recreations," a book on drawing and painting, noticed in another column.

An Empress's Dress.—At a ball recently given at the Tuileries, the Empress appeared in a dress of very peculiar style; though its peculiarity was by no means at variance with the excellent taste which always distinguishes her Majesty's toilet. Over a robe of white tulle bouillonne was worn a tunic of white watered silk, gathered up at each side by broad bands of black velvet embroidered with gold. The coiffure consisted of a coronet of burnished gold, figured with Egyptian hieroglyphics in black enamel. The necklace and bracelets corresponded in style with the coronet.

The "Good Night."—This charming engraving wants no description. It tells its own tale of a happy love. We need hardly call attention to the fine effect produced by the light streaming out through the windows, and from the open door behind the lovers.

Old Bachelors.—These are always complaining of the miseries of married men. Unfortunately for the logic of old bachelors, we never knew a happy one yet, nor, we believe, does anybody else.

"A Word to the Wise."—We have heard many women complaining of their husbands' neglect of home. A spoonful of honey will keep more bees in the hive, than will ten of vinegar.

What is Idleness?—A public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined, and extensively circulated among the most despicable of the human race.

Blind Man's Buff.—One of our fair correspondents inquires if this game was not formerly played by adults. We reply, yes! The great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, used frequently beguile the tedious hours of his military life by playing at Blind Man's Buff with his generals. The game was also for many centuries a favorite amusement of the young nobles of France. Henry the Fourth, monarch of that country, is represented on one side of a pedestal, on which his statue has been erected at Pau, the place of his birth, engaged in this particular pastime.

Saturday Night.—This handsome mezzotint is engraved from an original picture in the possession of J. G. Claghorn, Esq., of Philadelphia, a gentleman extensively known for his fine taste in the arts, and his valuable and extensive collection of paintings. The father has just come home, his week's work finished, and is playing with his child, while the wife and mother, placing a steaming dish on the supper-table, looks on smiling.

Another Novelet.—The novelet, by the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," will be concluded in our next number. Mrs. Stephens' novelet will be continued through the year. In the July number we shall begin "Redman's Run," by Frank Lee Benedict. This last novelet will be continued through the six following numbers.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Marble Faun; or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A new romance by Hawthorne is always an event in the American literary world. Though differing from any other of this author's fictions, "The Marble Faun" is as original and artistic as the best of its predecessors. The scene of the story lies in Italy. The principal actors are Kenyon, Hilda, Miriam, and the Count of Monte Beni; the first two American born; Miriam an Italian princess, partly of Hebrew blood; and the count a descendant of an old race of Tuscan nobles, whose pedigree goes back traditionally to the ancient Pelasgic times. The novel is, in one sense, an art-novel. An exquisitely delicate æsthetic feeling hangs around it, like the aroma of the wine of "Sunshine," which Kenyon drinks at Monte Beni. In another sense, the romance is the Etruscan age revived. Hawthorne seems to have caught the sylvan inspiration of the old dryad and hamadryad times. The breezes of the antique world blow so freshly through the pages, that the reader is half persuaded that Donatelli is really descended from a faun and mortal nymph, as the hoary legend of his house asserts, and that if a sudden wind would blow aside his curls, it would expose the pointed and furred ears of his woodland forefather. The descriptions of statues, paintings, and scenery, in "The Marble Faun" are pictures. They stand out vivid with Italian sunshine. This is partly because of the life-like manner in which Hawthorne realizes what he sees, and partly because of his thorough mastery of our mother tongue. The language is a model for American writers generally.

Yet Hawthorne, with all his genius, saddens us. The characters and events, even in this, perhaps the least melancholy of his works, stand out against the same gloomy back-ground, which darkens, so hopelessly, not only "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance," but "The House of the Seven Gables" also. Thackeray is blamed for his cynicism. But Thackeray's jests, even Thackeray's sneers, are gay and sportive, compared to the bitter despair, that, like a wailing, weaving-melody, recurs forever and forever in the pages of Hawthorne. The wise man has said, indeed, that "all is vanity." But this truism becomes, in the mouth of our author, a different and darker thing.

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A Roman Cato, in the decay of the old Paganism, despairing of everything present or to come, could hardly have impressed one more profoundly with his want of faith. A pitiless, immitigable fate seems ever lurking in the background. The characters are not genial, nor even natural; they are, to a certain extent, abnormal creations; and though they act consistently to themselves, they are not, generally, such people as one has met, or as one cares to meet. They live in a morbid atmosphere. On closing a book by Hawthorne, one feels as if just escaped from a stifling cavern, and drawing a long, deep breath, thanks God, involuntarily, for the fresh air and sweet sunshine. However, "The Marble Faun" is not so sad as others.

An Arctic Boat Journey in the autumn of 1854. *By Dr. J. J. Hayes.* 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Brown & Taggart.*—Those who have read Dr. Kane's celebrated "Arctic Expedition" will recollect, that, when his vessel was frozen up, a portion of his company, under the leadership of Dr. Hayes, undertook to reach the inhabited portions of Greenland, by traveling in sledges over the ice. The attempt, they will also remember, proved a failure, the adventurers returning to the ship, at last, having barely escaped with their lives. Capt. McClintock, in his late Narrative, speaks of these men as deserters; but this charge is a misrepresentation; for they had not only Dr. Kane's consent, but also aid from Dr. Kane to the extent of his power; a fact which McClintock would have known, if he had re-read Dr. Kane's work carefully, as he should have done before making such a grave accusation. The present volume is a detailed narrative of that famous boat expedition, is very well written, and is altogether the most interesting book on Arctic adventure we have had since Kane's two volumes. It is scarcely credible that men could endure what Dr. Hayes and his party suffered, and yet survive to tell the tale. Messrs. Brown & Taggart have issued the volume in very handsome style. The charts add greatly to the value of the work.

Notes on Nursing: What it is, and What it is Not. By Florence Nightingale. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—No book has ever been written, more valuable of its kind, than this. Miss Nightingale's large experience gave her peculiar advantages, and of these advantages she seems to have made the most; for she appears to possess the rare faculty of a sound judgment, as well as a tender and heroic soul. The various subjects discussed are "Ventilation and Warming," "Health of Houses," "Petty Management," "Noise," "Variety," "Taking Food," "What Food," "Bed and Bedding," "Light," "Cleanliness of Rooms and Walls," "Personal Cleanliness," "Chattering Hopes and Advices," "Observation of the Sick." We heard an intelligent woman say, after she had read this book, that, if she could have her favorite physician to prescribe for her, and Miss Nightingale to nurse her, she believed she could recover from any disease; and she was doubtless right; for want of good nursing is too often the cause of death. We consider that no family ought to be without this work.

The Household Edition of Dickens. The Pickwick Papers. 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the first instalment of a new edition of Dickens, copied after the one now being published in London under the author's supervision. The embellishments are entirely new; the paper is very elegant; the whole getting up of the volumes unusually tasteful. It is, beyond all others, the edition which persons of culture will prefer. No American publication of its character has come under our notice, which is equal to it, if we except Ticknor & Fields' edition of the Waverley novels. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have now thirty-eight editions of Dickens, varying in price from five dollars to a hundred, according to the size, quality, and style of binding. The present, the handsomest edition of all, is sold at $1,25 per volume, bound in cloth.

History of the Early Church from the first preaching of the Gospel to the Council of Nicea. For the use of young persons. By the author of "Amy Herbert." 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This will serve as an excellent introduction to a more thorough study of the history of the Early Christian Church. It is faithfully and honestly written, and if colored by the denominational tendencies of Miss Sewell, is colored unintentionally. It is really a very valuable book.

Passing Thoughts on Religion. By the author of "Amy Herbert." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The name of Miss Sewell, the author of this work, is a sufficient guarantee of its literary excellence. Its general character may be known from her other writings. There are but few persons who cannot derive consolation and instruction from these thoughts. The volume is appropriately bound in black cloth with red edges.

Stories from Famous Ballads. By Grace Greenwood. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A very successful attempt to turn "The Beggar of Bednal Green," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Auld Robin Gray," and other ballads, into prose, and in such a way as to interest children particularly. It is really one of the very best works of the kind in the language. A charming portrait of a child, to whom the book is dedicated, embellishes the volume.

Notes on Travel and Study in Italy. By Charles Eliot Norton. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Though Mr. Norton has gone over a beaten track, he finds much that is new to say, and he says it like a gentleman of culture and right feeling. The criticisms on art are particularly excellent.

Night Lessons from Scripture. Compiled by the author of "Amy Herbert." 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—These are selections from the Holy Bible, designed to be read before retiring for rest. The passages are short. We recommend the book as very superior.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.*

BREAD, &C.

Paste for Summer.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, one pound of butter, half a pint of water. Put the flour on your pie-board, and place the butter in the centre, keeping a ring of flour all around it. After working the butter for awhile with your hand, add some of the water, a little at a time, until it is all used; then mix in your flour, reserving a small portion, and placing it on a vacant portion of your board. Clean your hands thoroughly, and then, with both your hands, knead the paste, until you work in all the flour sticking to the board. Then put it on a plate, and place it upon ice until it is well frozen. When you roll it, put plenty of flour on your board, and knead it well in. Roll it out by going once or twice straight up and down the board, not sideways; the hand must always be kept clean, or free from butter, and then the paste will not stick to it. When about to roll out the paste, cut off small pieces, and do not roll it out all at one time.

Some Kind of Bread.—The ingredients are: A tumblerful of milk, a tumblerful of water, a tablespoonful of salt, and enough flour to make the dough about the consistence of buckwheat butter. After beating the ingredients together for some length of time, stand the vessel containing the dough into warm water; the water should be kept warm all the time it is rising, which will require nearly the entire day. Work it into flour the same as yeast, adding a little milk warm water. Knead it well, and let it rise in the pan about one hour before you place it in the oven. Bake it two hours, in a moderate oven.

Puff Paste for Eight Puddings.—Take three half pounds, and three half ounces of flour; reserving in a convenient vessel the same quantity of flour for further use. Cut up three-quarters of a pound of butter in the flour; adding two glasseesful of water. Then roll out the dough, adding, at different times, another three-quarters of a pound of butter. After the butter is all mixed in the dough, roll it out once again.

Paste for Pies.—The ingredients are: One pound of flour, half a pint of water, and one pound of butter rolled in three times.

CAKES.

Queen Cake.—Ingredients: Three pounds of butter, and three pounds of sugar, beaten well together, three wineglasseesful of liquor, added at different times, twenty-seven eggs, two ounces less than three pounds of flour, three spoonfuls of mixed spices, eighteen drops of essence of lemon, and a small quantity of rose and orange water. The same batter will answer for pound, jelly, and black cake.

Seed Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of flour, one pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of carraway seed, all mixed together, and wet with a half pint of cream, in which previously dissolve a teaspoonful of pearlash.

Soft Gingerbread.—The ingredients are: Half a pint of sponge, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one quart of molasses, quarter of a pound of English ginger, quarter of a pound of coriander seed, and some dried orange peel.

Macaroons—No. 1.—The ingredients are: One pound of sweet almonds, quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, one pound and a quarter of sugar, and whites of eggs according to your judgment.

Macaroons—No. 2.—The ingredients are: Four whites of eggs, some essence of lemon, and rose water. Pound some almonds quite fine, and stir in with the other ingredients a sufficient quantity to make a stiff paste. Roll them in sugar.

English Cake.—The ingredients are: Ten eggs, the weight of ten eggs in sugar, the weight of eight eggs in flour, and the weight of six eggs in butter, half a gill of brandy, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Rout Cake.—Pound one pound of almonds very fine, and add a sufficient number of yolks of eggs to make the paste of a proper stiffness; add one pound of refined sugar, and five drops of the oil of lemon.

Spanish Buns.—The ingredients are: Half a pint of sponge, one pint of milk, one pint of eggs, one pound of butter, one pound and a half of sugar, and one ounce of cinnamon.

Sponge Cake—No. 1.—The ingredients are: One pint of eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, and a grated lemon.

Sponge Cake—No. 2.—The ingredients are: Twenty eggs, reserving the whites of four, one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, and six drops of essence of lemon. Beat the eggs very light, and then beat in the sugar. Stir in the flour with a knife; then add the spice and essence.

Rock Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of almonds, to be cut in pieces, one pound of sugar, and three whites of eggs. They must be baked in a cone form.

Milk Biscuit.—Mix together one pound of flour, one wineglasseful of yeast, one-quarter of a pound of butter, and two cupfuls of milk; add two eggs, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Sally Null.—Ingredients: One pint of milk, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a pound of butter, and half a pint of sponge.

Scotch Cake.—Ingredients: Two pounds of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound and a half of flour, four eggs, and two nutmegs.

Sugar Biscuit.—Ingredients: Two pounds of sugar, two pounds of butter, three pints of milk, one pint of yeast, or sponge.

Sugar Candy.—Boil eight pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, and one quart of walnuts three-quarters of an hour.

PRESERVING, PICKLING, &C.

Orange Peel—Candied.—Cut your oranges lengthwise, take out all the pulp, and put the rinds into a pretty strong salt and hard water for six days; then boil them in a large quantity of water till they become tender; after this, take them out of the water, and drain them on a hair sieve. Make a thin syrup of fine loaf sugar, a pound to a quart of water; put in your peels and boil them half an hour, or until they look clear. Have ready a thick syrup made of fine loaf sugar, with as much water as will dissolve it; put in your peels, and boil them over a slow fire until you see the syrup candy about the pan, and peels. Then take them out, grate fine sugar all over them, drain them well, dry them before the fire, and keep them in a dry place for use.

Plum Sauce—To eat with Meat, instead of Cranberries.—To two pounds of plums, take one pound and a quarter of light brown sugar, and half a pint of the strongest vinegar. Put the plums in a stone jar; make a syrup of sugar and vinegar, and pour it on the plums, boiling hot. Do this for two successive days; on the third day let both the plums and syrup simmer, or boil, for twenty minutes in a preserving kettle; spice them according to your taste, with whole cloves and ground cinnamon. Then put them up for winter use.

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Preserved Plums.—Take an equal weight of sugar and fruit. Prick your plums well, all over, with a fork. Allow half a teacupful of water to each pound of sugar, and make a syrup. When it is clarified, throw in enough plums to cover the surface of the kettle; let them boil gently about five minutes. Cook them all in this way, and as they are done, lay them on dinner plates; cover them with syrup, and set them in the sun, placing glass sashes or covers over them. If the weather is fair, they will require to stand thus from two to three days. At first there will be more syrup than the dishes will hold, but after being in the sun for one day, the remainder can be added. The fruit will be solid, and the syrup will become a fine jelly. Sometimes the syrup needs five or ten minutes boiling after the fruit is taken out, as some fruit is particularly juicy.

Dried Cherries.—Stone the cherries, being careful to preserve the juice. Take one pound of brown sugar, to three pounds of fruit. Boil the juice and sugar together; put the cherries in, and stew them fifteen minutes; take them out, and drain off the syrup. Lay the cherries on dishes, and place them in the sun, to dry. Pour the syrup over the fruit, a little at a time, as it dries; whilst drying, the fruit must be frequently turned. When the syrup is entirely used, put the cherries in jars, sprinkling a small portion of loaf sugar between the layers.

Damsons—Preserved.—Take the long, small damsons, pick off the stalks, prick them with a pin, then put them into a deep pot, with half their weight of pounded loaf sugar, and set them in a moderate oven until they become soft. Then take them out of the oven, give the syrup a boil, and pour it upon the damsons. Repeat this two or three times; then take them carefully out, put them into the jars you intend to keep them in, and pour over them rendered mutton suet. Tie a bladder over them, and keep them in a very cool place.

Ginger—Candied.—Beat two pounds of fine loaf sugar; put one pound into a pan, with as much water as will dissolve it, and an ounce of race ginger, grated fine. Stir them well together over a very slow fire till the sugar begins to boil; then stir in the remaining pound of sugar, and keep stirring it until it becomes thick; then take it off from the fire, and drop it in cakes upon earthen dishes. Set them in a warm place to dry, and they will look white, and be very hard and brittle.

Damsons—Dried.—Procure your damsons when they are fully ripe, spread them on a coarse cloth, set them in a very cool oven, and let them stand a day or two. If they are not then as dry as a fresh prune, put them into another cool oven for a day or two longer, till they are pretty dry; then take them out, and lay them in a dry place. They will eat like fresh plums in the winter.

Damsons—Bottled.—Procure your damsons when they have just turned color, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles; cork them loosely, and let them stand a fortnight. Then look them over, and if you see any of them mould or spot, take them out, and cork the rest close down; set the bottles in sand, and they will keep till spring, and be as good as fresh ones.

Pickled Cantelopes.—Pare and cut the cantelopes; then put them in vinegar, and let them remain over night. Take one gallon of fresh vinegar, add to it a sufficient quantity of mace, cinnamon, and cloves; put in the cantelopes, and boil them until you can run a straw through them; afterward, boil the vinegar a little longer.

Pickled Plums.—Have ready seven pounds of plums. Put into a pint of vinegar, half an ounce of stick cinnamon, and half an ounce of cloves, and three pounds of sugar; boil these ingredients together, and pour them on the plums for three days in succession. The third day put the plums in also; and boil all together.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Directions for Cleaning Metal Goods.—Take a piece of woolen cloth, and put upon it as much sweet oil as will prevent its rubbing dry; with this rub the metal articles well in every part; then wipe them smoothly with a soft, dry linen rag, until they become quite clean, and rub them with soft wash-leather and rotten stone. This simple method will preserve the color as long as the articles endure. If convenient, washing them in boiling water and soap, just before they are rubbed with the leather and whiting, will take off the oil more effectually, and make the metal look brighter.

How to Mend a Crack in a Stove.—When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be completely closed in a moment, with a composition consisting of wood-ashes and common salt, made into paste with a little water, and plastered over the crack. The good effect is equally certain whether the stove be cold or hot.

House Flies.—These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed, without the use of poison: Take half a teaspoonful of powdered black pepper, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place the mixture in your room, or wherever the flies are most troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

To Clean Irons from Rust.—Pound some glass to fine powder; and, having nailed some linen or woolen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum water, and sift thereon some of your powdered glass, and let it dry. Repeat this operation three times, and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from iron utensils with the cloth thus prepared.

Protection against Moths.—A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers, for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservation against moths.

To take Stains out of Silk.—Mix together in a vial two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silk must be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

How to Take Stains out of Mahogany.—Mix six ounces of spirits of salt, and half an ounce of rock salt of lemons (pulverized) together. Place a few drops on the spot, and rub it briskly till it is removed. Wash off with cold water.

To Remove Grease Spots from Marble, Alabaster, &c.—Rub the spot with a soft flannel rag dipped in strong spirits of hartshorn; then rinse with clean water.

To Remove Acid Stains from Silks, &c.—Apply, with a soft rag, spirits of hartshorn.

To Remove White-Wash Stains from Carpets, Cloth, &c.—Apply white wine vinegar.

THE TOILETTE.

Cologne Water—No. 1.—The ingredients are: Three drachms of oil of orange, two drachms of oil of lemon, two drachms of oil of rosemary, one drachm of oil of lavender, one drachm of oil of bergamot, one-half drachm of oil of wintergreen, twenty-six drops of oil of cinnamon, fifteen drops of oil of cloves, one quart of rectified spirits of wine.

Cologne Water—No. 2.—The ingredients are: Five drops of oil of cinnamon, one and one-half drachms of oil of rosemary, one-half grain of musk, one and one-half drachms of oil of bergamot, twenty-five drops of oil of neroli. Mix all the ingredients together, and add them to one quart of pure alcohol.

Cologne Water—No. 3.—Ingredients: Oil of bergamot, quarter of an ounce, oil of lavender, quarter of an ounce, oil of jessamine, quarter of an ounce, oil of rosemary, fifteen drops, oil of cinnamon six drops, oil of cloves, six drops, oil of neroli, six drops, musk, three grains, alcohol, one quart.

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THE NURSERY.

CRYING OF INFANTS.—There is no part of a woman's duty to her child that a young mother should so soon make it her business to study as the voice of her infant, and the language conveyed in its cry. The study is neither hard nor difficult; a close attention to its tone, and the expression of the baby's features, are the two most important points demanding attention. The key to both, the mother will find in her own heart, and the knowledge of her success in the comfort and smile of her infant. We have two reasons—both strong ones—for urging on mothers the imperative necessity of early making themselves acquainted with the nature and wants of their child: the FIRST, that when left to the entire responsibility of the baby, after the departure of the nurse, she may be able to undertake her new duties with infinitely more confidence than if left to her own resources and mother's instinct, without a clue to guide her through the mysteries of those calls that vibrate through every nerve of her nature; and, SECONDLY, that she may be able to guard her child from the nefarious practices of unprincipled nurses, who, while calming the mother's mind with false statements as to the character of the baby's cries, rather than lose their rest, or devote that time which would remove the cause of suffering—administer, behind the curtains, those deadly narcotics that, while stupifying nature into sleep, ensures for herself a night of many unbroken hours. Such nurses as have not the hardihood to dose their infant charges, are often rife with other schemes to still that constant and reproachful cry; the most frequent means employed for this purpose is giving it something to suck—something easily hid from the mother—or, when that is impossible, under the plea of keeping it warm, the nurse covers it in her lap with a shawl, and, under this blind, surreptitiously inserts a finger between the parched lips, that possibly moan for drink; and, under this inhuman cheat and delusion, the infant is pacified, till Nature, baulked of its desires, drops into a troubled sleep. These are two of our reasons for impressing upon mothers the *early*, the *immediate* necessity of putting themselves sympathetically in communication with their child, by at once learning the humane lesson, as a delightful task.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Cleanse Gloves Without Wetting.—Lay the gloves upon a clean board, make a mixture of dried fulling-earth and powdered alum, and pass them over on each side with a common stiff brush; then sweep it off, and sprinkle them well with dry bran and whiting, and dust them well; this, if they be not exceedingly greasy, will render them quite clean; but if they are much soiled, take out the grease with crumbs of toasted bread, and powder of burnt bone; then pass them over with a woolen cloth, dipped in fulling-earth or alum powder, and in this manner they can be cleaned without wetting, which frequently shrinks and spoils them.

To take a Copy of a Print or Drawing.—Take a sheet of the finest white paper, wet it over with clean linseed oil on one side, and wipe the oil off clean; then let it stand and dry, otherwise it will spoil a printed picture by the soaking through of the oil. Having thus prepared the paper, lay it on any printed or painted picture, and it may be seen perfectly through; then with a black lead pencil copy with ease any picture on the oiled paper; then put it upon a sheet of clean white paper, and with a little pointed tracer or burnisher, go over the strokes drawn upon the oiled paper, and the same will be very neatly and exactly drawn upon the white paper.

Cement for Fastening Knife Handles.—Black resin, four pounds; beeswax, one pound. Melt, and then add one pound of finely-powdered and dried brick-dust.

Cement for Aquariums.—Take two ounces of red lead, two ounces of litharge, a quarter of a pound of white lead, and enough of whiting and boiled oil to render the whole into a stiff putty. It will require a deal of working up. To put it on a flat stone and beat it up with a large hammer is the best plan. Before applying it to the crevices, first paint them with a little gold size, and when that is dry fill up with the putty.

An Excellent Recipe for Pimples on the Skin.—Mix some milk of sulphur, or flower of sulphur, up with a little lard or butter, into an ointment; rub well into the skin and it will remove them in a day or two.

Cement for China.—Dissolve isinglass in gin. Make it stiff and thick. This may be used for china or glass. For large things, a piece of calico stuck at the back will be strong and secure, even when washed.

A Good Furniture Polish.—To one pint of linseed oil, by a gentle heat, melt together two ounces of yellow resin, eighteen ounces of beeswax, and two ounces of borage-root.

To Clean Carpets.—Having well beaten and brushed, scour with ox-gall, and soap, and warm water.

A Valuable Ointment made of the pulp of apples, lard, and rosewater, is used to beautify the skin.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Directions for Stewing.—Stewing consists in subjecting meat for a considerable time to a very moderate heat in a small quantity of water. No good stew for an early dinner can be made the day it is wanted. The plan recommended is, to cut the meat in pieces of the required size, pack them closely together, covering them with cold water, or, what is preferable, broth; place the stew-pan where it will gradually warm, and keep it for some hours at a heat considerably short of boiling. The albumen is thus dissolved, and the fibres so far softened and separated, that the toughest parts become tender and digestible. The stew should be put away in an open vessel until the next day, when the fat should be removed from the top, vegetables and seasoning added; it may be thickened with flour or meal, if required. On the continent vinegar is largely employed in the process of stewing. It acts by softening the fibrin, and so renders the meat more tender and digestible.

To Boil Potatoes.—Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets;" peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done, the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

To Clarify Dripping.—Set it on the fire in a clean pan, and when melted and just going to boil, take it off and pour it into another half filled with boiling-hot water; stir the two well together with a broad, wooden spoon, and then remove the pan into a cool place till the next day, when the clarified dripping will be found floating on the surface of the water.

Scores, a plain sort of Biscuit.—Two ounces of butter to three-quarters of a pound of fine flour, mixed into a paste with skimmed milk. Roll as thin as possible. Cut them about the size of a small plate, prick, and bake them.

Potato Pudding.—Take half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of potatoes, boiled; half a pound of suet, chopped fine; two eggs, well beaten. Mix with milk, and boil four hours.

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Potted Cheese (Rich.)—Pound well six ounces of rich Cheshire cheese, not decayed; add one ounce and a half of fresh butter, a teaspoonful of white powdered sugar, some pounded mace, to taste, and a large wineglassful of any strong white wine. Mix all together, then press down in small, deep pots, or one deep pot, taking out for use a little at a time. It will keep good a long time.

Baked Custard.—Mix a quart of new milk with eight well-beaten eggs, strain the mixture through a fine sieve, and sweeten it with from five to eight ounces of sugar, according to taste; add a small pinch of salt, and pour the custard into a deep dish, with or without a lining or rim of paste, grate nutmeg or lemon rind over the top, and bake it in a very slow oven.

Very Rich Short Crust for Tarts.—Bake lightly, with the least possible handling, six ounces of butter with eight of flour; add a dessert-spoonful of pounded sugar, and two or three of water; roll the paste for several minutes, and blend the ingredients well, folding it together like puff crust, and touch it as little as possible.

Soda Cake.—Half a pound of loaf sugar, half a pound of flour, and half a pound of ground rice mixed altogether; add two eggs, a teacup of milk, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in half a pound of butter, and well work it with the hand, and bake immediately.

Veal Fritters.—Cold veal and veal suet chopped fine, equal quantities; the same of grated bread; a little shred thyme and parsley, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. Mix all together with an egg. Fry brown. Serve up with melted butter.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF APPLE GREEN SILK.—The skirt is trimmed at intervals with pointed pieces of green silk trimmed with black fringe. The body is high, and is also trimmed with fringe. The sleeves are tight at the lower part of the arm, and have three puffs at the upper part. A white cuff, ornamented with lace, finishes the lower part of the sleeve. Head-dress of green velvet, and long, white ostrich plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is plain, but is relieved by the broad ends of black velvet which fall from the waist. A Swiss body of black velvet is cut quite low, and above it is a white puffed body, gathered lengthwise, and between each puff is a row of narrow black velvet. Short sleeves with three puffs.

FIG. III.—PRINCESS MANTLE OF RICHLY FIGURED BLACK LACE.—The upper part of the mantle is in the scarf shape, into which the full lower part is gathered.

FIG. IV.—LAWN DRESS with eleven flounces.

FIG. V.—SQUARE BERTHE composed of a Brussels tulle foundation, on which are ranged the narrow white blondes mounted on a narrow cherry velvet ribbon. The bottom of the berthe is ornamented with a double row of English blonde four inches deep. Two bunches of loops of the same velvet which is at the head of the blondes, are put in front.

FIG. VI.—CHEMISETTE WITH PUFFED SLEEVES, made of Swiss muslin, to wear with velvet Zouaves. This chemisette has a back piece and buttons in front. The fronts are arranged in Swiss plaits. The wristbands, collar, and sleeves are trimmed with a band, and the front is embroidered muslin.

FIG. VII.—THE ZOUAVE COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE.—This chemisette may be worn with open corsages, and may be either plaited or not, according to taste.

FIG. VIII.—ROUND CAP.—The head is composed of a lattice-work of narrow velvets, white blonde, and black blonde. The sides and back of the cap are ornamented with two rows of white blonde, between which is a large plaited ruche made of pinked silk ribbon. This ruche stops short, in order that the pattern may be trimmed with only one row of blonde. A black lace ruche is put round the edge of the bonnet; between the crown and front, on the right side of the cap, there is a bow of No. 16 silk ribbon.

FIG. IX.—HEAD-DRESS composed of black and fuchsia-color velvet. A twist of velvet of the two colors encircles the head. At the back and on each side there are loops of black and fuchsia-color velvet mingled together. This very pretty coiffure is most suitable for a young lady.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Gray silks seem to be the favorites for out-of-doors wear this spring, or a minute plaid of black and white, which has the effect of gray. One of our fashionable dress-makers had thirty-five gray silks at *one time* in the house to be made up. This color is always quiet and lady-like, so will always be popular. Still for those who fancy brighter hues, there are the various shades of lilacs, blues, and greens, of most exquisite tints. The lawns and organdies that are not flounced are mostly in stripes with large figures. Grenadines and bareges, on the contrary, if not flounced, have rather small figures.

SMALL RUFFLES or flounces are very much in favor, though some have only four or five narrow ruffles at the bottom of the skirt. A few dresses have double skirts, the lower one being ruffled, and the upper skirt reaching to the top ruffle.

SLEEVES continue to be made quite large, with but little trimming, especially in silk dresses.

THE ROBE IMPERATRICE, OR POLANAISE, as it is now sometimes called, and of which we gave a plate earlier in the season, is very popular with our fashionable dress-makers. The body and skirt of this dress are cut in one piece, like a very deep basque. For those who may like a quieter style, bodies with sharp points behind and in front are being made. Although, as a general thing, all skirts are put on in *very large*, hollow plaits; still some few of the new dresses have the skirts gathered on around the points, quite in the old style.

GORED SKIRTS are almost entirely worn. This kind of skirt is very graceful, as it throws the fullness to the back, and prevents the great bunches on the hips, which a very full skirt necessarily has. A gored skirt is usually four and a half to five yards wide at bottom, and about three yards at the top. The new hoop skirts are made in a bell shape to suit dresses cut in this style.

TRIMMINGS for dresses are various. The newest, and one of the most popular, being a kind of rosette, having a silk button of the color of the dress which it is to trim, in the centre, and a row of black around it. Then there is a flat, plaited cord, and various ribbon trimmings.

MANTILLAS of lace are made quite large; usually of a scarf shape on the shoulders, with a very wide fall of lace below. Many of the silk mantillas are made in this way, but not quite so large. The pelerine shape is, perhaps, the newest, with square, round, or pointed ends falling over the arms. Some few have hoods, but these are not so universal as they were last summer.

BONNETS are still made large, but stand far up from the head. The shape is neither pretty nor becoming to most faces. The *real* French bonnets are modified in this respect, as they do not stand so far up from the top of the head. In fact, a French woman always studies what is becoming, and not what is "the rage." At an opening of French millinery, the other day, we noticed that *all* the bonnets were trimmed with flowers *only on one side*, usually the left side, whilst the other was left entirely untrimmed. The effect was very stylish. The flowers were not put on in a bunch near the top of the bonnet, as was so fashionable during the winter, but run in sprays and clusters from the top of the bonnet down the whole side. Some bonnets are trimmed with only a rich, wide ribbon passed over the top. Ribbons come purposely for this style of trimming, embroidered on the top and at each end. Bonnets made of silk have large, soft crowns, and small capes.

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THE LADY DOROTHEE.

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Engraved & Printed by Ilman Brothers.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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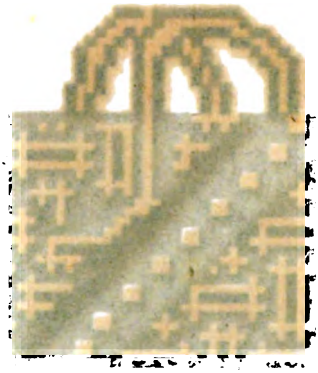

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Travelling Satchels.

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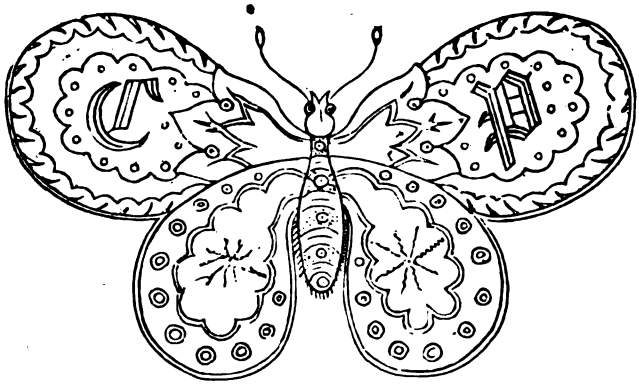

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER AND INITIALS.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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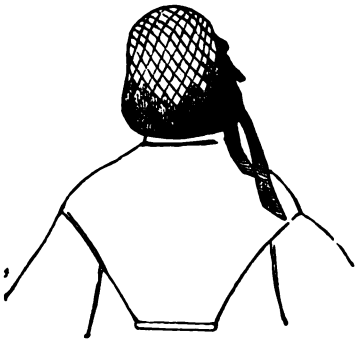
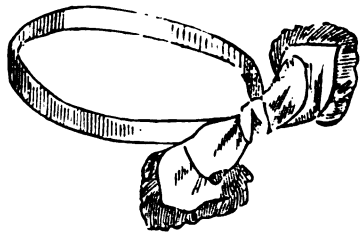
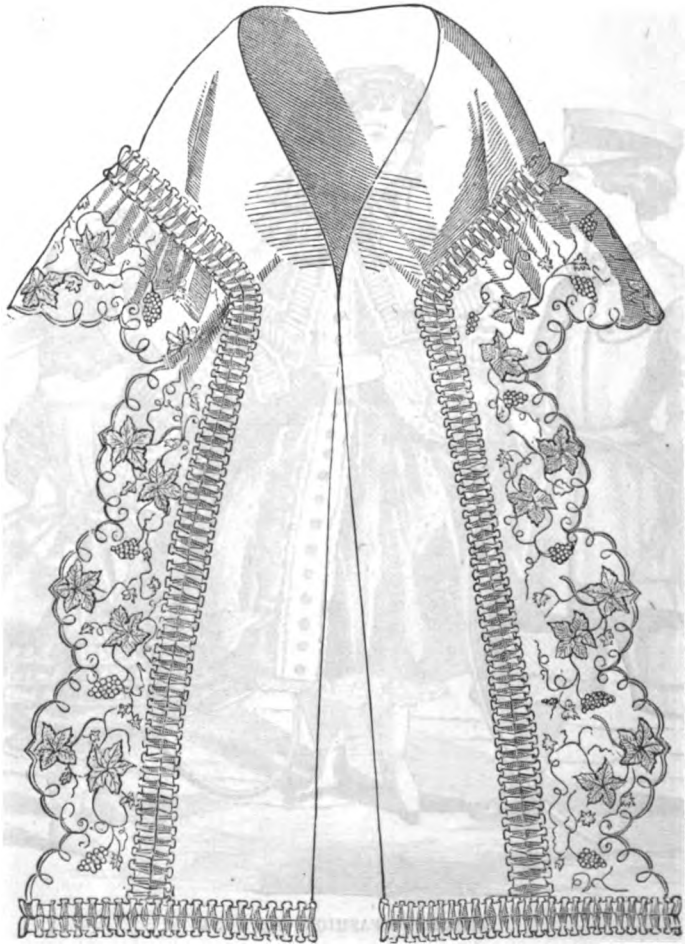


NET FOR THE HAIR.



NECK-TIE.



MUSLIN MANTILLA.

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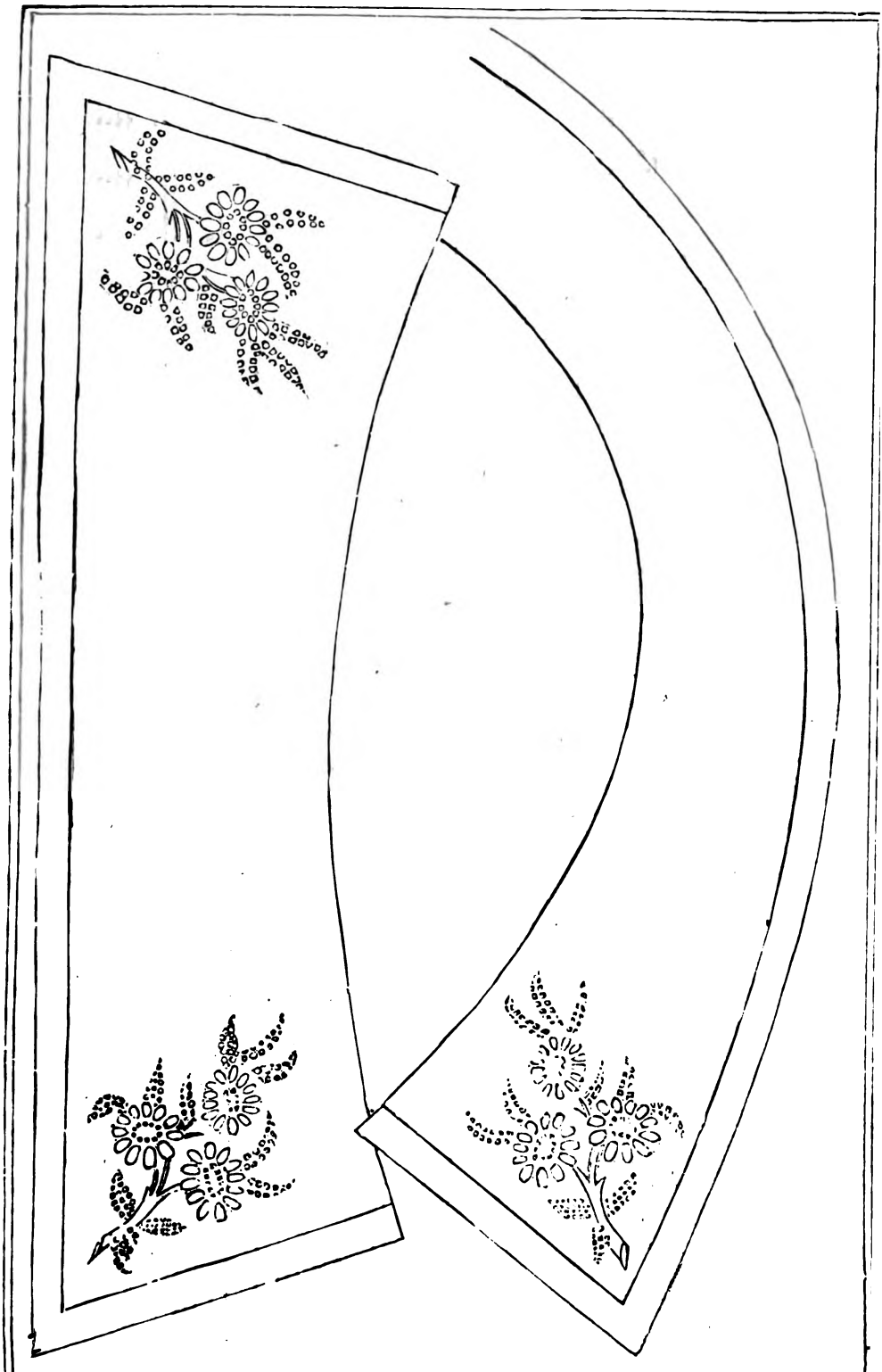

NEW STYLE COLLAR AND CUFF.

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JOVIAL SCHOTTISCHE.

Composed for the Piano-Forte,

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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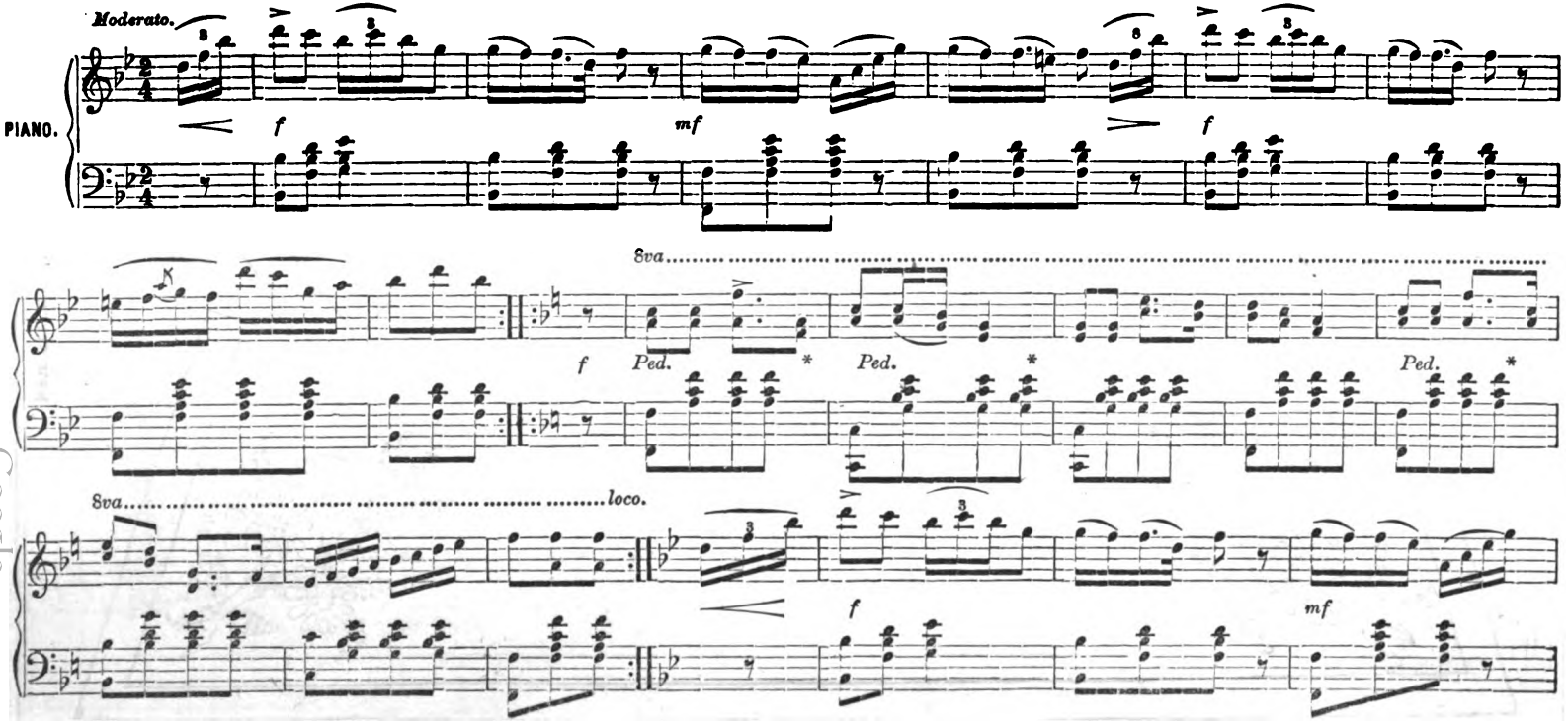

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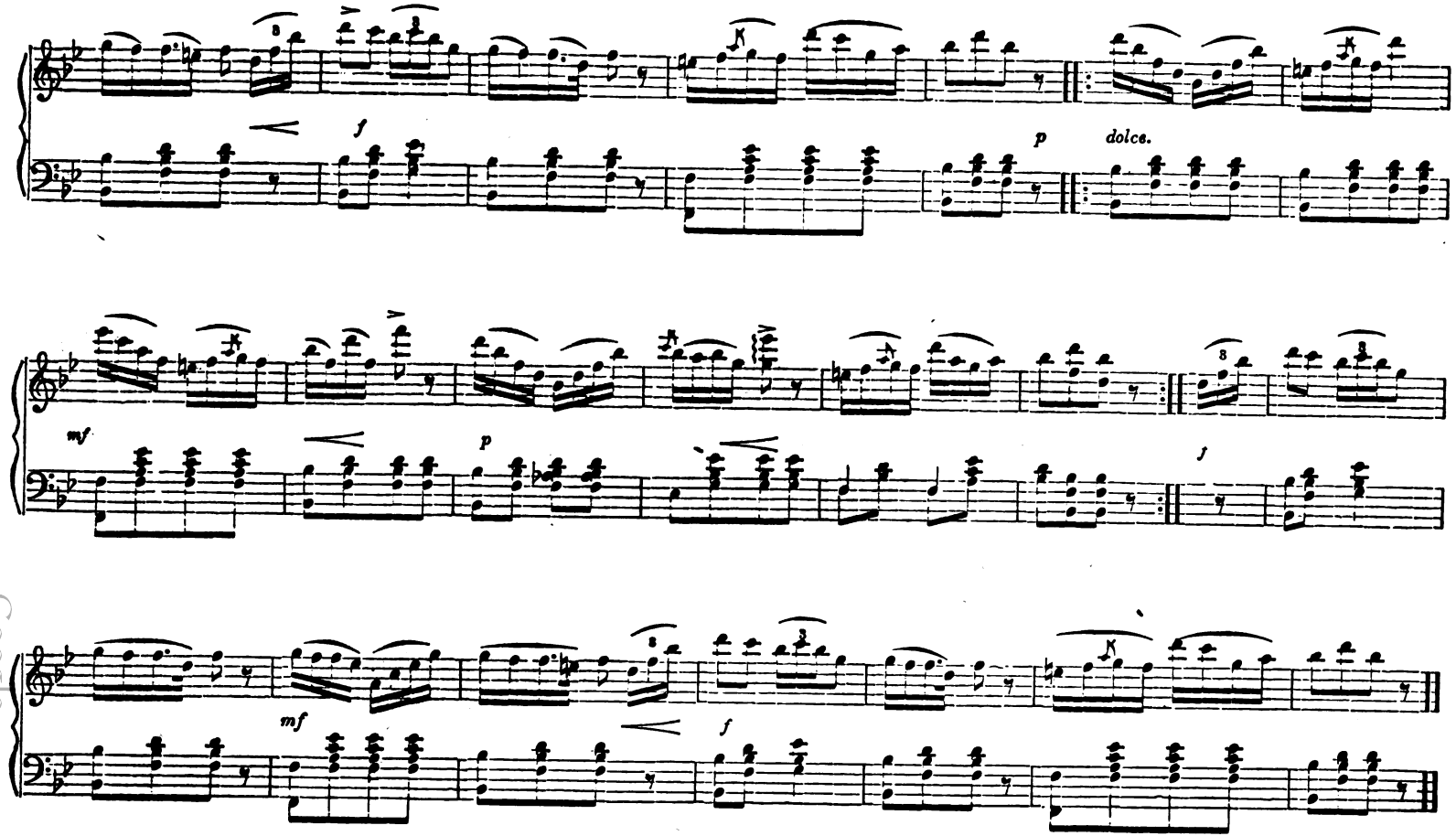

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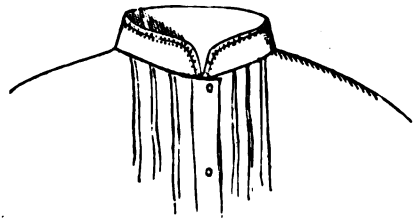

COLLAR.

THE ALABAMA MANTILLA.

Imported by YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Nos. 40 and 42 North Third Street. Philadelphia, importers and dealers in Silks and Fancy Dry Goods, white Goods, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls.

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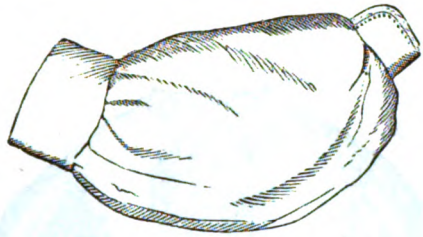

SLEEVE

THE OREGON LAWN.

Imported by YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Nos. 40 and 42 North Third Street. Philadelphia, importers and dealers in Silks and Fancy Dry Goods, white Goods, Laces, Linens, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls.

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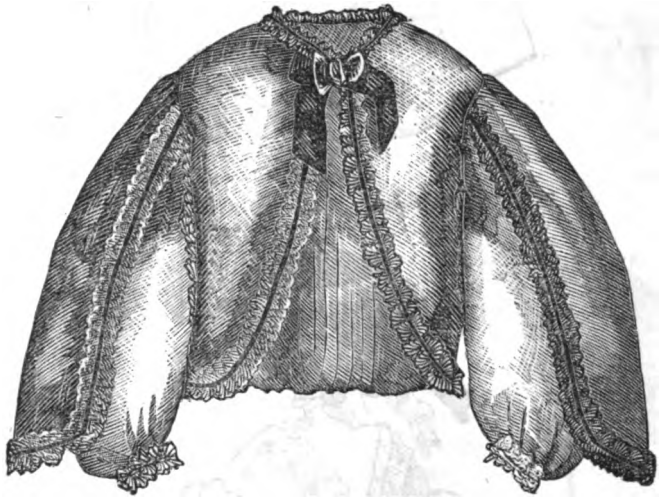
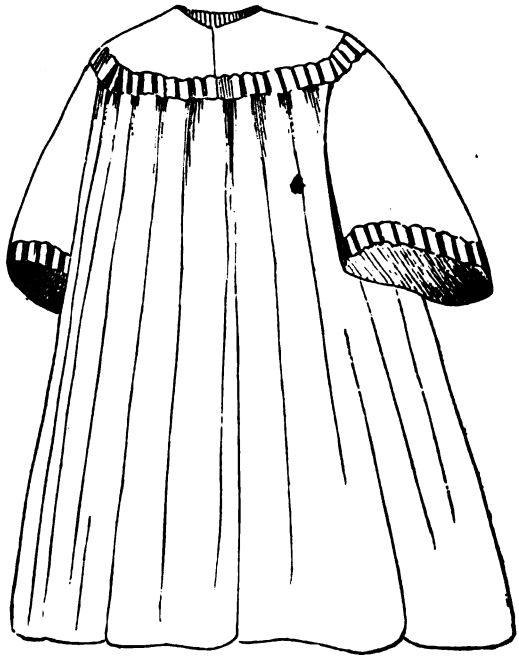


ZOUAVE JACKET.



NIGHT DRESS.

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MARRYING AN AUTHORESS.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"WELL!" cried Horace Lovering, entering his aunt's parlor, one evening, "well! if I ever marry a literary woman, you may imprison me for a lunatic!"

"Why, Horace!" said his cousin Jessie, looking up from her knitting, "what is the matter? Good evening!"

"Oh! I beg your pardon; my entrance *was* rather abrupt. Good evening, both of you."

"What has put such a sudden aversion to literary women into your mind? You were always an advocate of education and cultivation for our sex, as well as for that of your own."

"Certainly! I admit it. I always admired talented women, fully approved of their cultivating and using their talents, but oh! this evening ends my dream. I will never, never fall in love with, or marry, a literary woman. I see, Jessie, you want to know all about it. Do you remember Cora Smith?"

"Your old sweetheart?"

"My——well, yes, I did admire Cora, that's a fact, she was so meek and pretty, dressed so exquisitely, conversed so beautifully upon the domestic duties of women, and seemed, in spite of her brilliant intellect, so gentle and so womanly. I admired both herself, and the writings to which she signed her name, and which we used, Jessie, to look for so eagerly in the magazines. Her book, too, was a perfect gem. Well! well! let that pass. She went to Europe after her marriage, as you know; and, although it is six months since she returned, this is the first evening I have had to call upon her. Oh! Jessie."

"I know," said Jessie, laughing, "dust an inch thick. Cora in a calico wrapper, the worse for wear and dirt. Frank driven away from home by confusion and neglect, or else asleep on the sofa; every article of furniture in the wrong place——"

"And Mrs. Smith correcting proof in the front parlor. Jessie! does that woman own a brush and comb?"

"I doubt it," said Mrs. Lovering, Jessie's mother, joining in the conversation; "if she owns them, I am sure they lead an easy, idle life."

"So I say again, auntie," said Horace, "never, never, never will I marry an authoress."

"Is it quite fair to take it for granted that *all* literary women are like Cora Smith?"

"Why, auntie, think how beautifully she wrote, and conversed about woman's home duties and responsibilities. I thought if ever there lived a true, *womanly* woman, it was Mrs. Smith."

"I shouldn't wonder if you married a strong-minded, woman's rights, authoress, after all," said Jessie.

"Never! I had rather marry a complete fool! No! give me a girl of quiet domestic taste, natural manners, and good, sound, common sense, in preference to any brilliant genius, who 'soars above the vulgar common places of life,' as I was informed this evening all *true* genius did."

"You'll return to your old faith."

"I will never marry an authoress!"

"Perhaps!"

"I never will! Come now, Jessie, don't be provoking."

"Two years from now, you will be figuring as the distinguished Mrs. Lovering's husband."

"Two years from now? Come, we'll see, I am glad you set a limit to the time. I will wager a diamond ring, against one of these new style smoking-caps I admire so much, that you are mistaken!"

"Done! Mother is a witness!"

"Well, we will see. When do you go to Oak Grove, auntie?"

"Next week. You will come over soon, Horace?"

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"To spend my usual month? Let me see! This is the last week in May. I will join you the second week in June."

"I'll have a house full of literary women to meet you," said Jessie.

"I defy you. Fill the house, if you will! I am impenetrable! Come, Jessie, put away that everlasting knitting and play for me! Here! this pot pourri from Martha."

It was the second week in June. Upon the porch of the pretty cottage where Jessie and her mother spent the summer months, stood two young girls, Jessie, and a tiny, blue-eyed blonde, who clung to her friend in a pretty, caressing, child-like manner.

"What does this pet cousin of yours look like, Jessie?" inquired her friend, Annie Atherton.

"Tall! Brown hair, dark eyes, fierce moustache, and an easy, graceful carriage. He is a whole-souled, noble, manly fellow, Annie. Ah! there's the carriage!" and, two minutes later, Jessie was welcoming her cousin. Annie glided away into the house.

"Jessie," said Horace, the moment the young lady was out of sight, "who is that exquisite little fairy?"

"Annie Atherton, a—a friend of mine."

"Any relation to a certain George Atherton, now in California?" inquired Horace, trying not to look significant.

"His sister," and Jessie blushed prettily. "Don't tease me, Horace."

"I won't upon one condition."

"Name it."

"Introduce me to your friend immediately."

"Come in then. She is probably in the parlor with mother."

She was in the parlor, nestled down on a sofa, in a pretty, graceful attitude, her cheek resting on the palm of a tiny white hand, and her white dress just showing a glimpse of the daintiest little slipper imaginable. She rose when the cousins entered and acknowledged Horace's bow.

"Your mother is lying down," she said to Jessie; "she said her head ached slightly."

"I will go to her," said Jessie, quickly.

Horace took a chair near the sofa, as Annie sank back into her old position, and they opened a conversation. An hour, two hours passed away, and they were still in the parlor chatting, when Jessie summoned them to tea.

"Mother will not come down again this evening," said Jessie, leading the way to the dining-room; "her head still aches, though not quite so badly as it did when I went up to her."

"Can I do anything for her?" said Annie.

"Nothing for her; but you may take care of Horace this evening, and let me sit up stairs."

Neither Annie nor Horace looked miserable as this suggestion was made.

It was the third week in June. Horace and Jessie stood in the porch. The sun was just rising, and the cousins were the only ones astir in the house. Mrs. Lovering, quite recovered, was still sleeping, when Jessie left her side, and went down stairs.

"Up so early, Horace?" was her greeting.

"Oh! I always walk before breakfast, when I am in the country. Sit down, Jessie, let's have a little chat."

There was a long pause. Perfect silence reigned in the porch. At last Horace spoke,

"Jessie!"

"Well?"

"Jessie, I am in love! Hush! don't interrupt me, I want to make a clean breast of it. I am in love with that fascinating little fairy, Annie Atherton. Such wit, such intelligence, and, with it all, such child-like simplicity. Ah! Jessie! there's a girl worth fifty of your strong-minded, literary women. You never hear Annie Atherton preaching about woman's duties; yet your mother says she keeps house for her brother, who is a widower, and is a model of neatness and order. She never delivers long-winded sermons upon the education of children, but is a second mother to her three little nieces.

"Stop! stop, Horace! I know all her perfections!"

"And you will help me, Jessie, to win her?"

"There's gratitude!" cried Jessie, despairingly. "For one whole week have I pleaded headache, household cares, letters to write, and fifty other fibs, to leave you and Annie *tete-a-tete* for walks, drives, music, and conversation: and now, after all my exertions, you modestly request my assistance!"

"Now, Jessie, don't look so disgusted! Hark!"

Rivaling the birds, whose music filled the air around the house, a clear, sweet voice caroled at an upper window. It was a voice that could only accompany a sensitive, loving disposition; a pure, thrilling voice, that threw forth music easily and naturally, as if merely breathing the echoes of joyous feeling.

"Come down, Annie!" cried Jessie.

"In a minute! I made a rent in my blue lawn a yard long, yesterday. Punishment, stay up stairs this morning till it is mended. Oh! Jessie, we had such a splendid time yesterday. We went to the old mill you told me about, and sat near the water on the stones, chased each

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other over the rocks, till, but for your cousin's strong arm, I should have fallen into the brook. We made wreaths of wild flowers, and—there, my dress is mended, I am coming down."

"Is she not deliciously natural and child-like?" whispered Horace.

A shower of roses thrown from the window made him look up, but Annie was already on her way down stairs.

"Good morning, Mr. Lovering! I had no idea till I gave Jessie her roses, that you were listening to my nonsense. We did have a nice time, though, didn't we?"

"Yes, indeed; and the cakes and pies made by those dainty fingers, as Jessie tells me, did not deserve to be omitted in your catalogue of enjoyments."

"Annie is quite famous for her cooking, as well as housekeeping talents," said Jessie.

"Nonsense!" said Annie, blushing. "Come, Jessie, we have time for a walk before breakfast."

"I am sorry that the biscuit require my eyes, as well as Hannah's fingers," said Jessie, glancing mischievously at Horace: "but don't let me keep you here. Horace will show you my pet spot down in the grove:" and aside to Horace she added, "a most delicious spot for sentimental folks."

"Did you walk there often when George was here?" inquired Annie, innocently.

This effectually drove Jessie from the field, and, darting into the house, she left Horace to do the honors of the place.

It was the third week in July, the fourth; August came, yet Horace Lovering and Annie Atherton were still at Oak Grove.

Late one afternoon, Annie, coming from a long ride, opened Jessie's door very softly and stole in quietly. Jessie, seated near the window, looked up, and, after one loving look into the young girl's face, she opened her arms, saying, "My little sister!"

"You know," whispered Annie, "what Horace said to-day?"

"I know what he meant to ask you. You are his own now. I am very glad."

It was evening. Upon the sofa, in the parlor, with only the moon's rays to lighten the room, Horace Lovering sat, silently happy, for, nestled against his broad chest, with his strong arm folding her closely, was the little fairy, whose child-like loveliness and grace had won all the love of his manly heart.

Jessie, a wicked smile upon her face, stepped in from the porch through the window.

"Horace! here's the last number of Peterson. There is another sketch by C. C."

"I'll read it to-morrow. Did you read her book, Jessie?"

"Yes, it is as exquisite a gem as you described. By-the-way, Horace, I must introduce you to the authoress."

"No, I thank you. I prefer to keep up my admiration. At present I believe in her, an interview might destroy all my illusions."

"You refuse an introduction. That is not fair. You owe me a chance to win my wager; remember our compact."

"I defy you! Here is my talisman against all the charms of C. C."

"Oh! Horace! Horace! Give me my diamond ring, and own yourself beaten!"

"Beaten?"

"Fairly beaten, for you have your arms around C. C. at this moment; and oh! cousin Horace, I am dreadfully afraid you are going to lose your wager by——"

"Marrying an authoress!" cried Horace. "I will pay the wager, Jessie, and admit that a woman may be gentle, loving, domestic, and fitted for all the highest offices within her proper sphere, and yet be an authoress." And he drew Annie closer to his side.

SONG.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

The stars are in the Summer skies,
And smile upon the sea—
But oh! I miss those gentle eyes,
That fondly beamed on me.

My heart is like some lonely lake,
And thou, the star above;
And gently in its troubled depths,
I'd mirror thy sweet love.

It is the hour when beauty dreams,
And longs for one away;
And I, perchance, within thy heart,
Now hold a gentle sway

Oh! then, do thou bend o'er me, love,
And bless me with those eyes,
Like stars that smile upon the sea,
From out the Summer skies!

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PRIDE vs. LOVE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I WAS born, and lived till twenty years of age upon my father's farm in the mountains of Pennsylvania, in the midst of good, stolid Dutch neighbors, and with only a few books of my dead mother's library to save me from perfect congeniality with my surroundings.

"Spenser, my son, you must marry, thur's no two ways about ut," said my father to me daily.

Thereupon I slurred the girls of the neighborhood, called them slip-shod jades, too free by half. There was not indeed one of them at all pretty, whom I had not kissed half a dozen times unforbidden.

Then my father snorted out accusations of sentimentality, and praised the neat dairies of the maidens. This banter was our usual evening's amusement, and the next morning I returned to the tillage of our farm, as if no thought of change had ever entered my mind: and, as if, instead of a burning heart fixed upon an ideal love, I had had in my bosom a steam ploughing, sowing, and reaping machine, as if my only hope in life was to turn my body and soul into farm products, to enrich my acres with a new phosphate of lime—brain power, and hand labor.

I would inherit all my father's broad acres. In return, he thought I ought cheerfully to expend myself upon them. Perhaps I might have done so upon sober second thought, had not the projectors of the Pennsylvania Railroad chosen to run it through a valley on our farm.

This railroad let the air of the wide world into our stagnant atmosphere of stolid contentment. It brought engineers, laborers, taverns, and at last travelers. Among the latter, several citizens of Philadelphia, pleased with the quiet beauty of our mountain valley, and the abundance of game, came out for a few weeks in summer to shoot. "Willow Bottom Cottage" was occupied the first year by half a dozen bachelors, who fraternized with me cordially, lent me novels, and told me of city life; while I, in return, showed them trout streams, and squirrel, or even deer, haunts. The next year we had an application, very early in the spring, for the cottage. A civil engineer on the road wished to occupy it, with his two maiden sisters. It was let to them, and I was sent to the station for them, by my father, with our best vehicle, and two fine grays. I found there an elderly gentleman, who had the air and look of a high-bred man in straightened circumstances. With him stood his two feeble and elderly sisters. A man servant and two maids guarded the baggage; and a little apart, gazing with delight down the valley to the distant hills, there sat a young girl, who instantly absorbed my attention.

I heard her call the gentleman "uncle," in the sweetest-toned voice my ear and blood had ever vibrated to. Her face, in its quiet self-possession and dignity, far more than in its beauty, was a revelation to me of true ladyhood. But what touched me with the nearest pleasure, I think, was the glimpse I caught of her foot in its dainty gaiter-boot.

When I beheld its lithe form, its little perfectness, and its, not foolishly, but appropriately delicate encasement, a kind of enchantment seized upon me. I felt that my hour had come; for this neat, elegant foot seemed to me a type of the whole creature, and to show, by a distinctive mark, the difference between the lady and the ill-shod, (yet on holidays tight-shod,) splay-footed frauleins, who had heretofore been the only visible type of womankind which it had been my lot to encounter.

Then the tones of all their voices! The clear, low, distinct articulation—the musical and intellectual modulation, the refinement and reticence of feeling! It was the first intimation I had had of the beauty of heaven's first law, applied to human emotions and their expression.

I also felt keenly, on my way home, another thing less agreeable, *i. e.* I was a mere machine in their estimation. They not only never addressed a word to me, except by way of directions as to the disposition of their shawls and baskets; but they seemed to ignore my very existence as a human being, and to take far more interest in my horses.

Now, owing to my father's broad acres, and open purse, I, his sole heir, had been treated with the consideration I thought my character entitled me to by all the neighbors. Behold here, I had suddenly become as a clod of the valley under these aristocratic feet!

At their door all entered the house, but the

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eldest lady, her servant, and myself. When he and I had carried up all the trunks, and I was unhitching my horses, I saw her fingering her purse. My blood had been simmering for some time. Now it boiled. She had already paid my father for all expenses of transportation and house arrangement. So I knew that she meant to give me "a fee." She called me, and reminded me of another basket under the front seat. When I handed it to her, with a delicate and adroit motion of her hand, she placed a silver dollar in my palm before I knew it, or could prevent.

What should I do?—throw it contemptuously down with a full burst of my ire? No, I would take my first lesson in gentlemanly self-control. I bowed to her, smiled, bitterly enough, I think, and, turning to the servant, handed the alms to him. He stared, but by force of habit pocketed the coin. I sprang behind my horses, and drove away.

The next day, as I passed their door, which was close to the roadside, (the farm road—not the public road,) the same lady called me in. She said she had observed that I was a skillful driver, and, therefore, they would be glad to engage me in that capacity: also to hire my horses. My amazement probably looked like blank stupidity, so she obligingly advised me to think of her proposal, and bade me good day.

This summary dismissal did abash me somewhat, and I walked down the lane feeling quite bewildered as to my position in the world. I had hitherto walked and held my head as became a lord of the soil, at least: now—was I a menial or not?

The previous night had been spent in feverish tossings, and equally feverish speculations as to whether I should be soon on the same terms at the cottage, as I had been when its bachelor occupants rented it, but I knew that that was impossible, when I remembered all the remarks upon the proper exclusiveness of ladies, which those wild and free young men had uttered. Then came such a keen longing for their society —I mean that of the ladies, that I must gratify it by some means—I must push my way to their presence and enjoy social communion with them at any cost. But in fierce struggle with this desire arose my stubborn pride, which refused to let me act the toady, or in any way seek them.

This proposition that I should drive them daily over our beautiful hills, show their points of interest, give their traditions, and wild Indian legends, would bring me into the converse I longed for. My desire—and my lowest kind of pride, that of station, were thus set face to face, and it remained to be seen which would frown the other down. At last the wish to know them better, and especially, perhaps, to let them know me better, induced me to retrace my steps and knock at their door. The lady was sitting upon a sofa in the hall. Her niece sat sewing beside her, and bowed politely to me.

"I am willing, ma'am," said I, "to let you have the use of my horses, and to do you the best service I can as driver."

"You will not refuse a proper remuneration for your trouble?"

"I am willing to make a fair bargain, perhaps not of the kind you propose."

"Thank you. A fair compensation for your services is, of course, necessary, but it shall be arranged in any way you please; added to the rent, if you like."

"We mountain men do not find our only 'compensation' in dollars and cents. I do not want them to be the basis of this agreement. I propose to forego my pride and become your hired driver, but my compensation will be your society only. That will be more than enough. And on your part you must forego the pride which makes you aristocrats always insist upon requiting good service with coin. On these terms my horses and I will be here every day at whatever hour you please."

"I decline making any such arrangement—entirely," she said, with chilling dignity, and immediately afterward maintained a silence of displeasure, which I broke by taking leave. Miss Aline C——, the niece, rose, and accompanying me to the gate, asked the name of a mountain shrub which grew there, and praised the cottage, and my father's taste in the cottage garden. A woman knows so well how to console!

When I thus found myself excluded from my paradise, I thought at first that I must go away from home, but I found that I could not leave this birth-place of my hope. There were enough glimpses of joy to be had here to make the charm irresistible.

The Willow Bottom lay between our house and the village, and I passed the cottage every night on my way to the mill, where we "boys" met to play quoits and ball, or to swim. Often, as I passed the house, I heard sweet voices within, sometimes laughter, too—musical, subdued laughter, such as I had never heard before; and singing, which held me by the ear so, that my lingering footsteps could scarcely carry me past. Yet I felt that I had no right to stop and listen, for if they saw me passing their voices fell.

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Week after week went by, and I caught daily glimpses of Miss Aline, generally as I descended the hill, and their garden lay beneath me. The subtle pleasure of these stolen sunbeams—I often stopped at a distance to gaze—kindled my ambition. To save my life I could not help pausing to follow her dainty motions with my forbidden eyes—eyes often dimmed, for a moment, with a passionate moisture; I knew not whether it was the hot rain of anger, or the dew of love.

I soon discovered that she took long rambles on the mountains alone, for her uncle was seldom at home more than two days in the week; and her aunts could not have walked a mile without a subsequent illness. This discovery caused me much uneasiness, for there were dangers on the mountains.

I begged my father to warn her, as soon as I heard of her walking far alone, but he said he would do no such thing, for that these folks took on high airs, because, instead of living under God's sky, they had lived in band-box houses, and between the covers of books!

So I took her under my own protection. I followed her in all her walks, to guard and watch her; though I kept as great a distance from her as possible, as a sort of compromise with my honor; which, in spite of my indignant showing that her safety demanded my vigilance, would persist in warning me against being a spy. It was not, however, always possible to avoid close observation. Some sudden turn or pause of hers often brought us so near that I could hear her breathing, while hid in some tangle, and she unconscious of any human observer.

How innately womanly was she, when the deepest solitude never betrayed her into one ungraceful stride, one rude struggle with impeding boughs, nor one hoydenish feat of useless daring. The same dainty elegance and gentle disembarrassment from all opposition, which makes a woman the beloved and reigning queen of her household, ruled even the forest's savage forces.

I led an intense life in those days—all frost, or fire, all scorched drouth, or hurricane and flood. After a month of following her trail like any Indian, unsolaced by a single glance, or word, and consequently in a fever of disquiet, I one day saw her step upon a copperhead, one of the numerous poisonous snakes which infest our woods. Fortunately she trod upon the very head of the reptile, and passed onward quite unaware of her danger.

This brought me to a resolve. I met her just beyond the next clump of bushes, and had the pleasure of seeing her startled glance melt into a smile of perfect confidence and ease. She bowed pleasantly.

"Will you let an old woodsman tell you the secret of walking safely in these forests where there are so many snakes?" I asked.

"I shall thank you very much," she answered, with trusting submission to my instructions, and an eager curiosity in her sweet face.

"Then never step, as you did just now, *over* a broken bough, or fallen tree, or stone. There may be a rattlesnake lying on the other side. Always step upon the log or stone, and then look about before you set your foot down."

"Are there really rattlesnakes here?" she asked, growing pale, and looking about uneasily.

"Yes, and copperheads. Not ten paces back you stepped upon one."

"I?" she exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Yes. Come back. He is there still, very likely. They are very sluggish." As we returned, I felt her looking at me cautiously, but keenly. Like all guilty persons, I trembled for my secret. I could hardly forego this silent guard—tantalizing as it was, even at her bidding.

I cut a crotched stick, held the reptile for her to examine, and gave her meanwhile as much wood-craft as I could crowd into five minutes.

"If I give up these walks I shall be a prisoner," she said, musing; "for my aunts find it impossible to make comfortable and safe arrangements for riding."

"You blame me for that, I suppose?" I asked, regretfully.

"No," she answered, with her own peculiar, gentle frankness. "On the contrary, I liked your self-respect in that matter, and I thank you now for the hints for my safety you have given me, because I wish very much to continue walking, and I must do so *alone*—or not at all."

This was somewhat marked. Did she suspect my espionage? She looked full at me as she said so, and though my gaze, caught unawares, called up a bright blush to her cheeks, she bade me good day pleasantly, and turned toward home.

I had the good fortune to be of another service to her, for, though I abstained from following her footsteps for a day or two after this meeting, I suffered so much from apprehensions of danger to her, that I persuaded myself she actually needed me imperatively.

With a more throbbing heart than ever, i once more awaited her on the edge of the forest, and

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when she came, followed her unseen. She took the path which led to the place where she had trodden upon the snake. She looked about for the reptile. She sat down upon the log, leaned her head on her hand, and seemed to fall into a happy day dream. She arose, walked to where I had met her, paused in reverie, and then passed on with a tender smile upon her lip, and a rising blush upon her cheek. She turned once more, stood long dreamily gazing into the deep shade, and then said audibly, with a little sigh,

"Thank you, sir!"

The intoxication of my heart so dizzied me, that I only kept within sound of her steps by instinct, and knew not whither she was leading me, until I suddenly beheld her standing, looking exceedingly alarmed, and evidently lost. I knew where we were by the embankment of the railroad, which was just beyond the cleared space where Aline was standing.

I should instantly have offered to conduct her home, but my emergence from the woods just there, would certainly make her aware of my pursuit: so I hesitated. She walked toward the embankment, and I saw one of the laborers hastily leave a shanty to overtake her. She seemed to ask directions of him, then turned in the way he pointed, and, thanking him, hastened forward. He had stood in an attitude of respect so long as she faced him, doubtless awed by her quiet dignity, but no sooner did she turn than he stretched out his hand and clutched her dress, holding her firmly, while he spoke to her.

She gave one terrified, sweeping look around, as if in despair of help, when seeing me hastening toward her, she uttered a cry of joy and sprang to me, slipped her hand within my arm, and clung closely to me. Her face was pale, but with indignation rather than fear.

"Go back to your work," I said to the man; and then led the trembling girl toward home.

We had not taken five steps, when a stone whizzed past us, and, as I turned, another struck my forehead. My straw hat was sufficient protection, and the blow was scarcely worth regarding, except in its consequences. When I reeled slightly with the concussion, I felt her sudden supporting clasp, and saw a quiver of pain pass over her features, so acute, and so tender, that I dreamed of it for days and weeks.

The next day her uncle called to thank me: and he invited me there to tea. I declined; they must be willing to accept favors from me, I said to myself, before I could be willing to break their bread. Then he intimated that the high regard in which I was now held at the cottage, made the ladies repent their former rejection of my horses. I renewed my offer to drive them, and Mr. C—— said that when I invited the ladies to take a drive with me, they would be happy to go. So many an afternoon of delight was before me, and each, as it came, was enjoyed fully.

Winter came, and as the duties of his business still exacted Mr. C——'s presence in our part of the country, he made arrangements for remaining; his sisters and niece also staid.

I heard the latter much commiserated by her relatives, and more still by the servants, for being buried in the wild wood, and thus lost to all the gay pleasures of the city—but I observed that she repelled their sympathy on this head with a secret irritation and a deep blush. I once caught a furtive glance—not at me, but directly in an opposite direction—a studied effort, my vanity whispered. Oh! how my vanity pampered me with sweet food!

That Aline might see a country ball, and rejoice her heart by the sight of dancing, I procured her an invitation to one. Her aunts consented to her going as spectator. I was to drive them there in our sleigh.

Guess my chagrin when I found, upon going to harness my grays, that my father had lent our best sleigh to a neighbor, and that I had only an old affair to depend upon, it being too late to scour the country in hopes of finding one to borrow. Having mended and tried it, I found it pretty strong, and so took in my cargo of ladies with little uneasiness. Aline, her uncle, and youngest aunt, went with me.

We were all in high spirits, such buoyant spirits as only mountain air can create. Our horses, too, were eager for a run through the bright moonlighted snow, and I gave them free rein while the track was hard, knowing the danger of straining the old sleigh would make it necessary to check our speed when we came to the unbroken lanes we must traverse. All was mad and merry until we reached the lonely road, and there I found it harder to calm down my grays than I had expected. In turning a short corner, they whisked around it uncontrollably. The runners gave way to the pressure of the deep snow, and the body of the sleigh was thrown with some violence to one side. I was jerked out by the reins of the startled horses, and, still holding on, dragged a few yards.

When I recovered my feet, I tied the horses to the fence, and returned to rescue the ladies. I asked eagerly if any one were hurt.

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"I am not, fortunately," said Miss C——, wiping the snow from her face. "Nor I," said her brother, with a laugh, as he slowly arose from his tumbling struggle with robes. A groan was the third answer, and I echoed it. Aline had broken her arm, by extending it when she felt herself falling, a most natural but dangerous action.

I lifted her. She was suffering greatly, and soon became insensible. A hurried consultation took place. Miss C—— was sure that if I rode for help, leaving them alone, Aline's arm would freeze, or her animation never return after the chill. Neither would either she or Mr. C—— venture to mount one of my grays, while I carried Aline on the other, so it was determined that I should go on with Aline, and send help for the others.

I mounted, and the insensible girl was lifted to my arms, a robe thrown over her, and I set out at my horse's gentlest pace.

Oh! how often had I imagined the seemingly impossible moment when I should hold Aline to my heart! I suppose this train of thought made me unconsciously tighten my clasp. The pain aroused her. She sighed and said, "Oh! my arm! My position is so uncomfortable. Cannot it be made easier, aunt?"

"I am afraid not," I said, with a pang. She opened her eyes, looked up at me, and smiled, though with lips quivering with pain.

"I know no better can be done, since it is you," she said.

How hard not to let my arms, nor my eyes, nor my lips acknowledge this—but they dare not risk all to lose all—and what else could happen?

"Are my aunt and uncle safe?" she asked.

"Yes, and waiting for us to send a sleigh for them."

"Where are you taking me—home?"

"I wish it were. No, only to this farm house."

"Strangers to us, of course; but your friends, I suppose."

"No; but I am sure that in these mountains you will meet only kindness—rough, perhaps, but genuine. This gate is fortunately open. The dog will not harm you."

"You say you are going back for my aunt in a sleigh. Take me with you—do not leave me with strangers. I know it is foolish to be afraid, but I am a little so, and I may faint again at any moment. Strange faces and hands about me frighten me. Take me back with you."

"I am not then quite so far from you? I am a little nearer than an utter stranger?"

"Yes," she said, in a low, earnest tone. "You have again and again proved yourself a friend."

"Your aunts could never so regard me. As soon as you all return to the city you will remember me no more, perhaps not so well as my horses. In a month I should be an utter stranger again."

She was silent; and a man put his head out of an upper window to ask,

"Who's dere? Down! you dunder-head dog! Be still, sir."

"Let us in—quickly. Here is a lady—hurt. Call up your boys if you've got any, and get a sleigh ready. Hurry, neighbor!"

Such a summons, which the sight of Aline in my arms enforced, brought an instant hearty response, and we heard the bustle of dressing within. They would soon be down, and this precious opportunity gone forever.

"Miss C——," I said, urged by a wild impulse, "could you ever regard me as a friend? I mean, of course, an equal friend."

"I do so now," she answered, slowly, and I could see her color rising, by the full moonbeams upon her face as she lay in my arms.

"You do not see in me only a boor, born to drudge in the soil, and never lift his eyes above it?"

She said gently, "No."

"You do not think that between us there is a great gulf fixed, which no ambition, and no desert can cross?"

Her lids lay upon her eyes. A warm blush mantled, but did not bring confusion to her face. She lifted her look slowly, calmly to mine, and said again, "No."

"You think such as I, country born and bred, uneducated, unrefined, but yet a man, and an honorable one, with some ability too—you think he should not lay his mouth in the dust before such as you, high-born, city-bred, well educated? Should he dare to stand up boldly and say, 'I love, and would marry? Should *I* fear to do that?'"

A pause, a tremor, then a low, but full "No."

"No," I said, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "I should not fear to do it, but scorn to do it. It must humble a lady to marry an ignorant boor—and that I am, outwardly. And no woman shall be humbled in marrying me. She shall be made proud, or be none of mine. I will never say the words, 'Will you marry me?' to one who must look down upon me—not if I tear my heart out to prevent its cry!"

A man and woman came bustling out of the house. They took Aline, again insensible, from my arms, and placed her upon a rough settee

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by the kitchen fire. I sent the men for a doctor, and for Mr. and Miss C——. Then I sat by Aline's side, bathing her forehead, and helping the women use means for her return to consciousness, but internally nursing the foolish pride which had sprung full-grown into my heart.

If Aline, with less candor, and more *finesse*, had only bade me beware of daring to address her, I should have done it forthwith. Now nothing within, nor without me could induce me to do it.

In a week from this time I was at Harrisburg. In the five years before I returned to my home I studied much, and mixed with politicians, editors, and legislators, with the social life of drawing-rooms, and the noisy life of caucuses. The *brusquerie* of my manners was soon worn off. I had a faculty for public speaking that gained me some consideration; and finally I took the stump, and won popularity.

By the death of my father I came into a large estate, rendered doubly valuable by the railroad through it. After a few months spent on the farm, during which my attention was given mostly to embellishing Willow Bottom Cottage, I returned to public life a member of the State Legislature. This was seven years from my awakening, and during that time I had never seen Aline, though I often heard of her through her uncle whom I knew well. She still resided in Philadelphia, unmarried. Knowing this kept up to its full force the "stubborn patience" of my aspiration and endeavor.

We were debating an exciting question in the House, and the day came when I was to make upon it my maiden speech as a legislator. The question had important party bearings, and the leaders of our party cautioned me, and instructed me, and tried to stimulate me to my utmost effort. I was in fact tacitly required, as the crack speaker of our side, to demolish all opponents.

I prepared myself well—so well that I felt sure no amount of confusion, or brow-beating could disconcert me. The skeleton of my speech I had by rote; and as, in stumping, no adversary, however skillful, no *contre-temps*, however absurd, had ever dashed me for a moment, I felt tolerably secure.

The evening before this all-important day I spent at a large party given by Mrs. ——. After some conversation with the ladies, I retired to an ill-lighted corner and fell into a brown study. When I lifted my eyes again, they fell upon a lady who was dancing in the set just before me. She had at that moment exchanged places with her *vis-a-vis*, and when she returned to her partner she stood with her face from me, but so near me that I could distinguish the perfume of her bouquet. It was Miss C——, no longer a young, timid girl, but a beautiful, stately woman.

I knew that she had not seen me from the conversation which followed.

"Ah! there is a sprig of willow in your bouquet," said her partner. "Out with the ill-placed thing! It is impossible that you should ever wear the willow appropriately."

She smiled quietly at his feeble wit, and said, "That is acacia, not willow. But even if it were willow, it should stay. I like it, ever since I wore it once in the mountains."

"Ha! ha! for some mountain sheep, I suppose," he smirked.

She said nothing, but turned aside her head with a slight frown, and I saw too a little depression of the sweet, sad lip corners, which I instantly set down to her remembrance of me. It made me wild to know at once whether she would hate or forgive me. When the set was over, her partner gave her a chair close to my dim-curtained corner, and went to get her some ices. She also was partially shaded from the lights and eyes in the room, and I leaned forward to her chair and said,

"I am to speak to-morrow. Will you come to hear me?"

She was as immovable as if she had not heard a word, but I saw that the tip of her ear, and her cheek, grew scarlet. After two minutes' silence I said again, "Will you not?"

She turned to me a collected countenance, greeted me with the commou forms of civility between long-parted, and not very intimate, or dear friends. Her partner then brought her the ice, and, seeing us conversing, soon left us. We talked a few minutes upon ball-room topics, while my heart was throbbing with a pain, anxiety, and irritation, which had not agitated me since I saw her last. It was not to be borne—this suspense—this foolery of common-places, when my happiness was at stake. I spoke in a low, suppressed, vehement tone, but with a carefully guarded countenance.

"You know you have been the aspiration of my youth. Will you not be the crowning blessing of my life, Aline? Seven years ago the words, 'Be my wife,' almost broke my heart in the effort to get utterance. Answer them to-night, Aline."

"Seven years ago," said she, deliberately, "you gave me little choice."

"A stern battle then raged between my love

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and my stubborn pride. And pride was the master. That is the nature of hard, stern man. But woman can be more tender, less selfish. Her holy and fervent love could never be overcome by so dark a passion. Aline, seven years I have lived in hope, and to be without it now would be like doing without the breath of my nostrils."

"For seven years," she returned, quietly, "I have carefully fed my pride. For seven years I have faithfully crushed the love you saw and neglected. It has died out in my heart—entirely, I believe. You helped to starve it. You see exactly now how I must regard you."

I groaned in spirit, "Yes." I thought, "She speaks the calm, sober truth. A few minutes ago she was joking with a puppy about wearing the willow! She looks well, happy, and as if her heart were calm, and cold as a mountain lake. She looks me in the face with an unmistakable indifference. She must see by my bloodless lips what I feel, and she shares my feeling no more than that wooden pillar she leans against."

"Aline, is this final?" I groaned.

"Certainly," she replied, with cool surprise, that was like cold steel to me.

She was claimed for another dance: and I sat chewing the bitter cud of repentance. Oh! what a fool! to let pride prevent my claiming her promise seven years ago, and now coming credited to claim her hand! She owned that she had suffered, and she had had strength to bear up through it, till she had reached peace—without me! She was so frank, so cold, that I was hopeless.

I spent a night afterward as dark, and wretched as a human heart can make it. Do you suppose I dreamed of my speech?

I was quite unfit for speaking the next day, and told my friends so. But they came running from all quarters to urge me not to ruin their hopes. They laughed at my prophecies of failure. They said a word, now, would be better than a Webster oration out of season—they said the opportunity must not be lost, that they had not time to get another to speak for us instead of me: in short, I found I must do what I could. They hoped, and I did also, that when I began I would arouse with the occasion. But it was not so. My whole thought was of her, and crushed hope sickened me. If I could have seen her, and won one warm look from her, all would have been well. But though I was told she was present, she was out of sight, and, I thought, listening with a coldness that sent a chill to my own heart.

Party questions, that yesterday seemed of deepest interest and vital moment, were to-day trifles not worth caring about. I could not arouse my tongue to the faintest enthusiasm.

I soon got black looks from my party, and ironical attentions from my opponents: and though I worried through all my "heads" in due order, I uttered nothing but the veriest platitudes, and those too by the greatest effort. I then sat down, stolid and impassible, to listen to all kinds of sarcasm hissed at me from both sides of the House.

I made myself that night the butt of one party, and the execration of the other.

"You are ruined—politically," said my best friend, with a shake of the head.

But a greater blow had deadened my feeling to all this, except as it cut me off from all wish to win her. I had fought myself into position for her sake, and now, before her eyes, I felled myself by one blow. It was her doing—so be it.

That evening my friend K—— called to see me, and insisted upon my going home with him. "You were ill," he said, "it was a blunder to urge you to speak. You are ill yet. Come and hear some music—it will do your nerves good. I have a Philadelphia lady staying with me who sings divinely. Come."

"I must read the evening papers. I suppose that cursed speech will be reported. It was too good a handle against our party not to be seized by our opponents."

"Come and read them in my sanctum. You can steal away from the ladies for an hour."

We met the carrier at his door, and, taking the damp papers, I went directly to his study or smoking-room, and sat down to read the vilest abuse of myself. In about ten minutes the door opened, and, after admitting some one, was locked on the inside.

I supposed, of course, it was K——; and said, with a voice choked with indignation, "Here is even worse than I deserved, K——, and that is saying a great deal."

I heard a rustle of silk, and the next moment Aline was kneeling by my side, her forehead on my knee, tears and sobs breaking through the hands which pressed them back. I dared not trust my hope.

"Aline—this is another battle—it is pride and *pity* now. Pity has won the day, I suppose."

She drew back, her face still hidden, her sobs still uncontrollable.

"This is all pity—all? Is it?" I asked, faltering slightly.

"Pity," said she, vehemently. "No, it is

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passion—a passion of anger and indignation! They made you speak when you were ill. They assail you, the cowards! with every false word they can invent. It is anger against myself too. I am not blameless of this wrong done you."

She turned her face from me, laying her cheek against my knee, and continued hurriedly, "I, when you were ill—I saw you were—must grieve you by a lie. It was a lie, a vile one. I have *not* crushed the remembrance of you from my heart."

"Ah! Aline," I whispered, "why say that now? I am a disgraced man, and pride forbids my speaking as I spoke last night, when honor and success seemed at my beck and call."

She rose with quiet dignity, and stood silent before me, only by her muteness urging me to retract.

I shaded my eyes with my hand to shut out temptation. She took one step from me. In alarm I sprang up and clasped her.

"Go you shall not!" I said, firmly, and perhaps fiercely. "As I am, you shall marry me!"

"And I will," she said, in a sweet, low, plaintive cadence, that soothed my inmost soul.

"Since disgrace has brought me this compensation, it is welcome to me, Aline."

"If it shall snatch you from the vortex of politics, it will be welcome even to me," she said, entreatingly.

"You do not wish to see your husband a famous man?"

"I wish to see his peace unbroken, and his life mine."

"Then I might as well have asked you seven years ago to share my obscure lot?"

"Better, better, Spenser. I blushed for seven long years at being spurned by him I loved, at the moment of his discovering that love. I wept with regret that I had been so frank."

"You hate me for that suffering? You will never forgive me?"

"I intend to exact retribution. For every year given to politics I shall claim one for home. You will grow old too soon here. Leave this hurly-burly, and come to me."

When my term was out I retired, and am now a man of leisure in Philadelphia, of course overworked, as all men of leisure are, with other people's business. It does not become me to speak of the way in which I convinced my opponents that my teeth and claws were not quite extracted by my lady-love. I shall only say that I soon had the opportunity I wanted, to clear my reputation as a speaker, and to give as good as I got, which opportunity I made a use of that drew approving laughter, and not regretful dismay from her whose opinion was all in all to me.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MRS. COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

'Twas an Autumn day—and the cool winds blew
O'er the faded, grassy plain;
And the sun's pale rays o'er the forest threw
A silvery radiance then.
'Twas an Autumn day—and along the "wold"
A wandering pilgrim strayed;
The drops on his forehead silently told
That a weary march he'd made.

He paused on the brink of a streamlet near,
And sighed as he gazed thereon—
O'er his cheek there rolled a quivering tear
As fell from his lips—"She's gone!"
"Gone to the Spirit-land—wandering there—
Viola! thou'rt lost to me!"
And then on his brow fell a shade of care,
As he leaned against a tree.

"For years I have toiled 'neath a tropic sun—
For years I have toiled for gold;
And when I returned to share it with one,
She lay 'neath the church-yard mould:
And what is this dross of the earth to me,
A wandering lone one here?
Naught, naught! I'll repair to the cypress tree—
Viola alone is dear!"

"The cypress tree! 'neath its quivering shade
Her gentle young form doth lie;
When the Autumn leaves in the hoar frost fade,
I'll go to her grave and die!"
The pilgrim moved on to the lone church-yard,
With many a heartfelt moan—
The grass with white mantled flowers was starred,
And the cypress leaves sailed down.

A monthly rose by her head-stone grew,
And bloomed with a fragrance rare—
"Bloom on, oh! bloom on! like me thou art true!"
Cried the pilgrim, kneeling there.
"Like me dost thou cling to the parted one's shade,
Though Summer's warm smiles are gone by—
Like me wilt thou droop when the forest leaves fade,
Like me wilt thou silently die!"

The wild winds swept by with a moaning sound,
And the pale leaves slowly fell—
As the pilgrim knelt on the grassy mound
And murmured, "Oh! God! 'tis well!"
The sun's last rays from the Western sky
Then gilded the cypress tree;
And the pilgrim sighed, "Oh! 'tis sweet to die!
Viola, I come to thee!"

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A MAN'S STRATAGEM.

BY GABRIEL LEE.

I WAS the eldest of the family, not particularly distinguished in any other way; least of all by the possession of personal beauty, for I was *petite* in figure, unremarkable in feature, and with a nose which even I was obliged to confess decidedly *retrousse* in tendency.

My mother, as far back as I could recollect, had always been an invalid, so that the care of the younger children, and the management of household affairs, had, in a great measure, devolved upon myself, as eldest daughter: consequently I had acquired a habit of contemplating affairs in general from a matronly point of view, which, contrasted with my youth, must have appeared sufficiently ludicrous. In consequence of her delicate state of health, I had always regarded my mother as a being to be lovingly cherished, and carefully preserved from the smallest annoyance; but my father called out the strongest feelings of my nature. He was a man of grave and stately presence, with the tenderest smile—he rarely laughed—which ever illumined a human face; when I add that he possessed a nature high-toned, chivalrous, and sensitive beyond words to the claim of weakness or misfortune, combined with a serene grace of manner that rarely failed him, you may well imagine that the ideal of manhood he inspired was of no mean order.

From constant association with so unusual a character, I had formed a disposition to regard those of the other sex near my own age as frivolous, and unworthy of anything but the merest civility, sometimes, I fear, scarcely that; and at this time Mr. Pitt would have found in me a decided opponent of his youthful assertion, that "it was no crime to be a young man." I made, however, one exception to this rule: it was in favor of the son of one of my father's life-long friends, whose name (the son's) had been a household word among us as far back as my memory extended.

Geoffrey Hamilton was about ten years older than I, but I felt myself at least a quarter of a century in advance of him, and would favor him with exordiums upon preserving his health, acquiring habits of self-control, in short, upon almost every conceivable subject, with the gravity of one who, having passed through every vicissitude of life, feels called upon to give others the benefit of her experience. Geoffrey never resented this odd position of affairs in the least, his usual reply being a burst of joyous, cheery laughter, ringing out like a chime of sweet-toned bells, accompanied by a "That's your opinion, is it? Well, madam, I suppose I must abide by it."

One sunny morning in October, so bright and fair that one could hardly believe the summer past, I had thrown the windows open, and was engaged in my daily task of arranging the parlors, when I heard a step in the hall, and, looking up, saw Geoffrey, who, finding the street door ajar, had entered without the ceremony of ringing. "Good morning, lady fair," he said. I returned his greeting; and then, observing a trace of mud upon his boots, remarked, "Don't forget the mat, dear boy," in the tone that one reminds a forgetful child of its duty. He made use of the article in question, then came in and seated himself. He watched me as I gathered up scattered pieces of music and restored them to the stand, or placed in order refractory articles of furniture; then after awhile said, "I'll pledge my word, Miss Amy, that there isn't a speck of dust to be found anywhere; couldn't you sit down, therefore, without injury to your conscience, and give me your attention for a few moments?" The words struck me strangely; never had Geoffrey Hamilton, within my recollection, placed Miss before my name in familiar conversation. I mutely laid aside the duster, and ensconced myself in the depths of a spacious arm-chair, saying, "I'm ready, sir, for your communication." He looked at me with a face pale, determined, yet with a singularly rueful expression upon it, as if he were about to make a request, and suspected he would be snubbed for doing so. "Well, then," returned he, "as you gave me permission to speak, will you—that is—will you marry me?" I was petrified at such an astounding *denouement*, and sat gazing at him in a maze of bewilderment. At length my mind was made up, and I resolved, as much as possible, to make a jest of the whole affair. In pursuance with this plan, I assured him the idea was absurdly ludicrous; philosophically explained that he had been misled in

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regard to his feelings; that it was friendship alone he felt for me, and concluded by remarking, "that at most it was a boyish fancy that would soon pass away." He had heard me patiently until the last clause of my speech; and then, rising, stood proud and indignant before me. "It seems I have been mistaken in one respect, at all events," he said, his sensitive mouth trembling. "I had scarcely thought you the woman to make a jest of honest love. I may be a boy in your eyes, but for all that I can feel as a man." I was subdued by the spirit which flashed from his eyes, and rejoined, in an altered tone, "At least, Geoffrey, let us be friends, and forget the only difference we have ever had." His face softened, he pressed my offered hand without a word, and left. I went to the piano, and, sitting down, attempted to perform a lively air; but presently something bright fell on the keys, and before I knew I found myself in tears. "Of course it was unpleasant to give the poor fellow so much pain," was the reason I assigned for this evidence of emotion.

It was some weeks after this before Geoffrey made his appearance in our family circle. He parried the attacks that were immediately made upon him in reference to his unusual absence, even little Bertil toddling up to him with a "Where you been all dis time?" with his usual gayety of manner saying he had been "on a voyage to the moon in company with Messrs. La Mountain and Wise," and forthwith proceeded to give a most humorous and ludicrous account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this luminary; those particulars being received with prolonged laughter by all but aforesaid little Bertil, who, gazing at the narrator with large, open eyes, child fashion, gravely pronounced him a "naughty, wicked tory-teller." As for me, when Geoffrey first made his appearance, much to my indignation, I found myself blushing in the most absurd manner imaginable; and when, in the course of the evening, he found occasion to whisper to me, "I want to have one of our old talks together," I became conscious of a singular feeling of embarrassment which certainly I had never experienced in his society before. He placed a chair for me in the recess of the bow window, and, seating himself beside me, remarked, "I am going to ask your advice;" then, in a voice slightly tremulous, added, "You know you refused me happiness in one direction, will you help me to it in another?" "As if you were my own brother," I rejoined, earnestly. Geoffrey winced a little, then, after a pause, went on, "You know I am the most common-place matter-of-fact man that ever lived, (I knew nothing of the kind, but refrained from saying so,) for all that, I am going to tell you of the strangest bit of romance that has fallen in my way. You have often heard me speak of Mr. Chester, the eldest partner in our firm?" I nodded affirmation. "The other day he called me aside with an air of mystery, and opened his conversation in this astounding manner, 'Hamilton, you are probably aware I have a daughter.' 'I am not, sir.' He smiled, that peculiarly grim smile of his, then went on. 'Very few people are. I never meant they should be; for, years ago, when Beatrice, that's her name, was a tiny thing, not yet able to walk, my only other child—the rest had died, and she was the light of my eyes—eloped with a low adventurer, and I made a solemn oath that Beatrice should be secluded from all society, until she was old enough to marry, when I would choose her a husband. The time is come, if I don't make haste'—here his tone became intensely bitter—'she will be running off with my coachman likely,' then softening a little he went on, 'Geoffrey Hamilton, I like you, and you shall have her. What she is you shall see for yourself.' When I attempted a reply, he stopped me with, 'Not a word, my boy,' took me home to dinner, and here I am to ask your advice." "Of course," returned I, and a shade of sarcasm would mingle with my tones, "you saw her, loved her, and will be the lady's husband; the romance could surely have no fitter ending." "The first is true, but you are too hasty as to the rest. Remember I have always regarded your judgment as infallible. Ride out there with me to-morrow, there is a deep snow upon the ground and it will be splendid sleighing. Mr. Chester has refused to let me give him an answer under a fortnight; in the meantime I am at liberty to cultivate the acquaintance of my proposed bride. I wish you to see her, and by your decision I will abide." I could not refuse this request, and, with a bright face, he bid me good night, and went, saying, "Remember to-morrow."

I retired to rest in a strange frame of mind. My first feeling was that of indignation; you see, with all my matronly airs, I was exactly like other girls of my age. I was right then in thinking his liking for me was only a boyish fancy; and in the midst of this thought I found myself on the point of crying again. "Of course she is beautiful!" I ejaculated aloud, as, standing before the glass, I unloosed my unremarkable brown hair. And when I lay down to

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sleep, all the night long in my dreams I saw a lovely face looking out from clouds, and smiling scornfully as often as its eyes met mine.

The next day I was in readiness, all but my bonnet and furs, when I heard the merry jingle of bells, and then Geoffrey came in. The moment I saw him he had no need to say, "The loveliest day in the world for a sleigh-ride," for his glowing face, and the sparkling light of his eyes, told of the brightness outside plainer than words. In spite of this, though, there was an anxious yet determined expression underlying the brightness which I had never seen in his face before; and I had occasion to know that face well, for, was there a memory of my childhood in which that cheery, ever-loving countenance did not play its part? He drew my furs closer, pulled up the buffalo robe until only my face peeped out, then drove away, laughing heartily at the appearance I made, the bells ringing out a gay accompaniment, as if they too enjoyed the joke. As we rode along, Geoffrey gave me additional particulars in reference to the singularities of his would-be father-in-law, Mr. Chester; said he had chosen the most solitary spot he could find for a home, furnished it in grand style, and there kept his daughter in the strictest seclusion. "She has been allowed no companions of her own age," said the narrator, "for fear of inspiring her with romantic ideas, and sees scarcely any one but her governess, of whom I caught a glimpse the day I was there, and she looked precise enough for a Spanish Duenna." "And is Beatrice very beautiful?" asked I. I had longed to make this inquiry the night before, but there had been a weight upon my tongue that prevented. A quick glance sped from Geoffrey's eyes into mine, and he answered, smiling softly, "You must judge for yourself." Was that tender smile consecrated to the memory of her loveliness? I asked myself. We made quick speed over the crisp, sparkling snow, neither of us talking much, until at length Geoffrey said, "We're there." I raised my head, and far in from the road saw a stately mansion enough. It was approachable only through a long avenue of great trees, which I saw when in foliage would render the house itself invisible to any one not familiar with its whereabouts. This was the more remarkable, as on all sides the country had been deprived of trees, and now lay before us one unbroken surface of white, a still sea of snow as far as the eye could reach. "I have no difficulty," said I, gaily, striving to suppress some inward agitation, "in imagining the fair lady I am to see as a Madam Miranda, kept by Prospero in exile until fate throws a Prince Ferdinand in her way." As if to carry out my jest, the wide oaken carved doors swung back, and, in answer to our summons, a jet black negro presented himself, whose fine livery only made more conspicuous his grotesque ugliness of face and form. "Caliban," whispered I to my companion, as with an air of intense importance the negro waved his hand, saying, "You will find Miss Chester in the third room, sah." Geoffrey led the way into the apartment on her left. As we entered, what a change from the scene without! every remembrance of winter vanished; we moved in an air as soft as summer, laden with richest scents of flowers; while from the distance there was a thrilling and caroling as of many birds. We had come to see Miranda, but it was after she had married Ferdinand, and gone to reign with him in his kingdom, where she had furnished her palace in remembrance of the ocean home of her maidenhood, for on every side were suggestions of the sea. We moved over carpets more yielding than sea moss, upon whose veins of bluish-green were laid rose-tinted shells. The walls were also blue-green in hue, with lines of gleaming yellow, here and there, like sunlight on water; while, around the semi-translucent, emerald-tinted columns separating the rooms, carved sea-monsters writhed up to the ceiling. I followed Geoffrey, seeming to myself to be in a dream, which would be one of wondering pleasure, were it not for a nameless oppressive dread that overshadowed me. We seemed a long time passing through those two rooms, but at length we reached the third, which was much smaller than the others; and Miranda—I mean Beatrice—was before me. I stood mutely by, while she greeted Geoffrey, a mist across my eyes, as when in dreams we long to see but cannot; it cleared away, and she who stood before me impressed her image upon my mind with such vivid distinctness, that I have no choice but to remember until I die. A girl of sixteen, perhaps, with drifts of black hair lying in large, loose curls low upon her bosom, its rich plenitude caught up behind, and restrained by a net of tiny golden shells, and scarlet coral wrought into flowers; her dress of opaline silk, with sleeves falling open from the shoulder, revealed arms clasped by bracelets of great pearls an Oceanida would not have disdained to wear. In low, crystal-clear accents, this figure came forward and welcomed me; then I looked full into her face; and, rarely lovely as it was, I wish never to see such another. It was of clear white, without a tint of color except the lips, and they were of a

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soft, rich pink; but it was not this that pained, it was the perfect stillness of expression that reigned dominant over the face; not serenity, or calm, simply stillness, as of one who had neither enjoyed nor suffered; to whom life, with its struggles, aspirations, hopes, was a thing unguessed of. She scarcely looked at Geoffrey; but, as unconcernedly as a child, dropped the gaze of her liquid amber-brown eyes full upon me; then said, "It is very pleasant to see a young girl near my own age. I am very grateful to you for bringing her," she concluded, glancing at Geoffrey, who bowed. The burden of conversation fell upon this last; for I felt too awkward and bewildered to talk; and Beatrice, leaning upon her gleaming, pearl-encircled arm, replied to Geoffrey's remarks; but still looked at me, as if, being totally unacquainted with the genus young lady, she was determined to store her memory with every detail. Still I sat, conscious of a dull throbbing all over me, until, determined to bear this no longer, I intimated a wish to go. "Not yet," said Beatrice, pleadingly, and presently the door swung open, and the servant I had designated as Caliban entered, bearing a waiter heaped with purple and white grapes, strawberries, and peaches. Surely this was an enchanted castle. As I ate the strawberries handed me, I said to Beatrice, "This is indeed a luxury; I can scarcely believe it is almost the depths of winter." Her reply was a perplexed look; and it struck me that then, for the first time in her life, she imagined that there might be people to whom such things as these were not every-day affairs. "I should like, Miss Amy, to see the conservatory," said Geoffrey. Beatrice rose, opened a glass door at the end of the apartment; and following, in a moment we were in fairy land. What need to describe the flush of fragrance and gorgeous blooms that saluted us! while birds, in cages of gold and silver net, aroused at our entrance, began warbling an ever-varying melody: this was the mysterious music I had heard upon our first entrance. I thought of my own home, and life there seemed coarse and commonplace compared to the loveliness amid which this girl moved, and I could have cried out in very bitterness, "Geoffrey Hamilton, I know well the purpose for which you brought me here. To revenge my rejection by showing me what great good fortune had been showered upon you. Out upon your miserable farce of consulting my judgment, as if mortal man could resist the charms of this girl, the princess of such splendor!" But I was quiet. I said nothing, until Beatrice remarking carelessly, "You must have some flowers," in a tone that seemed to intimate she made the offer from courtesy alone; for aught she knew I might have far finer in my own home; then when I saw her plucking costly exotics, as if they were commonest wild flowers, I murmured a remonstrance, whereat she again looked puzzled, and said, "Perhaps it would trouble you to carry too large a bouquet." It was plain that she had no better idea of the relative value of articles than an infant. When we parted from Beatrice, taking one of my hands in hers, she passed the other with a soft, caressing motion over it, saying, "You will come to see me a great many times more? I have a strange feeling that there are a great many things I have never thought of, and I am sure you could teach me." I muttered an indistinct reply. God help me! I couldn't but long to get away from her—Geoffrey Hamilton's bride that would be.

A few minutes afterward we were flying over the snow, and it was winter again. The aching pain in my heart, and the flowers I held under the buffaloes, that the cold air might not wither them, seeming to me the only tokens I had not dreamed. For awhile there was a silence, which Geoffrey broke by saying, hesitatingly, "I am waiting to hear what you think of her." "She is beautiful beyond words," returned I. "It cannot be denied," said my questioner, in slow, quiet tones. A feeling of despair took possession of me, and when he added, "Well, what more?" I broke forth with, "Certainly, what better can you do than marry her? Is she not as lovely as a fairy princess? What can a man ask more than beauty, wealth, youth? Marry her, of course; what better, indeed?" Sweet, tenderly low, spoke back that loving voice. "There is one thing better I can do—marry you, if you will have me." Was he scoffing? nay, I had no choice but to believe him; and, comparing my insignificant figure and unremarkable face with the thought of her we had left, woman like, I burst into hearty tears, amid which I managed to sob out, "I—I am not worthy." A firm arm clasped me close through the buffalo robe, and all, and that voice which had never been otherwise than kind, said, simply, "You are mine." The rest of the way I spent in crying, and a more thoroughly humbled little woman never alighted upon *terra firma* than was I, when Geoffrey, lifting me carefully out, deposited me upon the pavement. He came in, and my companion, seating himself beside me, said, "No more tears, little lady, if I can help it." I recovered myself presently, such a state of subjection being by no means natural to me; and, looking up, I said, "Confess, sir,

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you took me with you to-day to impress upon me the fact, that if a certain damsel whom you had honored with your regards was devoid of taste, there might be others who were not so deficient?" Geoffrey smiled consciously; then said, with quiet dignity, "I wished the woman I loved to understand that mine was something more than boyish fancy, and that, in comparison with her love, all things else were dross." "But how could you give up that exquisite creature for me?" I may never forget the look that was bent upon me, as he replied, "To behold you is for me to see a fair vision of a fireside where joy and peace are forever present. Beatrice tells me of none of these. She might give me a palace; my little lady will make me a home." Thus the true heart I was unworthy of answered my question. "But," persisted I, "what will you say to Mr. Chester?" I dared not mention Beatrice; but he understood what was passing in my mind, and returned, "Beatrice was unconscious of her father's intention; and to Mr. Chester himself, I shall simply plead pre-engaged affections."

The new year is but lately born, as I write; and, looking forward, I see such a beautiful vision of happiness opening before me, that I scarcely dare look down it for very joy. With grateful heart I have received sweet tokens of remembrance from my loved ones; but, of them all, none is so dear to me as a certain ring I wear on my hand, whose fair, large diamond looks at me like a friendly eye, seeming to say, "I know I am only dear to you as the symbol of that ring which shall wind yet closer."

Shall I end joyfully here? or must I sadly hint that I saw Beatrice Chester yet once again lovelier than the roses of snow on her bosom—whiter than the white velvet that framed her face? Child, you have no need now of my poor teaching; the angels tell you all things better than I could ever do.

OH! LET US LOVE WHILE LIFE IS YOUNG.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Oh! let us love while life is young,
  Ere Time records the heart's regret;
For Love is first of Heaven's gifts—
  Of all life's sweets, the sweetest yet!

Without Love's smile, our earthly lot
  Would wear a bleak, cimmerian shroud:
Through fortune's wayward freaks it proves
  The golden lining of life's cloud!

Oh! let us love while life is young,
  And wear the mantle angels wear;
The bright, unsullied garb, which gives
  To allied hearts an Eden share!

Compared with Love's excelsior bliss,
  Even Friendship's worth is reckoned naught;
O'er titles, wealth, and art, it reigns
  Supremely grand—it can't be bought.

Then let us hail Elysian's queen!
  The plant of pure, celestial birth;
The priceless elixir, which gives
  A taste of Heaven here on earth!

Yes, let us love while life is young,
  'Twill keep the heart from growing cold,
And prove delectable fore'er,
  For Heaven-born Love can ne'er grow old!

TO MARIE.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

Dwellest thou yet in that fairy isle
  That sleeps on the bosom of blue Champlain,
Nestling so softly there, the while
  It is mirrored forth from its depths again?
Sweet sounds have come on the Summer air,
  Wafted along on the fragrant breeze;
Thy lyre is betrayed in making there
  Its own sweet tones 'neath the leafy trees.

Blest memories come of the dreamy hours
  In the silent past; and I mind me now
How thy soft hands twined the blushing flowers
  Into quaintest chaplet for my brow;

How my pride was deeply stirred, as came
  Sweet words of welcome to mine ear,
Of generous praise that the heart gives name,
  To treasure long and to cherish dear.

There's a destiny that waits us here,
  That bringeth reward, though it lingers long,
And to thee, sweet girl, will it yet appear
  To enrapture all thy glorious song;
Then bring thy harp with its golden strings,
  With an artist's touch thy fingers move,
And dreamily now of music brings
  The hidden pride of the poet's love.

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THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 374.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

October 29th.

MRS. MAYFIELD and I were out last evening walking, in the alleys, when we heard a voice behind us calling out with a joyful inflexion, "May—here I am, May!" heard quick steps crunching the gravel; and, in a moment, Mrs Mayfield was crying, her husband's arm about her, her head on his shoulder.

"Our little darling is gone!" said she, as soon as she could speak, looking up into her husband's face, wiping her tears and trying to control the working of her features. His pain showed itself in his bent head, contracted brow and shrinking form. He did not speak until with tolerable calmness he could say, "But you are better?"

"Oh! a great deal better!" brightening. "I am like another creature! the world is like another world, for God is in it! That is, I have found Him. He has always been in it, but I have just found Him. I know now all about what it means—finding God. I never knew anything about it before. Excuse me, dear," turning with affectionate eyes to me, "this is my very dear friend, Miss Burnham, George; my husband, Miss Burnham. I am glad to introduce you."

He had just fixed his friendly, observant eyes on mine, and given me his hand, when he saw his brother alighting at the gate. He hurried to meet him, and Mrs. Mayfield followed. I heard the glad outbreak of brotherly greeting, heard Mrs. Mayfield's voice chiming in. One moment, it brought tears of sympathy to my eyes, the next my heart sank and ached. I came into the house, and up to my chamber with it sinking and aching more and more at every step.

The 30th.

Mrs. Hammond, Rose, and Donna started early this morning for the town, where a brother of Mrs. Hammond's was to meet them, and carry them out to his family and farm at East Hampton. He has troops of animals, ducks, Guinea hens, peacocks, colts, and parrots; it was for these that Rose wanted to go.

I went down with them to an early breakfast, and saw nothing of the Mayfields, until, after they had breakfasted, Mrs. Mayfield came to my room to ask me if I would go to Headley with them to spend the day.

I could not go, I said, it was so cold and raw, so cloudy, and——

So cloudy? Oh! would I just come to the window and see how the clouds were all going, with what a golden light the sun was beginning to shine? She took me to the window with her arms about me; and her arms were so warm; they warmed me and did me good; and all along they have been so cold! she has been so cold! Love, I see, is the vivifier. I do not wonder that the unloved and lonely grow so blue and thin, so cold! that we see them shivering from head to foot, when we, if we are beloved and cherished, if we love and cherish, are all aglow.

I *would* go! she plead, she knew I would!

No, really I could not. My head ached. I was cold. Her arms had warmed me a little; but I dreaded going into the chilly morning air. I must sit there in the sunshine and get warm. She was kind; I thanked her, but I longed for a quiet day at home; so good morning, dear; for, declining, thanking, praising the warm, soft arms, I had accompanied her to my chamber door; and there, with kisses, with regrets on her part, with a little relief, followed by loneliness and sinking on mine, we parted. And here all day I have by turns sat and walked, filled with complaint and fear. God forgive me the weakness and miserable selfishness of this day! God help me, after this day, to be patient, to bear with an equal mind whatever He sends; for, if I am not patient, if I cannot bear, then, in my impatience, my want of equanimity and strength, is it seen that I am unworthy as yet of any great blessedness in my human relations or my divine; that there is a work before me for me to do in bringing my heart round, where it will know and feel that what comes into this short life is of little moment, if, throughout whatever comes, we stay close by God, so close, that not one of the so-called trials of life shall try us, and cause our hearts to sink, and ache,

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and go into darkness, as mine has ached and sank and gone into darkness this day. God so help me! With many a hope and wish lying in thick uncertainty before me, still let me withdraw my eyes from the painful search after them, and go forward ready to meet in cheerful faith whatever comes to meet me; ready to take whatever burden is offered; for this, I know, there will not be one that I cannot bear with a serene, even with a thankful heart, if I accept it, trusting in God and loving Him as He bids me.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

November 4th.

When I went down to dinner that day, I was surprised to see Mr. Mayfield standing thoughtfully at the side-light of the hall door, as if looking out upon the landscape. He turned when he heard my steps on the stairs and said, "I am glad to see you down to dinner; I was waiting to see if you came; you weren't well this morning."

"No; but I am better; my headache is gone."

He was glad, he said. He stopped me just outside the dining-room door to say, "I came home leaving my brother and his wife. I wanted to see you. I *must* see you to-day! Will you ride after dinner?"

I bowed assent. I could not easily have spoken; for by the head bent toward me, by the thrills his hand gave me, I knew what was coming, and my heart melted with thankfulness. He thanked me, let my hand go out of the agitated pressure of his, and I entered the dining-room, while he remained behind to give orders about the carriage. Warm was my heart when he came in and passed me, close to my chair, and went to his place. I could not eat. Luckily Mrs. Harrington and many of my near neighbors were gone into town, so that there was nobody to see how little I ate, nobody to speak to me to call my heart, one instant, away from its new, blest banquet of comfort. He left the table when I did, opened the door for me. He took my hand again in his, when we were on the landing, near my door. "Would I be ready soon?" he asked. "Would I let it be very soon?"

I would be ready in a few minutes, I told him; and he thanked me with far greater emotion, I am sure, than he would if I had given him ten worlds. Alack, why should he? This is what I asked him afterward, as we rode, after he had told me all his love for me, in some of the dearest, manliest words that ever came from mortal lips; and I, in a few agitated sentences, had told him a little of mine for him. He said I did not know what I was—at least, to him, and had been ever since he met me at Boscawen Plain. Before his last summer's vacation, he wrote to my uncle, he said, to know how it was with me, whether I was free. I could conjecture, perhaps, what was the nature of my uncle's reply, but I could never guess what pain it cost him; for he had often believed that his thoughts would not so often revert to me, and dwell on me with such tenderness and warmth, if I did not, in my far-off home, sometimes think with a degree of interest of him. He went another way to spend his vacation, he added, after a pause; went out and boarded with an old couple, his parishioners, at their summer place among the Pennsylvania mountains. Then, he said, after his return, the condition of Mrs. Mayfield's health made it imperative that he should take her away, and he came here. When he saw me here, saw into what new dignity, clearness, and grace my being had developed itself, (these are his words, although it humbles me to write them,) when he felt what a warmth and joyful agitation my presence, the sight of me, the sound of my voice was to him, he could not tell whether his feeling was most of joy in my presence, or of despair that I could never, never on earth be his. He could never tell me, I could never know, what he had felt since he met me here.

I did know something about it, I said, when he paused a little; out of what I myself had felt, I knew something about it; and then, little by little, led on by the dear listening face, the softly, tenderly questioning lips, the gratitude he showed at every faltering confession, I told him all. When I was through, he gave me such tender thanks for telling him, praised me so tenderly, pitied Rosenvelt so tenderly, that my eyes filled more than once, listening to him, and thinking that, with all his tenderness and excellence upon him, clothing him as a garment of light, he was mine forever.

We met in the evening and laid our plans. And so, we said, Rose would have a chance to "bring violets," and wipe the dust off the neglected metaphysicians. We talked of the comfort we would have, in being in the same home, day after day; of our life enlarging and exalting itself with our united experiences, with our sorrows and our joys. Each year, we said, as we went forward toward the grave, toward heaven, we would become dearer and dearer to each other, more deeply and truly one. But we must not forget God, we said, in loving each other, looking to each other; for, if we forget Him and

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looked only to the earthly gift for our blessing, we would see the gift, as it were, turn to ashes in our hands, until, seeing our error, we came, with its discipline upon us, to Him, humbly praying Him to bless both our gift and us. Many marriages, as we believed, end in bitterness and disappointment, because persons entering that relation, seek less to put blessedness into it, than to get blessedness out of it.

It was settled that he should write the next morning to my father.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Harrington, the next morning, following me into my chamber when we went up from breakfast. "What has happened to you and Mr. Mayfield? There's a halo round you both this morning; isn't there, chit?" taking Rose's upturned chin into her hand.

Rose laughed and said she didn't know what halo meant.

"I'll tell you some time. What is it?" again turning to me, and holding my arms with both her hands. "If it is as I think, I shall absolutely cry for joy! Is it?"

When she knew the truth, her tears did gush out astream. "You don't catch me crying very often!" said she. "But there's something *in* this marriage, and I'm glad! I'm crying simply because I'm glad!"

When Rose understood, she danced, now and then taking me in the beautiful arms and calling me "Precious."

Mrs. Mayfield came in, her hand outstretched, her features glowing, her steps alert with gladness. She had just come from her husband and brother.

"Tush!" said Mrs. Harrington, starting. "I'm going to tell Mrs. Blanstone. I want to see what *she* will do."

She returned in a few minutes, and Mrs. Blanstone with her. Mrs. Blanstone has been a little disposed to overlook me, all along, because I was "only from New Ham'sher," was "only a farmer's daughter, after all," and "had nothing of the aristocracy about me, she could see, by the way I treated Mrs. Hammond and the waiters." This is what she has said of me to Mrs. Harrington, at one time and another. That morning, her small eyes, filled full of awe, were on me every moment. It was with considerable difficulty that she seated herself in the chair I offered; awe interrupted all her movements; every movement was an obeisance to me. Mrs. Mayfield was as nothing there where I was.

"Thank you, Miss Burnham; much obliged; you are very good, I'm sure," she said, when I asked her to be seated; and then she fixed her eyes on me. She came to congratulate me, she said, clearing her throat. Mrs. Harrington had told her what had happened between Mr. Mayfield and me. I was to *be* congratulated. To be the wife of a clergyman like Mr. Mayfield—emphasizing Mayfield largely—in a place like Philadelphia—emphasizing Philadelphia and opening her little eyes wide—was to stand very high, *she* thought. Didn't Mrs. Harrington think so?"

"Not so much higher than she has stood all along, Mrs. Blanstone," replied Mrs. Harrington. "Boscawen Plain is a grand sort of place. Webster was born close by. He used to be there a great deal; his brother lived there, lies there now; and, to me, two such great, struggling, earnest lives, in a way, robe all the hills, woods, and the streets, and paths that they trod, with grandeur. I would go to Boscawen and Franklin, to be where they were in those early days of theirs, if for nothing else."

Mrs. Blanstone's eyes scanned me as if she saw some of the grandeur of their lives resting on me.

"*That's* something," pursued Mrs. Harrington, "to have lived in a beautiful place like Boscawen Plain. But, beyond this, Miss Burnham's family stands very high at Boscawen Plain. I know this, dear," seeing my upturned look—"from my friend, Mrs. Sears, of Concord. She knew that you were here, and wrote me about you. Her father is Esquire Burnham, Mrs. Blanstone; her grandfather was Hon. Mr. Burnham. Her father has lately married a very rich lady and an accomplished—sister, or sister-in-law, I forget which, to Mr. I forget who—late governor of New Jersey."

"Why!" now said Mrs. Blanstone. She seemed to shrink and shrivel in her proportions; her puffy hands lay limp in her narrow lap; she seemed not to know how to get along with so much greatness, with greatness so piled up. "I'd no idea of it!" she said, after awhile. "I wonder I didn't think of it, though; for Miss Burnham has a certain air, a——"

"Oh! poh!" cried Mrs. Harrington, "a 'certain air!' Pardon me, but I have no patience with such stuff! I think as much of good blood, of really *good* blood, as any one. Nobody thinks more of it than I do; more of real refinement and good breeding, than I do. I see you wonder at me. You will wonder more, perhaps, will wonder that I haven't more of this quality myself, when I tell you that not only my husband, but my father, and all the men in his immediate family, and in my mother's, are professional men; and that my father is one of the

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wealthiest men in Lennox. He gave me the very best advantages to be had; still, I wonder how much of the 'certain air' you, any of you, have ever seen in me, or ever will? Ho! I am amused thinking of it! As for Miss Burnham, I doubt, from her family miniatures, if she gets her air from the Websters, or the governor of New Jersey, or even from her father, the Esquire, or her grandfather, the Honorable. She is like her mother, who was, Mrs. Sears says, an admirable woman, a woman beautifully endowed, naturally; but the daughter of a poor man. Her father lived and died a refined, intellectual, respectable, poor man."

"But!" interposed Mrs. Blanstone, drawing herself up, working her hands together, "I shall take Miss Burnham's part, now! I shan't let you tell these things now, when——"

"Poh! look in Miss Burnham's face and see what it is there; see if it is shame. The fact is, Mrs. Blanstone, you've got some of the narrowest, falsest, most unchristian notions in your head that ever got into a head yet. I shan't try to get them all out. I think this would take a great while. But I want to have you understand this, that Miss Burnham gets her air, her enviable organization from her maternal grandfather, who was so fond of beauty and so poor —*she* told me this," turning her eyes to mine— "that he planted all his trees and roses on the roadsides, for want of an inch of land of his own to plant them on. The result is, people are many a time surprised with beauty, shade, and fragrance in places where they were not looking for them. Tired travelers, travelers who are not tired, but who love beauty, sit in the shade, and, looking up into the trees, feel a property in them. Little children pull the roses; poor children, with bare legs, narrow, brown, homely frocks, and no roses at home; hardly anything at home, only an old cracked pitcher or bowl, to hold the water and the roses. Bless him! it grieves me that he is dead! I wouldn't turn my head to see the President of the United States; indeed I would not, unless he were a good man, as well as President; but such a man I would go a long way to see; and, when I got where he was, I would say out of my heart, 'Bless you, sir! I have come a long way to see you! bless you!' What do you suppose *you* would do, Mrs. Blanstone?"

"I? I don't know, I'm sure."

"*I* don't *know;* but I'm afraid you'd understand the air of poverty, and go by him with your head haughtily tipped and your skirts caught up, unless some one cheated you and told you he was *not* an honest, intelligent, poor man, but a close, exacting, stingy miser, with heaps of dishonest gold. Then I'm afraid you'd look after him and admire him. Pardon me! but I am! pardon me for saying it; I can't help it, your notions are so little like what Christ's were. And he is not our Saviour, unless he is first our pattern. 'Follow me and be ye saved,' He said, not—'Follow me, or follow me not, as ye please; but, either way, be ye saved.' I've heard my minister say this, and I know it is the truth, and this is why I say it and feel it so often. But good-bye, now; good-bye, dear. I must go and write to my husband."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The 5th.

THEY went last Saturday morning. Friday evening my father's answer came—a tender, affecting letter, in which the law-giver lay by, and the man, the father spoke. He gave me to him, he said, and he gave him a treasure. There was not one in that house, there could not be one who knew me, who would not know that, in giving me to him, he gave him a treasure. God bless us both!

To me, he said that he was pleased with the connection I was to form. The Burnhams of Boscawen Plain had never yet done anything, or formed any connection to bring reproach upon the name. Rosenvelt was a very good-hearted fellow, very wealthy, highly connected; but, on one account which he need not name, he was not sorry that he was coming into no more intimate relation toward me. And, my great-grandfather, my great-uncle and my uncle, one in each generation for three generations, had been clergymen. It was proper that I, who, as it were, represented the family in this generation, should marry as I am likely to. He was very well pleased.

My mother sent me a note blotted with her tears. What could she do without me? she said. Only, my father was dearer and dearer to her; she felt every day more at home and at rest there where he was. And I would have a good, long time at home before my marriage; a good many months, of course. I would need a good many months; for my outfit must be very full, very beautiful. She and my father both thought, that, under the circumstances, too much could not be done for me. I must have—but we will talk this over after I come. She had beautiful plans. Some of them, she thinks, will quite surprise me.

She and my father have been talking about the child, Rose, she says, and have come to the

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conclusion, that, as it is more than three years since she has seen my mother, she can come with perfect security. They want a child in the house, she says. And then, hereafter, when we came on in Mr. Mayfield's vacations, we would be at no loss, she said; the child could come with us. This was what my father said. Would I have believed he would be the one to propose it? But he was; and she could see that his heart was in it. "Perhaps she would be contented to stay with us some, when Anna is away," he said, with a look that made her pity him.

Horace was gone; had been gone two days; so he wasn't there to get the shock of Mr. Mayfield's announcement. For it would, of course, have troubled him at first. But he was one to get over it quick. Or, the way he did, was, to get over things and get into things, back and forth, back and forth, ten times, perhaps a hundred times, before he was fairly through with it. In that way, it took him a long time to get fairly through with a thing. He thought a good deal of Alice, she could see; and, unless she was greatly mistaken, Alice thought quite as much of him. She wished it could all have been right for him to marry me; but, on one account, she was reconciled to its being Alice, if it turned out so; and even pleased—Alice knew nothing of the past; probably never would know anything of it; and this was better if she was ever to marry him. Did I not think so?

Some days ago, I received one of Alice's letters. "I can't help writing to you," she said, "to tell you that Mr. Rosenvelt is gone; only, he says he isn't *your* Mr. Rosenvelt, hasn't been for a long time. I couldn't help believing him, he looked so—so I don't know how, so 'cut up,' as he says. But he was bright the very next minute after he had said, with such a sober face, that he didn't belong to anybody; the very same minute that my heart was pitying him and aching, he began to laugh and joke me about having lost my office. I didn't know what he meant, and I was *so* puzzled! I teased him to tell me what he meant! He kept laughing, as he always does, when he has puzzled one, when one teases and pretends to pout; and at last I guessed that he meant my office of bridesmaid. Then I pouted at the loss; finally we had a lively time; but I am sure I don't understand it. I teased him to tell me how it happened; and he said he wasn't fit for you. Before I thought what I was going to say, I said, '*That* couldn't be it. You were good enough for the best, to be sure; but neither you nor he could think that—that——' and here I was stopped by seeing his color rise, and the pleased look I've seen before, coming to his face. But he thanked me; he had caught what I was going to say; he thanked me and looked pleased. What *does* it mean? I'm afraid you won't tell me, you're so close in everything that concerns him! Won't he?—is he unwilling to have you tell? I *wish* I knew!

"He went this very day. I felt as though all Boscawen had gone. I do now. You must forgive me for saying it; but even your coming seems but little to me now—unless you will tell me something. I shall watch you like a Jesuit, if you don't tell me like my friend and cousin as you are.

"They say, over to your house, that you are coming soon. Heigho! I wish I was coming, or going, or that something would happen to me some way.

"I wonder if he (Mr. Rosenvelt, I mean) will really come back early in the spring. He said he probably should. I am afraid he won't think he can meet you. Oh! dear! I find I am just afraid and jumbled up and full of curiosity from head to foot. I think this is a wretched world to be born into, on the whole. I don't see how I am going to get through with the whole of it, I am sure I don't!

"I wonder how you feel about marrying such a great man as Mr. Mayfield. I am glad not to be in your place this time. I wonder what kind of a wife I would make for such a man!

"Write if you feel like it."

Rose, Donna, and I will go to-morrow. Rose sits on the carpet at my feet, neatly packing all her little toys and keepsakes into one compartment of her portmanteau. Silence and application do not agree with her; she looks tired and very grave.

CHAPTER XL.

Boscawen Plain, December 18th.

ALICE came in to-day, when I was sewing: she began dragging my work over in my hands, and said, "Making pillow-cases—fine linen pillow-cases—who would have thought, last July, or even in September, that in December, early in December, you would be making pillow-cases to be married to a man away off in Philadelphia? It beats *all*, *I* think!"

She spoke with bitterness; but, remembering how many times I, too, had felt bitterness when everything seemed to be going wrong with me, I instantly forgave it. I smiled with the friendliness I really felt toward her; but, for awhile, I got no friendly smile in return. On the con-

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trary, she looked bitterer than before; and tossing a corner of my work from her, said, "*I* think it beats *all!*" and, after a pause, "Where do you suppose Mr. Rosenvelt can be? What do you suppose can have become of him?"

"I didn't know, I was sure," I told her. "But probably we would soon know. Probably he would soon be settled down at New Orleans, for the winter; then we, she and I, would have chances to send friendly, cheerful messages to him."

"Ha! yes!" she answered, brightening, laughing. "Ha! I'll send him the funniest message he ever had yet! I've got a new charade, just out! I've no idea he's seen it; for, poor fellow! I dare say he has no heart for charades in these days. I know what I'll do: I've got a little crazy French motto and device, that don't mean one thing, but that pretends to be as wise as the Koran. I shall seal with that, and then won't he puzzle and work? Only, what a fool I am! as if I were really going to write to him myself! as if such a thing as this could ever happen, here in these United States, or anywhere. I'm a downright little fool! Of course, at the most, I shall only send him some distant, respectful message by you when you write. But I would so like to write a few words, just to give him that new, difficult charade, may I?"

"Yes, indeed! I would like to have you; it will give him pleasure."

"Perhaps! I guess it will, for he likes such things. Only, oh! dear!" giving the slender, nervous fingers a wring, "I suppose he'll go into the *blues* so deep, reading your letter, and thinking what he has lost, that he'll just say 'Trumpery!' to my poor charade, and crumple it and throw it away. If I only knew which broke it off—the engagement, I mean—you or he! but I know it was you. You had met this Mr. Mayfield, and——"

"You are mistaken, Alice!" I replied. "Until after it was all over between Rosenvelt and myself, I believed Mr. Mayfield already married. It was his brother's wife who was with him; but I thought it was his own. I had not met either of them——"

"Ah, pardon me!" begged she. "I was mean to say that to you, when you never say an ill-natured thing to me, let me do or say what I will. But now *won't* you tell me whose fault it was, breaking off? that is, whose wish it was?"

"Both his and mine, as things were," I replied. "We both saw it necessary and best, as things were."

"But he was terribly troubled."

"And so was I," pain coming over from that time of trouble, to smite and sicken me, even then.

"Oh! but I don't know," said she, with immense dissatisfaction in her tones and looks. "I suppose he won't come back here until you are gone. When will you be married?"

"I didn't know, I told her.

"Not till you get these sheets and pillow-cases done, I suppose, at any rate. Gracious! let me have a thimble!" throwing back her shawl. "Let me help you!" she laughed, but she was not good-natured.

She dragged things out of my basket to find implements, dragged the pile of work on the table over, to find the very pillow-case she wanted, did it laughing, saying that "she thought that it was pretty well to have so many fine linen pillow-cases!" and then she fell to work, taking long, irregular stitches; and, as soon as she saw how long and irregular they were, pulling them all out again, vexed with herself and wretchedly out of tune. Then she started up, said, "I'm going!" in the doorway made me a very low bow, with a very cloudy face, saying, "Success to you! Good-bye! I ain't coming in here again till I'm better-natured than I am now. When I shall come, nobody knows."

She returned, after she had once shut the door, with a face considerably brighter, to say, "Only, be sure you let me know when you hear from Mr. Rosenvelt. When you write to him, be sure and let me know. *Au revoir!*"

My father and mother have gone to Concord to bring home piles of nice fabrics for my housekeeping. Mamma has the largest ideas! and, to them all, my father says, (not often looking at me, but oftener and oftener doing so,) "Yes; there can't be too much done for her. I think as you do, that there can't be too much done for Anna." Something tender, and, as it were, regretful in his voice, touches me; and I long—

"What say, Mrs. Eaton?"

Mrs. Eaton was on her way across the sitting-room, slipping her palms one across the other, saying, "She guessed I would laugh if I saw what a frolic that child of a Rose was having out there with her sled and both of the dogs, her dog, Donna, and our dog, Rover. Rose muffled to the eyes, she said, hands and arms muffled, feet and legs muffled; she looked like a Hindoo, or some of them nations; but she tripped round and frolicked, and run, and slid, like a chicken. Her dog, Donna, zi-zied a little, as he always does, when he first sets his feet on the snow; but Rose pitied him and patted him, called him precious Donna; and

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by-and-by he got over it a good deal; not so as to hold his head up though, and prick up his ears, and dip his nose and head into the snow, and shake it off, and bark at it, and make Rose laugh at everything he did, like our dog Rover. Our dog Rover was the liveliest dog, after all; and the child seemed to think so; but how she *did* love Donna! And, to be sure, it was a han'some creater; a very han'some, affectionate creater. Wan't it curious to see how my father was taken with the child and the dog? how he watched all their moves; and seemed to like it, when Rose took his large, wide hand in both her little ones, and hung by it, looking up in his face to talk to him, in her way that somehow was like a woman's and like a baby's too? She would tell me what she had got done toward the dinner. She had got the pertaters and onions peeled, had got the squash ready, the meat stuffed and in roasting. I shouldn't have got a roast for dinner to-day, when your father and mother were both gone," she added, "only, I thought perhaps you would like it."

She looked at me with questioning eyes, over her glasses, and I said, "Thank you, Mrs. Eaton."

"Land! don't thank *me!* I feel as though I ought to do everything for you now, while I have the chance, to make up for old times, when I used to be so—I don't know what—so cross to you. I don't know what made me so cross! only a little while, just a few months ago, too! It seems like a dream, or something of that sort, to me, when I see you as you are now, and think how I ordered you round. I'm jest as ashamed as I can be."

"Never mind that, Mrs. Eaton; I tried you; I was often turbulent and strong-willed——"

"Wall, you was! now——"

"Now I have found my way into the light of day; then all was dark and uncertain to me. Others, many others, no doubt, are as much in the dark as I was, only they don't know it as I did, feel it as I did; they keep still and so get no hurts as I did, are troubled by no hindrances, and barriers, as I was. So, as there was no one near to lead me, I was often discouraged, often impatient and hot-willed. And this," I added, smiling to see how she sat with open mouth and strained eyes, to understand me, "this was very trying to you who wanted me to be as systematic as the kitchen clock, and to my father who wanted me to be a lady. But I can hardly say now that I am sorry for it. You have patience with me now——"

"Land! why shouldn't I have, when——"

"My father is satisfied with me now——"

"*More* than *satisfied!* he thinks there never *was* such a *young* person as you are! He thinks your mother is the best person of her age, and that you are the best young person. He has told me so. He thinks everything of you! He ain't sorry, no more'n I am, now, I guess, that you ain't going to marry that scrummage of a Rosenvelt!"

"That what, Mrs. Eaton?"

"That scrummage! This is what I allers call him in my own mind, and did, for a long time before he went away; for he was forever scrummaging round under folks' feet, and against folks' shoulders and elbows, trying to get up something to make fun of. Er! I can't bear the sight or sound of him!" And she verily looked as though she could not; as though she were in veritable disgust toward him. "He made fun of me more times than he ever will again; for I'm *sure* of something, and one hint of it somewhere near his ear, will make him glad enough to be respectful. I don't like Alice either, any too well, since she's got so tangled, like, with him. She's always been something of a flutter-budget; but since she's got these notions about him into her head, she's a greater trial to her mother, than anybody can begin to calculate. Folks thought Mrs. Bishop met with a terrible trial when Robin died; and so she did! so she did, indeed! but it wouldn't be strange in my mind, if she takes more comfort now, every day she lives, with her good, quiet, sensible son that's gone, than she does with the uneasy, giddy, uncomfortable daughter that's living. Folks don't allers know which is best, to have friends dead, or to have 'em alive."

I told her I guessed her head ached to-day, and that this made Rosenvelt and Alice seem a great deal, a *great* deal worse to her than they really were. They were——

"Er! none of your charity about them, if you please, Anna!" forcing a laugh and rising to go. "My head does ache to-day; and I've noticed that, the days when my head aches, I allers feel out of tune toward somebody, or other; but this don't prove that they don't deserve to be out of tune with, you see, you see! But, I've scolded enough, for once, I s'pose. I s'pose I'd better go and see to my dinner, a great deal. I s'pose you ain't very sorry to have me go, nother, sence I'm so uncharitable."

CHAPTER XLI.

The 27th.

"I HERE take my stitches, iron to glossy smoothness the snowy linens, and lay them in

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blue-white piles on the bed, the table, and all the chairs and cushions of the east chamber. I lay my housekeeping plans; think on the air of comfort, order, refinement, and ennobling home occupations I will shed over all our rooms; think how I will keep myself clear of every action, even of every feeling that can hinder me, or drag me downward one step in the mountain way I am to climb toward holiness on earth, holiness in heaven, and he at my side. I think no new stain, or blow, of ever so slight sin, shall evermore be given to my soul, to mar, or defile it any more. For this one thing do I know, with even greater certainty and clearness, that any stain or blow given to the soul, is and must, in a greater or less degree be there, to mar it, forever and forever. Penitence may come, and the rain of many tears; the blood of Christ may be, as it were, shed down upon us while we weep and pray; the tears and the blood may so strengthen and cleanse us, that we will no more commit sin to our dying day, and thus are we forgiven; thus, that is, is sin for the present and the future taken away from us; but not the sin of the past. There it is; there to our dying day, is the stain and the scar of the old hurt on our souls. This I believe; so God forbid—with longings to die rather than live and give my soul any new harm, I say—God forbid that I ever sin! that I ever take one step downward in the mountain life-path I am to ascend, and he, the blessed, the beloved one at my side. I mean Mayfield. The goodness that is in him, the love and desires he has toward heaven, beam out about him, like a crown of light upon the beloved, the beautiful head.

He writes to me every few days; is happier, he says, than he has words to express; is thankful, happy, and humble even unto tears. He was never so happy in his labors; his people were never so dear to him; he looks forward with exultation to the time when he will, as it were, give them to his bride; and, as it were, give his bride to them.

Beloved, good night. I say it to him. Not as I said it one sad night, many months ago, but with my life full of blessedness and love; full of blessedness because full of love; of love, not toward him only, but toward God, heaven, and all life.

CHAPTER XLII.

The 29th.

LETTERS came to mamma and me to-day, from Rosenvelt, at New Orleans. He told mamma who of their common acquaintances are bankrupt, who are married, who are dead; told her that Kitty Thoream has asked him very prettily to let *her* sew up all the rips in his gloves, and he has promised her. Then he says, "Poh!" to vent the impatience that had suddenly superseded the frivolity. He wants to see her, he says; is homesick; wishes he had remained at Boscawen Plain; and this is the way it always is with him—when he is in comfortable circumstances, he never knows it, but in some way or other, cuts himself off from them. It would not be strange if he were, any day, to start for the North, he and Leon; for Leon too is homesick.

To me he says, "I must write to you once more, before you are quite lost to me. I have heard on what day I am to be utterly bereaved. My sister, your mamma, blessed girl! told me in her letter to me at Charleston. She told me by what pet names the child calls you; with what kisses and embraces she cleaves to you. Oh! God! if I could but see one of those kisses! and I might have seen them all, might have had my share of them. The lips might have brought straight to mine, the freshness and sweetness of yours, the calmness of yours. Her arms might have brought goodness, truth, peace from you, and laid them on me! But this is the cup I spilled on the ground. One only little drop is left; and this is that she kisses you, and, with her arms about you, her eyes on yours, calls you 'precious!' 'darling!' 'blessed Anna!' For the child is mine; nothing can wipe this out; it is my blood in her veins, warming her kisses and embraces. This is nothing to you; it never comes into your mind; nor would I bring it there, so as to make it anything to you, if I could by turning my hand. I know I would not now that you will so soon belong to another; but to me it is something of which I cannot forbear writing, especially as it is so soon to be over. I shall allow myself no more of it, from the hour that gives you utterly to another.

"Anna, Anna, I am wretchedly cut up to-night! I'm nervous! 'Sounds of the days that are no more' fill the room like real voices; I shudder and am sick. I shudder thinking of poor, poor Clara, I am sick with my longing for the comfort of being where you are, of seeing you, hearing you, touching you; am sickest of all, thinking that this might have been, if I had but listened to the two voices, yours, dear girl, and the accordant one of my own sense of right, of what was truly manly; believing that if I had had the courage to do so, I should this hour have been a man and not a coward and craven; that, this hour, sitting by your side, I should have been looking even at the mournful past, as if it were the face of a

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forgiving friend. I could have had comfort in the present; could have opened my heart wide, (a thing I have done but once or twice these ten years,) and let all my best thoughts, all my love and gratitude be poured out toward you, dear, and toward the Great One who had saved me out of my poisoned pool of lies, the moment I consented to be saved. I could have been forever at peace with this memory that is now, and is to be forever, a devouring flame to me. God help me! And yet, clinging to my refuge of lies, as I am doing, I have no right to say, God help me. I have no right to speak to Him or to you, or to hold up my face to the sky, the hills, so long as I cling to this refuge of lies. Only, to God and to you I do not lie; this gives me the assurance to speak to you and to Him; only, only, I remember you said once that every sin against another, every sin against our own souls, is a sin against God; that it is in this way we sin against God, wronging the souls and bodies He has given us, wronging the souls and bodies He has given others. And I suppose it is so. I suppose I am thoroughly accursed. I feel so to-night, at any rate. I feel as though hell were wide open for me. But this suffering would never have come, if charity had abounded there at Boscawen Plain, and elsewhere, as it ought; if people were what they profess to be, followers of Christ. I know this! It took not only my own selfishness, pride, and pusillanimity, but the uncharitableness, also, the foolishness, and narrow-mindedness of others, to bring me where I am, into this suffering and utter confusion as to life; to work out this my utter and perhaps final damnation. Nothing in me would have led me where I am, if I had not been also driven by the deadly tongue. Only, God, or somebody, or something, help me! for, when I said pretty much this same thing to you once, I remember you said that the tongues were sinful enough, but that this belonged to those who wielded them; to you it belonged to be a woman; to me it belonged to be a man; to us both it belonged to be valiant and true, as if there were no narrow, uncharitable hearts, no darting tongues. This is, of course, true; and God, or something, or somebody, help me! I wish He would excommunicate those women with the tongues though! I wonder if He won't do something of the sort. If they go on hissing and thrusting their tongues until death comes and stills them, I wonder if they will go to heaven, as they are expecting to. If they do get in there, I wonder what sort of a seat will be given them. I wonder if it will be at God's right hand where Christ is. I wonder, blessed girl, if those women will be where you are, in heaven."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Philadelphia, April 26th.

"He torments me to pieces!" wrote Alice, in a letter that came to-day. "Laughs at everything! that is, if there is anything that *can* be laughed at. If there isn't, he's sober, sits sober with his arms on the arms of his chair, and every tip of every finger on one hand, evenly set against every tip of every finger on the other hand: still as if he were a monument, his mind on that hideous secret; or, I can't help thinking so, whenever I see him sitting so long in this manner. Heigho!—a real fretful heigho! one of the most fretful heighos you ever heard from me.

"To-day, Cataraugus (did you ever hear such a queer, homely name for a kitten? He gave it to ours, and she's a little white and black beauty. Or, I think she's a beauty. He can't bear anything but gray or Maltese color. He says sensible, fine-looking kittens wear gray fur, just as sensible, fine-looking women wear gray dresses; and this vexed me, of course; for I know of one lady, and so do you, who almost always wears gray or drab dresses; I know of another who will never wear them, if she can help it. He keeps bringing home one gray, or drab, or brown thing after another, to me, splendid fabrics! rich enough to stand alone, trying to find something that will suit me. I had two splendid silks, one drab and the other fawn-color, made up while we were in New York; I put them on and tried to wear them; but I felt exactly as if I was a mummy, or nun, or Shaker; I was ashamed of myself; I didn't know what to do with my arms, and was so awkward! Oh! dear me! I pulled them off quick enough, the moment we got home to our chambers; and he laughed, and couldn't help it, to see me scramble so; but he was a little vexed too; he scolded me a little. It's strange! in rose-colors, especially if the fabrics suit me, I am often in a little tremor of delight. I could kiss myself; I do kiss my arms, sometimes—all which I tell you, to show you what I am and can't help being—although, I suppose, I needn't have said it all *par parenthese.*) I was going to tell you that to-day Cataraugus scratched my hand, (on the very back of it, where it shows every minute,) and he laughs; laughs now, where he sits; does nothing but laugh, every time he looks at the red lines an inch long, and at me, to see how ashamed I am, how I hide them, and pout, and scold. And this afternoon, when I was out in the garden walk, looking

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to see how the pinks grow every day, (and I wanted to get out of his way, too, although I thought and told him that poor Cataraugus would have to take it, if he didn't do the other thing that he does, set his finger-tips together, &c.,) but what do you think he did and made me do? I heard him yawn, a great long yawn; then he rattled the chairs together, on his way out; then he came, his whole face merry even then, thinking that he was going to plague me; got hold of my hand—the scratched one, so that it hurt me—and then he ran and took me after him, as fast as I could *possibly* run, doing my best, running my fastest, awkwardest, out through the yard, and down the sidewalk, almost to Mr. Quimby's, before he stopped; I, of course, doing my best to stop myself, pulling back, trying to brace my feet, and saying, 'Don't! don't! do behave!' he looking back as he ran, to see me scrawling after, and saying that he *was* behaving! And I thought he was! I was really angry! I didn't forgive him, and wouldn't, for a long time. The way he teased me and asked me to forgive him, (it was his tormenting way,) made me the more determined I wouldn't.

"I'm afraid of him; I don't dare to stir, I'm having such a nice time, now he's still, to write my letter. He is by the west window, not looking out, sober, looking at his finger-tips, as he holds them together. I don't dare to let him know that I am noticing how still he is; I don't dare to move in my chair; for he'll come out of the stillness, and, as Mrs. Eaton says, 'tackle' me if I do anything to——now, mercy on me! he has caught my eye! he yawns, (one of his *made* yawns; half his yawns are made; did they use to be?) now he is singing,

"'If he's gone, let him go, let him sink, let him swim;
'Tis I can do without him, so if he's gone, farewell him.'

He repeats, 'So if he's gone, farewell him,' and laughs, looking at my face, I have no doubt. 'Tis one of the scraps that I sing now and then, you remember, silly as can be; I always knew it was silly, but it was smart too, and in some of my moods I liked to sing it and do now. *How* the man laughs! he——

"He left off laughing, when he found that I didn't stop for him, drew a piece of paper off his table and began tearing it to pieces, looking down on it, as if it was a thoughtful business; and by-and-by he said, 'You were graceful this afternoon, running. I don't believe I ever saw you quite so graceful; I advise you to run so, often.'

"Run so, often! Did you ever hear the like out of a man's head, Anna? I tried not to stop writing; tried not to let my face change; but, I suppose, he saw that I was half-amused, half-vexed; for he laughed and laughed; it seemed as though he would never be done; he laughed the more, seeing how it worked me up. Wouldn't you think he'd be ashamed?

"*Later.*—I stopped and asked him if he wasn't ashamed to do nothing but laugh and make fun of Leon or me, from morning till night? (He was turning Leon's ears wrong side out then, laying them back on his head, so that they would stay so, and laughing to see how queer he looked, how ashamed he was.) Wasn't he ashamed, I repeated, to do nothing but laugh, from morning till night? I didn't think it would touch him; but, for some reason, it did. He threw all his bits of paper out the window and said, Yes, he was! It was a miserable life to live! No one could be a *man*, living such a life! The fact was, he must go into business again! And then he said he would have no stirring motive for that, probably no interest in it, since he had property enough without it. Heigho! he said, heigho! this was a stupid world. He said he thought we'd better go traveling; we'd better go to New York, stay there through May, and then go off by Niagara and Canada way. He could think of nothing else to do, he said. I was sorry to hear him say it, I am so lonesome traveling away from home, where mother is; but it *is* dull here. I don't blame him for wanting to go; but, the discouraging thing about it, is, that when we are traveling, he yawns, calls it 'an old story to him,' gets tired as he can be, and out of tune. To Canada will be a new route, and this is why he wants to go there. I think that old secret troubles him. I asked Mrs. Eaton, one day, carelessly as I could, if she had found out anything more than she told us, one time? She gave her head that ugly, cross toss of hers, and said she had found out *all* about it. 'Good! then she must tell me,' I said. 'Hum! it was something it wouldn't do me much good to hear! or give me any great pleasure! It was something she should tell everybody else, before she should tell me!' I asked her if she *liked* Horace. 'No!' she said; and that was all I could get out of her then. Another time, when I told her she *should* tell me why she didn't like him, she said he had plagued her enough to make anybody hate him; and there was something else; but this something she should never tell me. She should tell everybody else before she should tell me! Isn't this provoking, when it is the only thing in the world I want to know?

"Your father and mother seem *contented;* it

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is a sight worth looking at, to go in there and see how contented they look. When I said so to them both, one day, with my tears rising to choke me, (because I haven't the same content,) they said they had reason to be contented. They had a pleasant home; and you and your happy lot to think of; had your visit and the child's—as they called Rose—to look forward to, and so on. They *praised* you, as they have reason to. I say this now without envy. Once I thought you were more noble than I was, more calm and dignified, because you were richer, and were going to be the wife of such a man as Horace seemed to me to be, and I envied you. Now I am a great deal richer than you, I suppose, and have him for my husband; but it all turns to nothing, because I, in my own heart and life, am so tossed and jumbled! I try to get over this; I cry; once I tried to do as you told me to do—to pray. But it don't seem to me to amount to anything. The prayer seems to me to come back and lodge in my heart and sink it more and more. I am afraid it is because my prayers are so selfish and mean. I'm afraid—I *know* that I don't pray for the sake of being inwardly better, so much as for the sake of being inwardly and outwardly happier. Alas! alas! alas!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

May 2nd.

We were riding out Laurel Hill way to-day, where there are hills like the dear New England hills, little brooks like the dear New England brooks, and violets blue and white, like the New England violets, growing beside them. Rose gathered a handful; was very still and grave doing so, and did not say what she was gathering them for. Now she sits on a low cushion beside me and twines them into three beautiful little wreaths; and Donna watches her with his bright eyes. She parts his curls and puts them back, that he may see without obstruction; but if he tries to have a part with her, as in most things she allows him, she says gravely, "No, little Donna. Donna mustn't. Donna don't know what this is for; he don't know that the men are dead that wrote those books, and he mustn't do anything about it. Poor little Donna don't know!"

The beloved head bends low in the completest abstraction, over the books, pamphlets, and manuscripts with which his wide table and the chair beside him are spread and piled. "The beloved head," I said, one time, months ago, I remember, believing that I already knew the full tenderness and comfort of the words. Since then the head has come many, many times to my bosom to rest, when it was weary; when it was not weary, to dream its dream of love and comfort; my heart has many, many times been filled even to aching with thankfulness, with blessings on the head so resting, and now I can conceive no greater love, no higher blessedness—especially, as God has all the time been near us both, to exalt the sentiment, to make it fit to lie at the earthly heart, on the earthly head, because fit to lie at His feet.

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

THE DREAM.

Resplendent halls roofed o'er with gem-set blue,
  Frescoed with silvery mimicry of frost;
Great gorgeous windows, with their crimson glass
  By golden sashes in rich fretwork crossed;
A fountain of sweet waters, sending out a sound
  Of soothing melody, subdued and low;
Soft, moon-like lamps chained to the vaulted roof,
  Deepening all splendor to a mellow glow;
Long galleries of paintings, sculpture, and books,
  Conservatories of rare fruits and flowers;
Bird-haunted corridors, where steps lead up
  In pearl-laid beauty to the splendid towers.
Grand forests dimly stretching to the Northern sky;
  A river trailing smoothly from the West,
An emblem of the years that rippled by
  In deep, still happiness, and peace, and rest.

THE REALITY.

A low-roofed cabin, shaded by great elms,
  Its windows, dim and narrow, draped with white;
Two quiet landscapes hanging on the wall—
  A table under them whereon I write;

A brown canary chirping from his cage
  An unaffected song of sweet content;
Milk-white and crimson roses in a vase,
  Filling the room with their delicious scent;

Bold mountains frowning up against the sky;
  Rich cornfields rustling on the meadow's breast;
A streamlet rushing down the echoing glen,
  Now wild, now calm, a type of Life's unrest.

Plain, bare Reality! devoid of all
  The glorious imagery I see in dreams,
As sunset burnished towers prove grim and black
  After the fading of the golden beams.

And yet this stern simplicity—this life—
  So real and true in all its toilsome ways—
Hath interludes of gladness, while its strife
  But urges on the soul to gentler days.

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THE HOUSEHOLD MARTYR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Richings was one of the most perfect specimens of the race of martyrs that it is possible to imagine. The early Christians living in catacombs, and perishing by all manner of tortures, were nothing in comparison; Saint Laurence smiling on his gridiron fell far short of her: and, as for the lesser lights, they disappeared completely when their claims were set up in juxtaposition to those of Mrs. Richings.

Yet no one would ever have thought that she had any special necessity to cultivate martyrdom, had she not asserted her claims so loudly there was no possibility of believing that she could be deceived. She brought something more than talent to her aid—it required positive genius to have reached the rank that she had attained, and she wore her thorns with so much grace, betraying her sufferings by such a patient, heart-broken smile, that to watch her was quite a study.

She had been an elder daughter, and one after another of the younger olive branches had dropped off to flourish into trees on their own account: but the fair Amelia lingered. Why, it would have been hard to say, for she had been rather a pretty girl, although of the die-away order. She had ruled her father—not with a rod of iron, oh! no—with the martyr's sceptre, which is more potent by far.

Her sisters were ungrateful creatures, after all the care she told of having bestowed upon them, for they laughed at her behind her back, and called her by a variety of names, which would have looked very badly written in her baptismal register. Yet they all stood in awe of her; it was not her scolding which they dreaded, any one of them was her match in that—but her martyr-sigh—her injured look—the saint-like forbearance with which she appealed to her father—her very composure forming such a contrast to their rage, that it alone would have gained the victory.

So Amelia ruled them while she remained at home. It was strange too with what difficulty those girls found husbands. Lovers they had in abundance, but Amelia was very prudent; she inquired so closely into the antecedents of the suitor, that her father would take the alarm, the cavalier be dismissed, and Miss Caroline, or Miss Eleanor, as the case might be, left to recover her spirits as best she could. It all sprang from Amelia's interest in them—yet they were not grateful.

"I know they are not," she would say, with tears in her eyes, "but I am supported by the consciousness of having done my duty; one day they will thank me for it."

She was a woman full of sympathies and instincts; she recognized a bad spirit immediately by a peculiar shiver, no matter how charming might be the mortal shape in which it was wrapped. Such a nose as she had! Externally it was ordinary enough, a little too long, perhaps, but its power of detecting odors was beyond belief. She could tell when Eleanor's beau had been drinking before he got fairly into the hall; she would sniff until her father asked what was the matter, and she was forced, in spite of the pain it gave her, to tell him the truth.

She smelt out the novels that the girls hid away for Sunday reading—she scented their love letters, no matter how deep the drawer in which they might be secreted—she recognized the odor of cigars on their mantillas, when they came in from a walk, where they had no business to meet gentlemen: in short, she tormented them to the utmost extent, as was her duty, and wore her martyr-smile all the time.

Finally Eleanor made a secret marriage—at least she supposed it was such—but not an hour after the ceremony, her father was informed of it by Amelia, and turned his daughter out-of-doors in consequence—the martyr standing by dissolved in tears.

The other sisters did somewhat better; but at last, luckily for those who were growing up, Amelia had an admirer on her own account.

Mr. Richings was a widower, with an only daughter, a pretty child of twelve, and, beside that household attraction, he possessed a comfortable income. He detected in Amelia a resemblance to the "dear departed"—no widower ever made love to a woman that he did not see in her some likeness to his lost Clarissa!

He wooed and won the interesting Amelia, and bore her away to grace his own domicil. The bevy of married sisters never ceased to congratulate the younger ones upon the escape

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they had had; and somehow before Amelia had been gone three months, the willful Eleanor was restored to her father's favor.

The martyr prophesied that the whole family would go to ruin when her tender care was removed, but they seemed to get along after a fashion; and their father was occasionally astonished at the harmony which had prevailed among his flock since Eleanor had returned home. But she, silly girl, was no martyr, she did not know how to bear the honor of attending to the house, and leave somebody else to do the work—she spoiled her little sisters, petted her brothers: altogether there was a change.

But we have nothing farther to do with the quiet household, so let us follow Amelia as by far the most important person in the family.

Mr. Richings looked forward to a vast deal of happiness, for, since the death of his wife, his house had been lonely enough, and he felt that his little daughter needed more care than he knew how to give her.

Little Marian was delighted with her new mother; Amelia was pleased with her house, charmed to find herself at the head of an establishment, so they trod on velvet for a time.

But the martyr could not be quiet long. The first blow she felt called upon to receive was given by the portrait of the first wife. It had been sent away to have the frame repaired, and was not returned until several weeks after her marriage. Mr. Richings naturally ordered it hung in the place it had always occupied, over the back parlor mantle.

Amelia stood by him while he superintended the operation. The servants left the room—Mr. Richings turned and addressed his wife.

She neither saw nor heard—she had sunk into a chair, and was gazing at the pleasant face which looked so kindly down upon her. Gradually the patient smile settled over Amelia's face; the eyelids drooped with a weight of unshed tears; her look and attitude were full of uncomplaining misery.

"My dear!" Mr. Richings said, in alarm.

She sighed, but did not move.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

Resignation and distress struggled together upon her face. She seemed swallowing sobs that nearly choked her, and it was some time before she found voice to reply.

"Not at all—do not notice me! I shall be better soon."

At last the secret came out. She felt as if the portrait watched and upbraided her—she should never be to her dear husband what that woman had been!

Of course when vows and expostulations were of no avail, Mr. Richings proposed having the picture removed, but to that the martyr would by no means consent. The portrait was left, and, during the years which followed, there was never a day that it was not made a subject of torment to the husband.

Did Mr. Richings venture to disagree with her in opinion, she looked despairingly at the likeness of the former Mrs. Richings and sighed. If company were present, she struck an attitude of such intense suffering before it, that they secretly decided her husband must be a fearful brute. She talked at it—she wept in front of it—she sighed under it—she made it the prominent thorn in her martyr's wreath, and pricked herself with it for all the world to see.

The servants in the house were displaced—the furniture was altered—always at her desire, yet in every change she found a subject of distress. Once completed, it had been done at her husband's instigation, she had seen that he wished it, although he had not spoken! She knew that the contrast between his past and present life was painful; he wanted to remove every object that could, in any way, remind him of the happiness of former years.

Then she dropped a few tears into her embroidered handkerchief, gazed despairingly at the portrait, and arranged the wreath so as to make its thorns more apparent.

Once settled in her new home, she took Miss Marian in hand—she determined to take charge of the child's education herself. Now the girl was an affectionate, high-spirited little creature, quite heart-broken at a harsh word, and really needing more encouragement and sympathy than children in general.

Mrs. Richings fitted up a chamber next her own for a school room—lined it with black boards—established there a stately book-case, filled with all sorts of overpowering volumes—procured globes, philosophical apparatus, and had everything on as complete a scale as if she had been going to fit several stout, growing boys for college.

Poor Marian was frightened half to death the very first time she entered the apartment. She knew how to read and write, could spell tolerably well, had learned her French alphabet, and read any quantity of stories.

Mrs. Richings examined her in her most critical style; and, when she had concluded, shook her head in such a melancholy way, that Marian was fully impressed with the idea that she must be the most ignorant and abandoned little wretch in existence.

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But her new mother was very kind—she was satisfied to see how completely the child was crushed. She delivered a beautiful discourse, worthy of a lecture room; and Mr. Richings, entering before the close, was puzzled and struck with great admiration—not being able to make head or tail of the speech, made it seem still more wonderful. He was more fully impressed than ever with the belief that his wife was a remarkable woman; while Marian stood in the middle of the room, where her mother had stationed her, not daring to stir for her life, and as much edified as if the lady had discoursed Sanscrit for her benefit.

The next day the teaching began in earnest. Marian's time was measured by rule, and each moment had its particular occupation. The child was crammed, lectured, sighed at, wept over, until she was fairly dizzy, and began to wonder nobody had ever told her what an unnatural monster she was.

There was a high stool of penance, a dunce cap, a small ferule—before the first week was over, Marian had essayed each in turn. She was not scolded—Mrs. Richings was no vulgar step-mother! She pleaded with the child, she told her what sacrifices she was daily making, she shed rivers of tears, and heaved tempests of sighs.

The mother of Mr. Richings' first wife was living in the same city, and came often to visit them. She was a charming old lady, deeply attached to her grandchild, and quite prepared to like her son-in-law's new wife for his sake.

Amelia was gentleness itself. But never any human being saw the two together, that he did not decide that the elder female had done the younger some great wrong, which she endured with the most Christian forbearance.

One day, when the lessons had been in force about two weeks, Mrs. Gray went to the house when Amelia was occupied with her daughter in the school room. Feeling that she might take the liberty, the lady went up stairs and entered the chamber unannounced.

Marian was seated on the high stool in the centre of the room, studying her French verbs; and Amelia was glancing reproachfully at her from over a book that looked marvelously like a novel. She rose to receive her guest in a very injured manner.

"I thought I might run up stairs," said Mrs. Gray, apologetically.

"I never receive visitors in this room," Amelia replied, in a plaintive tone; "but, of course, you have the right to come, if you please"—the word "have" emphasized so as to make it equivalent to *take*.

"I should be sorry to intrude, my dear——"

"I have no secrets," Amelia said. "Did you think I had? Oh! believe me, my dearest wish is to make my husband happy."

"My dear friend, I never doubted it!"

"I know the prejudice against step-mothers," she went on, wiping away a tear; "but I mean to do my duty! I think Marian loves me; I wish her to, for she is *his* child. May I say mine, too? May I?"

She extended her hands, and looked so imploringly at Mrs. Gray, that the old lady was quite confused.

"I am glad you feel so," she said, "it is pleasant to meet a woman who knows so well her duty."

"I understand," sighed Amelia; "you cannot love me—it is natural!"

Mrs. Gray expostulated; the martyr attitude came in play at once. The visitor scarcely knew what to answer, and she turned to Marian, who had not dared stir from her seat.

"Well, my little pet, won't you speak to grandma?"

"I beg, I entreat," said Amelia, while Marian shook her head mournfully, and hid her tears among her French verbs. "This is her hour of silence. May I beg you not to interrupt it?"

"Her what?" returned the old lady, facing her with her keen, gray eyes.

"You will object, I have no doubt, but I think it well to discipline children; from three to four Marian is not allowed to speak."

Mrs. Gray said never a word. She had too much sense to do it before the child: besides, she had determined not in any way to interfere.

"You object—you disapprove!" cried Amelia. "You will think me a monster—a child that I love as my own life! Oh! yes, of course, I am wrong! Speak, little Marian—call me a monster, too."

She wept so tragically that the child was quite frightened, and cried aloud. Mrs. Gray looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment.

"My dear Amelia," she said, "I have never thought of blaming you, believe me. I will not intrude upon your school hours, it cannot be pleasant for you. Come and see me to-morrow. Good-bye."

She kissed Marian and went away, trying to put aside the unpleasant thoughts that would creep into her mind.

When she was gone Amelia dried her tears, leaving a trace about the eyelids for her hus-

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band's benefit. Marian had her face buried in her apron, and was still sobbing away from a vague sense of wretchedness."

"Marian," said her step-mother, "dry your eyes; this is the hour for silence, not for tears. By way of punishment, go and stand in the corner, and hold this book at arm's length until I give you leave to move."

Of course the child obeyed. If anybody thinks the penance a slight one, let him try it for twenty minutes or so!

The pleasant torture was over at last. Mr. Richings came home, saw the tear-stains, received the impression that his mother-in-law was a jealous, fault-finding old woman, and blamed his daughter in consequence.

Mrs. Richings told her step-daughter daily how grateful and happy she ought to be, and the child tried very hard, but could only reach a stage where she felt deeply her own turpitude without knowing how to remedy it.

By the time she had been blessed with her new parent for about a year and a half, nobody would have recognized the child. She had grown a pale, timid, little thing, fully impressed with the idea that she was a pocket edition of original sin, and her mother, an angel of mercy, sent to reclaim her from perdition.

She had her day school and her Sunday-school. On common occasions, Mrs. Richings taught the ordinary branches of education; and on the Lord's day she poured down the child's throat such a flood of orthodox belief, utter depravity, eternal suffering, brimstone lakes, and legion-hearted imps, that the little girl was afraid of her own shadow.

Some way, Mr. Richings had gained the idea that Marian was a child who needed constant watching—secretive and very difficult to understand. The girl felt that she was blamed, and that made her more timid: so, on the whole, though she might possess a model step-mother, the little sinner's life was by no means a paradise.

At last, Mrs. Gray found a way of aiding her. She did not venture to plead for the child, but she declared that Amelia's health was failing, she needed relaxation, Marian must be sent to school.

Mr. Richings agreed at once, and, though the martyr wept piteously, she consented, very glad in secret, for she had long been heartily tired of the whole affair. Marian was terrified half to death. If her parents thought her so bad, what would strangers think? But Mrs. Gray encouraged her, fairly out-manœuvred the martyr, and had Marian sent to the school of a lady who had known her mother well, and would love the child for her sake.

Amelia devoted herself still more to society, by way of having a little relaxation after such close confinement with her darling child. Her husband did not interfere with her peculiar tastes; for the least opposition brought on such an attack of tears, sighs, and mute reproaches, that he was glad, as any wise man would have been, to let her alone.

Amelia was a consistent church-goer, very strict in her ideas of female propriety, and she weeded her circle again and again. It was astonishing how much she found that was wrong in women who had never been blamed. Not that she boldly announced her doubts, that was never her way; but she could express more by a smile than common mortals in an avalanche of words; ruin a reputation by lifting her eye-brows, more effectually than a thousand horrible stories from ordinary lips would have done.

Few ladies liked Amelia; but among gentlemen she was really a favorite. She talked well, listened admirably, appealed to their judgment in such a pretty way, that they were charmed; to say nothing of the hold she gained over the wisest by artful flatteries, which only a woman knows exactly how and where to administer. Into the bargain, they pitied her; and when a man begins to sympathize with a woman it is all up with him! Though Richings seemed a pleasant man, it was so evident that something lay below; for, of course, in the presence of her visitors Amelia did the martyr in her most excruciating style.

Strangers were treated to the subdued smile, the trembling voice, the sudden relapses into thought after moments of gaiety; then, as they became better acquainted, followed the by-play before the portrait; then the little shiver at her husband's entrance, the implicit obedience, the abject slavishness which it was apparent was wearing away her very life.

Amelia liked the society of intellectual men; poets and philosophers were always to be found at her reunions; and, as she gave them delicious little suppers, besides flattering their vanity, of course they adored her.

So the years passed on, and Amelia acquired the position she had always desired—she was considered a remarkable woman, and a great patroness of art and literature.

All that Mr. Richings liked well enough, and he was very fond of his wife; but, nevertheless, he was often exceedingly uncomfortable, without knowing why—the martyr tormented him

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so adroitly that he was always convinced that it was himself who was to blame.

Marian returned home at intervals, but was always glad to get back to school. She felt quite guilty, but still she could not love her step-mother. She was growing a tall girl, and it was not pleasant to be treated so much like a child, nor agreeable to be forced to cling to her "pig tails" and short dress, which gave her very much the appearance of a growing Shanghai fowl.

So five years went by. Amelia was now an admirably preserved woman of thirty-six, showing remarkably well by lamp light, dressing with excellent taste, and sleek and smooth as a black cat—in fact, people who did not like her always averred that she reminded them of that uncertain animal.

About this time there was joined to her *coterie* a young lawyer of great promise, toward whom Amelia was especially attracted, and whom it was her pleasure to constitute the favorite of the time.

Charles Stafford was really a superior man, as young men go, but of course he liked to be petted and made much of, so he became a frequent visitor, and believed Amelia all that was charming.

As might have been expected, not many weeks passed before the whole programme of martyrdom was displayed before him, and he was quite shocked to see how his fair friend suffered.

One evening he had called, at Amelia's request, to read her a paper he had written for some professional magazine—there was no subject in which she was not interested. In the midst of it Mr. Richings' step was heard in the hall.

Charles looked up—resigned despair so collapsed Amelia's features that he could not go on from sheer distress. He sat, staring quite blankly at her until her husband came in, spoke affectionately to the wife, and greeted him with the utmost cordiality.

Still the subdued agony quivered in every muscle and line of the martyr's face. Mr. Richings saw that he had done something wrong; he could not exactly tell how he had erred; but that he had was evident.

"My creaking boots make you nervous," he said; "I quite forgot to change them, but I will now."

"Not on my account," she replied, plaintively, "I beg you will not; I can bear it very well."

"This wife of mine is all nerves," Richings said, playfully, to their guest.

Amelia cast down her eyes and sighed, raised them to the portrait, and evidently struggled with inward trial; while Stafford sat, not able to understand what was wrong, yet with the vague consciousness that the lady was in some way suffering the keenest torture, and the gentlemanly, pleasant husband was, at the bottom, a tyrant and monster.

"You were reading something to my wife," Mr. Richings said; "don't let me interrupt you. I am not very intellectual, still I can enjoy a good article, if you will allow me."

"There can be no objection," Amelia said, hastily, in a trembling, terrified way which made Charles feel quite guilty—of what he didn't know. "There is no secret, Mr. Richings, of course not."

"My dear, I never supposed there was."

"No, oh! no. You can hear it if you wish—only an essay. I am sure it will bore you."

"Not in the least, believe me."

"Oh! I beg—I entreat! I know it is selfish of me to allow myself any little pleasure. I will give all up, indeed I will. Nobody shall be distressed on my account!"

Mr. Richings could only pass it off as best he might; and Stafford was convinced that Amelia was afraid of her life; that in secret her husband bullied her and abused her for entertaining her "intellectual friends."

Some one called on business, and Mr. Richings went up to his library.

"You may go on now," Amelia said, with a distressing sigh. "Please go on, Mr. Stafford."

"But you look quite ill."

"No; I am always well! Don't notice me—remember that. No matter how I look, never heed it—all is well with me."

"Mr. Richings does not fancy books and literary pursuits, I judge," he said.

"You heard him say he did," she replied, adjusting the martyr smile; "he often says he does."

She looked so fixedly at the portrait, in such an agonized way, that Stafford could not resist asking whose it was.

"Mr. Richings' first wife," she faltered out. "They were very happy together; she was a lovely woman—not a weak, poor thing like me."

"You do yourself injustice," Stafford replied; "when you are the admiration of all who know you."

"Can that bring happiness?" she sighed. "Can the world's praises still the heart? Hush! Mr. Stafford, we tread on forbidden ground. These are subjects on which I never

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allow myself even to think. Go on with your article—oblige me, please."

Stafford obeyed, thinking her words a little overstrained; but, believing that to be a woman's way, and so convinced that she was superior to the generality of her sex, that he would never have ventured to consider her silly or affected.

A few years after Marian returned from school. She was now nearly eighteen, and her father decided that it was time for her to be a woman. Of course his wife consented—she did everything in a proper manner. Marian had a party, looked very pretty, but went crying to bed; for Amelia had made her feel just as guilty and wicked as she used to do in her childish days, besides convincing three-quarters of the company that her step-daughter tortured and insulted her in every way possible.

Going into society was not the pleasant thing Marian had expected. She held confidential talks with her grandmother, but the old lady could not help her, for Amelia would allow no one but herself to go out with the girl.

She petted her a great deal, as far as words went, dressed her too richly for her age, in spite of expostulations, and made her own attire plainer than ever before.

Of course people said, "She's a slave to that girl; her life is quite worn out between father and daugher," and that was just what the martyr wanted.

Her intimate friends pitied her, and she never checked them. They told her she ought to resist, but she only shook her head despairingly.

"I am a poor, weak thing! Don't pity me—nothing lasts forever—at least I shall have the consciousness of having performed my duty."

In vain Marian pleaded with her.

"Tell me when I do wrong, mamma; scold me—beat me. I could bear anything better than to see you look so wretched."

"Have I ever blamed you?" she would answer, in sad surprise. "I love you as my own child! I cannot help my looks; I am over sensitive; trifles stab me like daggers; but do not mind me—I wish to cure myself of this weakness."

So Marian could only go weeping to her grandmother again.

"Do the best you can, my dear," the old lady would say. "I never could understand your mother, but she seems a very conscientious woman."

It was some time before Stafford saw much of Marian, somehow she was never called down when he was there. At parties her step-mother kept her dancing so constantly that she had no time for conversation, and Charles never danced.

But he knew Mrs. Gray very well—she had been a friend of his mother, so took an interest in the young man; and one night at her house he met Marian.

The three spent a delightful evening, and the consequence was, that Stafford fell deeply in love with the young girl. To Amelia's surprise he asked for her the next time he called, and, before long, the martyr's quick eyes discovered the truth.

What she felt no mortal will ever know, but the cat's claws were carefully hidden. I do not mean to insinuate that she loved Stafford, or that she would have been guilty of any wrong; but a woman such as I am describing is worse than a wicked one. She liked to know that the young man was greatly interested in her, respected and admired her, and she had no intention of allowing him to fall in love with any one. But for once the martyr was outwitted—the mischief was done. Still it might not be irreparable, and Amelia went calmly to work, dangerous as a masked battery.

She hated Marian now, would really have been delighted to see her attacked with small-pox, or any other disease that would have ruined her youth and pretty face. But nothing of all that did she betray. She was calm, smiling, and more affectionate than ever. She could not stem the tide as yet; Stafford was too impetuous and daring. Three months had not elapsed before he told her, with his own lips, that the only hope of happiness he had was to marry her daughter.

Still Amelia smiled, kissed Marian, and promised to use all her influence with her husband. It was decided by Mr. Richings that the engagement should go on; but marriage was, for the present, out of the question—his daughter was much too young.

So the lovers were very happy for several weeks, and Amelia watched them, smiling as sweetly as ever. Stafford talked a great deal to Marian about her step-mother's affection for her, and of course the girl had not a word to say. He admired Amelia as much as ever, consulted her more, and they grew better friends every day.

There came a time when little differences sprang up between the young lovers: each made a confidant of the mother. Marian began to think Stafford exacting, and occasionally, in comparison with Amelia, his betrothed appeared childish to him.

"My dear," said the martyr, "Charles is

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exacting, but you must endure it—all men are so."

When Charles complained, she looked pityingly at him.

"Marian is very young yet. She will never be an intellectual woman; but men prefer thoughtless girls—grown children—for wives."

To a man of intellect this was not agreeable. When Marian came into the room he thought her actually frivolous. Truth to say, she never appeared to advantage in her step-mother's presence.

One evening Amelia was more plaintive and easily injured than usual. If Marian agreed with her in opinion, she suffered; if she ventured to differ, she was martyrized to a terrible extent; and it was so admirably done that Stafford was forced to think Marian really pert and unmanageable.

At last, by some chance, the girl unfortunately alluded to her mother. They had been discussing a novel, in which an admirable step-mother played an important part.

"Yet, one never forgets the lost parent," Marian said; "although I was so young, my mother's memory is the most beautiful one of my life."

"She was a lovely woman," Amelia replied, naturally; "you will never cease to regret her."

"Never," Marian said, thoughtlessly.

Amelia put her handkerchief to her eyes. This time she did not allow her tears to flow gently. She sobbed to such an extent that her companions were alarmed.

"Mamma," said Marian, "you know I did not mean to pain you! What have I said?"

"Go on—go on," moaned the martyr; "this morning your father—now you! I have tried to do my duty, heaven is my witness! Oh! death would be welcome, very, very welcome to me!"

She rushed out of the room in a tragic way, leaving Marian pained and indignant; while Charles felt that there was something back of the affair, and that Marian was more to blame than appeared.

"You were very wrong, Marian," he said. "How could you speak to your mother in that way?"

"I merely repeated her own expression—thoughtlessly too."

"You know how easily she is pained."

"Do you mean to blame me?" she asked, rather passionately, her patience fairly giving way.

"The very tone in which you ask shows that you consider yourself so," he replied, offended with her manner.

"Please not to lecture me," she said, angrily; "I am in no humor to bear it."

"Nor have I any intention to deliver one—I have no desire to interfere—be your own judge of what is becoming to a young lady."

Of course Marian answered haughtily, he retorted in the same tone. They had a violent quarrel; he tore out of the house in the insane way any man would have done, left her, sobbing upon the sofa, fully convinced that everything was at an end, and nothing but utter misery in store for her.

An hour after, Amelia came down stairs and found her in that sad state. Of course she insisted upon knowing the whole, threw her arms about her daughter's neck and wept bitterly.

"I brought it on you," she cried; "oh! my dear one! But leave all to me—I can arrange it. It is true Stafford is headstrong and obstinate, he expects so much from the woman he loves, that it is difficult to get on with him."

"I shall never suit him if he looks for perfection," Marian replied, irritated against him by her mother's remark.

"You will try," Amelia said, gently. "You must humor him, be gentle and submissive."

"You know I am not the last, mamma; I feel that I have sometimes a right to exercise my own judgment."

"My dear, few men will allow that; it is a hard lesson to learn, but every woman must acquire it. With a man like our dear Charles, it is doubly necessary that you should learn submission and self-control."

"He has no right to be so exacting, mother; I have already yielded too far."

"Go to bed now," said the martyr; "leave me to settle this difficulty; all shall be well, trust me."

The next day, Amelia sent for Stafford, and had a long conversation with him, which ended in making him more desolate than he had felt before.

"Do not let me be the cause of any estrangement between you," she pleaded. "Never heed my little sufferings; I have told you a thousand times that I am foolishly sensitive. Promise me that you will be reconciled to Marian?"

"I give you my word."

"And love her as before?"

"I could not help that."

Amelia did not strike him, but it required a powerful effort to retain her composure.

"I am glad of that. I know Marian well—her heart is a good one, she is not affectionate,

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but faithful. She is weak and childish, but you must instruct her. One thing, Charles: you must never allow yourself to dwell upon the difference there is between you—so surely as you do, you will be utterly wretched."

The picture she drew was not a very pleasant one. He wondered that he had not discovered Marian's frivolousness before his feelings became so deeply interested.

"Shall I tell her to come down?" she asked.

"If you will be so kind."

Amelia went herself, knowing well that Marian had gone to her grandmother's.

"She is out," the martyr said, when she returned. "Do not be distressed, my friend; it is only a girlish pique."

"And she knew that you had sent for me?"

"Do not be angry, Mr. Stafford! Come to-night—promise me. Will you come?"

"If you wish it, although I confess that I am offended more seriously than before."

"Do not say so—for all our sakes—for your own peace! No, you must not repeat that!"

He promised to come, and took his departure. When Marian returned, her step-mother told her that Stafford had been there; but to solace her evident disappointment, added that he was positively to return that evening.

During the afternoon, Amelia received a note from him, explaining that he expected to be kept in court until late at night, and enclosing a letter to Marian. That billet never reached the young girl!

All the evening, Marian waited with what patience she might, but Stafford did not come. Amelia drove her nearly frantic with her condolences, and she went broken-hearted to bed.

The next day she was invited out; her step-mother insisted upon her going. She thought herself that Marian had been submissive long enough; it was time now to teach Stafford that he could not act the tyrant so unscrupulously already.

Marian went with the gay party upon some spring excursion, concealing her anguish with all the strength she could summon. Stafford called; Amelia received him, and, of course, told him where Marian had gone, mentioning the name of one of her companions—a young man of whom the lover was especially jealous.

He wrote upon the instant a cruel, angry letter, which Amelia refused to deliver, but allowed him to leave it where Marian could not fail to find it.

The poor girl returned thoroughly worn-out, and found that terrible letter. She refused her mother's consolation—she was so pale that even the martyr was frightened.

Up to her lonely chamber went Marian, and answered that letter as concisely and romantically as the heroine of a novel could have done.

"I restore your liberty to you, asking only that we may never meet again."

Then she went to bed utterly overpowered, and shrinking away with an undefinable dread, when her step-mother entered the room in her elaborate evening dress, to make sure that her darling had gone to rest.

Stafford was a very proud man, and, after receiving Marian's note, he made no farther effort toward a reconciliation. The martyr met him in her walks, she fairly turned his head by her pity for his distress; and into the bargain was guilty of a folly which she seldom perpetrated, she wrote him a sentimental letter, not with anything especially improper in it, but still too poetical and enthusiastic to have pleased a husband.

Stafford himself was a little puzzled, but he was so miserable that he thought but little of it. Amelia's consolations were all the comfort he had, he could not afford to laugh at her weaknesses.

So, for several days, Marian lay in her bed too ill to rise. Her father knew nothing of her troubles: and the martyr took good care that he should not. She proposed that Marian should take a journey; the girl was too miserable to resist, so everything was prepared for her to go and join her grandmother, who was visiting some relatives in a distant city.

Unfortunately for Amelia's plans, Mrs. Gray returned, unexpectedly, the very day before Marian was to start. She hurried to see her grandchild; and, as the martyr was out, they had the whole morning to themselves. It was not long before the shrewd old woman reached the very bottom of the whole affair: but not a word did she say.

Promising to return that evening, she went straight to the hotel where Stafford boarded, and mounted to his sitting-room.

"I thought I was old enough to risk a visit to a young gentleman," she said, as he rose sadly to receive her. "You have just come in—you have been out with Mrs. Richings. My dear boy, you are a fool; Marian is a baby; Mrs. Amelia is—no matter what—and I am the horrible old fairy who is going to set everything right."

She made him tell his story—listened to it attentively.

"And in your note to Amelia you enclosed

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one for her, telling her why you could not call?"

"Yes."

"Which she never received, nor did she know you were to be at the house that morning—oh! you goose, you! Now for that terrible note she wrote you."

"It is on the table," he said, turning away.

Mrs. Gray picked up the first one that caught her eye—unfolded it—read a page, and turned in astonishment to the signature—it was the martyr's poetical epistle which she had stumbled on. Honorable and upright always, she read not a line farther.

"I beg your pardon, Charles," she said, dryly; "I have taken the wrong letter."

He turned round and colored crimson.

"I did not read the whole," she said; "don't blush so, I knew you were a dunce before. I have seen, heard, and read enough. Go and shave yourself, try and look a little more like a Christian, and come to my house."

She went back to Mr. Richings' house and found the martyr, who received her very nervously.

"There has been a quarrel between those children," Mrs. Gray said. "Don't you think it had better be made up?"

"It is too late," sighed the martyr; "I have done my best, but they are so headstrong."

"Very," replied the old lady, eyeing her so sharply that she felt quite uncomfortable. "I think, however, all can be explained."

"I have tried everything," said Amelia, shaking her head. "Now, Mr. Richings has heard of it, and declares that Marian shall not marry him, any way."

"Who told Mr. Richings?"

"Really I—I don't know; perhaps——"

"Who told him?" repeated Mrs. Gray. "Why, you did, to be sure—don't take the trouble to deny it! My dear, I perfectly understand the part you have taken in this whole affair."

"Do you come here to insult me?" cried Amelia, beginning to sob immediately. "You always hated me—you have done me all the wrong you could—set my husband and child against me—made my life miserable——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted the old lady. "There, stop and take breath while I tell you something."

"Wretch! reptile!" sobbed the martyr.

"Stop, I say! I have never interfered with you," continued Mrs. Gray, "never cared anything about you since I learned your real character. I have done all I could to protect Marian—you shall not ruin her happiness."

"What right? How dare——" began she.

"Stop, I tell you! We will have no trouble, no scene, but this understand: either your husband makes no opposition to this marriage, or I shall tell him that you are in the habit of writing sentimental letters to gentlemen."

Amelia fell back in her chair and never answered. It was of no use to weep or be a martyr—she was heartily frightened for once.

"Promise!" cried Mrs. Gray.

"Yes, oh! yes—anything! You have misunderstood—it is a mistake——"

"Don't tell any more untruths! You were jealous of Marian—you didn't want Stafford to fall in love with you, but you wanted to govern him. Don't say a word—don't look at me! Just set everything straight with your husband; and the day that the children are married, I promise to give your sentimental letters into your own keeping."

Amelia tried to go off into hysterics. Mrs. Gray coolly deluged her with water, so that she was glad to come to her senses very speedily. She essayed screaming—it was all in vain—she had to yield—the martyr was fairly conquered.

Mrs. Gray took Marian home with her, leaving Amelia to explain affairs to her husband.

An hour after, Charles Stafford and his betrothed sat in the old-fashioned parlor, happier than ever before.

"Let this make you wiser, my children—affliction brings its own reward," whispered Mrs. Gray, and she stole out of the room.

Nothing more was heard of the engagement being broken off, and Mr. Richings seemed happy as his child. Marian remained with her grandmother; and the martyr was left in peace to console herself as best she might.

Two months after, the pair were married, and Amelia was present, beautifully dressed, and doing the tender parent to perfection. But when the bride had gone, and the guests were dispersing, Mrs. Gray beckoned her into another room, and placed in her hands a sealed packet.

"I have redeemed my promise," she said. "I have no right to advise you, Amelia; but if you would cultivate your heart more, and poetry and martyrdom less, I believe that you would be much happier."

It is doubtful if that lady thanked her for her honest advice, or acted much upon it. But at all events, she was entirely cured of forming sentimental friendships, took to petting her husband, as a duty, careful to let the world know she considered it as such, and wore her martyr wreath with daily increasing grace.

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"NOT IN OUR SET."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was between the first and second acts of a celebrated opera. The audience had just ceased applauding Patti, who had been called before the curtain twice; and now everybody was looking around to see who was in the house.

A gentleman, who appeared comparatively a stranger, leaned over to speak to a lady before him.

"I have been so long abroad," he said, "that I hardly know anybody. Yet I never, in any opera house, saw so many pretty faces. Who is that beautiful creature opposite? I mean the one in pink, on the second seat of the balcony, playing her fan with the grace of a Spanish woman"

"Oh! that girl!" was the contemptuous reply. "That's Marian Vaughan, the daughter of a retired pork merchant, or tailor, or something of that sort. She's not in our set, however, and I know very little about her."

"I was going, coz, to ask you to introduce me," said Harry Berkley, who had been the first speaker. "But I see that won't do."

"Dear me!" cried the lady. "The girl isn't in society, at all, I tell you."

"The truth is, Harry," interposed Charley Thorne, the last speaker's brother, "the girls are all jealous of Miss Vaughan. She is beautiful, as you see: and witty and accomplished also. Then, too, she's full of character. Quite independent, I assure you, doing exactly what she likes, though she never does anything unladylike. Her father is enormously rich, and so she is able to gratify all her tastes. All 'our set,' eh! Amelia? vow she is extravagant, and try to frighten us poor fellows from marrying her. I'm very glad," he added, satirically, "that some of 'our first families' have the reputations of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers to live upon, for, 'pon my soul, they've neither money nor brains in general."

Miss Thorne turned her white shoulder contemptuously on her brother, eyed Miss Vaughan askance, and commenced picking her to pieces, in which delightful occupation she was most assiduously assisted by a female friend "in our set," who had accompanied her to the opera.

Harry Berkley was the match of the season. Inheriting a vast estate, while yet in his minority, he had gone abroad, as soon as he had completed his studies, and had remained there, principally in Paris, until his twenty-fifth year. His return to America, unmarried, had put all the marriageable young ladies in the city into a flutter. His claims, to be "in society," nobody could deny, for his great-grandfather had been a colonial governor, his grandfather a general in the revolution, and his father a senator of the United States; while his mother and grandmother had each been favorite toasts in their day, and fashionable leaders in the most select circle of their native town. Hence, no young bachelor was more courted. But Amelia Thorne, his second cousin, had secretly appropriated him to herself. One so genteely born, she thought, should marry nobody less genteel; and who was there, she added proudly to herself, with an equal quantity of the "blue blood" of America as herself?

The next opera night, however, Harry did not invite her, as she had expected, and she was forced to press her father into her service as a cavalier. Imagine her chagrin, on taking her seat, to observe her cousin talking to Miss Vaughan, the latter, looking more beautiful than ever.

"Good heavens! pa," she cried, "do you see Harry? He is actually with that Vaughan girl."

"And I hear," replied her father, unconscious of his daughter's plans, "that she is very fascinating. I shouldn't wonder if Harry was to marry her."

Miss Thorne colored with anger, and bit the end of her fan. The opera, that night, gave her but little pleasure, for she was watching Miss Vaughan, and was mad with jealousy.

The next morning her truant cousin presented himself. She welcomed him with something of a sneer.

"So you got introduced to Miss Vaughan?" were her words. "I suppose, next, you'll want to know our cook."

"My dear cousin," said Harry, gracefully taking his seat beside her, "you don't know how you girls—the girls of 'our set,' I mean—astonish me. I have just come from Europe, where I have been preaching up republican institutions, and yet, the very first thing I hear,

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at home, is that merit is nothing, and being 'in society' everything."

"To be sure. A real lady owes it to herself not to associate with everybody."

"By which you mean that you, and a dozen or two others, pretend to be better than those who are as cultivated as yourselves. Let me tell you, coz, that you lose more than you are aware of, for Miss Vaughan, and others like her, who rest their social claims on their accomplishments, are, as Charley says, far more agreeable acquaintances than 'our set' generally. You are only laughed at, and this, not merely by those you think you put down, but by all sensible people."

Miss Amelia was purple with rage. She had never been talked to so plainly before, and she was not disposed to submit to it, even for the best match of the season, much less from a cousin.

"Laughed at, am I?" she cried, rising. "Sir, you forget who you are speaking to. But when people consort with tailor's daughters, their manners leave them."

"As I shall leave you, fair coz," answered Harry, determined not to quarrel, "for I see you are not looking quite as lovely, at this moment, as usual, and I try never to see a lady except in her best looks, so that I may always remember her pleasantly."

Half an hour afterward, Miss Amelia could have bitten her tongue off, in anger at herself, for having said what she did. She had virtually driven Harry away, she reflected, and so lost all chance of securing him for herself. What if she had also driven him to Miss Vaughan?

The suspicion, alas! proved correct. Harry's engagement has just been announced. And those who used to sneer at Miss Vaughan, as "not in our set," are already making interest for cards for the wedding, which is to be "the affair of the season," and is to come off early in the summer.

"Take my advice, Charley," said Harry, the other morning, "and marry a wife who rests her claims on personal amiability, intelligence, and accomplishment; for she'll make you a thousand times happier than any of the haughty girls, too proud to learn anything, and too selfish to care for anybody but themselves, who chiefly make up what they call 'OUR SET.'"

STANZAS.

BY MISS J. E. MOTT.

We do not weep for the aged one,
  In the Winter of life cut down,
For the high, proud heart of man laid low,
  Or the paling of youth's bright crown!
We mourn for the loss of our precious ones,
  The birdlings of our nests;
The fairies, who, for a few short years,
  Have slumbered on our breasts;
The idols, upon whose fragile shrines,
  Our rich soul gifts were shed;
Whose smiles were the sunlight of our homes,
  We weep for the early dead!

And, why should ye weep for the early dead,
  Who have passed to the quiet tomb,
In all the flush of their fair young days,
  Untouched by sorrow's gloom?
Happy for them, that they have gone,
  While theirs was a rose-hued life;
Before they had learned the weariness,
  The cares of our after strife;
While yet the caresses, and prayers of friends
  Were the only sounds they heard,
And leaving behind no memory
  Of an unkind look, or word,
Without a stain on their guileless youth,
  Or a cloud in their sunny sky,
In the might of their trusting innocence
  Do ye fear that they should die?

Oh! 'tis not a dread for their unknown fate
  That causes these bitter tears;
'Tis the blight that has fallen on our hearths
  That will darken our hearts for years;
We weep for the prattling, childish voice,
  The little pattering feet,
The smiling lips, and the dancing eyes,
  That may no more our coming greet,
For the vacant seats beside the board,
  That shall never again be filled;
For all the sweet hopes our hearts have borne,
  That are now forever stilled!
We miss them at morning, at noon, at night,
  We yearn for them even in sleep,
The gladness of earth has gone with them,
  Surely we well may weep!

Oh! home is lonely wanting those
  Who once its fireside bless'd,
And, well may ye weep, as ye bend above
  The green graves where they rest!
But, remember the stroke that took them hence,
  Was sent by your Father God!
And, with meek bowed heads and trusting hearts,
  Receive his chastening rod!
And ever look up, through your falling tears,
  To the promises Christ has given,
The ties He has loosened from earthly things
  Are but binding you closer to Heaven!
And the children, o'er whom you are grieving now,
  Whose absence you here deplore,
You shall find again in that upper world,
  "Not lost, but gone before!"

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 397.

CHAPTER XIII.

From some cause, Arnold had ceased to urge an immediate departure from his old home, and lingered, day after day, at the farm house, till his guests began to wonder at a change, which, nevertheless, gave them great satisfaction; for, as birds love to hover about the nest where the first brood of love has found shelter, these two ardent and excitable persons could not force themselves away from a house where the pure and deep sensations of a first love had found birth.

After an absence of some days, during which Amy had been at her worst, Arnold came to the Falls again. His old, half-loving, half-imperious manner returned, and, though his visits were always brief, they brought hope and health back to that young creature's heart. She began to smile, and even laugh, again blooming into health like a half-parched rose, after an abundant fall of dew.

Laura was not surprised at these visits; for, with deep craft, Arnold always managed that she herself urged him to make these inquiries after Amy; and, as he seemed to go with reluctance, she only became the more urgent to express, through him, the deep gratitude that really filled her heart, when she thought of the gentle creature who had saved her life. She would gladly have gone to the cabin herself; but Arnold only told the truth, when he said that Amy shrunk from an interview with strangers, and sensitively drew back from all expressions of gratitude for an act which was in itself only an impulse of common humanity.

This was all true. The very thought of meeting that bright, dashing creature again filled Amy's soul with a sort of terror. If the sound of sleigh-bells penetrated to the cabin, she would start and turn pale. If a strange foot sounded on the threshold stone, she would look furtively toward some door, as if impelled to escape.

But when Arnold's step was heard on the snow-path, her cheeks would flush into one bloom of roses, and the smiles that had forsaken her mouth for weeks together came softly back. Her gentle soul was reassured again.

One night, when Leonard and his wife had gone to a prayer-meeting, Arnold found Amy alone. It was the first time they had been allowed an opportunity to converse together; for, against their usual practice, the old people had, from the time of the accident, invariably kept their places at the hearth, no matter how long the young man lingered there.

Now the two were alone, with nothing but the plunge of the Falls within hearing—with no more dangerous witnesses than the bright hickory wood fire to bear testimony against them. The paper curtains were rolled down; the fire-light danced and shone on the pine ceiling, and the whole floor surrounding them, with a pleasant twilight.

Arnold sat in the great splint-bottomed chair, which Joshua Leonard usually occupied. Amy drew a little stool, covered with patchwork of red and blue cloth, to his feet, and settled down upon it, with a soft flutter of the breath, like a pretty pigeon when its nest is completed.

After all, Arnold loved this good child after a fashion, and might have loved her well but for the ambition which clung around every good impulse of his nature, as parasites check the growth of young trees and at last wither them up.

That night his face was bright and genial. It was pleasant to feel how completely that young creature loved him—to know that with a single word he could fill those blue eyes, looking so innocently into his, with tears, or with a smile deepen the loving sunshine that filled them. Even the thirst of his ruling passion was slaked here. The wish for control, the right of will, had a submissive object in that gentle creature. He could trample on her and she would forgive—forsake her even and she would not avenge. Here he was all supreme.

She looked into his eyes, and her hand nestled itself into his. One elbow was supported by his knee, and her chin rested in the palm of her other hand, which was curved into a cup for its reception. All at once a shadow crept over her face, and she shuddered perceptibly.

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"What is it? What are you thinking of, Amy?" said Arnold, pressing the hand in his a little tighter.

"Of that day—of the water. You left me alone, Benedict—all alone to die."

He frowned upon her. "So this is your faith, Amy Leonard?"

"Amy Arnold!" said the young girl, turning white as the name passed her lips. "You must never call me any name but that, when we are alone."

Arnold's face grew black; he lifted her hand, as if to toss it away, but ended in grasping it closer, while his wrath cleared away in a forced laugh.

"Well, Amy Arnold then. It sounds well, doesn't it, little wife?"

Amy gave a little cry. Her head fell forward on his knee, and she began to sob; while deep, warm gusts of joy shook her frame.

"What are you crying for now, Amy?" he said, regarding her with a triumphant smile, while his hand wandered through her thick curls.

She only answered by raising herself softly to his bosom, and resting her head against his heart.

Again he buried his hand in her rich hair, pressing the face closer and closer to his bosom. For one moment his ruling passion was beaten back by the wings of Amy's love-angel.

"Yes, Amy, it is a sweet word—wife—my wife."

"And you will never, never attempt to deny it again?"

He did not answer, but kissed her forehead.

"But you did not mean it?"

"No, love, no, I did not mean it."

"You—you wanted to try me—to be certain I would keep our secret. That was all, Arnold. Tell me that was all; I am sure it was."

"Yes, yes, I wanted to try you."

"And you see—you are satisfied now; for, when you said those cruel things, I did not speak even to my mother. When you left me in the water to die——"

"Stop, child! Don't say that again. I—I thought it was you that filled my arms. How could I tell in the dark? What could I do but seize the first form that rose? I was coming back. It was all a mistake, Amy."

"I know—I see it all now. How selfish—how wicked I was to think it! Forgive me, Benedict, but I was so unhappy—so jealous! I hope you will never know what it is to be heart-sick as I was then."

"Well, well, don't let us think of it. We will have no more of these scenes. You know that I did not mean anything, and I am sure you will keep our secret."

"See how I have kept it——"

"And always will—I can trust you now, Amy—you will never disobey me."

"No, no," murmured the happy creature, "for you are my husband—my own, own husband."

She trembled blissfully, as the precious word passed her lips for the first time, and stole glances at his face through her gathering blushes.

"You are my husband, and I must obey you. If mother owes duty to my father above all things next to God, I am a wife as well, and must obey everything you tell me. Oh! I am so glad neither mother nor the doctor got anything out of me."

"Did they ask?" cried Arnold, sharply.

"No, no. How could they? But they were both so kind—so anxious about me, and I suffered so with the thought of your leaving me to die, and—and with——"

"With what?"

"With—but you will be angry."

"No, no; say all that is on your mind. It cannot be anything very terrible if you have betrayed no secrets."

"Well, I was so miserable while that lady was in the house."

"Miserably jealous. Foolish child!"

"Yes, I suppose it was that."

"But it is over. You know better now!"

"Yes, oh! yes. I hope so—but—but will she stay in this country long? When will she go back to Canada, or France? I should think she would be homesick."

Arnold laughed, and patted her cheek with his hand.

"Never mind her. Think of something pleasanter for us both, Amy."

"Yes—yes, I'm sure that isn't pleasant; but one can't always put disagreeable things out of the way, or I'd never think of her again."

Arnold smiled. This jealousy, while it threatened nothing, rather pleased him. It was an evidence of his power. The sound of sleigh-bells at a distance made Amy start from the arm which still held her.

"It is my father and mother," she said.

"Yes; but half a mile off yet. Don't be frightened, they shall not find me here."

"No—no, they would see in a minute how happy I am, and guess everything, mother is so smart. You must go away now. But—but——"

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"Well, what are you stammering about?"

"Nothing—nothing, only there is a meeting to-morrow night."

"Well, I will come."

"There is a revival now, and our people go all the time; but then if you have company—"

"Never mind that—I'll manage to get here evenings. But remember, Amy, I must have no more distrust: and our secret must be kept. If a suspicion gets abroad, I will never forgive you—never see you again."

"Indeed I can promise now; for did I not keep my word through all that terrible trouble?" she said, cheerfully. "Oh! how near the bells are coming. Here is your great-coat. When you are so kind, it breaks my heart to have you leave me; but oh! dear! they are turning the corner; go out of the back door. Good-by—good-by!"

Now there was no earthly reason why Amy should have been so frightened. Joshua Leonard had never uttered a word of objection to Arnold's visits. Indeed he was rather indignant, when, for a time, they became so rare; but some suspicion of the young man's good faith had seized upon him, and he became watchful where he had before trusted. In this lay all that Amy could have feared in her father. Still she flushed red, and trembled as her parents drove up to the door yard fence, rushed across the room to put the footstool in its place, and took great pains to move the splint-bottomed easy-chair some distance from the fire.

When her mother came in rosy from the frost, with a foot-stove in one hand, Amy busied herself at once in taking out the little square pan, from which she emptied a quantity of dead embers into the fire; then she helped untie her mother's hood and took off her cloak, from which she shook particles of snow with a lively zeal that charmed the good woman, it was in such cheerful contrast with the lassitude which had possessed her daughter so long.

When Joshua Leonard came in from putting away his horse, he found a pitcher of hot flip creaming over on the hearth, and a tray of doughnuts toasting by its side; while his daughter stood before the fire, flushed and heated, shading her cheek with one hand, and looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her in his whole life.

"Ah, this is snug and comfortable," he said, drawing the splint-bottomed chair on to the hearth, "trust our Amy for taking care of her father and mother. What, nobody been here? That's right, had a good time all by yourself, Amy?"

Amy did not seem to hear, but thrust the heavy tongs among the hickory logs, which sent a storm of sparks up the chimney, and a glow over the whole room.

"It must be very cold out-of-doors," she said, turning into the next room to hang up her mother's cloak.

"Yes," answered Joshua, setting down the pitcher which was now more than half empty. "Yes, darter, it is cold to the outer man, but we felt nothing of it in the meeting; for there the Lord was around and about us. Such a season of divine grace I have never witnessed—never in my whole life."

"Yes," said Mrs. Leonard, taking the subject from her husband's lips. "It was a refreshing time, Amy: such prayers, such gifts, and breaking out all at once, showed that the power of the Lord was over us. Six new converts ready to break out into hallelujahs—seven struck with conviction, and on the anxious seat together—and who do you think was among 'em, Amy? You couldn't guess in a week of Sundays, a crying like a child, and looking so broken down, shaking on the seat as if he couldn't believe that there was any hope for a backslider; and it's my opinion that there isn't, though your father thinks otherwise, which is his right, you know; but *such* a prayer as your father made after the new convert came, staggering right up to the throne of grace out of the depths of iniquity—such a prayer! It laid right hold of the horns of the altar, and made every heart around tremble. Oh! Amy, your father has a gift of prayer that makes me think about the angels that come under one's roof unawares. What if we had been waiting on one all our lives, thinking it was only a common man tending a saw-mill? Look at him sitting up so straight in your grandfather's chair. You wouldn't believe it was in him; neither should I, but if ever there was a babe of grace—there now, don't hold up both your hands, Joshua, as if it was to say that you ain't nothing particular, 'cause you are. Don't shake your head, 'cause I won't stop, because here it's my privilege. If women folks must keep silent in meeting, which I don't see the reason of—do you, Amy?—they ain't to be kept still in their own homes, by no manner of means; and if one has got a born angel all for her own property, why shouldn't she say so, and praise the Lord for it? I'd be glad if somebody would tell me. Don't talk in that way? Why not indeed? I'm sure if the Lord has blessed you with such gifts, I should be a great sinner not to own up to it, and blind as a bat not to see it. Well, well, I'll stop if you say.

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so; but as for the flip, if it wasn't for setting you an example, I wouldn't touch a drop, cold as it is. Creature comforts don't seem natural after a meeting like that, though it was thoughtful—as a child should be to such a father—for Amy to remember and have it ready. Now, Joshua, take off your boots, for the snow is melting on 'em, and give your feet a good toasting before the fire. Amy, bring the footstool for your par, and now—what was I talking about?—dear me!"

"About the person who came up to the anxious bench, mother? You haven't told me his name yet," said Amy, gently, for she was too much accustomed to her mother's habit of conversation to get out of patience with it.

"No more I have, and you won't believe it when I tell you. Who would? Such a change! His beard all shaved smooth; his shirt bosom and collar clean as your father's. I declare it made me a'most burst out a crying just to see him, with his wild eyes and his thin hair, getting gray so fast. But your father's prayer helped him right on his feet; and when the brethren all said, 'Amen'—they couldn't help it, you know—his face was lifted up to heaven, and it trembled all over, till at last he said, 'Amen,' too, but it was in a whisper, and great big tears came rolling down his cheeks like drops after the thunder breaks. I only wish Miss Arnold had been there!"

"Oh! mother, what does this mean? What can Miss Arnold have to do with this?" cried Amy, going close to her mother, and speaking with great eagerness.

"Miss Arnold! Oh! yes, I forgot to tell you it was her husband—Benedict's father—who came to the anxious bench. Didn't you understand that? I wish you could a seen our deacon when the poor backslider came in—I wish Benedict had been there, instead of running about with that French girl, which I'm sure he does."

"No, mother, no. I am sure he does not care in the least for her, only as a visitor. I'll tell you something. The young gentleman is paying attention to Hannah Arnold, and that's what keeps them all at the farm so long."

"How did you find that out?" demanded the mother, quickly.

"A little bird told me, mother," replied Amy, with a playful look into her mother's face.

"Oh!" ejaculated the mother, shaking her head at the fire, and, casting a side glance at Leonard, who had fallen into thoughtfulness, and paid no attention to what was said; for, when his wife started off with a rush of language, he generally took refuge in reflection, soothed by the soft patter of her words, as if they had been rain-drops on a roof. "Who told you that, Amy?"

"He did, mother."

"Well, didn't I say so all the time? but you wouldn't believe me. No—no, just as if I couldn't see into a mill-stone just as far as anybody. Come now, par, supposing we rake up the fire and go to bed? I wonder if Miss Arnold knows what her husband has been about? I declare, Amy, if a backslider ever can get into the fold, your father has lifted that poor sheep half over the wall. Don't you think so, Joshua?"

"What were you saying, wife?" replied Leonard, taking up the great fire shovel.

"There now, did you ever!" cried the mother, appealing to Amy, with both her hands uplifted. "Why, par, I was talking about neighbor Arnold."

"Yes, yes, God be with him!"

"And about your prayer."

"Don't speak of that. Prayers should not be talked about."

"And why not as well as sermons?"

"Because if good for anything, they rise to God, and ought to be left there."

"See," whispered the mother, leaning toward Amy. "Look in his face, and remember what I said about angels unawares."

Amy did look in her father's face. Its rough features were in a glow of thankfulness: no lake ever took the sunshine more genially than that face reflected the pious ardor of his soul. Every look seemed to thank God that a human soul was on its way to salvation.

"Oh! father, is it possible? Will he have the strength to break off that terrible habit?" she said.

"Ask God to give him strength, my darter."

"I—I?" murmured Amy, shrinking back with a look of affright, for she remembered how she had deceived her parents, and all the sinfulness of her conduct rushed upon her with a violence that made her faint.

Leonard was shoveling ashes over the fire, darkening the room; thus he did not remark her dismay, and she crept to her bed without a word, too happy for sorrow, and yet with a cloud upon her heart. Alas! this human love, how it stands between the soul and its God!

CHAPTER XIV.

Arnold was a self-sufficient egotist, and considered his own will, in every case, the higher law. He possessed intense pride, but of that

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rude sort which is distinguished by an entire absence of sensitiveness or delicacy. Nay, I give his ruling passion the wrong term, it was arrogance, which takes its root in vanity, not that laudable pride which springs from self-esteem. This young man did not even desire to respect himself, his intellect was too sharp for that species of self-deception. It was enough for him that others recognized his pretensions, and yielded to the force of character, which rushed headlong on the right or wrong with equal impetuosity. But one little grain of pure love can, for a time, soften the hardest nature; and, in a character like this, many fine traits are sure to be found, rendering the evil that predominates still more dangerous.

That evening Arnold's better nature had been uppermost. He had put the young French girl and her unascertained wealth into the background; and Amy stole, like an angel of light, into his heart, calling forth every gentle feeling of which it was capable.

He had gone to the cabin with systematic caution, intending to conciliate the poor girl, and re-establish his influence over her entirely; for he began to dread the result if her sensitive nature were outraged beyond its strength. So far his plans, and even wishes, were all afloat. Men can be fastidious without one particle of true delicacy; and even a refined nature may, and will, sometimes, recoil from the love which is too evident in a woman. Had one doubt assailed Arnold of Laura's devotion to himself, he would have been restless and eager for a conquest so flattering to his vanity; but that warm and noble heart had betrayed itself too early for him to feel his triumph in all its zest. In fact, he had already made it a matter of calculation. How much power, how much wealth, how much of position could this love secure to him? These were the questions. He did not hesitate at the most cruel social treason that man is guilty of—but the reward, that must be certain and substantial.

It was difficult to obtain an account of the true position which Paul and his sister occupied. The letters of introduction, with which they were abundantly furnished, spoke of them generally as persons occupying an honorable place in society, of good family, and possessed of wealth. But the exact amount, and how much belonged exclusively to the sister, was the doubt which kept him in suspense. But there was plenty of time. The girl loved him, and Arnold was a man who knew how to wait.

But it was necessary to conciliate and control Amy Leonard. She had been urged too far. If once satisfied of his indifference, she might appeal to her father for help, notwithstanding her solemn promise of secrecy. While in doubt of Laura's attachment, he had been imprudently reckless regarding Amy; but now that his restless vanity was appeased in that quarter, this must be remedied. With this object he had visited Amy again, but the man was not all evil, and the love which had been a part of his boyhood, rose through his selfish nature like incense in a prison; for the time he put all ambitious projects aside, it was both his policy and his pleasure to meet that affectionate nature half way. Besides there was something of mystery and daring in the affair, which seemed like an adventure.

As Arnold rode home, the sweet figure of Amy Leonard kept with him. Deep feeling had rendered her something more than the lovely child he had been weak enough to marry. That which was timidity once, had now mellowed down to deep and delicate tenderness. The gentle reticence of her character had a peculiar charm, when contrasted with the energy and almost reckless frankness of Laura's. He was drawing these contrasts, and thinking over the scene through which he had just passed on his way home.

The snow was thickly trampled along his way, and muffled the steps of his horse, so that the stillness made his reverie like a dream, and his horse took a wrong turn leading him toward Norwich. All at once he became conscious of a figure walking toward him in the darkness, and, checking his horse, he waited for it to come up; for he was not quite sure of his position.

"Hallo, friend!" he said, "can you tell me which way I am going, my head is completely turned? Do these lights come from Norwich?"

"Benedict, is it you?" answered a kindly voice, "and asking that question? What! lost in the old town, my boy?"

"What, father!" exclaimed the young man, drawing in his horse sharply, "coming home as usual?"

"No, not as usual, Benedict. I haven't been to the old place since that night. God forgive me that I ever went there—God forgive us all!"

"But you have been out every night—I have hardly had a chance to speak a word with you since."

"Don't speak of it again, Benedict, I can't bear it. God help me, I am trying to forget what you said, but such words burn into the brain; you might as well try to rub out a scar.

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It is God's mercy they didn't draw me back again."

"Back where?"

"To the tavern—to the tavern!"

"And if you haven't been to the tavern, what takes you out so late at night, I should like to know?"

"I have been to meeting every night since then," answered the old man, meekly—"every night."

"To prayer-meeting!" cried the young man, drawing up his horse with a jerk which made him run backward. "To prayer-meeting!"

"Every night—every night. At first I crept in when they were all on their knees, and hid in corners; but some of the brothers saw me, and would make me come in among the rest, so I did; and to-night——"

"Well, what folly did you commit to-night, sir?"

"To-night I knelt down before them all, and asked my old neighbors to pray for me."

"You did!"

"Yes, it was all I could do; for the Evil One had been struggling with me all day. Up to the very meeting-house steps he followed me with that awful thirst. The tavern was in sight, with the bar room door open. Every breath I drew was parched; but I shut my eyes close, and staggered into the meeting-house, and down upon my knees. Some one was praying, and when the others joined in the 'Amen!' I held both hands on my mouth to stifle the cry for something to drink that rose up from my breast, choking back the Amen, as I have seen snakes strangle little innocent birds when they were attempting to fly."

The old man's voice was broken. You could feel that he shivered, and would have been struggling still, but for the exhaustion that had prostrated his strength. There was something so heart-broken and humble in his tones, that the hardest heart must have grown pitiful under them.

But Arnold had found in this painful confession a source of uneasiness far greater than lay in any degree of intemperance that his father could have reached. He knew well how near true brotherhood approaches to actual confession of sins and short-comings—better a thousand times drunkenness than this dangerous repentance!

"And so you have changed folly for treason, old man," he said, with a degree of sternness that was almost savage. "In one way or another you are determined to ruin or disgrace the family!"

"No, no! Not the family!"

"Well, your son then—your only son—I suppose, that these sanctified people will sweep out every thought of your life for them to pray over and denounce. They would consider it a duty to drag every foible or mistake of your family through the open church."

"No, no. I wouldn't do that. I will confess everything to God; but, as for the rest, Benedict, I would rather die and be lost forever and ever than see a hair of your head harmed. I would, boy, just as sure as I live, so don't be afraid."

"Afraid!" repeated Arnold, with a sneer. "Did you ever see anything like cowardice in your son, old man?"

"Dear, no! You were always brave as a lion. I've seen you strike at your mother when she wanted to put you in the cradle; we thought it very funny, when your little fist wasn't bigger than a walnut; but now it's terrible to see it clenched, as you did the other night!"

"And as I will again, old man, if that infernal subject ever comes up."

"It must, once more," said the old man, meekly.

"Never, sir, unless you wish me to forget that you are my father. I tell you it was the dream of a drunkard."

"No, Benedict, no! I did not drink then!"

"I tell you, sir, it was nothing else!" cried the young man, through his clenched teeth. "Do not attempt to torture such nightmare visions into facts. For your own sake—for my mother's sake, I warn you."

"Oh! Benedict, how I wish you could make me believe this; but I can't—I can't!"

"You had better, sir, or this new religious fit will end in mischief."

"No, Benedict, it will end in death, for it has been gnawing at my heart ever since."

"Drive it away then. I tell you it is all a lie."

"Oh! don't—don't, my son. It makes me tremble to hear you. Remember, though you and I are all alone, God hears us, and He knows all."

"Then He knows that you are crazy with drink, and have been for years."

The old man groaned heavily, and, drawing close to the horse, seemed about to press some other argument on his son; but Arnold backed his horse, wheeled him fiercely, and dashed away, leaving the heart-broken father standing in the snow. With his dull eyes, bloodshot with thirst rather than drink, following his wild flight

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toward home, the old man fell on his knees in the beaten snow.

"Oh! my God! my God! what can I do?" he sobbed, lifting his clasped hands to heaven, in a passion of entreaty. "Look upon me, oh! Lord, for I am a miserable old man—broken down, helpless, trying to be good, and yet thirsting for my old sin. Help me! help me! or I shall go back, now, now; for where else is there a place for me on earth?"

He looked vaguely around, as if expecting some answer; but the far off beat of those retreating hoofs was all the sound he heard. He looked upward—a single star would have given him light, and perhaps hope, but the sky was drifted over with clouds, and all was dark.

He arose, wearily, and turned his face toward the town. How could he go home, with that fierce son ready to receive him with bitterness and reproach? How meet the wistful look of his wife, which had questioned him so often but never upbraided him? These things had not troubled him much when his brain was misty with drink; but, now that his thoughts were unnaturally keen, and his conscience awake, he had no courage to go home. Nay, such had been the effect of his son's sneer, that he began to shrink from the impulses of religion that had led him to the meeting that night. True enough he was only an old broken down drunkard—what business had he to hope anything from prayer? Had not the Almighty drawn a vail of clouds across the sky that he might know his day of grace had passed away forever?

He stood, hopelessly thinking over these painful fancies, with his hands loosely locked, and hanging down, like a child waiting to be led away. Then he lifted his face slowly, and looked toward the town. A single light shone from its terraces of snow—a reddish, evil-looking light that burned later than any other in Norwich. As a wild beast grows frantic at the sight of blood, the old man felt the influence of the fatal gleam. A fiercer thirst seized upon him. His brain began to burn with feverish desire; great drops of perspiration trembled on his forehead, notwithstanding a sharp wind turned them cold as they rose. Eager and famished—forgetting God and man—he turned upon the track that was leading him home. Keen desire gave him vigor: he walked heavily along the highway, muttering to himself like a lunatic that had escaped his keepers.

The light grew broader and more lurid; like the eye of a fiend, it blinked and blazed, and lured him on. The frozen breath melted on the fever of his lips, and his chest heaved with wolfish appetite.

He had reached the slopes of the town. The tavern stood on one of the lower ridges of the hills, sheltered by an old willow tree. The rusty hinges of a sign creaked on one of the lower branches, and the naked boughs whispered drearily, welcoming the old man back with sighs.

A great fire blazed through the bar-room windows, and he already saw the shadows of his old friends moving against the glass.

"They will be glad to see me, at any rate," he said, rubbing his hands eagerly. "I wonder who will treat when they get me back from—from—oh! my God, from the meeting."

That instant a light hand was laid on his shoulder, and a low voice, full of kindness, made him turn. It was his wife—the home-angel, whom a pitying fervor had sent to bring the old man back.

They stood together, in the light which streamed from the bar-room windows. The riot of many voices came coarsely toward them. The sign shrieked overhead, as if it were a fiend to whom the presence of a creature so pure gave terrible pain. Her delicate face was bright with the frost, and softened with compassion. There was something of the old girlish look in her eyes—so earnest and full of love—something, too, in the dress; for she had wrapped herself in Hannah's scarlet cloak, and the hood looked richly warm around her forehead and against her cheek.

"Anna!" he said, tenderly, "Anna!"

"Yes, husband, I am here; don't think it strange, but this is your birthday, so I sat up waiting. Hagar would make some coffee against you come home; it was so hot and nice I got impatient, and came out to meet you; for Hagar don't like her good things to go to waste."

"Poor Anna! and so you came all this way?"

"Oh! it's nothing, Ben, you have walked farther than this after me, many a time; besides, climbing the hills after you got here."

"Ah! that was when we were courting, Anna, and the road seemed short."

"But the love which made it short hasn't changed, though we are getting old, Ben. Come, put your arm around me, as you did in those old times, and let's go home. It is cold here. Ah! now I am warmer. This is comfortable. See how clear the road shines since the clouds went off. It looked like snow when I came out; now the stars are bright as diamonds."

The old man lifted his eyes, and a thousand stars smiled down upon him brighter and more

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pure, by far, than the red glare which had beckoned him through the tavern windows. His look fell slowly to the face of his wife. She had nestled close to his side, and, clinging to his arm, pointed down the path of snow, as it wound off homeward under the smiling heavens.

"That is our way," she said, softly. "You must find it now, for I am tired of looking down."

Her cloak fluttered open with the wind. He folded it, tenderly, around her, and held it in place with his arm. Her heart swelled. She remembered the old times, when that was the fashion in which they had always walked together, when alone under the stars.

After all, the power of good is stronger than that of evil; and oh! how much more beautiful! This gentle woman, who possessed scarcely more than the force of a child, had won her husband from a terrible temptation, with a few loving words, uttered with tact as well as tenderness. The thirst of a tyrant habit, and the anguish of a great trouble, were both forgotten under her sweet allurements.

"And do you know where I have been this evening?"

"No, I met Benedict; but he was riding fast, and did not see who it was, I think."

"Oh! you met him—our son?"

"Yes, husband, our first-born," she said, tenderly.

"How we used to love the child! You remember, Anna?"

"Used to love him! How we *do* love him! Who could help it? he is so brave and strong. I feel like a child by his side."

"And so you are, Anna."

"Like a child that has a little fear mixed with its love. Do you know, husband, I am always afraid of doing something that he does not like? And so is Hannah. I am sure of that; but then he is so perfect."

"Anna, would it kill you if he were not? If he had faults—if——"

"Ah! husband, we all have faults. What a terrible thing if we ceased to love one another because of that!"

"Yes, I know how good you are—how much you can forgive. You need not tell me so—I feel it here."

"Oh! I didn't mean that; but then it is so pleasant to be walking with you in this way, and chatting about the children. Of course Benedict has faults, but what of that? You and I mustn't see them, you know."

"Yes, it is possible to forgive faults, even such as mine have been, because, perhaps, you think it a duty."

The little woman shook her head, and muttered,

"No, no! She had nothing to forgive. He had come home with her pleasantly, and that was enough of happiness for one night. Indeed, she loved him dearly, and always should, no matter what came or went."

But he clung to the first idea with a tenacity that surprised her. "Could she forgive a crime in one she loved—a great crime, for instance, such as murder, or—or—well, there was no worse crimes than that—could she forgive murder in her husband, or her son? Of course he meant nothing serious; but could she?"

"Yes, she could forgive even that, and—and——"

The husband drew a deep breath, but, noticing her hesitation he questioned her again.

"And what, Anna?"

"And die!" she answered, in a solemn whisper.

His face clouded again, and they walked on some moments without speaking. Then he broke away from the subject altogether, and told her where he had been that evening, and of his interview with Leonard at "the Falls."

He felt her arm steal around him, from under her cloak, as he went on, and when he looked down into her face the tears were falling over it like summer rain.

"I knew it would come before the end," she said. "From the glow at my heart, these few days back, I felt that it was near."

When he told her of his great temptation, and of the weakness which had followed it, she began to sob and murmur words of meek thankfulness that she had gone forth as the wish arose. It was like an interposition of heaven, she said, and the reward was that long, happy walk, so unlike anything they had known for years.

The husband sighed drearily. There was a heaviness at his heart which she must never know, or she would "forgive and die." He did not mention having met his son that night; and she, sweet soul, was quite unconscious that bitter strife lay between them.

They reached home, at length, and found Hagar sitting up in the kitchen, with two old-fashioned china cups and saucers set out on a round stand, where a snow-white cloth had been spread. She had been impatiently snuffing the candle, and making herself uncomfortable for more than an hour, and was ready to give her master and mistress a piece of her mind which

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would mean something, when they came in. But when Mrs. Arnold appeared, muffled in her red cloak, from which she shook the frost with a smile, the house slave relented, and, instead of expressing her mind, according to promise, she helped Mr. Arnold off with his great coat, giving him an approving glance, as she hung it up; and, uncovering a dish in one corner of the fire-place, revealed the plump bosoms of a pair of quails that lay snugly nestled there. Then she took a coffee-pot, with a conical top, from the other corner, and began to pour the contents out, "good and strong," as she said, while the master and mistress sat down to enjoy a supper which the sharp air and a long walk had rendered doubly acceptable.

"Where is our son?" inquired Mrs. Arnold, as she drew her seat to the table, and began to carve the quails. "Go call him, Hagar. The girls are in bed long ago, but he must be up yet."

Hagar drew herself up, looking very like a black bantam when its mate is disputed, and observed, in her choicest language, that "Mr. Ben had turned up his nose at her invitation to wait till his parents came in, and went up stairs stamping with his boots like a trooper, without so much as saying, 'No, thank you,' a piece of business that she was sartin Dan would a made a touse about, if he hadn't been in the barn shelling corn, and consecontly hadn't known nothing about it. She hadn't a doubt but young Mass' Arnold was a-bed and asleep, and she didn't want to disturb no gemman's depose, not she."

"Never mind, I will go myself, Hagar," said Mrs. Arnold. "Just bring another cup and saucer."

With these words she stole away up stairs, smiling back upon her husband—whom she considered doubly her property since the night's rescue—and hoping that Benedict would be in a condition to come down and share her happiness, not to speak of a little feminine triumph that broke up from the depths of her innocent heart, at the conquest which she had achieved over the Evil One.

She stole softly into her son's room. His candle was put out, but she could see by the starlight reflected over the snow, that he was in bed with his face turned to the wall. She bent over him, holding her breath; but when he did not move, she pressed a kiss, light as a roseleaf, on his forehead; tucked up the blue and white counterpane with a sigh of content, and went away; followed by his glittering eyes, for he had turned his head to look after her with a touch of remorse. What if his father should confide in her? By what horrible mismanagement was the old man let into his secret? This was a source of continual anxiety which made him almost hate his father, and quite fear his mother, for he would have died rather than that good woman should know him as he was. When she left that kiss on his forehead, and tucked up his bed in the old-fashioned way, he felt the tears steal to his eyes, and murmured something which betrayed the tender regrets that her gentleness and loving faith awoke in his heart.

"Mother!" he said, calling her.

She came back and sat down on the side of the bed, glad to hear his voice. "Well, my son!"

"Did you wish to speak with me about anything?"

"Yes, Benedict, I wanted to tell you how happy I am, how good the Lord has been. Oh! my son, I shall never have the sorrow of seeing you condemn father again. He has come back to his old self, and this is his birthday."

"Mother!" said the young man, quickly, "did you ever know my father break a promise?"

"Break a promise! No, indeed. They could never kill his good principles so far as that."

"And you think he loves me?"

"Think he loves you! You, his only son—what a question! Better than his life, I'm sure."

"I suppose it's a wild sort of question, but I have had little knowledge of him these late years."

"No, he has not been quite himself, but that is all over now. He is a changed man—no, not a changed man, but his old self again; we shall live to be proud of him yet, Benedict. That is what I came up for. I want you to forget what you saw in that room when he was asleep there. I thought it was my duty to let you know everything then: but since, what I did has troubled me dreadfully. It was wrong to betray my husband's fault; my cheek grows hot when I think of it. I will beg his pardon before we go to sleep this night. If you hadn't been in bed, I'd a done it before you both; but somehow I cannot forgive myself."

Arnold had not been listening to this womanly speech: deeper and darker thoughts occupied him. At last he said very abruptly,

"Mother, send him up here before he goes to bed. My father, I mean."

"Yes, my son, but speak kindly to him—of course you will though."

"Yes, mother, I will—that is the best way,

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you think, to control—to influence him, I mean?"

"Oh! yes, only be respectful and good-natured. Now I'll go down and pour out his coffee."

The mother hastened down stairs and settled herself by the little table; while her husband, with child-like delight, drained the strong coffee in his cup, and talked pleasantly with Hagar, who, woman like, gave out stray enticements for the praise which her fine cooking had so well deserved.

Thus with the craving appetite, and the weary soul both appeased, Mr. Arnold began to feel once more as the master of his own house. There was an atmosphere of respect about him which awoke all the dignity that had been so nearly dead in his nature.

When the little supper was over, and Hagar began to mutter about raking up the fire, Mrs. Arnold told her husband that Benedict was awake, and wanted to see him before he went to bed.

The old man turned pale at this and began to tremble, but he strode up stairs, heavily, and went into his son's room.

From that night Arnold ceased to sneer at, or revile his father; on the contrary, his demeanor became more than respectful, not servile, that to his nature was impossible, but he was, at all times, on the alert to help or defend his father: yet there was a sort of terror between them all the time. In this world, a secret which gives one man power over another, always brings with it the curse of alienation.

A week after this, Arnold and his guests were ready to go away. The visit had been both pleasant and eventful to the young people; but love, which is strong in most things, cannot control time or circumstance: so, with many a regretful sigh, the party broke up.

That night Arnold managed to see Amy alone. She was very sad, this unacknowledged wife: and the young man was himself greatly depressed. They had been talking earnestly, the loving eloquence was still in her eyes; and her lips quivered like those of a grieved infant.

"Oh! if you would only let me tell my father and mother I wouldn't care," she said, clinging to him, and, pleading with her innocent eyes so earnestly, that even he was moved to kiss away the tears that trembled in them.

"Be still, child. To no living soul shall you breathe a secret of mine. I must have obedience or nothing."

Amy drew a deep sob, and drooped into a submissive attitude. "Well," she said. "Well, it is my duty; you are my husband."

Arnold frowned and grew thoughtful.

"Are you offended with me, Benedict?" whispered the young wife, leaning her arm softly on his shoulder.

"No, Amy; but I feel unsafe, this promise is not enough; you mean to keep it, I know; but will you be strong enough?"

"I will—I will! Don't look so black."

He looked up suddenly. "You would keep an oath, I know."

She blanched white and began to tremble. "An oath, Benedict!"

"Yes; come here, put your two hands between mine. What on earth makes you so white? There, kneel down. Well, well, stand up, it makes no difference. Now swear before the God, who is our only witness, never to tell any living mortal that you and I are man and wife, till I give you permission."

"I—I——" she attempted to go on, but the words froze on her lips, and, holding out her arms imploringly, she fainted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY BROTHER.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

We name thee gently by the hearth
That echoed with our childhood's mirth,
And from each heart comes up a sigh,
The blinding tear dims every eye.

Thou wast so good, nor lacked thy love
Kind words or deeds its depths to prove;
But, when death came, then felt we most
How true the friend that we had lost.

We sing the song you loved again,
Our voices tremble with the strain;
We miss the deep, familiar tone,
That blended sweetly with our own.

I steal into thy study room,
The books I see amid the gloom—
All things as thou didst leave them there—
But vacant is thy study chair.

I had not thought that thou couldst die—
So young, so strong, with hopes so high—
So fearless of all things that bind
And fetter the aspiring mind.

But long has dust been on thy brow—
Those dreams are all forgotten now—
The moonbeams, shining o'er the hill,
Fall on thy grave all pale and still.

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EYES.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

The flowers and the stars speak a moving language; but from the eye beams what will endure when fragrance and light are no more.

The eye speaks with an eloquence and a truthfulness surpassing speech. It is the window out of which the winged thoughts often fly unwillingly.—TUCKERMAN.

The angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows.—EMERSON.

I CAN see no special reason why I may not devote a chapter exclusively to Eyes, since they are at once the principal and striking feature of the face; principal, because it is to them we direct our gaze, our smiles, our words; striking, because they possess the power to fascinate and electrify. Who ever fell in love with a nose?—who ever felt his heart smote by a chin?—it is the Eye, sir, the Eye, madam, that swallows up all time in a single glance!

I am in the country at the time of this writing, in the little seven by nine library, to which my aunt Jane has pleasantly consigned me; where no sound comes save the bay of a hound, and the occasional crack of a rifle from the distant smoke-veiled forests; and where, by inclining my unworthy head to the window, I see a broad autumnal landscape lying asleep in the rich sunshine, and watched by the kindly sky. Perhaps it was its blue that set me thinking of the subject of this present discourse; perhaps it was this pleasant silence that has turned my thoughts backward, rambling and dreaming over the days agone—over the visions, the voices, the glances which the waves of Fate have drifted from me—or drifted me from them, or both! Eyes, was it? Thank you for recalling me!

The first eyes "worthy of note"—as the reporter of the U. S. A. F. says—are those glimmering, dimmering, shimmering, gray-blue orbs, wherein we see sunshine and shadow, and all manner of flitting fancies, chasing each other round the never-ending circle. Shade them with dark fringes and they are often taken for black eyes. They are the best kind of eyes for flirtation, and the person who sports them is *bon compagnon* for any one.

There is your common blue eye, from which screen me—not because they are so common, (because violets are common, and we love them still,) but because they are so perpetually dead! so same! Be they gazing on Niagara or Mont Blanc, a fresh rose or a beautiful face—be they reflecting the lamps of a festival, or looking down upon a prosy breakfast-table—reading the carnival at Rome, or the agricultural department in the Herald, they are the same calm, unconscious, automatonical eyes, fixed stars! neither lightening nor darkening at anything. These are the eyes that "take in" your dress, if you are in trouble and perplexity, their composed stare only irritates you the more; if your spirits rise and run over in the form of sallies, jokes, and absurd little fancies, they open upon you in stupid wonder, "and remain entrenched in the fortress of material propriety." They are the worst eyes in the world to get along with. You must adapt yourself to their level sobriety, or else there must be silence in the stage-coach.

There is the common black eye which you meet every day, roguish, merry, and pretty; generally accompanied by a quick, vivacious, and spunky nature—such eyes as we instinctively lift ours to for ready sympathy, when anything ludicrous occurs. I have seen many and many such eyes! brave and hopeful, and bound to make the best of everything are they: and they shed the fewest tears of all.

There is the hazel eye, and I am honest when I say that I never, never met—among all the eyes that I have seen—but *one* pair of real, actual hazel eyes—the greenish, gray eyes! They were on the cars, allied to golden brown hair, and, as my memory deepens to details, a resolute, yet *nonchalant* mouth, a gray dress with a collar like snow, nice gloves, and a coquettish little basket. Happy hazel eyes! may the world have gone well with *you!*

There is the yellowish-brown eye, which bores look through, and which nobody likes! the peering, malicious eyes, which are always turning up in most unexpected places—which are always finding your loose letters—which are always looking over your shoulder under pretence of watching something through the window. They are your tale-bearers, importers of mischief, and wholesale dealers in the affairs of other people.

There is the steel-blue eye which I love, and

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love to love, hard as their name sounds. I have seen but few of them; perhaps half a dozen cases have come under or *over* my observation; for they are always high up, glittering and flashing. They remind one of a bit of summer sky, with a bright star in it, or a sunset ray quivering upon the waves. They are the "blue and gold" editions of eyes, full of life, fire, eloquence, and soul! Now fixed in some dreamy fancy, placid and serene, like still waters glimmering through peaceful groves; and now awakening, blazing, and flashing, like those same blue waters rolled into waves by the gale, and tipped with glittering fire by the sun. Blessed, eagle eyes! high and true as heaven; warm and bright with the blaze of life and truth. I saw them years ago dreaming over a trout stream among the "Verde Monts;" I saw them last night pouring their fire into the hearts of a little audience collected in the little court-house of Caledonia, Minn.; once at Minnehaha; once in the human tide of Broadway; once at the sea-side, and may meet them again!

Lastly, there are the rare, mysterious, velvety-black eyes, which Leland calls "fluid souls in mourning;" and Heine sings of

"A dark eye
Like a sun of jet black fire."

And of "Hedwiga," whose eyes were

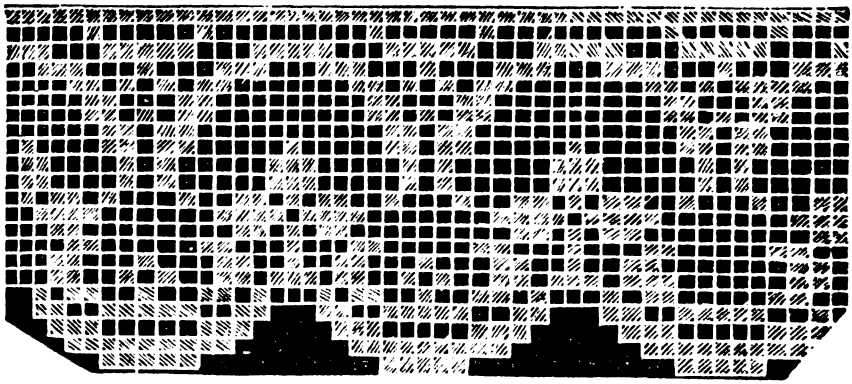
"Like stars in a dark Heaven."

Sad, beautiful, tormenting eyes! Once seen, they haunt you forever with their bewildering abysses of wordless thought; their deep, silent prayers, like a wronged soul looking forth from its prison bars, patiently suffering its bondage, and still looking and yearning for freedom. I have thought that there are no mates for such eyes, they are so deeply, sadly, inapproachably alone!

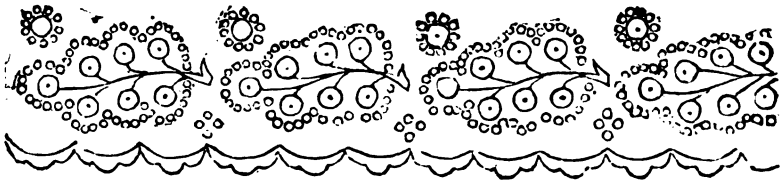
Apropos, I have a legend of my own—one which came to me in dreams—of a great, high angel who sinned, and into whose eyes God looked with a mournful sternness, until they grew dark with hopeless despair, and the angel was sent down to earth, doomed to wander here eternally—passing from prison to prison through generations, centuries, and all time—ever wandering, ever in bondage, and ever looking out sadly and yearningly upon the world.

Perchance those wondrous orbs, which you met in the street, are the same that, centuries and centuries ago, gleamed under the dusky forehead of Italy, or looked out upon the endless twilight of the dreary Northland. It may be but a new prison for the wandering angel.

VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



CROCHET BORDER.



EDGING.

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THE SARATOGA.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This is a new and very beautiful dress, particularly appropriate for summer. The body is low, square, cut on the straight, and buttoning in front; the waist round; the sleeves composed of a puffing cut on the straight, falling over a bell-shape sleeve cut on the bias; at the edge of the bell, as well as round the body, is a chicory ruche. Under the bell sleeve is a double frill of tulle forming a puff. The flounce of the skirt, on the bias, is gathered under a chicory ruche. The *empress* waistband fastens at the side, falling something like a scarf. It is made of silk, and composed of two loops and two long ends, bordered by a narrow quilled frill. The whole dress is very stylish.

We give a diagram, on the next page, by which to cut out the body of the dress.

No. 1. Front of the Body.

No. 2. Back.

No. 3. Side-piece of Back.

No. 4. Little Short Sleeve, on which the puff No. 5, and the frill No. 6 are sewed.

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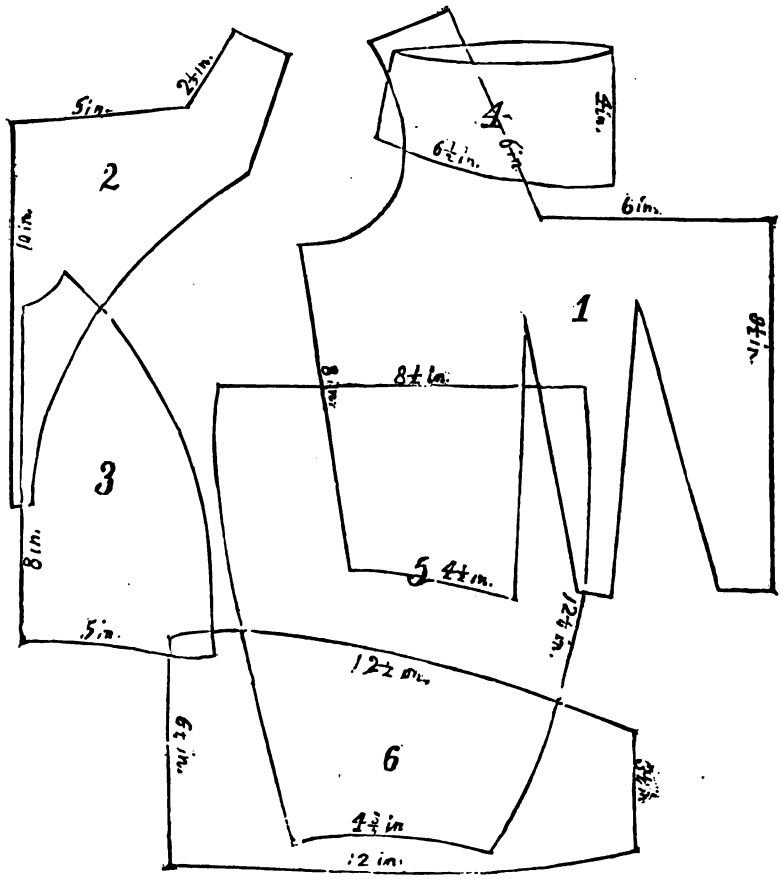
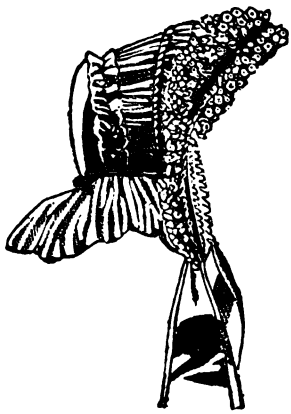


DIAGRAM OF SARATOGA.

NEW STYLES OF BONNETS.



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MAKING THE ROSE.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

This beautiful flower, the Queen of the Garden, is so extensively cultivated that it would be impossible to enumerate here all the different varieties; I will merely give a few—those I think most suitable for tinting and moulding, commencing with the Old China, White Unique, Noisette (clusters of white bloom,) Tea-scented, Madame Bosanquet (beautiful white,) Gens de Battaille, Cloth of Gold, Damask, Tuscan, Maiden's Blush, Cabbage, &c., &c. Fully to describe the peculiarities of each of these would exceed the limits of this work; it will, however, be sufficient for our purpose if I give a few brief remarks relative to those here named. It will suffice to enable the pupil to carry out her wishes as to the character of the particular flower, and the instructions here given for the formation of one will, for all practical purposes, apply equally to all.

The Old China Rose.—The petals are pink, and gradually running off to white toward the base. The flower is semi-double, requires about twenty-five petals, and must be constructed rather loosely, similar to a wild rose, the petals starting immediately from under the stamens, and curling over to a cup-shape.

White Unique and Tea-scented.—Fine double-flowers, with rather large petals, and the edges curled, the outer ones more so than the inner ones. The former is pure white, with a little tinge of greenish yellow cast in the eye of the flower. This is produced by giving a simple splash of pale green at the back of each petal, just above its junction to the stalk. The inner petals have a yellowish eye, which is produced in the same way as the former, only with the suitable tint.

The Noisette (white) is a bunch of roses. This flower is about one-third less than a China rose, very double, the inner petals being rather curled and folded in; there are generally about twelve to sixteen on a stalk, but only six or eight at a time in bloom, and as they drop off the others come on.

Madame Bosanquet.—Fine double flower, pure white, the outer petals a little curled over.

Gens de Battaille.—A French rose, of a beautiful crimson color, and double. The petals must be tinted on both sides with a compound of lake and indigo—the lake must predominate—moistened with gall, and finished with a thin coat of carmine.

Cloth of Gold.—The name of this rose will almost convey which tint of yellow must be chosen. The petals in this flower, as well as the preceding one, must be nicely cupped, and the edges of those toward the outer part of the flower a little curled over.

The Damask.—May be either a pale or dark pink, a semi-double flower, and made somewhat similar to the China rose. This flower is best made half-blown.

The Tuscan Rose.—This is a beautiful variety of the tribe, being of bright maroon; the tinting is similar to the directions given for the Clove. The petals are about thirty or more in number, the stamens very prominent. The largest petals should have the edges curled over a little.

The Cabbage Rose.—This, though an old-fashioned flower, is a good one for modeling, being so double, containing about fifty petals and upward, and arranged very close and compact; the outer petals are pale pink, and gradually deepen as they approach the centre or eye of the flower.

I think I cannot do better than take the above flower as a model for construction, as follows:

First cut four patterns (as shown in diagram) in cardboard, if you then place one pattern in reverse to the other as seen in diagram, it will

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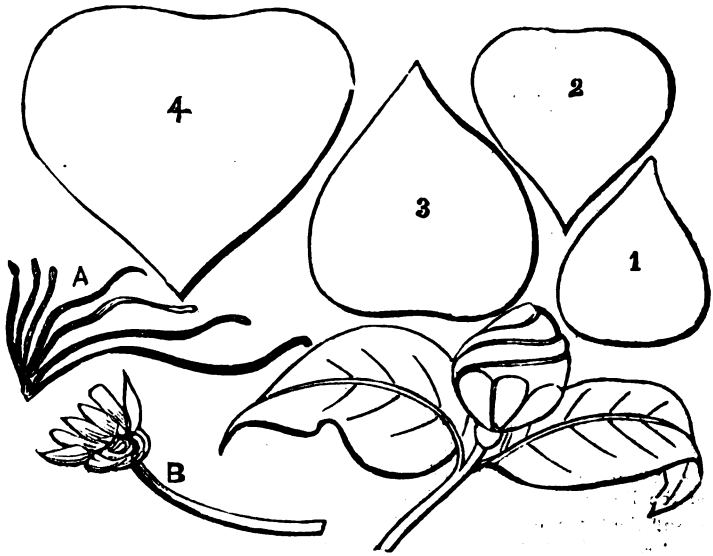

prevent cutting the wax to waste. Cut twelve of No. 1, twenty-two of No. 2, sixteen of No. 3, and ten of No. 4; then proceed pinching the edges of the petals till they appear tolerably thin: whilst pliable place each in the palm of the hand, and make use of the largest ball-tool, A, for No. 3 and 4; for No. 1 and 2, the small ends of C and D; then tint leaves, No. 3 and 4 a pale pink, composed of carmine and white; No. 2, a little more carmine added; No. 1, half of the number a shade darker, and the other half still a degree darker, all graduated to the base of the petal. Then prepare a piece of wire, about nine inches long and stout, roll round the end of it about two inches down, some green wax; place the stamens at the point, and commence fixing the darkest petals of No. 1, taking care to lap each a little over, and pinching some nearly double; slightly compress some, and extend them a little over the stamens, so as to approach nature as correctly as possible, but the next row should be still less compressed. After fixing No. 1, take No. 2, carefully lapping one over the other; and so on with Nos. 3 and 4; so that you keep a cup-like appearance in the centre, as shown in a section of the flower in the engraving.

After fixing on all the petals, draw on the calyx, close up under the petals, and finish down from thence the remaining part of the wire, covering it with green wax. For buds, roll up some pieces of wax the shape of an acorn, only rather more pointed at one end than the other (see engraving;) cut a piece of wire the second thickness, about five or six inches long, fix on a piece of wax, moulded as seen in diagram (fig. B.) Cover each over with bright green wax, and insert the point of the wire protruding in B to A, when a bud will be formed; then finish by adding four or five thin strips of

green wax at the top of the bud, to represent the points of the calyx; for a bud just bursting, after forming the foundation, place round it about three or four, of a bright pink, white, or

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whatever color the rose may be for which the bud is intended, pressing them close together, and leaving perhaps one, if not two, of the edges of the petals a little raised from the other; then cut pieces of green wax, as shown in diagram C, and put round the bud, encircling it gracefully, taking care to rub the lower edges of the green wax, forming the calyx, quite smooth and even, after which fix on the seed-vessel, and the bud is ready. Then join one or two to the flower, and mount with young and full-grown leaves.

POTICHOMANIE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Having received various requests to describe how Potichomanie Vases are made, we have selected and arranged the following article from various sources. It had long been customary to place painted flowers, or patterns of chintz, cut out, and gummed, on the outside of vases, and then to glaze the vases over, so as to give them the appearance of being stone china. At last somebody suggested the idea of placing the figures inside the vase: and hence Potichomanie.

We give, in the way of illustration, to assist new beginners in understanding this beautiful and lady-like amusement, engravings of three vases, in different styles. We also give a number of designs, suitable to be pasted in vases. All the figures on the page, with the greatest care and nicety, must be laid on a larger sheet of white paper, and the mode of disposing of them decided upon. There are figures enough for two tolerably large glass vases, suitable as ornaments for a good-sized *console* or mantelpiece.

The materials are not very numerous or expensive; they consist of—

Vases, of any shape or pattern, provided it be as plain as possible; but those large enough at the neck to admit of the insertion of the hand are decidedly the best.

Flower-pot covers, plates, jugs, wine-coolers, panes of glass for hall or study windows, can all be done in this way.

We will here give a list of most of the necessaries for this work.

Articles Required.—1. Some sheets of colored prints, representing Birds, Flowers, Insects, Chinese Figures, Ornaments, &c.

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2. Glass Vases as are described above, &c., &c., according to the objects to be decorated.

3. Several Hog-hair, round and flat, and Camel-hair brushes.

4. A Bottle of Liquid Gum.

5. A Bottle of Essence of Lavender.

6. A Bottle of Varnish to dilute the colors occasionally, when they become too thick.

7. Several Bottles of ready-prepared colors for grounds; such as Bluish White, Greenish White, or any other shade.

8. A Packet of Gold Powder.

9. A Pair or two of fine Scizzors.

Instructions.—1. The first point is to cut out the designs with all possible exactitude, taking care to remove all the white portion of the paper. For this purpose, small scissors must be used, such as are employed in cutting out embroidery. The designs must be selected according to the style and shape of the vase to be decorated.

2. When a sufficient number of designs have been cut out, the best arrangement for the pattern intended must be tried on a sheet of white paper. Taste and judgment will be required in blending the colors, according to the form and style of the vase, whether Sevres or Chinese porcelain, Japanese and Etruscan vases, &c., &c.

3. The designs cut out are to have a coat of gum spread on the colored side with a brush,

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and must then be immediately applied to the inside of the vase, in the manner previously arranged on the paper: taking care to press them down well, either with the finger or a piece of fine linen, so that no bubbles of air may remain between the vase and the paper. A dry brush may occasionally be used for the purpose, in those parts of the vase which the fingers cannot reach, and for delicate ornaments, requiring particular care, such as the antennæ of butterflies and other insects, small flowers, &c. When the designs are thus secured, one may already judge of the effect.

4. When the vase is perfectly dry, a very fine brush must be used to cover with varnish the designs cut out and gummed upon the vase, carefully avoiding to touch only the glass. When it is perfectly dry, the glass must be carefully cleaned with a piece of fine linen, damped, in order to take off any accidental spots of gum or varnish. If preferred, the back of the designs may be varnished before they are gummed; this is to prevent the oil-color from sinking into the paper; the designs, therefore, must be varnished on the back, and, when dry, gummed on the colored side, and then placed on the vase.

5. When the vase is well cleaned, the shade must be selected that is thought most appropriate for its style. The old Sevres has generally a bluish tint; Chinese porcelain, a greenish, and Etruscan nankeen, &c. A sufficient quantity of the color selected must then be poured into the vase, turning it continually in the same direction until the color is equally spread over every part; the remainder must then be poured out. If preferred, the paint may be applied with a large and very fine brush, beginning at the lower part of the vase. It is extremely important that the designs should adhere perfectly, otherwise the paint will penetrate itself between them and the glass. If it is desired to add a gold band at the mouth, a little gold powder must be mixed with some varnish, and a few drops of the essence of lavender, and then applied with a fine brush. When the inside is perfectly dry, one or two coats of varnish must be laid on with a brush, which renders the vase capable of holding water. As, however, the water might at lengh injure the paint, it is preferable to line it with zinc.

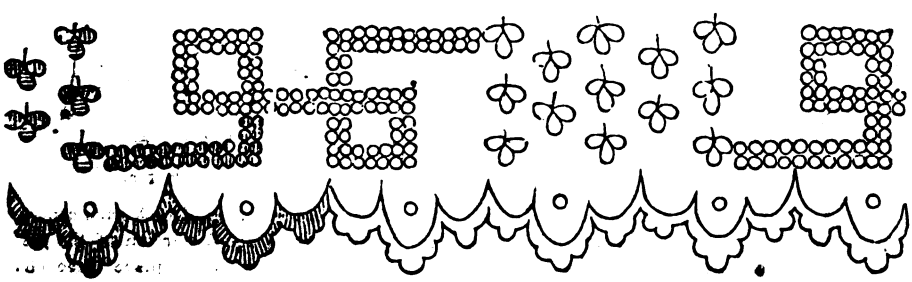
Let the fair artist fix upon the *style* of vase, or other object she wishes to imitate, and get a *real* one of the same description, if possible, and place it before her. If Chinese, like the engraving we have given, it will be advisable to paint the figures in the brightest colors possible; and to those who understand drawing, this will be an amusing occupation.

Of course, the most grotesque the Chinese design is, the better; although we do not mean by that to indulge in caricature.

Very pretty things can be made in the Etruscan and Assyrian style, by cutting out figures *dressed* in black paper, and imitating those well-known designs as closely as possible. We need scarcely add, that the form of the *glass vase*, &c., used for them should also be in accordance with the model from the *antique*. Very beautiful tables, cabinets, &c.; could be produced in this manner, as *transparency* is not required: a hint to those who have taste in these matters is enough.

Painted glass windows may be executed in the same manner as the vase, with the exception that large sheets of plate-glass should be used, and seemingly divided with narrow strips of coarse *brown* packing paper, so as to resemble lead mouldings.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



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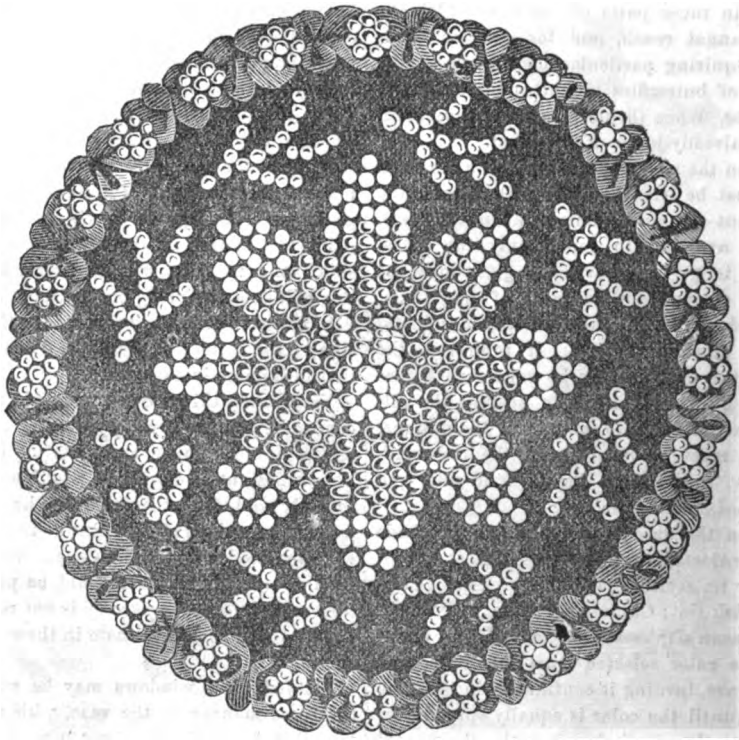
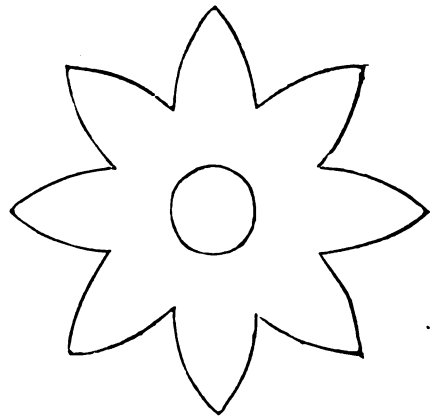
PEN-WIPER, OR INK-STAND.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—No. 20 cotton; a piece of velvet four inches square; half an ounce of beads of each kind, namely, white chalk, crystal, and about forty beads of cut garnet, all to be of the same size; a tiny piece of gold paper, the size of the engraved star; two yards of narrow ribbon at a half penny or a penny per yard; and some fine cloth or colored flannel to make the circles for absorbing the ink, and a piece of black stiff net (such as is used for lining curtains of bonnets) of the same size as the velvet.

First cut in gold paper the size and shape of the engraved star, then cut a circle of velvet a little over three and a half inches in diameter. Tack this circle on to the net, then bind both together at the edge with the ribbon; then mark the centre and place the gold star upon it. Tack down the point of each leaf with one single stitch, and secure it in the same way in the centre. Now thread four garnet beads and mark each division of leaf with four garnet,



SIZE AND SHAPE OF STAR.

then thread six garnet and tack each centre of leaf until within a small portion of the point. At the end of these garnet place three chalk

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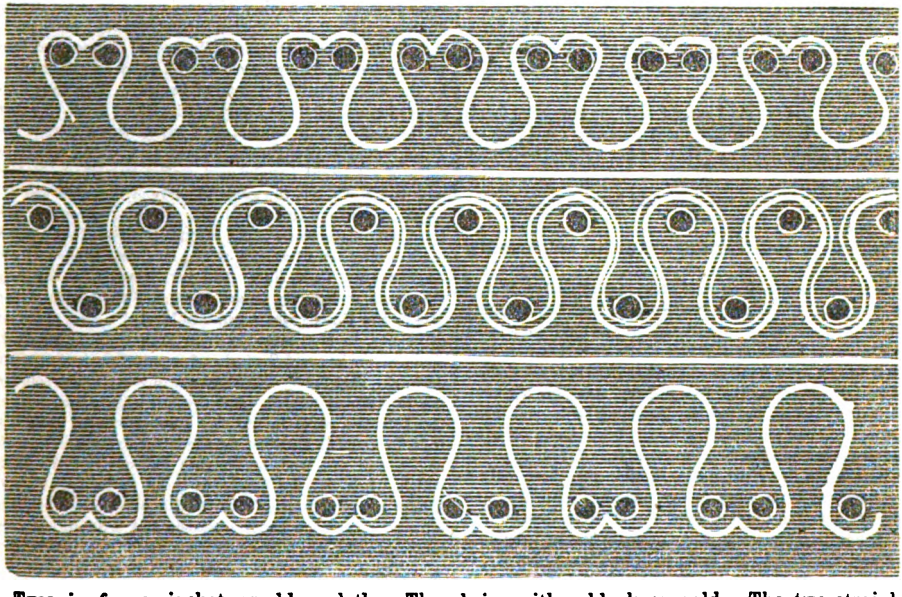
beads. Now fill up the remainder of each leaf with crystal beads—but to terminate at the point of leaf with two or three chalk beads, as may be required.

The centre is formed by threading eight chalk beads and letting them lie in raised loops across, for about four loops, then reversing them so as to form a raised centre.

The detached sprigs are made by threading four crystal beads, making a slanting stitch to the right the length of these four beads, then four beads and a slanting stitch to the left. Then two beads and a straight stitch for the stem. Then again four beads on each side, and two beads straight to finish the stem.

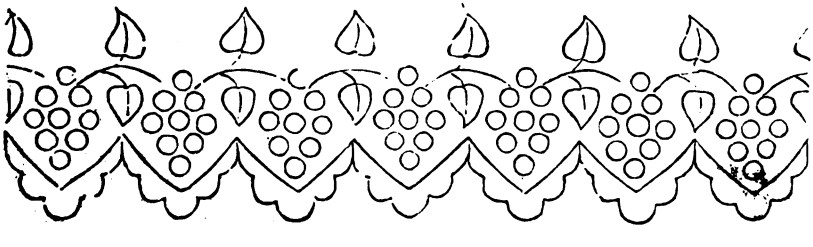
For the Edge.—Run the ribbon up and down in a zig-zag form, so that when drawn up very close it forms a small pointed trimming, sew this on to the edge; and for the bead circles, thread seven crystal beads, place the needle upward through the two first beads which will draw them up in a circle; sew these down on the ribbon; then sew one white chalk bead in the centre.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR JACKET.



This is for a jacket on blue cloth. The centre pattern is in gold-colored braid, and the two side patterns in black braid, the beads being either black or gold. The two straight lines are in the same braid as the centre pattern.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Coquette.—If you could see us now!

Here we sit like so many dummies in a dry goods store, in this great, hotel parlor, lounging on lounges, leaning on window-sills and pianos, fanning furiously, languidly, and lazily, and some coquetting.

There is a girl standing beside the long, flame-colored drapery of the window. I detest her. She is what might be called a "beautiful creature!" Splendid in figure! with eyes whose glances (to those who don't know her) are overwhelming, deep, dark, glorious depths; smiles like those of a siren; tones as flute-like as it is possible for the human voice to be. But were I a man with my present calm, deliberative powers of observation, I would shun these witcheries quicker than the deadliest draught—for oh! she is that soulless creature, a coquette. Practised, wily, deceptive, cunning as the father of evil, false, oh! so false—scorn for men and angels—could angels feel aught but divine pity?

But—pity! to save me I cannot work my reasoning faculties up to this sublime sentiment for her. I feel pity for her dupes, her victims, and even for her flatterers—but for *her!*

> "Know ye not then, said Satan—
> Know ye not me?"

Yes, I know you, Miss Satan Coquette, and, knowing, must despise.

We women can look on coolly and mark the slaughter of the "innocents," as they march up in single and double file, receive her batteries, hover about her, angle for a look; twenty heads bumping together if she drops her handkerchief; forty empty noddles nodding to her slightest wish.

"Fools! twice demented fools!" I cry, stamping my mental foot. "Moths, butterflies, humming-birds, and musquitoes! you will get singed, scorched, burned, and not even a glance of condolence for your misfortune."

There are a few right noble, sensible men here, only a few, however, I am sorry to say, and they bear the same proportion to the ninnies, all the world over, I sometimes think one to a hundred. They measure her, and she frets her very small and silly brain to bring them to her feet—but they know too much. They speak of her beauty as they would of a painting, admire the ornamental frame, the carving and the gilding, and the skill of the great artist—but there they stop. They too, despise her.

There is not far from here a humble home. Look within upon that narrow bed—look if you can without tears—I cannot. See that angelic face—that brow, beautiful as heaven—those eyes, soul in every spark, soft as cloudless skies, bright as the splendor of an angel's wing glancing in the sun—those hands, white as dove's down, and ethereal as a moonbeam—the cheek a fatal red-like blood dropped on snow—the dark locks rolling glossily over a neck of ivory—all these with the face of the widowed mother stamped with a rigid despair, I cannot look upon but through blinding tears. That heart, almost silent now—that living, gentle, worshiping heart, yonder fiendish beauty broke. She did it on system. She worked at her monstrous scheme with cold, calculating caution. She won the treacherous lover from this pure girl—the only bird left out of many in the mother-nest. She made a wreck of him, too. None sing the song of the bacchanal louder than he—none roar their maudlin wit more freely among the devotees of the bottle. Remorse and her neglect have conspired to ruin what might have been a noble manhood; and that coquette, out yonder, will have it all to answer for.

Well, God knows best how and when to let His bolts fall; and that white bosom, calm, cold, and dazzlingly pure as it looks, shall yet burn with a consuming fire, that all the waters of Paradise shall not be able to quench.

The Lady Constance.—Our principal embellishment, this month, is a portrait, by Winterhalter, of one of the beauties of the British court. The lady in question is Constance Gertrude, a daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, and wife of the titular Earl Grosvenor, heir to the Marquisate of Westminster. The duchess herself is still one of the handsomest women in England, and comes of a handsome race, for the mother of the duchess was the lovely Countess of Carlisle, mother of the present earl, and daughter of that famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who was considered, by foreigners as well as by Englishmen, to be the most beautiful woman of her day. The Lady Constance has one of those sweet, spiritualized faces, like that of the Lady Sarah Lennox, (the same whom George the Third, when a young man, wished to marry,) which, in spite of its latent haughtiness, makes everybody in love with it. Mark, too, the graceful curve of the neck and the exquisite droop of the shoulders! We have given this portrait, not only because of its beauty, but also that our fair readers may see what one of the loveliest women of the English court looks like. And yet, beautiful as the Lady Constance undeniably is, are there not thousands of her sex, in the United States, quite as lovely? Hers is a style of beauty, in fact, more common here than in England. Some writer has said that what fine porcelain is to common delf ware, that the high-bred women of the English nobility are to ordinary women. But there is a good deal more of the porcelain style in our fair countrywomen generally than in English beauties, for the latter are too often overruddy, and are wanting in that delicate, refined look, which, when not too fragile, we take to be true Sevres. Where one daughter of the British aristocracy has this ethereal air, as the Lady Constance has, a dozen look like incipient red-nosed washerwomen.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.—The new volume, which begins with the next number, offers a good opportunity to subscribe. Cannot you get up a club, or, at least, send us a new subscriber? The New Hampshire What-Not says of this Magazine:—"Were it left to us to select for every family in the land, our first choice would fall upon 'Peterson's Magazine.' All its contents are of the purest and most refreshing character of all our monthly periodicals. Let those who want a good home Magazine try this one year on our recommendation." And the newspapers, universally say the same.

Dictionary of Needlework.—We have received so many letters, this year, asking the meaning of the abbreviations in Crochet, Knitting, &c., and soliciting information as to the various stitches in Embroidery, that we have reprinted, in a pamphlet the size of this Magazine, "Our Dictionary of Needlework," edited by Mrs. Jane Weaver, and originally published in our volume for 1858. As we print this dictionary only to oblige our readers, we shall sell it for a merely nominal price. Therefore, on the receipt of eighteen cents, post-paid, we will forward a copy by mail.

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HANDSOME EDITIONS OF BULWER.—The publication, by Ticknor & Fields, of the "Household Edition of Waverley," and by T. B. Peterson & Brothers' of the "Household Edition of Dickens," each unusually elegant editions of the respective authors, has stimulated other American publishers to issue handsome editions of other standard modern novelists. Among these are two different editions of Bulwer, one by Harper and Brothers, the other by J. B. Lippincott & Co. The first gives, "The Caxtons," complete in one volume, and in a very pretty volume too. But the edition, by the Philadelphia house, J. B. Lippincott & Co., and in which "The Caxtons" appears in two volumes, is very much handsomer. The type of this last edition, the paper, and indeed everything connected with it, is rivaled only by the "Household Edition of Waverley," published by Ticknor & Fields. We have now elegant American editions of Scott, Dickens and Bulwer. But there is no American edition of Thackeray worthy of a gentleman's library. What enterprizing publisher will undertake it?

COLORED GLASS WINDOWS.—The question is often asked, "To what extent can the decorations of colored glass be properly introduced into private houses?" It is very obvious that, in apartments commonly occupied by the family, and in which they work and read, such a mode of illumination would be wholly unsuitable. In rooms containing pictures, or objects of natural history, or of vertu, colored glass windows are likewise inadmissible. They must be confined to lobbies, staircases, and corridors, where they are seen only in passing, and where the light which they transmit does not interfere with the general effect, either by the tints which they radiate, or by the patches of color which, in sunshine, they throw upon the walls. When, in the country, a window looks into an ugly court, or when in town it faces a blank wall, or an otherwise disagreeable object, the use of colored glass would not be inappropriate, though the same end might be attained by employing gray or roughened glass.

HOME PASTIMES.—This is a new and capital book for the family, being a selection of one hundred Tableaux, how to arrange as to dress, lights, &c., and general rules for producing effect, so carefully given that any family can readily produce these delightful pastimes. It is got up in the publishers' well known style, with illuminated titles, &c., and is sent by mail for one dollar. It is sold also by all principal booksellers. Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, are the publishers. They are also publishers of the elegant book, "Art Recreations," a book on drawing and painting, noticed in another column.

HOW TO WIN HER.—The New Lisbon (Wis.) Republican says:—"Peterson's Magazine is as punctual as the finger of the dial plate. As usual, the May number is filled with material of unabated interest. The ladies all love 'Peterson' for knowing so well how to anticipate their wants; and, young men, if you too wish to be loved, and know it, we can recommend no surer method of securing a gentle glance and extra smile, in this year of ladies' privileges, than to present them with a year's subscription for Peterson's Magazine. Try it, and *success* will be your reward."

THE CLOSE OF A VOLUME.—With this number we close a volume. We are now printing twenty-five per cent. more Magazines than we did at this time last year. We have reason to believe that "Peterson" is the only Magazine whose circulation has increased at this ratio, or indeed increased at all, this season. But there is every indication, that, before the next volume is out, we shall print even more. We shall certainly try our best to deserve a still further increase.

POTICHOMANIE.—By request, we give an article, in this number, on Potichomanie. We will add that ladies desirous of purchasing materials for this still popular species of fancy work, can have their wants attended to by addressing, post-paid, Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 32 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

TRAVELING SATCHELS IN COLORS.—These have been designed expressly for this Magazine by Mrs. Jane Weaver. Are they not beautiful? Recollect, no other Magazine, in this country, gives original designs; and no English, French, or German periodical gives prettier ones.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Say and Seal. By the author of "Queechy" and "Dollars and Cents." 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The authors of this new novel are two sisters, already favorably known to the reading community. Few fictions, indeed, secured so rapid a popularity as "Queechy," and "The Wide, Wide World," and though "Dollars and Cents" was less successful, even it rose to a very large circulation. The present work will hardly, however, increase the reputations of its writers. Diffuseness was always a fault of the Warner sisters, but "Say and Seal" is even more diffuse than their earlier productions. The principal character may be a fair representation of a certain kind of schoolmaster, but he is not the accomplished gentleman which he is held up to be. Perhaps Faith, the heroine, is the most successful hit in the book: she is unquestionably the best person. There is little novelty in the plot. Having discharged our duty by noticing these short-comings in the book, we are glad to be able to say that the authors appear heartily to love Nature, and that, in consequence, there are descriptive passages, scattered everywhere through the pages, which bring before us the scent of clover, the hum of bees, the fragrance of apple-blossoms, and the sound of moonlit waves softly lapping the sandy shore. The tone of the book, too, is eminently good.

Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D. D. Vol. I., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is one of the best books of its kind ever written. It shows, in a rapid, but masterly manner, how the successive intrusion into England of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, formed the existing institutions, and moulded the social life of the Englishmen of to-day. It has taken long and deep study of English history, as well as a singularly comprehensive intellect, to produce this volume. In volumes yet to come, Dr. Vaughan designs to show the influence of religion, and other causes, in revolutionizing England. The book is handsomely printed.

Mitchell's New Intermediate Geography. 1 vol., 4 to. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—Philadelphia has always kept the lead in the publication of good school-books. The work now before us is a system of modern geography designed for the use of schools and academies; illustrated by twenty-three copper-plate maps; and embellished (as well as further illustrated) with a hundred engravings. The old fame of Philadelphia will lose nothing by this publication, which is one of the best of its class, if not the very best.

Mademoiselle Mori. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The scene of this story is laid in Rome, during the Revolution of 1848–9. The characters are well drawn, but the story is rather prolix. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Life of Kit Carson. By Charles Burdett. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans.—A well written account of the celebrated Rocky Mountain hunter, trapper, and guide, Kit Carson.

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Life Before Him. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.*—This is by an anonymous author, but one of very considerable ability. Not that the novel, as a novel, is so superior. But the writer is plainly a man of thought, who often says very good things and rarely says bad ones. He would write better essays, we think, than novels, only the essays would probably be unread, while the novel finds thousands to peruse it, didactics and all. Apparently the author has seen not a little of the half-vagabond, half-ideal life of second class artists and literary men in our great cities. There is some nonsense in the book about the relations of publishers and authors, which looks as if the writer was a young man, who had not yet got over the nursery notion, that every publisher, who will not ruin himself by printing unsaleable books, is a tyrant and fool. As booksellers print books to make money, self-interest will always teach them to publish what they think will sell; and as they are the parties who risk the money in the transaction, surely they have a right to decline entering on it, if they suppose the book will not succeed. Often, we know, they make a mistake, but more often they decide correctly. Scott, Macaulay, Johnson, and other first-class authors never joined in this absurd cry against publishers. The book is neatly printed.

A Voyage Down The Amoor; with a Land Journey through Siberia, and incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan. By Perry McDonough Collins. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The author of this work was the United States commercial agent at the Amoor river. He had, therefore, a much better opportunity of making accurate observations respecting Tartary, Siberia, &c., than if he had merely traveled hastily through those regions. We find the book very interesting.

Poems, Lyrical and Idyllic. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Charles Scribner.*—Of the poems in this volume, some are witty, others pathetic, some lyrical, others idyllic, some descriptive, some emotional, but all are more or less excellent, while no one is positively bad. "Bohemia," "Flood-Tide," "The Freshet," "Rosemary," "Heliotrope," and the "Ode, Glimpses of Heaven," exhibit, in different ways, great promise.

Our Bible Class, and the Good that came of it. By Caroline E. Fairfield. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.*—The object of this novel is sufficiently set forth in its title. The author is one of our most popular contributors, but in this little work she has surpassed any previous effort. We know no story of its kind which is more interesting, or which will prove so acceptable to the religious community in general. It is handsomely printed.

Tylney Hall. By Thomas Hood. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*—A republication of a novel, that made quite a noise, when it first came out, a quarter of a century ago. The character of Unlucky Joe is admirably drawn and is full of humor. In other respects, too, the novel is superior. The volume is printed in the handsome style which distinguishes all the publications of Tilton & Co.

Walter Ashwood. A Love Story. By Paul Siogvolk, author of "Schiediam." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York; Rudd & Carleton.*—A somewhat extravagant story, but with bits of real eloquence scattered here and there, and in other respects also not without merit. The volume is beautifully printed on that cream-colored paper which is so delightful to the eye of your true book-fancier.

Our Living Representative Men. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Childs & Peterson.*—This is a well-written account of the leading cotemporary politicians and statesmen of the United States. So far as possible, the acts and words of each man are made to define his own position; and all partizan bias is carefully avoided.

The Mill on the Floss. By the author of "Adam Bede." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Everybody expected this second novel, by Miss Evans, to show a falling off; and everybody is agreeably disappointed. "The Mill on the Floss" is quite as good as "Adam Bede." We do not know but that Miss Evans may now be ranked above Charlotte Bronte, for she has vastly more dramatic power, and, in other respects, is hardly inferior. Nobody, since Scott, has drawn character, as Miss Evans draws it. Nor is this novel, in this respect, behind "Adam Bede." Mrs. Tulliver, in her way, is as good as Mrs. Poyser, and Maggie is even better than poor Hetty. Miss Austin only has rivaled Miss Evans in the truthful delineation of character, but Miss Austin had not the power of Miss Evans in other particulars.

Brazil and the Brazilians. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: Childs & Peterson.*—A very valuable work. The authors lived in Brazil for many years, traveled through nearly every part of it, and had unusual advantages for studying the habits and customs of the inhabitants. More than a hundred and fifty engravings, of which some are on steel, illustrate the text. The portrait of the emperor, which adorns the volume, might pass, by-the-by, for that of one of the wittiest and most gentleman-like of our Philadelphia editors.

Holmby House. By the author of "Kate Coventry." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A cheap edition of a late English novel, the time of which is laid in the Great Rebellion. The book is not so good as "Kate Coventry," by the same author, but is nevertheless very readable.

Friarswood Post-Office. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—An excellent book for children, written in Miss Yonge's happiest style.

Bertha Percy. By Margaret Field. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A fiction of the school of "Say and Seal," quite as prolix, and not even as well done.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *These receipts have all been tested, either by the author herself, or by some of her friends. Every month, we shall give several receipts, in various departments; and the whole, at the end of the year, will be found to make the most complete cook-book ever published.*

TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Dry Peaches.—Pare and stone the largest peaches; have ready a saucepan of boiling water; put in the peaches and let them boil until they become tender; then lay them on a sieve to drain; afterward weigh them, and put them in the pan they were boiled in, and cover them with their weight of sugar. Let them lie two or three hours; then boil them until they become clear, and the syrup pretty thick; let them stand all night, covered close; scald them very well; take them off to cool, and then set them on the fire again till the peaches are thoroughly hot. Do this for three days, after which lay them on plates to dry, and turn them every day.

To Preserve Corn for Winter Use.—Boil the corn on the cobs, as if for immediate use; when boiled put the corn into the oven—heated about as hot as after bread is baked—and dry the corn carefully and thoroughly, else it will become musty; then put it away in a close, dry place. When you wish to use it for dinner, soak the ears over night, and put them on to boil in cold water. Boil them until they become tender, and the corn will be almost equal to that which is plucked fresh from the stalks.

Italian Mustard.—Ingredients: One large onion, one-half tumblerful of water, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of black pepper; one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two table-spoonfuls of mustard. Boil the onion in the water; put the remainder of the ingredients into a cup, and add enough of the onion water to mix them together. Then pour into the mixture a little wine vinegar and a small portion of claret.

Damson Pickles.—Ingredients: Two pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one-half ounce of cloves, one-half an ounce of cinnamon, one-quarter of an ounce of mace, and five pounds of fruit. Boil the vinegar, spices, and sugar together, and pour it, boiling hot, on the plums; cover them close, and, when cold, pour it off, and boil it again. Scald them three times.

White Raspberry Jam.—Procure your raspberries full ripe, and dry; crush them fine, and strew in their own weight of loaf sugar, and half their weight of the juice of white currants. Boil them half an hour over a clear, slow fire: skim them well, and put them into pots, or glasses; tie them down with brandy papers, and keep them dry for use.

Salad Mixture.—Boil two eggs hard, and rub the yolks quite smooth with the back of a spoon; add to it two teaspoonfuls of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of mustard, with two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, the same quantity of mushroom catchup, and of walnut catchup, also, a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper.

To Brandy Raw Peaches.—Divide and peel some Heath peaches, and put them in jars. Make a syrup—pound for pound—and, when cool, add to it an equal quantity of brandy, and then pour it over the peaches.

Parsley.—Something Worth Knowing.—If, after having bruised some sprigs of parsley in your hands, you attempt to rinse glasses, they will suddenly snap, or break.

DESSERTS.

Whortleberry Pudding.—Rub together till it becomes quite smooth one teacupful and a half of butter, and three teacupfuls of sugar; then beat eight eggs, quite light, and add them by degrees to the butter and sugar, beating them well together. Mix in lightly—a little at a time—one pound and a quarter of flour, and then add in a quart of whortleberries. Bake the pudding in a moderate oven, till it is quite done—say from an hour and a half to two hours. A grated nutmeg and three or four spoonfuls of lemon brandy improves the flavor. Serve the pudding with a sauce of butter and sugar beaten together.

To make Egg Cheese.—Beat six eggs very well, and put them into three gills of new milk, with sugar, cinnamon, and lemon peel to your liking; set it over the fire; keep stirring it, and squeeze a quarter of a lemon into it, in order to turn it to cheese. Let it run into whatever shape you choose to have it, and when it is cold, turn it out, and pour over it a little almond cream, made of sweet almonds beat fine with a little cream; then put them into a pint of cream; let it boil; then strain it, and put to it three eggs, well beat. Set it over the fire, and make it like a custard.

Dumplings made with Apples.—Make a good puff paste crust, and roll it out a little thicker than a crown piece. Pare some large apples, and core them with an apple scoop; fill the opening with ground cinnamon, fine sugar, and finely shred lemon peel; then roll each apple in a portion of the puff paste; tie them close in separate cloths, and boil them about one hour. Cut a small piece off the top of each dumpling, and pour in some melted butter; then lay the piece of crust on again; place the dumplings in a dish, and sift fine sugar over them.

Raspberry Paste.—Mash a quart of raspberries; strain one half, and put the juice to the other half; boil them a quarter of an hour; put to them a pint of red currant juice, and let all boil together until your berries are done enough. Put a pound and a half of double-refined sugar into a clean pan with as much water as will dissolve it, and boil it to a sugar again; then put in your berries and juice, give them a scald, and pour it into glasses or plates, placing them in an oven to dry.

Raspberry Drops.—Take the juice of some raspberries, and add as much refined sugar—beaten and sifted—as will make it into a thin paste; drop this upon fine cap paper with a teaspoon; dry the drops before the fire, and the next day take them from off the paper, and keep them in a glass jar.

Spoonful Pudding.—The ingredients are: A spoonful of flour, a spoonful of milk or cream, an egg, a small quantity of nutmeg, ginger, and salt. Mix all together, and boil it in a wooden dish for half an hour.

Double Kisses.—The ingredients are: Eight whites of eggs—beat as light as possible—one pound of double-refined sugar. Stir it in very lightly.

Ice Cream.—Ingredients: One quart of cream, one lemon, the rind to be rubbed on a lump of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar.

Icing for Cakes.—Beat five whites of eggs, a pound of refined sugar, and the juice of a lemon to a consistency.

CAKES.

Lady Cake.—Ingredients: Half a pound of fresh butter, one pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded, and mixed fine with two and a half wineglassfuls of rose water, the whites of sixteen eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour; add another half wineglassful of rose water before you put in the flour.

Shrewsbury Cake.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one nutmeg, and one glassful of brandy.

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Receipt for a Cake.—Pour a cup of cream over one pound of sugar; dissolve two teaspoonfuls of pearl-ash in another cupful of cream, then grate the rind of a lemon, and mix it with the other ingredients; stir half a pound of butter into a sufficient quantity of flour to make a nice paste, adding the cream, etc. Roll the paste out, and cut it into small cakes; when they become stale, put them into a warm oven for a few minutes.

Madison Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound of butter, two pounds of sugar, seven eggs, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, and nutmeg, one gill of rose water, half a gill of brandy, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, a few pieces of citron, half a teaspoonful of pearl ash, and two pounds of flour. The milk must be poured in slowly. The pearl ash must be dissolved in a few drops of milk.

Molasses Pound Cake.—The ingredients are: One pound and a half of butter, four eggs, one pint of molasses, half a pound of sugar, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of pearlash, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, to your liking, and one gill of brandy. To be mixed the same thickness as pound cake batter.

Jumbles.—No. 1.—Ingredients: One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, four eggs, some cinnamon, and one gill of brandy.

Jumbles.—No. 2.—Beat one pound of sugar, and one pound of butter, to a cream, then add one glassful of liquor, six drops of essence of lemon, one pound of sifted flour, and six eggs, well beaten. Stir them in with a knife.

Rice Cake.—The ingredients are three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound and a quarter of sugar, sixteen eggs, two nutmegs, a little peach, orange flower, or rose water, and two pounds of flour.

Ginger Bread.—No. 1.—Ingredients: One pound and a half of butter, half a pound of ginger, two pounds of sugar, one quart of molasses, some allspice, cloves, cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of pearlash.

Ginger Bread.—No. 2.—Ingredients: Four pounds of flour, two ounces and a half of ginger, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of cloves, one quart of molasses, one pound of butter, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar.

Ginger Nuts.—Ingredients: One pound of butter, half a pound of ginger, one quart of molasses, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves to your liking; then add the flour.

German Doughnuts.—The ingredients are: One pint of water, half a pound of butter, nine eggs, and one pound of flour. Fry the cakes in lard.

Milk Biscuit.—The ingredients are: Half a pint of sponge, one pound of butter, one quart of milk, one spoonful of salt, and then add the flour.

German Jelly Cakes.—Ingredients: Eight eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, half a gill of brandy, flour, and some cinnamon.

Vanilla Cake.—Ingredients: Three eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one quart of cream, and one vanilla bean.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Wash for Cleaning damp, green Bricks.—Procure one pint of oil of vitriol; put it in an old bucket, filled with water. Take an old broom, and with it plentifully sprinkle the liquid on the bricks. After remaining thus half an hour, take cold water, and scrub them well. Be careful how you use this remedy, as it is very powerful; and if the vitriol touches the clothes or shoes, it destroys them.

Yellow Wash—For the Kitchen.—To three-quarters of a pound of chrome yellow, add the same quantity of whiting, and one pound and a half of yellow ochre. Dissolve the above ingredients in sweet milk, adding some glue water, to make it adhere. The quantity mentioned, is sufficient for one kitchen, and a back staircase; it is a beautiful color.

Soap.—The ingredients are: One ounce of borax, eight quarts of water, two pounds of common brown soap. Put the borax into the eight quarts of water, and let it come to a boil; then cut the common brown soap into thin slices, throw it into the mixture, and when all is dissolved, pour it into vessels, and allow it to become cool. After the soap is added, it will require about twenty minutes to boil. The evening previous to washing your clothes, put one pint of the soap into five gallons of water, let your clothes soak in this preparation until the next morning; then simply wash them out, and hang them up to dry. By using this soap, paint may be cleaned with little labor, and without the use of a brush. It is a valuable winter soap, because it heals, instead of producing chopped hands.

Mixture to Destroy Cockroaches.—Reduce a loaf of stale bread to crumbs. To a pint of water add two spoonfuls of cayenne pepper, one spoonful of pulverized orris seed, half a drachm of saltpetre, the same quantity of white lead, and a glassful of the extract of hops. Throw in your crumbed bread, and allow it to stand in a moderately hot place, for six hours; strain it through a cloth, and add to the liquor thirty-five drops of the tincture of quassia. Let it stand till the next day; bottle, and cork it close. A fine lump of sugar saturated with this liquid, placed where the cockroaches are in the habit of gathering, will remove them in a few days.

Oil of Lavender—As a Preservative.—Oil of lavender keeps books from moulding; a few drops only need be used. A single drop of this oil will prevent one pint of ink from moulding. Paste may also be kept from mould by this addition. Leather is also protected from injury by the same agency.

Lemon Preserve for Cheesecakes.—Quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of loaf sugar, powdered: six eggs, leaving out two whites; the rind of two lemons, and the juice of three. Put all into a brass pan, and let them simmer till they thicken like honey, at the same time keep straining them. Put into small jars, and keep in a cool place.

Wash for Bricks.—Ingredients: One pound Venetian red, half a pound of Spanish brown, two teacupfuls of rye flour. Mix the ingredients with water, and wash the bricks with it carefully.

Mixture for Cleaning Brass.—Ingredients: Powdered rotten stone, half a pound; sulphuric acid, five ounces; olive oil, five ounces; alcohol, one pint and one gill; water, three pints.

Taffy.—The ingredients are: Six pounds of sugar, one pint of molasses, one pound of butter, one pint of water, and ten drops of essence of lemon.

Soft Soap.—To ten pounds of fat, take eight pounds of potash, and fourteen gallons of water. Dissolve the potash in part of the water, and let it bear an egg.

Map, or Picture Varnish.—Ingredients: Canada balsam, one ounce, spirits of turpentine, one ounce.

MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

Blackberry Syrup.—The following recipe for blackberry syrup, is said to be almost a specific for the summer complaint; and in 1834, it was successful in more than one case of cholera. The ingredients are: Two quarts of blackberries, one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of allspice, pulverized. Boil the ingredients together for a short time, and when cold, add a pint of fourth proof brandy. The dose is, a teaspoonful to a wineglassful, according to the age of the patient; to be given at intervals until the patient is relieved.

Indigestion.—The ingredients are: One ounce of rust of iron, two drachms of columbo root, two drachms of ginger. Mix, and powder the ingredients well in a mortar. Dose: Half a teaspoonful twice each day.

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Liverwort Tea.—Recommended to all persons afflicted with liver complaints, affections of the lungs. Whilst using this remedy, a milk, or light diet should be rigidly observed; the patient should abstain from the use of tea, coffee, and stimulating drinks of any kind. Wash a handful of liverwort quite clean, and then put it into a saucepan, pouring over it half a gallon of boiling water. Let the pan remain in some hot embers, or the stove, and simmer for an hour and a half. Then pour the whole into a drinking vessel. When cold, the tea may be used as often as thirst, or the state of the stomach admits. It is necessary to allow the leaves to remain in the tea while using it. The liverwort can generally be procured in market.

Lavender Compound.—Procure a quantity of lavender blossoms, put them in a quart of brandy, and let them stand in a warm place for three or four weeks; then pour off the liquor, and add to it two nutmegs—bruised fine—quarter of an ounce of cloves, quarter of an ounce of mace, one ounce of cinnamon, a large teaspoonful of cochineal, and two ounces of loaf sugar. Let the mixture stand again three or four days, you may then pour another pint of brandy on the blossoms, and let them remain thus until you desire to use the compound; add the liquor then to the spice, bottle it, and keep it well corked.

Horse Radish for Hoarseness.—One drachm of fresh horse radish, scraped, infused in four ounces of water, placed in a close vessel for two hours, and made into syrup with double its weight of sugar, is an approved remedy for hoarseness. A teaspoonful of this syrup has often proved suddenly effectual.

For Ringworm on the Head.—The spot affected must be well cleansed with castile soap and hot water, after which, rub the spot well with some New England rum, and put on it a thick compress of linen, which must be kept constantly wet with the rum.

Itch Ointment.—Red precipitate, half an ounce, white precipitate, half an ounce, calomel, half an ounce, powdered white hellebore, one and a half ounces, suet, six ounces, lard, twelve ounces, oil of lemon, one-eighth of an ounce.

Hydrophobia—A French Recipe.—The ingredients are: Two tablespoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime, powdered, and half a pint of water. Mix them together, and constantly bathe the wound, renewing the wash as is necessary.

Lavender Water.—The ingredients are: Oil of bergamot, two ounces, oil of lavender, one ounce, oil of cloves, two drops, tincture of musk, half an ounce, alcohol, half a pint.

Hooping Cough.—No. 1.—A plaster of gum galbanum, applied to the chest, cures this complaint, it is said.

Hooping Cough.—No. 2.—Dissolve a scruple of salt of tartar in a gill of water, adding ten grains of cochineal, purely powdered; sweeten this mixture with fine white sugar. To an infant give the fourth part of a tablespoonful, four times a day; from four years, and upwards, a spoonful may be taken. The relief is immediate, and the cure is generally effected within five or six days.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

Characters and Predictions.—On several slips of card, write quotations from our poets and dramatists, descriptive of a lady's "character."

On cards of a different size, *or* color, write other quotations, descriptive of a gentleman's "charactor."

On cards of another size *or* color, write other quotations, applicable to the future fortunes of a lady *and* gentleman. These last are called "predictions."

The quotations should not exceed four lines each.

Beneath each quotation should be written the author's name.

When the game is to be played, the names of the ladies present are to be written on separate pieces of card; the names of the gentlemen on other pieces of card, of a different shape. Place in separate baskets, or other convenient receptacles, first, the names of the ladies; secondly, the names of the gentlemen; thirdly, the cards on which are written the "characters for ladies;" fourthly, the cards on which are written the "characters for gentlemen;" fifthly, the cards which contain the "predictions;" and lastly, place in a bag a number of small pieces of card, all of the same shape and size, one-third of the number to be marked "L. F.," one-third "G. F.," and the remaining third to be marked with an asterisk *. A president should be appointed. The game is now ready for playing. One of the company draws the name of a lady, another draws the name of a gentleman. The gentleman leads the lady up to the president. The gentleman draws one of the "characters for ladies," which he hands to the president. The lady in a similar manner draws one of the "characters for gentlemen," which is also handed to the president. The president then reads to the company the "characters" of the lady and gentleman before him. The president then draws from the basket containing the "predictions" one card, the lines on which he reads to the pair before him, as descriptive of what may be their future fortunes.

The "bag" containing the small pieces of card is now held forth to the gentleman, who draws *one* piece. If it bear the letters "G. F.," the gentleman must pay a forfeit, *unless* he can name the author of the lines read as *his* "character;" if he can do this he redeems his forfeit. If the piece of card drawn bear the letters "L. F.," the lady is liable to a forfeit, *unless* she names the author of the lines read as *her* "character." But if the card bear a star *, then the gentleman is entitled to salute his partner; *if*, however, the lady names the author of the lines contained in the "prediction," the gentleman loses his privilege.

Every name, character, prediction, or forfeit card, when once drawn, is to be laid aside, and not used again until all the names have been drawn.

When the names have all been drawn, the forfeits may be cried, and redeemed in the usual way. Or the names and cards may be replaced, and the game go round again, as endless combinations will arise if a sufficient store of "characters" and "predictions" has been secured.

The "characters" and "predictions" may be used on other occasions. Where but two or three are present, much amusement may be created by selecting the names of "absent friends" and testing their "characters," and trying their future by a "prediction."

The pleasure of a friendly visit may be enhanced by requesting the visitor to draw a "character;" many unexpected revelations may thus be made.

EXAMPLES—CHARACTERS FOR LADIES.

"Beauty is *her* own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance and taste."—Thomson.

"Her modest looks, the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose, peeps beneath the thorn."
Goldsmith.

"She never complain'd, but she loved to the last!
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die."
T. K. Hervey.

"Ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts."—Thomson.

CHARACTERS FOR GENTLEMEN.

"A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown."—Gray.

"Never shall his head control

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The honest beatings of his soul;
And ne'er by him shall be represt
The gushing feelings of his breast!"—T. K. HERVEY.

"Sound integrity.
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul."—THOMSON.

"Let the aspiring youth beware of love:
Of the smooth glance, beware."—THOMSON.

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well."—GOLDSMITH.

PREDICTIONS.

"With each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around."—THOMSON.

"Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor, and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy, and through sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death."—KIRKE WHITE.

"He
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board."
GOLDSMITH.

"Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs."
T. K. HERVEY.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF PINK ORGANDIE, made with a double skirt. The corsage is low on the neck, and round at the waist, where it is confined by a sash with long ends. The sleeves are short, and supported by full puffed sleeves of tulle. The Raphael cape is made of lace and black velvet. Head-dress, band and bows of black velvet and pink roses.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF PEARL COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed on each side of the front with bows made of the same material as the dress, the ends of the bows being trimmed with green silk pinked at the edges. The wide sash is made in the same way. The body is high and plain. Sleeves very wide, in the pagoda style, and ornamented like the skirt of the dress.

FIG. III.—LAWN DRESS WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT.—The lower skirt is trimmed with four narrow flounces. The upper skirt reaches to the top of the highest flounce. The body is half-high, and round at the waist. Very wide sleeves, opening high up on the arm.

FIG. IV.—THE ALABAMA MANTILLA.—The upper part is in the scarf style, and the very deep ruffle of lace which composes the lower part, is sloped up to the arm.

FIG. V.—WHITE MUSLIN SCARF MANTALET.—This is one of the prettiest novelties of the season. There is a deep embroidered ruffle around the scarf, which is headed by a plaiting of muslin.

FIG. VI.—ZOUAVE JACKET AND CHEMISETTE of black embroidered tulle, trimmed with a ruche of black lace, through the centre of which runs a row of narrow velvet. The jacket is fastened at the throat by a bow of velvet.

FIG. VII.—STANDING-UP COLLAR IN BATISTE, of the form called the *col chevaliere*. It is intended to be worn with the sleeve, Fig. VIII., and is attached to a habit-shirt of Swiss muslin, with folds or tucks in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Small ruffles continue to be very much worn. Not only the small checked summer silks are trimmed with them, but bareges, grenadines, and organdies, are frequently ruffled. Nearly all thin dresses are made low in the neck, with pretty little capes; though for those who prefer high-necked dresses, many are cut half-high, as in Fig. III., or high at the back, opening part way down to the waist. Round or pointed waists are both equally worn. Sleeves are made very wide.

The new materials for traveling dresses are very beautiful, being usually combinations of black and white, or a soft gray hue. The fabrics are usually composed of woolen and silk, or linen and silk, in various combinations. These materials and colors are equally popular for walking dresses, being quiet in tone and reasonable in price. For either traveling or walking dresses, the mantilla, or sacque, is made of the same material as the dress. But little trimming is allowed; it should be with a galloon or a flat plaited cord corresponding with the dress. Nothing is neater than one of these dresses with a plain linen collar and sleeves, which are sufficiently cheap and easily ironed to be frequently changed, and can, therefore, be kept immaculate in their whiteness. In fact, linen collars and sleeves have entirely superseded the fine embroidered muslin ones for the street.

MANTILLAS are various in their styles. The lace ones, as will be seen by our plates, are of the scarf shape, coming off the shoulders: but those of silk are nearly all high in the neck. For young ladies very deep basques, or *casaques*, are the most popular; they reach to within half a yard of the bottom of the dress. Those which are not made in this way, have very full, deep ruffles or skirts, plaited on to a pointed yoke or body, which reaches nearly to the waist behind.

BONNETS of very coarse straw, trimmed with black ribbons figured with straw-color, are popular. A bunch of wheat-ears, or a cluster of oats, is frequently added to these bonnets, making the effect at once simple and elegant. Capes are small, and but little trimming is allowable on a coarse straw bonnet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, OF ABOUT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—The pants and sacque are made of buff-colored Marseilles, trimmed with braid. Straw cap with a black velvet band.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE DELAINE, with small blue flowers over it. There is a trimming down the front of white ribbon, edged with a narrower blue ribbon quilling, and a row of blue buttons in the centre of the white ribbon. The sleeves are made rather long, with a turned-up cuff, and, like the cape, are trimmed with a plaiting of blue ribbon. White silk bonnet, trimmed with blue.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GREEN SILK FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with four narrow ruffles. The body is plaited back and front, and cut square at the neck. A sash is tied behind. The short sleeves are composed of four narrow ruffles. Straw hat trimmed with a cock's plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the style of children's dresses. For little boys, the newest style is that of Fig. I., in our children's fashion plate; but the dress that has been worn for the last year or so, still continues very much in favor, viz: the parts reaching half way down the leg, a white plaited jacket or skirt, over which may be worn at pleasure a loose jacket, rounded at the ends in front, like the Zouave jackets. Little girls' dresses are made somewhat longer than formerly, quite full in the skirt and ruffled or not, as the fancy may dictate. The round straw hats are also very popular for little girls. They are not worn as large as they used to be, but are made to droop all round; all crowns are round. These are the most becoming articles for street wear which we have seen for a long time; they are popular with girls thirteen or fourteen years of age.

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THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

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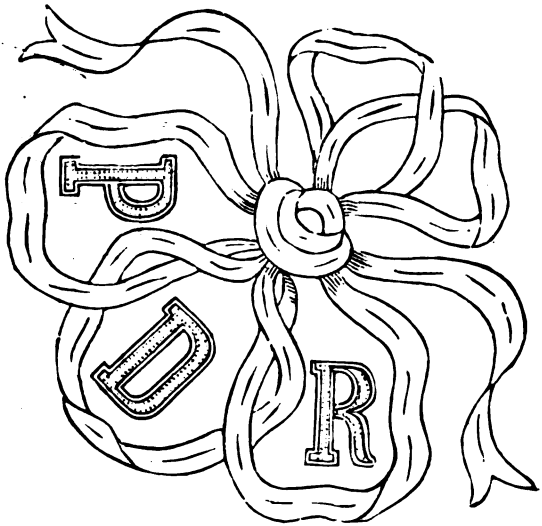
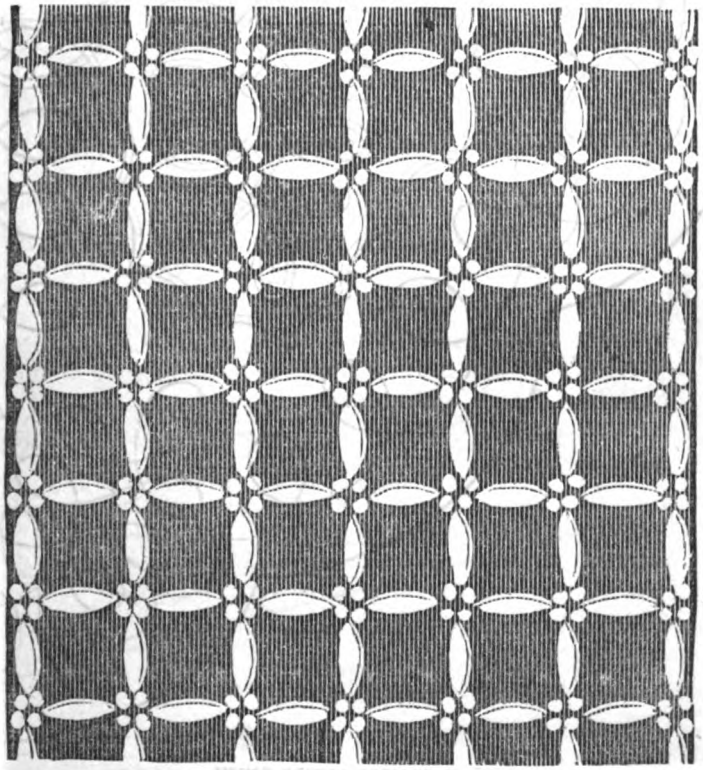


HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



NET FOR HAIR: IN BEAD WORK.

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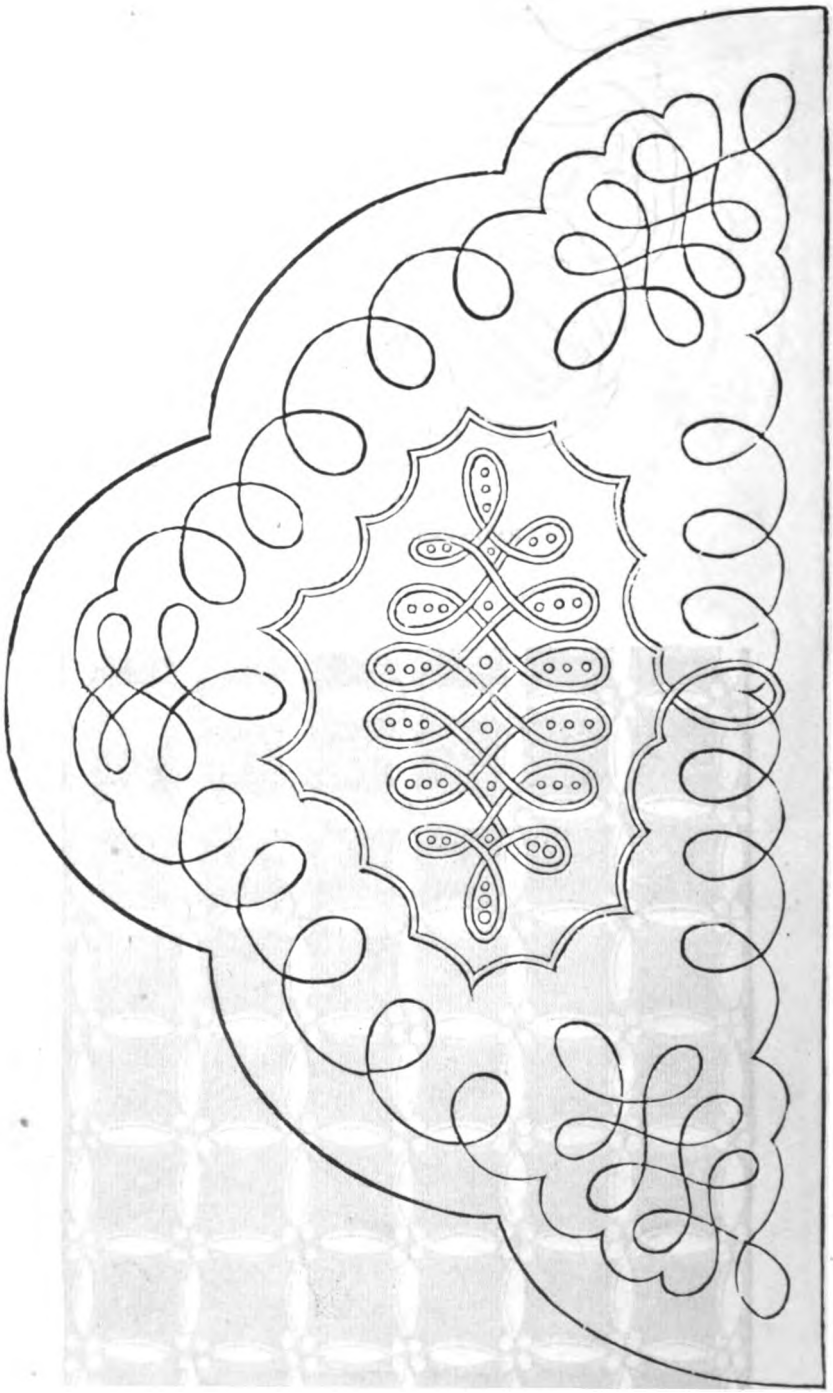

TOP OF BRAIDED LETTER-POUCH.

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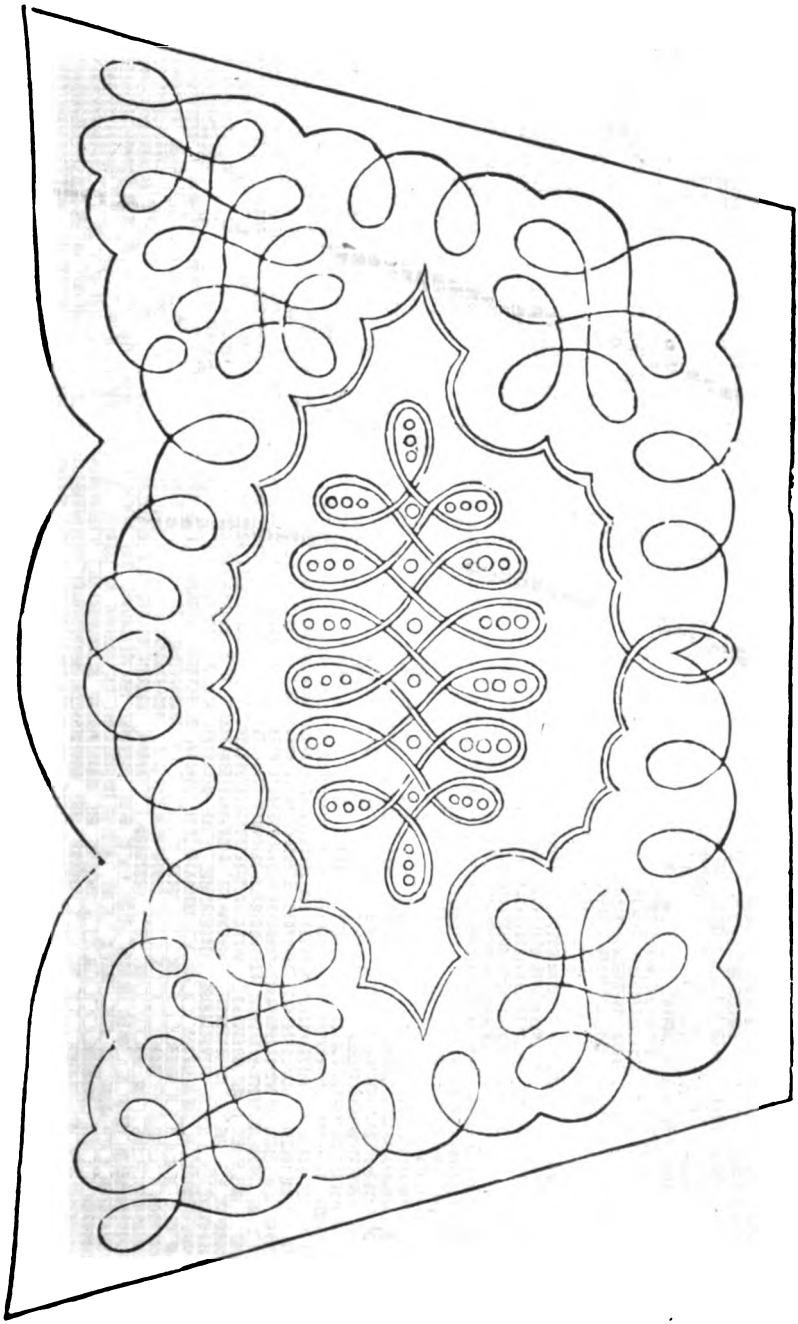

FRONT OF BRAIDED LETTER-POUCH.

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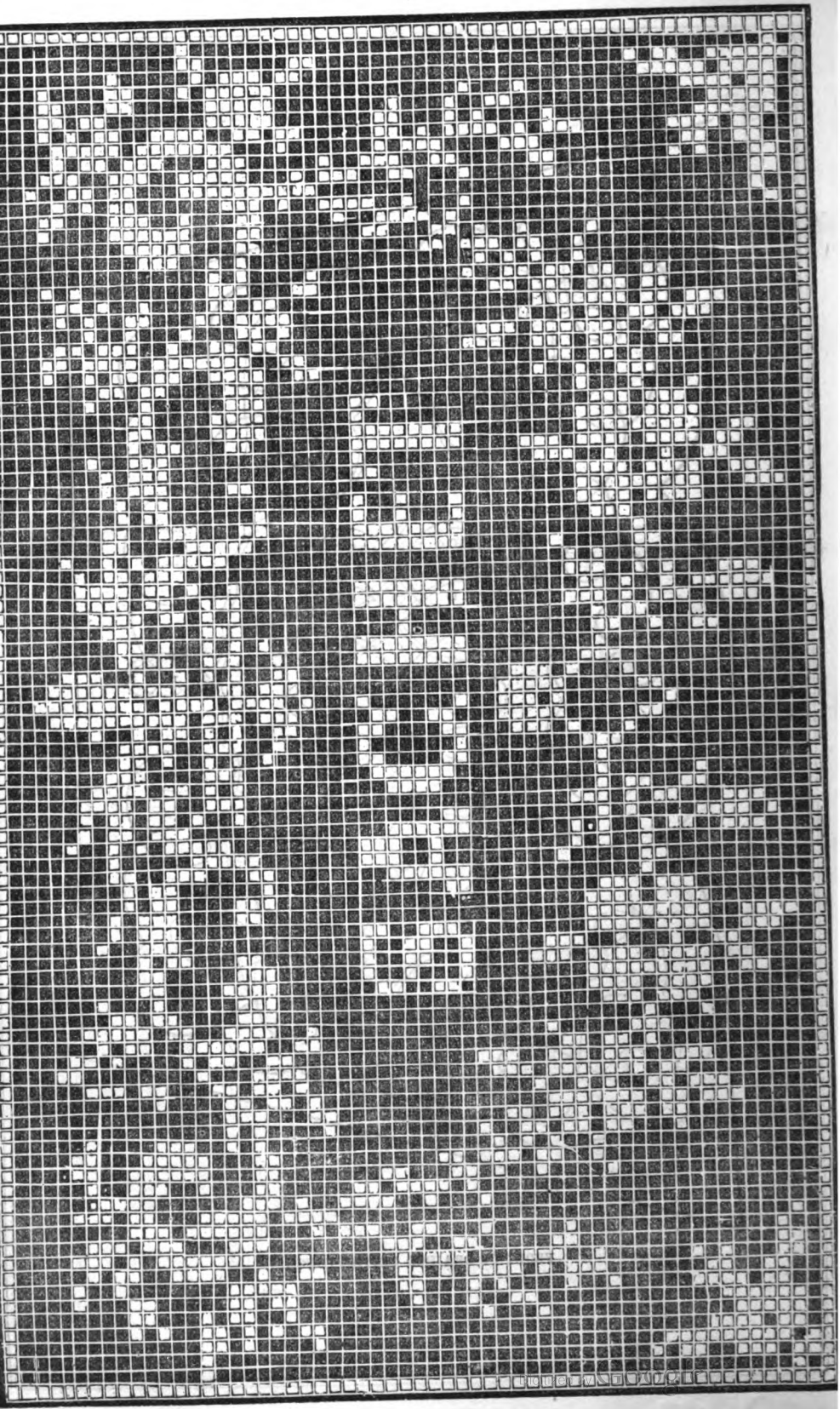

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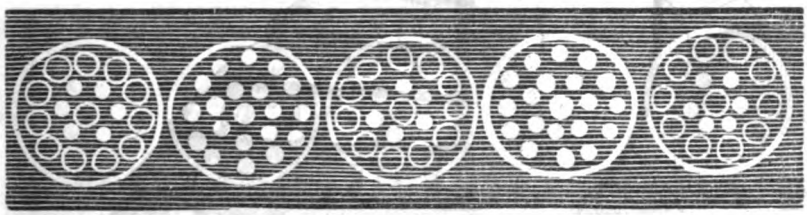
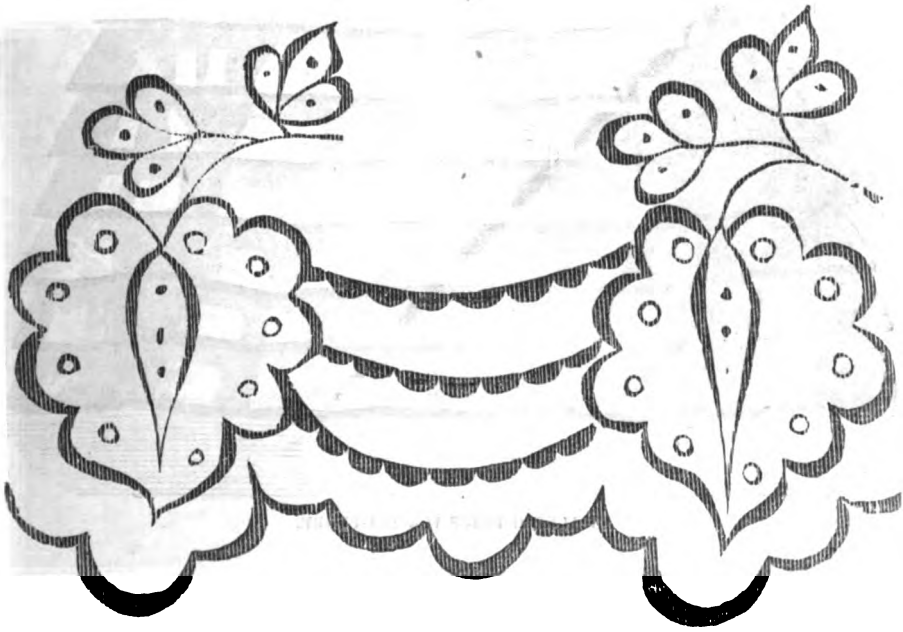


CORNER OF GENTLEMAN'S HANDKERCHIEF.



BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

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WALKING-DRESS FOR SEA-SHORE.

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WALKING-DRESS FOR WATERING-PLACE.

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I Set my Heart upon a Flower.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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VOICE.

PIANO.

Moderato.

I set my heart up - on a flow'r, And watch'd it bloom from day to day; But in a dark and storm - y hour Its leaves were scat - tered far a - way: I could have wept when

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I be-held, That all my care had been in vain, But o'er my soul there came a hope To have it bud and bloom a-gain.

p f

2

I set my heart upon a form,
And hoped to win an early love,
But only lived to learn how vain
And fruitless every hope could prove;
And then I dream'd of other eyes,
Of hearts that might as loving be,
And with a friendship deep and warm,
I sought for one to welcome me.

3.

But oh! the flow'r that bloom'd at first,
Seem'd sweeter far than all the rest,
And that one heart I sought to win
I know I could have loved the best;
But tho' the world be fill'd with flow'rs,
And hearts that beam thro' loving eyes,
Oh! what are all their charms if not
The first of all we learn to prize?

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FOR CHILD'S DRESS IN SILK AND EMBROIDERY.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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TO THE

THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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OUR MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Forty-seven years ago, when our mothers were yet children, and our grandmothers were still young matrons, all Europe was convulsed with war. France, after more than twenty years of victories, found she had to struggle against a continent in arms. Germany, long enthralled, rose, with a roar of vengeance, to win her independence. The martial spirit was everywhere aroused. The talk was of nothing but battles. Even fashion bowed to the influence of the hour, and fair and delicate women wore bonnets as seen in our initial illustration, shaped like helmets. This was in the year of grace 1813.

Ten years earlier, or thereabouts, our grandmothers were probably fashionable belles. How did they dress? The preceding engraving, copied from a Magazine of Fashion, printed in Paris in 1803, represents a ball dress of that year. The long mitts depicted in this illustration, long

BALL-DRESS OF 1803.

STREET DRESS OF 1804.

kept their ground, and only went out of fashion within our own memory. In the street, the dress was somewhat different, though substantially the same, as will be seen from the engraving above, which represents a fashionable lady of the year 1804.

It was in a similar costume to this that

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Josephine appeared, when she first became Empress of France. The belles of Washington society, when Jefferson was elected President for a second term, walked down Pennsylvania Avenue in precisely such attire. A year or two later the fashions changed a little, as seen by the next illustration, which depicts a lady

COSTUMES OF 1806.

of the year 1806, escorted by a dandy of the time. The coat of the gentleman, in this engraving, was in two colors, being brown down to the waist, while the rest was green. Shoes and breeches, it will be observed, still kept their ground. The lady's costume is a winter one, the dress being a walking coat of cloth.

COSTUME OF 1811.

Skipping five years, we come to 1811. The style of dress had now altered again. Short waists, indeed, were still in vogue, and hoops, which had gone out with Marie Antoinette and the old regime, continued to be unfashionable. But, in minor details, the costume was changed: and hardly for the better. The military excitement of the times seems to have destroyed all taste. Even after peace was declared, the fashions remained as hideous as before. This will be seen by our next engraving, which is

COSTUME OF 1816.

taken from a French fashion-book of 1816. The appearance of the Scotch Highlanders in Paris had brought Tartans into vogue, and dresses, as in this example, were made of Tartan up to the knee. But waists were still as short as ever; the gown still clung to the person; and the bonnets were, in every sense, hideous. In England, the fashions were somewhat different, being several years behind those of France. The war, in fact, had interrupted communication. When the Duchess d'Angouleme, niece of the restored king, and daughter of the decapitated Louis XVI., made her entry into Paris, she appeared in such an enormous, old-fashioned hat, that even the ragged boys on the pavement laughed as she drove by.

A few years more and we find ourselves at

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1820. Our mothers were now in the height of their belledom. A walking dress of this period is the subject of the next illustration. There

COSTUMES OF 1820.

is a body, it will be seen, something like a cuirass, and this was red, while the skirt of the dress was stone-color: the taste for highly contrasted colors, in fact, which the long wars had brought in, had not yet gone out. The costume of a gentleman of that period may also be seen in this illustration Observe the short waist of the coat and long tail; the curious hat; and the tightly strapped pantaloons.

We finish, as we began, with a ball-dress. But the ball-dress of 1828 is a very different affair from that of 1803. It was in a huge head-dress, like that seen in our engraving, that the Countess of Blessington was painted; and the portraits of L. E. L. have rendered everybody familiar with one not very dissimi-

COSTUME OF 1828.

lar. Beyond 1828 we shall not go. With the fashions, since that year, some one, in most families, is acquainted. Old wardrobes can still produce these grotesque dresses.

RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE

Ye have come, bright birds, from a sunny clime
Of the orange groves, and the fragrant lime,
Of the heath flowers sweet, and the young rose white,
And the shivery creep of the winds at night:
They are swift, glad wings that have borne you here,
They are free, wild hearts that know nought of fear.
Ye have come, young birds, with a rush of glee
To the wild-wood shrub and the fringing tree;
Ye are nestling there in the old church tower—
Ye are nestling here in the vine-roofed bower;
There's a twitter there in the eaves by light—
There's a rustle here in the leaves at night;
The sweetest claims of a life are yours
To sleep in the trees, and room in the towers.
Ye have come, wild birds, we have called you long
With the varied voice of the weak and strong;
There are new ones yet that ye have not seen—
There are old ones gone where your songs have been—
There are fading ones, which the gleams of sun
Have shown to our eyes to be pale and wan;
The silvery links of life's chain are told,
They await the touch of Atropos bold.

Ye have come, bright birds, with the breath of flowers,
They will not return to your wild-wood bowers;
There are glistening eyes, there are ringlets now—
There are hectic cheeks, with a paling brow,
That ye, Summer friends, will have found have gone
With their cheerful laugh, and their dancing tone.
Ye have come, wild birds—ye have come—ye have come!
We welcome you back to our Northern home,
Through the woods and fields let our voice be heard,
Welcome! all hail to thee, beautiful birds!

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AUNT BETSEY'S BEST BONNET.

BY CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

"DEAR LIZZIE—My troubles increase, and the crisis seems to be near at hand. Do come and see me. I need you more than words can express. I cannot tell you about it now, but I must see you. Do not delay.

Your unhappy friend,

JENNIE BRADSHAW."

This appeal, it is needless to say, touched my feelings. Jennie Bradshaw was my particular friend, and the story of her troubles, with which I was pretty well acquainted, aroused my indignation.

Jennie Bradshaw was an orphan, and had been from infancy the especial charge of Miss Betsey Smith, the elder sister of Jennie's mother. To the trials and vexations which had all along beset the poor girl's pathway, I was no stranger, and now, at last, it seemed as if the crowning, culminating point of these distresses had been reached.

Jennie had, soon after leaving school, fallen desperately in love with a very accomplished and gentlemanly, but unfortunately, poor young man, a clerk in the only store of her native village. I suppose, for the sake of propriety, and my heroine's good name, I should have said that James Grayson, or "Jim," as he was oftener called, had fallen in love with her; but in truth, I think it would have been difficult to decide to which belonged the preference in the case. It seemed to be pretty nearly a case of mutual "love at first sight." But the seal of true love was not wanting, and trials arose in the pathway of this devoted couple only too soon. Aunt Betsey had a nephew, who was *par consequence* Jennie's cousin, who with Jennie was to be joint heir of aunt Betsey's small patrimony; and, of course, the old lady had set her heart upon seeing the two young people united.

Jennie Bradshaw, my handsome, stylish, accomplished friend, Jennie, marry Joe Lathrop! It was preposterous, as any lady but an old maid would have seen at once.

Various were the quarrels and embarrassments which had arisen out of this state of affairs. Of course, aunt Betsey "fairly hated the sight of that 'pizen' Jim Grayson," called him "stuck-up," and disrespectful to his betters; and as for Jennie Bradshaw ever marrying him, she never should.

Jim, meantime, didn't care a whit for the old woman or her dimes. Marry Jennie he would, if he died in the cause. Of course he made it in his way to meet Joe as often as possible, and to put on airs, and talk about cowards whenever he did meet him; while Joe grinned, and chuckled, and said, "They'll see who was who in the long run;" and Jennie cried, and pouted, was humble and downcast, and independent and spunky by turns.

Upon reaching Fair Haven, I found, to my dismay, that Joe and aunt Betsey, or rather aunt Betsey and Joe, for the old lady was certainly at the head of affairs, had insisted upon an immediate consummation of the marriage. Joe would be twenty-one in a month, and, on that day, aunt Betsey had decreed that Jennie should bestow upon him her hand, or forever leave the protection of her maiden aunt, who "could, on no account, think of harboring such an obstinate, undutiful creature another minute." Everybody knows that the complication of family affairs can never be described, and there were reasons in this case which not only made the execution of the old lady's threat certain, but also involved Jennie in indescribable embarrassment.

"It would seem so unfeeling, you know," said Jennie, "after all she has done for me, to leave her now, just when she is beginning to feel most heavily the infirmities of age. I think it would kill her to be left to the care of a stranger."

"Never fear," said I, "she has too much grit to die of heart-break, even if she had any heart, which I think exceedingly doubtful. It must have withered away from disuse long ago."

"No," said Jennie, firmly, "aunt Betsey has always been kind enough to me, as kind as I had any right to expect, except in this one matter, and, even here, I think she means to do what is for my good; only, ye see, Lizzie, she don't know anything about love, or rightly about James. But this I do know, I never will marry Joe Lathrop. I'll die first."

It was the twilight of a warm summer evening, and we were sitting in the still unlighted

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parlor, when we heard the click of the gate-latch, and soon after the trotting tread of aunt Betsey upon the walk. She was accompanied by Joe Lathrop, who, however, at the door resigned into her hand a bonnet-box which he had been carrying, and left her to enter the house alone.

"Now, Jennie," said aunt Betsey, as she seated herself by the window which overlooked the garden, "just see here what that dear child has been getting for me. There never was another boy as mindful of an old aunt as he is of me, I do believe. Just look at that now, and see if you ever did see the beater o' that ere bunnet."

So saying, she drew from the depths of the band-box in her hand, the most singular piece of millinery which it was ever my fortune to behold. It consisted of a large open-work straw hat, about the size and shape of a coal-scuttle, trimmed in the most fantastic fashion imaginable, with pink and blue ribbons. Inside was a plaited ruche, which greatly resembled the cap-border of a newly-landed "emigrant," in which were stuck some gaudy artificial flowers.

"Did you ever see the beater o' that?" asked aunt Betsey, as she triumphantly exhibited this grand climax of the millinery art.

I could conscientiously aver that I never had.

"I did think," said the old lady, with a simper, "that it was a little too gay for me; but Miss Judkins said that the pink was very genteel, and the blue subdued it—yes, subdued it, them was her very words, and the colors is so fashionable, you know, Miss Judkins said 'twas; and then, mind all the rest, it was Joe's taste. And really I don't think its onbecomin' to me."

"Joe's taste" was tried on. Such a spectacle as it was, mounted upon the shrunken head, overshadowing the shriveled features, and the yellow frizzed hair! Jennie groaned in secret. "Foolish! frightful! ridiculous!" rose to my lips; for my life, or rather for the sake of Jennie's peace, I dared not speak. "Joe is very liberal," said Jennie, at length.

"Oh! yes," groaned aunt Betsey, in a resigned and sanctified way, "there ain't nothing that dear child wouldn't do for me. He's a perfect——"

A scream interrupted aunt Betsey's laudations, and we never knew the full extent of Joe's perfections.

"Look-a-there!—look-a-there!" exclaimed aunt Betsey, hastily dropping her miracle of the millinery art upon the window sill, "there's neighbor Godfrey's tormented cattle in my cabbage patch. Lizzy! Lizzy! run," and aunt Betsey, still adjuring the nowhere-to-be-seen Lizzy, hobbled out of the house, and down the garden walk, raising her staff at every step, and screaming to the placid and stoical cattle, who were still cropping away at the cabbages, with that peculiar unction of gravity and self-satisfaction, nowhere so strikingly exemplified as in that dear animal. We ran out on the door-step, but before we could reach the scene of action, Lizzy appeared in frantic haste, brandishing a broomstick, and put the army of intruders to rout. But alas! for aunt Betsey's rheumatics, the excitement of the moment had its necessary reaction, and we were obliged to assist her carefully to her own room, and put her immediately to bed. Jennie, like the dutiful girl she was, offered to remain and nurse her, but aunt Betsey preferred Lizzy's care, so Jennie returned to the parlor.

We had scarcely quieted our disturbed sensibilities, when a light, quick step sounded in the hall, and in the deepening twilight we recognized Jim Grayson's form as he entered the parlor.

"Good evening, girls," he said, in a low, but cheerful and animated tone. "Neighbor Godfrey's cows have cleared the coast for me, I take it, so here I am. What do you think of my stratagem?"

"Oh! fie, for shame!" exclaimed Jennie, "how could you do so?"

But James only saucily put his arm about her, and with a giddy whirl landed her by his side upon the sofa, where, but a minute before, I had deposited aunt Betsey's bonnet, which, in the excitement of the cow-chase, had been carelessly left in the window. There was a crashing of straw and a crushing of ribbon. Alas! alas! that elegant superstructure was ruined, and the blame thereof rested upon the devoted head of James Grayson. It was some minutes before James could be made to comprehend the full extent of the calamity; and even then, although his jolly visage was momentarily elongated, he was too happy in the presence of his charmer to be long cast down.

"There," he said, placing the remains of Miss Judkins' master-piece again upon the window seat, "the damp won't hurt the old nonsense now, I reckon; and if this *is* to be our last talk, Jennie, we won't have it marred by anything so slight as a trifle of crushed millinery."

But the chapter of accidents so strikingly opened had not yet closed. Scarce five minutes had elapsed till the gate again gave warning of visitors, and Joe Lathrop's heavy stride resounded on the walk.

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"Hide, quickly," said Jennie, in terror.

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Jim, valiantly. "Run from him? Catch me."

"But you *must!*" said Jennie, in terror, and our mingled earnest solicitations and entreaties at last prevailed, and Jim allowed himself to be most reluctantly forced into a closet at hand.

"Good evening, Jennie," said Joe, the next instant, at the same time acknowledging my not very welcome presence with a bow. You should have seen him then; tall, lank, and awkward, with straight hair, brushed in smooth, oily soap-locks about his temples. There was something so sleek and sneaky about him, that one's flesh crawled when he approached. His conversation was equally agreeable.

"I say, girls," he said, at length, "ain't it gettin' kind o' cold here? S'pose I shut this window?"

A heavy white curtain hid the bonnet from his view. He touched the spring, and awkwardly letting go the window, it fell with a crash directly upon the devoted bonnet. A simultaneous scream from Jennie and myself, drowned the exclamation of delight which sounded from the closet; and a light being just then brought in by Lizzie, Joe became aware of the mischief of which he innocently supposed himself the author.

He looked upon the crushed remains with a rueful face.

"Well, I never," he exclaimed. "There's three dollars gone. Who'd a thought that aunt Betsey 'd been such a fool as to have left a new bunnet in such a place as that?"

Unfortunately for Joe, aunt Betsey, roused by the crash to a remembrance of the neglected hat, rushed down stairs regardless of rheumatics, and appeared at the parlor door in a red flannel wrapper, just in time to hear this disrespectful speech.

"Joe Lathrop!" she exclaimed, "you good-for-nothing feller, to speak in such a way of your old aunt that brung ye up, and made ye all ye are."

Whether the weakness was in her rheumatic knees, or her rheumatic temper, I do not know; but just at this crisis, aunt Betsey broke down, that is, she sank helplessly into a chair, and burst into a fit of hysterical crying.

"Oh! dear me! oh! dear me! there ain't no end o' troubles in this world. It wan't enough that Godfrey's cows got in and et up every one of my cabbages; it wan't enough that I should get my death o' cold a chasin' on 'em out o' the garden; and, above all, it wan't enough that I should have a new bonnet sp'iled that cost e'en a most three dollars, but this ungrateful fellow must call me careless afore my face and eyes—*I*, that have always had the name of being jest the carefullest, prudentest, savingest woman in all Fair Haven. Oh! dear me! oh! dear me!"

There are some men whom a woman's tears always subdue; there are others whom they only anger: Joe belonged to the latter class. Moreover Joe was parsimonious in the extreme, and the idea that he and his aunt between them should have demolished that wonderful structure, for which he had actually paid three dollars in hard cash, aroused his deepest sensibilities.

"I tell you what 'tis, aunt Betsey," said he. "Sniveling won't bring back the bunnet, nor the three dollars neither; you'd better stop crying, and see what can be done. Maybe Jennie and Lizzie can fix it up yet. I can't afford to spend three dollars for a bunnet every day. A man that's just goin' to git married and set up ter housekeepin', can't afford to be extravagant."

As may be imagined, aunt Betsey was by no means pacified, and a storm ensued which quite transcends my feeble powers of description. It ended, however, disgracefully to Joe, and he left the house, muttering something disrespectful about old maids; and aunt Betsey was put to bed the second time in a far more dilapidated condition than before. Her final expression of opinion, however, as she went up stairs was, "That she'd have another bunnet that should be jest twice as handsome as that ere one was, if it cost her all she was worth. She'd let young upstarts know who was who, that she would. Speakin' about gettin' married, and settin' up to housekeepin', and neglectin' his old aunt! Pretty times the world was comin' to."

"Hurrah! girls," exclaimed Jim, as he emerged from his concealment. "Didn't I tell you 'fortune favors the brave.' Sitting down on aunt Betsey's best bonnet will prove to be the best day's work I've done in a long time. I'll fix him now, see if I don't."

All our entreaties, however, were not sufficient to elicit the details of the plan by which Joe was to be "fixed." James only remarked shrewdly that "Judkins was an honest soul, and a good friend of his, and we'd see."

The next morning, aunt Betsey's chronic ailments—temper included—were greatly aggravated. However, so bent was she upon triumph, that toward evening she put on her calash and hobbled down to Mrs. Judkins' shop to order another "miracle of art."

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Unfortunate she! Judkins had just received an order for wedding hats for Lawyer Grimse' family. "Corinthy Ann, the eldest daughter, was to be married next week, and all the girls was a comin' out in new bunnets, yellow crape with pink roses, six, all jest alike! You know, Miss Smith," said the obliging Judkins, "I'd accommodate you sooner, a great deal, than anybody else I know: but then you see what can't be, can't. Weddin's and funerals is exceptions to the common order o' things, and they can't be put off. Besides, Miss Smith, that ere bunnet o' yourn was a leetle uncommon, and I hain't got another left a bit like it, and it's too late in the season to get 'em from the city. So, ra'ly, I'm afeard you'll have to wear your old one a little while longer, and, after all, 'taint a bad-lookin' bunnet, that o' yourn."

Aunt Betsey was a spectacle of wrath when she returned from Judkins'. To hear her rail about young folks in general, and young folks who contemplated matrimony in particular, made one doubt whether the institution had smiled on her advent into this world. Conscientiously, I think could she have had her own choice in the matter, she would have scorned to owe anything to it, even in that indirect way.

For some reason or other we had an unusual number of callers that day, and the story of aunt Betsey's misfortunes was repeated to every guest, each time with such additions and aggravations as her excited imagination could furnish; and, before night, she had fairly wrought herself into the belief that she was the most outraged—as she certainly was the most indignant—female in the community.

On the third morning a wonderful event startled our usually quiet household. When Lizzy opened the outside door she discovered on the door-step a neat bandbox, bearing the inscription "Miss Betsey Smith," written in a rather elaborate, manly hand. Aunt Betsey was duly summoned; at first she was inclined to be cross, but, when the box was opened, and a handsome straw hat, of the fashion which aunt Betsey usually affected, trimmed with white ribbon, and pink roses, and green leaves, was triumphantly drawn from its depths, the shadow of a smile flitted across her wan and faded visage. But when upon the bottom of the box a note was found—the contents of which I transcribe—who shall paint her emotions?

"MOST DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAM—Lurking clandestinely about your house, which has long been the temple of my most ardent, but alas! unhappy worship, I witnessed, with sincere grief, your misfortunes of Monday eve. Alas! that I should confess it, but my intense sympathy with the trials of her who has long reigned supreme in my heart constrained me to become conversant even of the undutiful behavior of your unworthy nephew. I assure you, my dear madam, I longed to inflict a summary punishment upon him, which nothing but a feeling of unworthiness to espouse so noble a cause restrained. I have endeavored, however, to make such slight amends as were within my power, and I hope the accompanying tribute may not be the less acceptable for having been ordered expressly from town. If you forgive my temerity, and condescend to accept the trifle, I shall be supremely blest. Ah! most inexorable of your sex, you little know the sleepless nights I pass on your account, or the hours which I spend in watching your window for one glimpse of your face. But I forbear, and hasten to subscribe myself

A MOST UNFORTUNATE LOVER."

It was wonderful, the blandness of aunt Betsey's physiognomy. With a pensive, meditative air she ejaculated, "Who'd a thought it?" The note had eclipsed the bonnet, and I was obliged, for fear of the consequences of this unlooked-for fit of sentiment, to urge the latter upon her attention.

"Yes, my dear," (the idea of her calling me a dear!) "it is very handsome, and to think of his calling it a 'tribute' too! I wonder who it can be?"

"Aunt Betsey," said I—I own it was wicked, but I have no tender mercies for old maids—"he seems to be in a very sad state of mind. Suppose you leave a note for him upon the gate-post to-night. He will be sure to find it, and it will comfort him so."

"So I will," she ejaculated, earnestly. "I never thought of that."

After carefully trying on the "bonnet," and venting her delight in several very extraordinary phrases, and declaring emphatically that she'd show Joe Lathrop yet, which solemn hint I construed into a threat to marry and disinherit him, she withdrew to her own room, and there, in solemn and mysterious state, concocted the note, which was to gladden the heart of the "unhappy lover." That afternoon I found the rough draft of it, which, with many erasures and underlinings, read thus:

"SIR—(Excuse me for not saying 'dear sir,' but a lone woman like myself cannot be too careful about propriety.)—Your beautiful

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present was duly received. Allow me to thank you a thousand times for your delicate," (the first draft read *delightful*,) "kindness and consideration. No one could appreciate it but a lone woman like myself. My dear sir," (here the ancient spinster had evidently been transported by her feelings beyond the remembrance of the petty details of decorum,) "I fear you have not read my heart aright. I am far from being *inexorable*. Indeed no one can possess a more *tender* or *susceptible* heart than myself. But forgive me; I meant only to thank you for your kindness in sympathizing with the *destitute condition* of an unfortunate individual like myself. Your kindness touches my sensibilities. I walk frequently in my garden at twilight; if, on passing, you should ever see me there, I beg you will announce your proximity by some signal, say a whistle. I should like to thank you in person for your goodness; and if there is any favor which I can bestow upon you, *you may command me to the utmost*. I am sure, sir, after your delicate generosity, I could refuse you nothing.

Your lonely and unhappy friend,

BETSEY SMITH."

The note was duly deposited upon the gate-porch, and the next morning had disappeared.

At twilight of that day, aunt Betsey, arrayed in a snuff-colored muslin, with her hair most becomingly frizzed, and wearing her most bewitching cap, might have been seen walking leisurely, and with a face of grave and solemn import, down the garden path. A thin cambric handkerchief, doubled cornerwise, and spread carefully over her head, was her only protection from the damp night air, and Jennie watched her from our chamber window with real solicitude. Presently the slender form of our romantic aunt Betsey was lost in a clump of lilacs, and at that instant Jim Grayson rushed into the house, accompanied by a minister, and exclaimed,

"Come down girls quickly, and let's have the job done at once. I've *carte blanche* from aunt Betsey, and here's the minister."

Jennie flew down stairs to expostulate, but almost amid her frantic gestures the minister commenced the ceremony, and in less time than it takes to tell it the twain were made one flesh. Jennie always declared that she shook her head negatively, instead of saying "yes;" but James insists that, as a woman's "no" always means "yes," she was all the more surely married. The newly married couple proceeded at once to the garden bower, and I, accepting the offered arm of the minister, followed.

To say that aunt Betsey's reverie was not rudely disturbed would be a mis-statement of facts; but Jim, in a gallant, off-hand way, announced himself as the "unhappy lover, *alias* the donor of the hat;" said so many gracious, and complimentary, and impudent things all in one breath, that the old lady's long-cherished animosity gave way, and she declared that she was only too happy to add her blessing to the match, and that the man, Mr. Grayson, was a very worthy young man, and had been most shamefully maligned by that good-for-nothing, ungrateful, careless Joe Lathrop.

In due course of time justice was done to Joe in the matter of the bonnet, but the feud was never healed.

Aunt Betsey's rheumatics took a very severe turn, in consequence of her undue exposure in the garden; but she still lives to bless (!) her great nieces and nephews, although Jim privately expresses the opinion that one more love-letter and twilight interview "would make a finish of the old saint."

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

As Summer reigned o'er Winter's tomb,
I in a garden spied
A rose, in sweet, delightful bloom—
A bud was by its side.

The twain, I mused, so rich and fair,
May make me doubly blest;
The rose I'll place in Ella's hair,
The bud upon her breast.

For know, my paragon of grace,
My queen without a peer!
The gentlest of her gentle race,
Was to my heart most dear.

Now from a fair, Madonna brow,
As Parian marble white,
The rose reflects a healthful glow
On one sweet face and bright!

And, deep within a swan-like breast,
The rose-bud's secret charm,
With magic power crept to rest
From jealousy's alarm.

That I was fortune-favored, blest,
All mortals will allow;
For love now reigns in Ella's breast,
And beauty on her brow!

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COUSIN JANE'S CHILDREN.

BY BETSEY TROTWOOD.

I AM an old maid, a genuine and veritable spinster, having long ago outlived my twenty-fifth birthday.

Now old maids may be divided into two classes: old maids from necessity, and old maids from choice. The former class are much less numerous than is generally supposed. One rarely sees a woman who has not, at some time or other, had an opportunity to toll the knell of her own free moral agency, by tying herself up for better or worse, (and, in my opinion, the worse invariably predominates,) to some specimen of masculine humanity. I repeat that there are very few old maids from necessity, and I certainly do not belong to them.

Yet I was never a beauty. What with green eyes and mud-colored hair, it was always foretold that I should be an old maid; and then, from my earliest recollection up to the present time, I have always had the greatest antipathy to men and mice, and a proportionate partiality for cats and green tea.

Yet it was only yesterday that the situation of the late lamented Mrs. Deacon Jenkins was proffered me; a situation "fraught with numerous recommendations and advantages, mam," (I quote the words of the bereaved spouse,) though what their numerous recommendations and advantages are, I cannot for my life imagine, unless he referred to his ten children. But a contemplation of these suggest my story, from which I have been running away, I see.

My cousin Jane Smith had the misfortune to become attached, some years since, to a man. Him she subsequently married, and the consequence is, she has now a house full of children. I've forgotten just how many; I believe there are seven, but I used to think there must be seventeen from the uproar they contrived to make. You must know that I made Jane a visit a few weeks since, taking our dog, our cat, and a few band-boxes and bundles. To give my experiences in detail during those two weeks would be impossible. Such trials and tribulations! I'm sure if I hadn't been blessed with the disposition of an angel, it would have been completely ruined by those children.

Well, one day cousin Jane went away—went with my advice and consent, and I volunteered my labors in the home service. To tell the truth, I was very glad of an opportunity of showing Jane how to manage these unruly juveniles, for, excellent woman that she was, she never, I thought, understood family government. Now I prided myself on being quite a disciplinarian, and it was with feelings of the greatest complacency that I watched the fluttering of my cousin's brown veil, as she disappeared in the distance. "Ah," thought I, "now will I show them how this family government may be reduced to system." I was in an angelic frame of mind, when I overheard James, aged twelve, exclaim, "I say, Kate, mother's gone, now won't we have a high old time? Here goes!" and I turned just in season to see the young scapegrace jump to the third shelf of the cupboard, and make a dive at the sugar-bowl; while Katie, two years younger, more quietly helped herself from a pot of preserves. As nearly as I can remember, I should think it occupied about four seconds of time for me to seize both those children, shake them into submission, and locate them in chairs at opposite corners of the room, with injunctions not to move hand or foot for fifteen minutes.

The other children, save the youngest, were at school, so I took my knitting and sat down, just a little flustered by my recent conflict. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the clicking of my needle, for I had put a veto on all communication, by word or sign, between the two offenders. I sat there congratulating myself upon the admirable success of my theory carried into practice, when a cry from the cradle called me to its side. The baby had waked, and manifested a desire to be taken. Down went my knitting work, and up came the child; but upon noticing that its mother was not, and that I was, tending it, the infant immediately struck up such a screaming as I never heard, or dreamed of, before, or since. I coaxed and I petted—I sung, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," to the tune of Greenville, and I sung everything else that I could think of, mixing up Mother Goose's Melodies and Isaac Watts in a manner anything but reverential to that divine—I rocked to and fro with astonishing violence—I searched for hidden pins fruitlessly—I related the bewitching anecdote of the three little kittens who lost their mittens, and I filled

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up all the intervals with talking baby talk after the most approved style, murdering the queen's English in a manner to give Murray convulsions, and introducing innumerable words not laid down in Webster's unabridged—and still that child screamed—screamed until it was red, and screamed until it was hoarse, and screamed until I looked upon it in dumb amazement, that so small a body possessed such capabilities for screaming. "Auntie, it's fifteen minutes; may we go play?" chimed in Katie. "Yes, yes," said I, and they went.

Well now, what was to be done? I reflected. My theories didn't seem to work. Some new step must be taken, and that step I speedily decided upon. "Manifestly," reasoned I, "this depraved child has inherited from Adam a perverse temper, and a stubborn will." Had I ever had any disposition to question the doctrine of depravity, native and total, I am sure it would have been destroyed at that moment. I saw plainly then that it remained with me to subdue this rebellious will, and, as moral suasion had proved unavailing, of course something else must be tried. Acting upon this resolution, I then and there proceeded to inflict the proper punishment. I administered as much of this as I judged wise for an infant of that age, (the little Bessie, who, by-the-way, was christened for myself, was six months old,) but, to my everlasting consternation, that unaccountable child only yelled the more lustily. Instead of comprehending that I was punishing it for its own best good, and, therefore, stopping its cries, it redoubled them, until Bridget came rushing in with, "Och, mim, and I thought shure ye were killing the child." Need I say that I only too gladly resigned my precious namesake to Bridget, and left her administering saccharine consolation to the young angel, who, with its fingers in the sugar-bowl, was still as a mouse?

I rushed to my own room for a few minutes of rest, only to find confusion ten times worse confounded there. It seemed that Jim and Katie, on being dismissed from the nursery, had gone directly to my apartment, where they had been having their "high old time" in good earnest. I declare it makes my hair stand on end to think of it. There sat Miss Kate, arrayed in my best hat and shawl, having emptied a bottle of choice perfumery upon my nicest handkerchief, and fanning herself with a face of the gravest sanctimony; while her brother was mounted upon an imaginary pulpit, represented by the bureau, and in my dressing-gown and spectacles, was reading a hymn in tones worthy of an auctioneer. "Playing meeting," briefly explained the juvenile orator, as I appeared, "let us sing, 'Come *on* my pardners *in* distress.' I'm Deacon Jenkins," and he nodded to me to take a seat and "not disturb the meeting;" then going on to imitate the drawl and twang of the old deacon, in a style which was perfectly excruciating, and compelled me to laugh in spite of myself.

However, I found it necessary to break up their meeting in a very summary manner. The room was in a condition of unheard-of disorder, and an investigation revealed my King Charles under an ottoman; and my cat shut up in a drawer, with a napkin tied over her head. At this discovery I was perfectly wild, and I assure you that had it been possible to serve both those children measure for measure, by tying up their heads in napkins, and shutting them into separate closets, I should have done it. Indeed I was just upon the point of some such transaction, when I thought of my recent embarrassing failure in corporal punishment, and I desisted, just dismissing them with a severe lecture. Having exacted promises of future good behavior, I suggested to them the propriety of visiting their cousins next door. They went off in high glee, especially when I gave them permission to remain an indefinite period.

This was a specimen of the whole day. You may imagine how joyfully I welcomed my cousin Jane's returning figure, and how I rushed to my room, and, locking the door, read the last proclamation for Thanksgiving, to which I affixed a supplementary article, on my own private responsibility, expressing thanks that I, Betsey Trotwood, had been preserved from the all engulfing maelstrom of matrimony.

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Oh! be thyself, whatever life may bring,
Pain, tears, and care; or every earthly good;
May all thy thoughts, aims, actions, ever spring
From holy fountains of true womanhood;

Then will thy heart be ever brave, and strong,
Thy feet tread lightly over life's rough ways,
Hope's star be shining—though the night be long,
And with thy heart-throbs mingle sweetest praise.

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BOARDING AT A FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

The momentous question was at length decided—Mr. and Mrs. Moore would board out. At first they thought of housekeeping, but Nora feared the pressure of care attendant upon such an establishment as they must keep up. In her mother's house, a low, rambling building, extending over half an acre or more, the rooms nearly all on the ground floor, she had found it easy to do the tasks allotted her; but young Lawyer Moore had just come into a large fortune, and, as was natural, he wished to enjoy it by living in a style befitting his wealth.

Harry Moore had passed twenty-nine years of bachelor life, before he saw the girl who seemed, in his eyes, fitted to bless him with the heaven of her love. He first met her at the house of Gen. Mott, a soldier distinguished in the annals of his country. Eleanora was on a visit there, and the sweet, sunny frankness of her temperament charmed him. He saw also that she was no fashionable idler—that she always had her self-appointed tasks. Whether they were her arduous attentions to the general's wants, while he lay ill of a Southern fever, or the homelier rounds of domestic keeping, she was equally gentle and graceful. He learned how deeply the heart may be interested in an unpretending, and almost plain woman—for Nora was not strictly beautiful, save only to those to whom she was as near an angel in all things as a mortal can well be.

After the beginning of this acquaintance, amid the show and formalities of city life, Harry sought the sweet girl in her own country home—a paradise of rural beauty. There the impression was only deepened. The bread that her own fair hands had made, he thought had never been equaled. Whether he saw the merry Nora, handkerchief on head, and fingers snugly ensconced in gloves, putting the cheerful rooms to rights, or coaxing up flowers from the brown garden mould, (it seemed sometimes as if her smiles alone would bring them,) he was equally charmed. The consequence was, Harry became a married man: "threw himself away," as his city friends had it, "upon a country girl," when he might have had so many brilliant chances.

But he was thrown away, and no help for it. Many of his former admirers would have smiled at the cosy *tete-a-tetes* the young bride and groom indulged in previous to their marriage.

"What do you say to a tip-top house, free stone, swell front, and everything to match?" Harry asked, laughingly, one day. "I have a splendid chance to get one."

"For us two," cried Nora, "and servants to match? Why the cook would rule me, and the chamber-maid wear all my nice dresses. I tell you frankly, I don't yet want the huge care of large housekeeping."

"But you say you could not live idly; I am sure you would not enjoy hotel life then."

"But why need we be idle in a hotel, any more than in a dwelling house?"

"Why, my dear, the servants are expected to do all the labor there."

"That depends," said Nora, laughing. "Say we had a fine suite of rooms, three would be sufficient—it would give me just employment enough. How dearly I should love to take care of them!"

"But—what would *they* say?"

"There! I never expected to hear a man broach that question. If I have your approbation, and the approval of my conscience, what do you suppose I care what they say? I will put my heart and hands beside any of theirs, and see if they are not every whit as white. And then," her cheek flushed as she straightened herself, "I should glory in the independence. I *do* like to be original."

"And original you certainly will be, in this scheme," said Harry, looking at her with admiration in his glance. "I shall not gainsay it, as it is absolutely necessary, you tell me, for your health, that you should perform manual labor of some kind, daily. As to what 'they say,' I only spoke in sport; I am as indifferent to the gossip of a hotel, or a community, as you could wish me to be. I am to stipulate then for rooms, but not for help?"

"You need say nothing about the latter clause," laughed Nora. "I'll see to that, as of course I shall need some little assistance. But come, mother is calling us to see the cake, it is her *chef d'œuvre*, of course"

Away they went into the great kitchen, two

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as noble beings, as fitly mated as the world has ever seen.

CHAPTER II.

It was a serene day in autumn. The stir and bustle of the noisy city came in a muffled undertone to the room where sat two young ladies conversing. One of them was very evidently a bride, for near her elbow stood a centre-table covered with silver, the elegant gifts of friends. She was a pale blonde; and the robe of white, so daintily edged and flounced, certainly heightened her beauty not a little. Delicious perfume floated on the air. There was drapery of lace and silk everywhere: luxury and high-toned fashion predominated.

The other, quite young and also handsome, sat with her bonnet on, a trifle of a parasol dangling from one white gloved hand. She too was attired in the latest mode of morning outdoor toilet. She had evidently been admiring the numerous articles spread before her, and a pleased smile still parted her lips.

"I wonder who is going to take the third suite of rooms on this floor?" said the fair Mrs. Lasselle, who had sold her heart to a man forty years older than herself.

"What is the style?" asked her friend.

"Red and green damask—beautiful! I should have preferred it to this, for I am not partial to blue and gold, though it rather suits my complexion, you know; but Mr. Lasselle is quite set in his way, and I wanted to please him. It's somebody who is wealthy, that's certain. Oh! my dear Mrs. Lyle," she said, as a new guest entered, "I'm delighted to see you."

"How do you find yourself this morning?" queried the new comer, whose light silk morning wrapper trailed along the rich carpet, "I was *so* lonesome I thought I must call. How do you do, my dear Miss Dean? Really, I haven't seen you for an age. Now you mustn't think," turning to Mrs. Lasselle, "I've come here just because I was *ennuied*, not at all: but I've such news to tell you!"

"Do enliven us, I beg you, Mrs. Lyle," murmured the bride, languidly, "I am so longing for a bit of gossip."

"Well then, dear, to begin at the beginning. You know Mr. Harry Moore, that very handsome young lawyer?"

The cheeks of Mrs. Lasselle crimsoned instantaneously.

"Twas acquainted with him," she replied.

"Yes—so Mrs. Mervin said. Indeed, I think she hinted that he was quite pointed in his attentions before Mr. Lasselle came along. However, that's neither here nor there—this same Harry is married: and *who*, my dear, do you suppose he has taken for better for worse?"

"I'm sure I can't guess," said the young bride, with a faint laugh; "Mr. Moore was always a peculiar being."

"I should think so. Well, cousin John Hathaway wrote to his wife, last Monday, and told her all about it. Everybody who knows him and his elegant tastes is astounded, I assure you. Why, my dear, he has married a country girl, a plain, common creature, who, I dare say, knows no more about the proprieties of city life than a country kitten. And then, to cap the climax, he is going to bring her here, right into this hotel."

"Then it's for him," cried the bride, aghast.

"Yes, it's for him that those beautiful rooms are taken. Isn't it outrageous, for there's no denying they are the best in the house? And, no longer ago than last night, a friend of my husband applied for them—would have given any price for them—is willing now to offer a handsome bonus for possession. But it's impossible; the rooms have been engaged over a week, and we may soon expect this creature to preside over them in state."

"It will be solitary state, then, for I don't mean to be more than merely civil," said Mrs. Lasselle.

"I don't intend to be even that," said Mrs. Lyle, contemptuously. "Likely as not she was a drudge of a school teacher in some out-of-the-way village: and it isn't at all probable that she has a single connection to be proud of. Only think, she makes butter and cheese; and, in fact, I dare say she works harder than the girls in this hotel; yes, and likely is proud of it. She needn't expect to gain any sympathy here for her vulgar notions. I shall cut her outright."

"She *may*, however, be a refined and intelligent woman," said Miss Dean, who had once been (before she was adopted by a wealthy uncle) a country school mistress herself.

"Impossible, my dear Miss Dean, from what my cousin's wife said. She is the daughter of a farmer, and her father, having long been dead, it is likely they were in very reduced circumstances; that is what I inferred, at any rate. Mr. Moore is, however, rich: you heard, likely enough, what a large fortune his grandfather has just left him."

The cheeks of Mrs. Lasselle burned again. If that fortune had but come a few months sooner, perhaps it might have altered the whole

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tenor of her life. For she was certain, or thought she was, that Harry once loved her.

"I do wonder how she will act here!" Mrs. Lyle said, laughing, as she drew out her crochet needles and commenced to work. "If there is anything I have a real contempt for, it's a gawky woman. Now it isn't at all probable that Harry Moore would marry a woman entirely ignorant of good manners; but, bless you, we women can always tell the gawky or the boor: for it is so hard trying to conceal either. However, we shall have our fun, no doubt."

"She will make a sensation you think then, if it is only for your fun," said the gentle Miss Dean. "Now I prophesy you will be completely disappointed in her."

"Do you know her?" eagerly inquired both ladies.

"No. I have not even heard of her, certainly not seen her; but I feel impressed that she must have some remarkable points, or Harry Moore would never have been attracted by her."

"Oh! love is blind, you know," said Mrs. Lyle. Miss Dean rose to take her leave, while the two ladies, both young and but recently married, lingered together to chat and surmise.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, so the new arrival is really here," said Mrs. Lyle, one evening, not long after. "I suppose we shall see her at breakfast."

"Julia, the second chamber-maid, says they will breakfast in their room," said Mrs. Lasselle.

"What, as a general thing?"

"Yes, as a general thing."

"Mighty aristocratic! But no; here is the reason, you may depend. He's afraid of the public breakfast. If ever a woman shows want of tact, taste, and good breeding, it's in a breakfast toilet. That's proof positive that he's a little afraid and ashamed. I declare I feel bad for, and provoked at, him. I saw him just now, and positively he's the most splendid man in the hotel. Looked happy, too, poor fellow—he's one of that kind, you know—will mask his face in smiles if his heart should be aching. It provokes me to see such men throw themselves away. All our set are dying to see the bride. There's little Donizelli, that Frenchman's wife, she does say the oddest things in her broken English. Said she this morning, 'Such Apollo Belvidere ought to have one of de graces for his husband.' Did you ever? 'For his husband.' She didn't notice her mistake, and the whole table was laughing: she thought, doubtless, at her wit."

At that moment a heavy step was heard. The ladies were in Mrs. Lasselle's room. A gouty step it was, matched by a disagreeably plethoric cough, and the regular tap of an advancing cane, whose point was shod with iron. The door opened, and an obese old man entered, bald-headed, a silk handkerchief tied about his temples, his clothes dusty, his whole appearance that of a man who prided himself on whatever was his, dirt included, and dirt especially. This was Mr. Lasselle. He kissed his wife first, she turning her head hastily away, then said to her guest, "Don't move, Mrs. Lyle—don't move," and stamped toward the register.

"This room isn't warm enough," he continued, "it never *is* warm enough to suit me. I wish you'd pay a little more attention, my dear, to the register, or I must get some one to come up and attend to it for you. Do it if you say so—plenty of money, you know—do it if you say so."

"Oh! I'll be more careful," said Mrs. Lasselle, with reddening cheeks. "But did you know how very much soiled your boots are? Do you want your slippers?"

"Siled, ho! ha!—siled, are they? Well, I can afford it—I can afford it."

So little removed from dotage was the old man, that he continually repeated himself, and before his wife could recover from her mortification, he muttered, "I can afford it, at least six times," meanwhile tracking the dried mud all over the carpet.

"We've got Moore here, they say; used to be your old sweetheart, eh, lovey?" continued he, turning to his wife and chuckling. "Handsome fellow, very—and yet she preferred old Lasselle, eh?—she preferred old Lasselle. Well, she shan't regret it—she shall ride in a carriage all the days of her life—yes, all the days of her life—of her life, eh! of her life."

Mrs. Lyle arose to take her leave.

"Oh! now, Miss Lyle, don't go 'cause I've come. Old saying is three ain't company, I know, but don't think much of old saying. How's Bob? I call Lyle Bob—used to be college-mate o' mine, you see, in the days o' Lang Syne. Pretty gray, isn't he, well as myself? Ought not to be; in the ile business, eh? ho! ho! ha!—in the ile business—ile business."

The ladies glanced at each other involuntarily, as the old gentleman began to cough in a snuffy handkerchief. Oh! how much—had there been an interpreter near—did that glance signify?

"Thank heaven! if my husband *is* old, he isn't quite a bear," Mrs. Lyle said, on the same

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day, to one of her dearest, most fashionable friends. "There's that poor Mrs. Lasselle, to see what she suffers when that old ruffian spits about, and uses the carpet for mat-scrapers. It's shocking—it's abominable! I wonder she could marry him."

"Why, Jenny, dear, he is a millionaire! Who would not put up with oddities?"

"But—vulgarities!" echoed Mrs. Lyle, with a contemptuous face.

"Oh! well, he'll die soon, perhaps, and if she only works her cards right, he'll leave her the bulk of his fortune; then won't she be a very, very interesting young woman? By-the-by, she's a blonde—would look charming in mourning. How nice it is to be beautiful! Emma Lasselle was a poor girl—a *very* poor girl. I wish I was handsome, I know of some chances I'd have."

CHAPTER IV.

"DEAR, dear Harry, what beautiful rooms!"

"I thought they would suit you, my little wife," said Harry, smiling to see with what grace Nora fitted the luxuries he had prepared for her. "I bought that maroon sofa because it is so like your mother's, in that never-to-be-excelled parlor at home; and that lounge, because you admired the one at the general's. I had it made exactly by his pattern."

"Oh! how good, how good and kind you are, Harry. I shall never forget it."

"I hope not," said her husband, demurely. "Indeed, I don't intend you shall, because if ever you grow naughty, you know, I shall immediately begin to enumerate the fine things I have given you."

"I must unpack my trunks," Nora went on, giving him one of her glad, bright smiles. "I must choose a dress for the morning, I suppose."

"Of course you must, and the prettiest one you have, since I shall be your only company."

She looked at him a moment, not comprehending.

"I mean that I have ordered that we shall have breakfast brought up."

"Oh! I'm so glad!" was Nora's exclamation. "I wish we could have all our meals so."

"Oh! no. I want to show you off. I have a score of friends here, who would take it very unkindly if I should shut you up like a selfish curmudgeon."

"Any ladies?" queried Nora.

"Plenty: so put on your very handsomest face when we go down. Let me see; there are three, certainly, I used to know: two of them are miserably married to rich old grandfathers; but the other, I believe, is happily wedded."

"So your plenty has dwindled down to three," said Nora, mockingly; "I am not afraid of three."

This was near evening, and Nora was much too fatigued to go down to supper.

On the following day, the first chamber-maid appeared at an earlier period than usual in the rooms of Mrs. Lasselle. She was short, dumpy, red-armed, red-haired, and as plethoric as the old merchant Lasselle himself.

Mrs. Lasselle was not above entering into confidential chit-chat with the girls in the hotel. She knew there was something on the chamber-maid's mind, by the way Nannie swung her flaming arms around.

"Well, Nannie," said Mrs. Lasselle, who was trimming a very showy head-dress, "I suppose you've seen the new boarder? You're more favored than we are."

"Indeed I have, ma'am!" exclaimed the girl, with unusual brevity of tone; "and it's little I cared if I never see her no more—indeed it is, Miss Lasselle. There ain't no ladies as takes people's work right out o' their hands, without as much as y'r leave. Oh!" and she slammed the dust-pan into a corner with a most desperate vindictiveness.

"Why, what has she done, Nannie?"

"Done, ma'am," and Nannie for a moment deposited her brawny arms on her hips, her hands hanging down in utter impotence of indignation—"done!" It's enough to make a female despise her. Don't you think," and here Nannie lowered her voice mysteriously, "I went to her rooms an hour ago, thinking how I would do my best at keeping' 'em nice, as I keeps all these handsome rooms, when she says, says she, without hardly looking up, says she, 'Oh! I've prefarred to do most of the work myself; there's only this and that to attend to!' I declare to you, ma'am, if I wasn't struck dumb: and she spoke it as topping, too, as if she'd been the greatest lady in the land."

"You don't mean to say!" cried Mrs. Lasselle, with intense horror, "you can't mean to say, Nannie, that her work was absolutely done, that Mrs. Moore did it herself?"

"She was that little of a lady, ma'am; indeed yes, and it were so intirely and insolutely. She was fixed up as grand as you please, besides. Thinks I to mesilf, well, if ye're your own body servint and house servint, much good may ye git for your sarvices, but I'll be boun' you won't git much thought of by the ladies in *this* house,

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who *is* real ladies, as most of 'em is, Miss Lasselle."

"Why, what a low-born creature she must be!" exclaimed Mrs. Lasselle, catching again at the ribbons which her astonishment had caused to drop, "of all things I *ever* heard of, boarding in a first class hotel and doing her own work. Well, if that isn't something to talk about! I guess Harry Moore is very proud of his wife;" this she said rather to herself. But the housemaid caught it up.

"Well you may say, ma'am—well you may say you guess he's proud of his wife. Why, ma'am, what didn't he brought her down to breakfast for, if 'twan't that, he's dead ashamed ov her? If I was the woman, for the sake of me husband, and he such a splendid gentleman, I'd do as others did, wouldn't I though?"

Before noon the confidential whispers grew louder. Mrs. Lasselle had flown to Mrs. Lyle's room with the announcement, Mrs. Lyle had gone to her neighbor, she to the next, and so on the entire length and breadth of the hotel. The matter was duly canvassed, laughed over, sneered at, by all the lily-fingered women who did nothing for whole blessed days but sit, eat, dress, visit, and sleep; and the boarders *en masse* resolved to let Mrs. Moore know that they did not consider her a lady.

Dinner was never more impatiently awaited than on that particular day. Mrs. Lasselle imparted her opinion to several of the boarders. It was to the intent that she had no doubt Harry Moore felt thoroughly ashamed of his wife, and that very likely she would make her appearance in sea-green, red, or some ridiculous color. The great gong sounded while Nora, utterly unconscious of the commotion she had raised by her simple habits, had just put the finishing touch to her toilet. It was exquisite; her husband said, exultingly, that she looked like a little queen. Everything was rich, but nothing elaborate. The pure laces, that encircled the throat and hung gracefully over her arms, were of the softest, most costly fabric. Her cheeks were touched by a natural crimson, the full folds of her robes hung faultlessly—she was as charming as a picture.

At least she created a sensation when she entered the dining hall. Eyes fell, confounded; lips were hopelessly parted, and but little said. Could that graceful creature, with a face not strictly beautiful, but extremely striking, even fascinating; with hands white and clear as those of an infant; and with such faultless manners and quiet self-possession, be the woman who did her own house work, the untaught country girl? I fear that appetites were lost that day, and dainty articles sent pettishly from the table. Such gossiping as ensued! And worse than that, they would not tell the truth about her; but agreed that she had no style, was *very* plain, but appeared rather better than they had anticipated.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE Nora went on the even tenor of her way. It hardly seemed like hotel life to Harry, this pleasant, secluded room was always so lighted by the cheerful smile of his wife, so beautified by her presence, more than gilding, paneling, and rosewood could make it. When he asked her how she got along with the ladies in the house, she always laughed in a merry way, and said they treated her very well. In fact, she liked their distance better than she would their warmest friendship. She was never lonesome, and had no tact for fine talk or fashionable sentiment, and she did not particularly admire the boarders. Her books, her flowers, her household avocations, and her pen occupied her constantly; these, with music, constituted the home enjoyments of the young couple.

"She will do *very* well," said Mrs. Lyle, one day after passing Nora in the hall, "and I see she has a new set of furs. Such extravagance, Mrs. Lasselle, they are actually the very set we prized of Bentons, and cost a thousand dollars. No one can deceive me in furs; I'm a capital judge; can detect an imitation at once: hers are real Russian sable, none of your mere Hudson's Bay. Yes, she's rather interesting: but who is she?"

"True enough," queried Mrs. Lasselle, "who is she? I expect you might know her twenty years and she'd never tell. She's one of those close-mouthed beings, and, I guess if the truth was known, she don't care about telling. I'll tell you what I think, Harry Moore had educated, and is still educating her. She goes out regularly every day to take music lessons, no doubt; for I hear a hammering on the piano in that direction."

"My dear, let us go into the parlor, to-night," said Harry, one day. "We are making ourselves rather exclusive, are we not? At least once a month, perhaps, it would be good policy to visit that room of chandeliers, Saxony carpets, and gilding."

"Just as you say, Harry," replied Nora. "I tried to fraternize two or three times, and went into the parlor when I know the ladies were there. But most of them were so occupied with callers; and—oh! Harry," she raised her large,

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brown eyes to his face—"did you know they flirted?"

"Who flirted?" queried Harry.

"Why, the ladies, I never saw anything like it."

"Well, well, we won't talk about that, little mentor; but come, get ready, and we'll take a survey below."

Dressed in a tasteful blue silk, Mrs. Moore entered the parlor with her husband. There were nearly twenty couples there, some of whom Mrs. Moore was on speaking terms with: others she did not know. It was surprising how very pleasantly the ladies chatted with Harry, and how seldom spoke to his wife, beyond advancing some simple remark.

"Why, Mr. Moore, do you know who Mrs. Moore is talking with?" asked Mrs. Lasselle, growing suddenly animated.

Harry looked across the room. There sat Nora, her face aglow, chatting in her sweetly gracious manner to a tall man rejoicing in a full beard and moustache, eagle eyes, and a Roman nose.

"If I am not mistaken, it is the Spanish Charge, who is stopping here for a few days. Ah! I see—Mark Grafton, my friend, must have introduced him."

"But, Mr. Moore, he scarcely speaks a dozen words of English; he is studying constantly, they say."

"Oh! I know, but Nora has spoken both French and Spanish for years. She is very likely talking with him in one or the other of those languages. Poor fellow! how delighted he seems! she must be using his own admirable dialect."

Mrs. Lasselle's face changed to a deep crimson: she felt uncomfortable. This little woman was her superior in one thing—perhaps in many."

"There's a sign that she wants me," said Harry, laughing, and hurrying toward her with all the fresh joy of a lover.

"Harry dear, Mr. Bonsuler is so anxious that I should sing. What shall I do?"

"Gratify him, by all means," returned her husband. "Come," and he led her to the piano. That hour the great dames of the A—— House had the satisfaction of listening to a few beautiful songs, both in French and Spanish, sang in superb style. They looked, they flushed—they bit their lips: in fact, they were chagrined beyond all expression. But they had taken a prejudice which they were not likely soon to give up. The blooming, smiling, happy wife of Harry Moore had rebuked them too plainly, unconsciously though it was done, to become a favorite with these merely purse-proud automatons. The glow of health that brightened cheeks and lips came naturally there, because she obeyed the laws of her being, and despised helplessness and inactivity. Her eyes beamed with the innocent light of a deep felt joy, for such things as petty malice, jealousy, backbiting, flirting, had never troubled even the surface of her soul. So the more they wondered and gossiped about her, the more grew wonder, and the bitterer gossip, till they had managed to set the report afloat, nobody knew how, nor who by, that Harry Moore's wife was a prodigy—that she had been taken with some gentleman's family when very young on account of poverty: and nobody knew what else.

Of all this Nora was ignorant. She did not aspire to the close communion of such women as Mrs. Lyle and Mrs. Lasselle, though they were the wealthiest ladies in the house, were quoted and followed by the smaller fry: and kept their own carriages. There were, however, some congenial minds in the A—— House, who, while they did not aspire to the first floor and costly suites of rooms, were unmistakably nobler in their possessions than many of those who did.

CHAPTER VI.

"My dear, I have great news to tell you," said Harry, as he came home one evening. "I am certain it will astonish you."

"I should like to be astonished," said Nora, simply.

"Well, then, listen with all your little ears. Uncle Mott, Gen. Mott, I should rather say, is up for the presidency."

If Harry had expected astonishment, he was not disappointed. Nora sprang from her seat, her eyes dilated.

"Harry Moore, is it possible?" she cried, almost wildly.

"Nora Moore, it is possible," was the response: "read the papers."

"I never could have believed it of uncle Mott," said Nora, after she had run her eye eagerly over the intelligence; "he is such a peculiar man, so fond of home and quiet! What can have happened to change his mind, for I see he has shown no objection to the nomination?"

"Oh! political friends!" laughed Harry.

"But he is so old!" urged Nora.

"Old! Hale sixty, and a constitution like iron: bless his russet cheeks. Did you see, they are going to get up a reception in this

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very city, and arrangements are made for the old general to come to this very house?"

"Capital! then I shall see him, dear old uncle!" cried Nora.

"Yes, after the procession. It's arranged that they will meet him on the outskirts of the city at nine or ten. The show will pass by here, I suppose; I heard them hinting about flags, and streamers, and a grand illumination in the evening. Of course there'll be an accompaniment of fire-works kept up by the outsiders, plenty of music and fun. In the evening, if the old man isn't too fatigued, we'll have him to ourselves."

"Yes, indeed!" Nora's face glowed with pleasure, "only think! I haven't seen him for six months. Dear old uncle, how kind in him to send me those beautiful furs before he went traveling last winter! I rather think," and she looked up slyly, "I was an object of some little envy whenever I wore them."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were an object of some little envy even without them," said Harry, laughing.

Perhaps at the same moment, certainly on the same evening, Mrs. Lasselle and Mrs. Lyle, who were fast friends, were talking upon the same subject.

"Mr. Lasselle, who is a great politician, you know, my dear, intends to illuminate our suite splendidly. It will be a grand procession; husband is appointed one of the marshals. Dear me—how will he look on horseback?"

"Did you ever see the general?" asked Mrs. Lyle.

"I never did. I suppose he will make his appearance at the *table d'hote*. Dear me, what shall you wear, Mrs. Lyle? I believe I will put on my new peach-color, one wants to look one's best before the old hero. Mr. Lasselle met him once in New Orleans, was introduced to him, so I suppose upon that etiquette he may claim acquaintance. They say he is splendid-looking indeed. I should judge so from his portraits"

"We are going to have seats in the lower balcony. I hope you have engaged yours," said Mrs. Lyle.

"Bless me, I never thought of it! Do you think it possible that they are all taken up?"

"I shouldn't wonder," was the reply. "They have already been numbered. Harry Moore and his wife, it seems, were offered the first choice, so they have the most eligible seats."

"I do think our landlord is strangely taken with that little Moore. Do you notice how attentive he is to her? All her wants supplied almost before she speaks. One thing I know: she is a mighty cunning piece, in spite of her demureness. But I really must have a seat in the lower balcony. By-the-way, did you observe, yesterday, that the governor's carriage stood at the door?"

"Oh! yes, Mrs. May told me. She says the governor's lady and niece called upon some one here—the Ellises perhaps; I heard that they were acquainted. We never know, though, upon what footing persons like Mrs. Ellis stand with people of settled gentility."

The speakers little knew that the call had been made on Mrs. Moore.

That evening Mr. Lasselle secured the coveted seat, bringing home some beautiful arrangements in the way of illumination. For a week nothing was talked of but the expected reception. People came and sent from all quarters to engage rooms at the A—— House. Stacks of flags and decorations were set down at the entrances, and soon fashioned into draperies of every size and form. Over the great entrance, arranged in starry letters, each an illumination, were words, "Welcome to the hero." In every window were wreaths, and ovals, and countless devices for beautifying the expected night. Across the street an arch was thrown, to be hung with colored lanterns: in short, every means was resorted to that the reception might reach far beyond the excellence of previous orations.

CHAPTER VII.

The expected day was ushered in with a cloudless morning. At an early hour the streets began to be thronged with spectators. Every carriage and coachman, every ragged boy that ran barefooted in the gutters, every pedlar, every wheelbarrow, underwent the scrutinizing glances of the crowd, who had come hither to look, and intended to overlook nothing. Now and then the music of a distant band caused a simultaneous rush forward, but nothing was to be seen till the hands of the ponderous city clock pointed to eleven, and the children, tired of the heat, the inactivity, and even of the candy with which their little hands were filled, began to cry for sensation. The front of the A—— House was crowded with beauty. The splendor of the dresses; the flashing of jewels, bright eyes, and brighter smiles, made a spectacle as admirable as need to have been desired; and the crowds opposite appeared to think so, for they scarcely turned their eyes from the teeming tiers. On the lower balcony, which was protected from the sun by an awning of bright silk, sat the chief ladies of the A—— House, or who-

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ever had procured that privilege by the aid of gold. Mrs. Lasselle and Mrs. Lyle were dressed with great splendor, while Nora wore only a plain black silk, and no jewelry. Presently there was a distant gleam and glitter, a loud flourish of trumpets, and lo! the conquering hero came. First there were bodies of cavalry; then foot companies in elegant uniform; then marshals and old citizens in barouches; then, closely hemmed by the crowd, the noblest Roman of them all, surrounded by state dignitaries, his white hair blown over a massive and bronzed forehead, his handsome features lighted with martial enthusiasm, his heart cheered by the warm greeting of the people who shouted along the line.

"Here he comes. There he is. That must be he standing up just now," were the various exclamations of the occupants of the lower balcony. On came the splendid show, the general bowing composedly, right and left. As he fronted the balcony, however, a quick smile of recognition brightened his face, and, with a bow of unusual deference, he passed them. Nora's eyes were shining with tears, happy tears, but she did not speak; while Mrs. Lasselle gazed triumphantly over to Mrs. Lyle, as much as to say, "Did you see that?" Secretly each of these vain women passed the compliment to her own account; but Nora said nothing. She was not one to parade her emotions: still she turned a pleased smile on her husband, who only whispered, "How glad he seemed to see you! I shouldn't wonder if that was really the pleasantest moment of the whole."

The din of trumpets, the sound of all the brass-throated instruments, gradually fell to the softest strain of an echo, as the great spectacle wound on to carry pleasure to other sight-seers. Soon the balcony was deserted. Harry had said that they two must be among the first to welcome the old general, and accordingly they wended their way to the parlor, where already many were assembled for the same purpose. They seated themselves on a lounge in the near vicinity of Mrs. Lasselle and her party, and where they could not avoid hearing the conversation.

"I am really very anxious for an introduction to the old hero," said Mrs. Lasselle, adjusting her bracelet; "Henry, I shall depend upon you to present me."

"Oh! yes—certainly—certainly," lisped the young man beside her, whose dangerous whiskers and faultless curls were very often in close proximity to the fair lady's cheeks as he leaned down to address her. "I was once very intimate with the general," he added; "he would do anything to give me pleasure, I assure you."

"Nora, do you remember him?" whispered Harry, with mischief in his eyes. "You ought to, for as he says he was very intimate."

"Oh! yes," and Nora smiled back, "he was Surgeon Rees' clerk. He does not recognize me, though I saw him more than once, when I was with uncle."

"Some women would have said Surgeon Rees' valet; for he was in reality that," replied Harry, "but you are altogether above and beyond some women. However, as he has had a fortune left him, we must let by-gones be by-gones, only it does annoy me to see fellows put on such airs."

There was an immense stir and bustle below stairs; then many steps heard approaching. The door opened, and the handsome face of the general appeared, backed by a crowd of men of note. The company rose as he bowed slightly, and moved forward, talking with his friends.

"Ah! excuse me," he cried, "here is my little Nora. I am so glad to see you, my darling. There, you must pardon me for kissing you before company, but I am an old-fashioned man, you know. Well, my pet," he had both her hands now, and was leading her to an unoccupied seat, she smiling and blushing, Harry following, Mrs. Lasselle gazing dumbly on, blue with wonder, "how do you like hotel life, and what do you find to occupy yourself with, both active brain and active fingers? I miss you more than I can tell, must have you back again. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, sir, taking my child away from me at my time of life, and bringing her to waste her precious time in a fashionable hotel?" he said, laughing, turning to Harry. "I'm afraid the good old habits my sister taught her are fast being merged into useless inactivity and purposeless labor."

"You never need fear for Nora, sir," said Harry; "she brought all the good old habits with her, and practices them as regularly as she does her music."

"Ah! she does, does she? Good child. Here comes Senator Glynn—my niece, Senator Glynn, my only sister's only child."

Mrs. Lasselle looked at Mrs. Lyle, and both were aghast. This common little personage who did her own work was no other than niece to one of the first generals of the age. Was ever pride so extinguished? Was ever mortification so crushing? Certainly if Mrs. Lasselle had not entirely forfeited the esteem of Harry Moore's wife, she had done nothing to gain it; for, as she looked back, her coldness seemed insult. The young man by her side

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appeared cowed on a sudden. He remembered the face of Nora now, and recollected also that she could not have forgotten him or his former station. He was spared the necessity of introducing the fair lady, however, for the snuffy Lasselle, himself fairly radiant with dust, his brow streaming with perspiration, and his white gloves dubiously colored somewhat to the shade of a dirty Meerschaum, entered, and, taking advantage of a leisure moment, almost dragged his reluctant wife to the general, and presented her. But the cordial hand pressure of the noble old man proved no balm to her, and she retired to her own room, angry with herself, and disgusted, for the time, with her surroundings.

Of course the whole house was in a state of intense excitement, and Nora found herself the recipient of attentions so new and numerous as to appear rather questionable. However, the little lady—for true lady she was—gave offence to none, though she saw through artifice and stratagem; and when she left the A—— House, on an urgent invitation of her uncle to spend the summer at his country seat, she took leave of all alike, and extended her courtesies impartially.

Mrs. Lasselle and Mrs. Lyle had, however, both learned a lesson that was profitable for their future, and showed them the injustice of condemning on prejudice.

As for Nora, she is known to this day in the A—— House as the lady who did her own work, and husbands hold her up as a pattern when their wives complain of lassitude and *ennui*. I am happy to say that, in many respects, her rare example has been followed.

MOURNING.

BY MISS J. E. MOTT.

Gone! gone! gone!
A funeral wail for the dead;
And alas! that my heart should say such words,
The saddest that ever were said.

Gone! gone! gone!
I had never thought it could be;
How should I dream that the bitterest grief
Would come with its blight to me?

Gone! gone! gone!
Oh! my heart, if thou hadst but known,
The love in thy depths should have changed each look,
And spoken in every tone.

Gone! gone! gone!
Where my sorrow cannot avail,
Though mine eyes are heavy with useless tears,
My cheeks, with repentance, pale.

Gone! gone! gone!
The past I can never undo;
And my hasty deeds, and my hasty speech,
Alike I must vainly rue.

Gone! gone! gone!
My lips to her own I may press,
But, chiseled, and white, and as marble cold,
They feel not the mute caress.

Gone! gone! gone!
Oh! I wonder if she can know,
In the Heaven above, where her spirit dwells,
How my bruised heart aches below!

Gone! gone! gone!
Would it add to her perfect joy
To feel that, alas! too late, my love
Is given without alloy?

Gone! gone! gone!
Uplifting my arms to the sky,
"Look down from thy resting place, beloved!"
In passionate grief, I cry.

Gone! gone! gone!
Poor heart! that is never still,
They are making thy grave, with hers, beneath
The violets on the hill.

MARTHA.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

Surely my heart is breaking, breaking,
Oh! my dead master—oh! my dead master,
Sleep'st thou the sleep that knows no waking?
Droops my head lower? flow my tears faster?

Creep the dull hours so slowly, slowly,
Roland, my glory—Roland, my glory,
Cometh no more, in the twilight holy,
To tell me love's sweet, wondrous story.

Hoedest thou not my weeping, weeping?
Oh! my lost lover—oh! my lost lover,
Like a crowned king thou liest sleeping,
Sorrows all ended—trials all over.

Know'st thou not I am weary, weary,
Seeing thee never—seeing thee never?
Life groweth dim, and the world is a-dreary,
Thou dwell'st with the angels forever.

Falleth the night down blindly, blindly?
God help the weeper—God help the weeper!
Angels in Heaven look on her kindly,
Pity and love her—bless her and keep her!

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REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

I WAS sitting in the library, crouched in the recess of the oriel window, that my book might have all the advantage possible of the waning light.

I was a great reader of romances in those days, as every solitary boy is sure to be, and I was so deeply engrossed in the escape of Mary Stuart from Lochleven, that I did not notice the rapid approach of evening. I hurried over the pages until I found that the poor queen was safe, for a time at least, and laid the volume down quite breathless with excitement.

I should have been glad to have sat there an hour longer, dreaming aimlessly, perhaps, but very pleasantly, of the scenes and characters which had taken so strong a hold of my imagination, but I was not allowed farther quiet. There was a slamming of doors, a sound of voices, for every noise echoed with tenfold force through that old house; then I heard Prudence Winship call me loudly from the hall,

"Paul, Paul Chenery!"

There was such an appeal for assistance in the tone, that I could not find it in my heart to remain silent, particularly as I knew that Mrs. Prudence would never rest until she had discovered my hiding-place, and dragged me out of it by dint of remonstrance or persuasion.

I rose unwillingly enough and went out into the hall where the old lady stood, with the air of a woman who had so many things on her hands, that she remained idle from sheer inability to decide which had better be done first.

"Oh! there you are," she exclaimed, quite fretful from agitation, "I've been hunting for you all over the house! Do, for mercy's sake, help me a little; it's a'most time for your uncle to be here, and things ain't half ready."

"What can I do for you?" I asked, not at all surprised at the request, for Prudence had lectured and governed me so often as a child, that neither she nor I remembered it ought to be different now.

"If you'll just get the wine out and set it to cool: I ain't going to give the man the keys, there's no trusting nobody! I've got to run back into the kitchen, or that dreadful woman 'll burn the meat or upset the soup—oh! them Irish! And do just see that somebody lights the hall and parlor, and if you'll only take up the flowers you picked for the young lady's room, and——"

"That will do for the present, Prudence!"

"Yes, I know: it's a born shame to trouble you, but a body hain't got but one pair of hands. And oh! *do* step into Mr. Maurice's chamber, and make sure that I haven't forgot anything, or he'll make such a disturbance!"

"All right, aunty; run off to your work."

"I'm going! Oh! sakes alive, I do wish Mr. Redman would ever let a body know in time when he's invited company! I declare I hain't set down since daylight, and my feet ache to that degree——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the distance, for Prudence had pattered away through the hall; and I soon heard confused murmurs from the kitchen, which proved that something had gone wrong during her absence.

I smiled a little at the good woman's excitement, and went away to fulfill her requests, wondering somewhat about the guests whom my uncle was to bring home with him.

Of course I found the vases of flowers upon the upper hall table, where I had left them two hours before, and so took them myself into the chamber which the young lady was to occupy.

It was a pleasant room overlooking the garden, one window completely covered with a rose vine still red with blossoms, through which the new moon was stealing in, while a soft wind stirred the flowers, until it seemed as if the light had half awakened them. I marveled what manner of girl she would prove to be, if she would be gratified by the care I had taken, and if she would sit by her moonlit casement late into the night, as I did by mine, weaving all sorts of strange fancies, more engrossing from their very impossibility.

Then I stole softly out, feeling as if I was wrong to intrude where she would so soon sit alone with her fancies, and went down the passages to my cousin's chambers, among the most comfortable in the house, for Maurice was accustomed to claim the best of everything. Aunt Prudence had shown her usual care; I could

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see nothing for him to find fault about, and I idled away a few moments there likewise, thinking of my cousin, and wondering if he would snub and worry me after his old fashion.

We had not met for over a year. Maurice had been in Europe—he had always done whatever best pleased him, for our uncle seemed to find his chief pleasure in gratifying the young man's fancies. I made up my mind that he would find me greatly changed; I was grown up too now, and would endure even less patiently than of old, his overbearing manners.

My somewhat unamiable train of thought was disturbed by hearing the rapid gallop of a horse up to the house; and I concluded that Maurice, with his usual impetuosity, had ridden on in advance of the rest of the party.

I went very slowly down the stairs, rather dreading the interview, for my cousin had never loved me, and I felt confident that, even after our lengthened separation, his first words would hide a sneer.

I heard him giving orders to the servant who was leading away his horse; then he entered the hall, returning Prudence's greeting with his customary indifference.

"Of course you are glad to see me back, old lady! Upon my word, you look as blooming as a December rose. But where is that pet of yours, my hopeful young cousin, I am astonished that he isn't here to do the honors in his usual lordly style?"

"Here I am, Maurice," I called out; "and I am very glad to see you."

"No doubt of that, young one! Come along, and let me see if you are at all presentable."

The salutation was not pleasant; but I went toward him as he stood in the parlor door way, determined that all should go on amicably, for that night at least.

He did not stir—never extended his hand until I held out mine.

"Why, I almost think you've grown, youngster," he said, laughingly, yet with something in his tone that stung my pride. "Aunt Prudence can't measure you any longer with her apron string, can she?"

"He's not so very much shorter than his uncle," put in Prudence. "Because you happen to be a six footer, you think everybody else ought to be."

"Oh! no, no! Let the body be in keeping with the mind—hey, my boy?"

A bitter retort rose to my lips, but I checked it; and Prudence began to question him with great volubility.

"How long before your uncle'll get here?"

"Not more than half an hour—you'd better stir yourselves. They were ready to start just as I rode off; the boat was late to-night, or we should all have been here some time ago."

At that moment there was a sound without which made each one start—a mournful sort of cry, scarcely human, yet with a world of human pain in its unearthliness.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated Prudence. "What can that be?"

"That old crazy woman!" said Maurice. "Tell somebody to drive her off, Paul."

"Who?" I asked.

"As if I knew! Are you a lunatic yourself? She started up in the road before me about a mile from here, and frightened my horse half to death. I gave her a cut with my whip, and she ran off with a howl, but I could hear her following me every little while."

"Poor thing!" I said, "she must be taken care of!"

"Really; do you own this house?" asked Maurice, sneeringly. "My uncle may not take it very kindly if you turn the place into a bedlam."

I made no reply, but went out on to the terrace, followed by Prudence, whose fears had vanished when she found that nothing supernatural was near.

I saw through the night a woman toiling up the avenue, her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, her arms extended as if imploring protection from some invisible danger. I watched her with a feeling of awe, which Prudence evidently shared, for she stood perfectly silent by my side.

The woman tottered on with violent efforts, like a person struggling against a heavy wind. I could hear her breath distinctly, gasping and short, hissing through her clenched teeth as she beat the air with her long hands, and pressed forward like some terrible spectre approaching through the gloom.

Before I could collect my scattered faculties she had reached the verandah, there was another startling moan, and she fell like a lifeless mass upon the steps, her head hidden amid her long hair.

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed Prudence, flinging up her hands in surprise and fright.

I ran down the steps and raised the poor creature. She had not fainted, for her eyes were open, and she muttered feebly, but she was so exhausted by physical weariness, that she lay passive in my arms. I could lift her without difficulty, for want or disease had worn her almost to a skeleton, and I carried her into

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the hall, followed by Prudence, who seemed quite to have lost her usual presence of mind.

Maurice came out of the parlor, muttering a curse when he saw that I had brought the woman in to the house.

"Take that creature away!" he exclaimed, angrily. "You little fool, what do you think my uncle will say?"

I made no answer, nor in any way heeded the torrent of invective which he poured forth.

"Won't you let her be put in your room for a little, Prudence?" I said; "she will die if she goes out again."

"Of course," she replied, all her womanly feelings roused at once. "I'll help you take her up; for, if the servants knew there was a crazy woman in the house, they'd go mad themselves."

"Throw her out in the barn," said Maurice.

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Prudence, with a burst of honest indignation. "Think if it was yourself; nobody knows what they may come to in this world."

Maurice stamped his foot with passion, the old, fierce temper rising at the least opposition.

"I've three minds to have you all thrown out together," he muttered.

"There's two words to that, Mr. Maurice," retorted Prudence; "I'll just see what Mr. Redman says to such talk."

All this time, the woman lay moaning in the chair where I had placed her.

"Get a glass of wine out of the dining-room, Prudence," I said; "she looks as if she was dying."

The old lady ran off in great haste, while Maurice stood muttering and reproaching me.

"I would like to murder you," he said.

"I have no doubt," I replied, "but you may as well let me alone, for I shall not see this poor thing die before my eyes."

"If my uncle happens to come——"

"That is my affair! He is not inhuman enough to blame me."

"If you don't get her away in three minutes, I'll fling you out-doors after her."

"No, you won't," returned Prudence, coming back with the wine, which I proceeded to administer; "no, you won't, Mr. Maurice! Boy and man I've known you for bad, but there's some things you can't do."

Prudence was the only one in the house who ever resisted Maurice; and he knew that there was no appeal, for our uncle would never speak harshly to her even where his favorite was in question.

The woman swallowed the wine with difficulty at first, then drank eagerly. Suddenly she let the glass fall and started to her feet, brushing away her hair so that the light fell full on her face.

"Gracious powers!" muttered Prudence, staggering back.

"Oh! you've had enough of it, have you?" sneered Maurice; "she is a beauty!"

Prudence turned upon him with a stern look.

"Take care what you do, young man," she said—"take care!"

Maurice shrunk back, and for a few moments Prudence stood gazing at the woman with a horror far deeper than my own. It was a strange sight—that tall, slight form worn to a shadow—long masses of auburn hair, which had once been soft and beautiful, falling about the attenuated face; eyes gleaming with insanity staring around; and all the while upon the bloodless lips a patient, serene smile, which fairly beautified the whole countenance.

"It's gone," she muttered—"it's gone!"

Suddenly she caught Prudence's hand, and stared wildly in her face.

"Do you know?" she whispered. "Did you see which way they took it?"

Prudence shrank back, weeping aloud, her firm nerves seemed completely unsettled by the shock.

The woman dropped her hand, turned and saw me standing there. She clutched my arm, pushed my hair back with her icy fingers, muttering wildly. Then the look of eager expectation died out of her face, and she turned away with a heavy moan.

"I can't tell—I don't know! Oh! which way?—which way?"

She took a step or two forward, and her eyes fell on Maurice, who was awed to silence. She cried out again, not loudly, but with that same wailing tone, and darted back between Prudence and myself.

"They are after me," she cried; "save me, do save me! I got away—they starved me, whipped me—don't let them have me again."

"Come with me," I said, taking her hand gently; "I will hide you safely. Come."

"Yes," she answered; "you look kind! Is it the face?—is it?"

She peered fixedly at me for an instant, then shook her head, repeating many times,

"I can't tell—I can't tell! It's so confused—so strange." Then she glanced at Maurice, and the same shiver of terror shook her frame. "Don't let him come—he'll tell them, I know he will! Take me away—do take me away."

I led her up the back staircase which led out

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of a side passage, and went on to the housekeeper's room, the woman pleading piteously the while, and Prudence following with many tears. Once in the room, and the door locked, the poor creature seemed to feel that she was in safety. She released her hold of my arm and fell into a chair.

"I'm hungry," she muttered, "hungry."

Some remnants of food set on the table, I gave them to her, and she began to eat greedily, tearing the meat with her teeth like a wild animal.

"Oh! it's dreadful, dreadful!" cried Prudence.

"Who can she be?" I questioned. "Where can she have come from?"

"How do I know!" returned Prudence, with much excitement. "What makes you ask me, boy? You see she's crazy, don't you?"

I looked at her in astonishment. She was very pale, and shaking from head to foot.

"She can't hurt you," I said, "she is too weak even to stand."

"I'm not afraid," said Prudence, trembling more violently; "not a bit afraid."

"What are we to do with her?" I asked; "we can't leave her alone."

"I won't stay with her," gasped Prudence; "I won't, I won't! And there's the carriage! Mercy on me, I had forgotten all about dinner. I don't know what to do—oh! dear, oh! dear!"

She wrung her hands, and appeared so much distressed that I could make nothing of it. The insane woman had devoured the meat, and was gazing curiously at her.

"Hush!" she said, in a frightened whisper. "They'll whip you if they hear you. Don't—don't!"

"I declare I shall go crazy myself," groaned Prudence; "I shall indeed."

"Crazy!" repeated the lunatic, "crazy! Oh! that's all over with long ago. Hark! he's stopped crying now—he lies very still. Hush, little one, hush!"

She rocked her body to and fro as if quieting a child, motioned us to be silent, and began droning a sort of tune singularly touching.

"I can't stand it," sobbed Prudence; "Paul, I can't!"

"Go down stairs then; I am not at all afraid."

There was a distant sound of voices, confused murmurs rising from below, which attracted the stranger's attention. She sprang up at once, raving more loudly than ever.

"They are coming," she shrieked, "they are after me! Don't let me scream, don't!"

With an instinct almost like reason, she clasped her hands against her mouth to keep back her cries, biting deeply into the flesh, and running aimlessly about the apartment. But she was too much exhausted even for insanity to give her more than momentary strength; she fell upon the floor, coiling herself up, and hiding her head as she done down stairs.

"She will not stir again for some time," I whispered. "Go down stairs and tell my uncle, he will know what ought to be done."

"Will he?" asked Prudence. "Oh! I'll tell him, I'll tell him. But you mustn't stay here; perhaps I had better, and let you call him. No, I can't—if it was to save my soul I couldn't."

"I think you are mad yourself! Go down quietly and do as I tell you. Why, I thought you were a woman of more sense."

"I'm getting old, you see," she replied, struggling hard to regain her composure; "things trouble me more than they used to. Well, I'll go down. Don't speak—let her alone—it's only raving, you know, and no use to make her, the visitors might hear. I'll go, Paul, I'll go."

But I had fairly to push her out of the room, for she seemed quite frantic between her dread of staying alone with the mad woman, or of leaving me.

I must have remained there for twenty minutes. The time appeared very long, not that I was afraid, but I had scarcely ever seen a crazy person before, and it was like being shut in with an evil spirit, to stay alone and watch her insanity.

She lay quite still for a time, and I never dared to turn my eyes away. At last, she raised her head and looked around, smiled strangely when she saw me, whispering,

"You have sent them off! I am tired, tired! These thin slippers, ball-room slippers."

She put out her foot, her shoe was old and torn, but had once been thick and strong.

"Ball-room slippers, you know," she went on; "there was no time to change. Is the baby waking? Hush, little one, hush!"

Then she hummed the mournful lullaby again, and grew quiet in her efforts to soothe the child that was not there.

"Is it far yet?" she asked, suddenly. "Why doesn't he come? I am so tired, oh! so tired. Don't let them steal the baby; he's very quiet, they can't find us now. Hush, little one, hush!"

"The baby is asleep," I said, softly. "Where did you come from?"

"A long, long way! They beat me, they starved me, but I got out—oh! I was so wakeful and quick! I haven't slept for ages, waiting for an opportunity."

"Where were you? Can you tell?"

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She began babbling impotently, growing so excited in her efforts to speak intelligibly, that I did not dare question her farther.

I heard a step in the hall, which I knew to be my uncle's; then there was a low tap on the door, but the mad woman's quick ear caught the sound. She darted toward me, a fury so terrible blazing in her eyes, that for the first time I felt alarmed. I opened the door quickly, and my uncle entered.

When the woman saw him she uttered another cry, sprang forward and tried to rush out of the apartment. My uncle caught her, and held her fast in spite of her struggles; while all the while her shrieks rang through the house.

"Help me, Paul!" he exclaimed. "Tie her hands—quick!"

I took my handkerchief and bound her arms as well as I could, while she raved and resisted with all her force.

"Liar! murderer!" she cried. "I know—it is the face, the arch-demon!"

"Stop!" said my uncle, sternly; "do you see that whip on the table?"

She tore herself away from him, and cowered to the farthest end of the room, hiding her face in the shawl, and moaning with fear.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"How should I?" he said, angrily.

"Yes, yes!" gibbered the woman, "I knew—it is the arch demon! And the child—it is gone! Help! help! they have stolen the child!"

"Go away, Paul," said my uncle. "I know better than you how to deal with her."

"But you may want help——"

"Do as I bid you!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot with passion. "Leave the room, sir!"

I obeyed at once, and hurried through the passages to escape the echo of those fearful cries. I do not think the newly arrived guests heard them, for Prudence's room was in a distant wing, separated by wide halls and rows of chambers, from the apartments which had been arranged for them to occupy.

I went to my room, arranged my dress as well as my trembling hands would allow, and hurried down stairs to find Prudence, eager to confer with her concerning the strange mad woman.

CHAPTER II.

In my haste I ran directly against some person coming through the hall, when I saw a pale girl, with long curls and white garments. I was ready to think that I had met a ghost, so completely unstrung were my nerves by the events of the past hour.

Of course an instant's reflection assured me that I had met the young lady whom my uncle had brought with him, so I stammered out what apologies I might, and went on.

A strange feeling passed over me; my agitation was succeeded by a singular calm, as if the single glance of those girlish eyes had possessed a magic power. I had no time to meditate upon it, for in the dining-room I found Prudence giving the last touches to the dinner-table, but pale and troubled, and going about with a hesitation very different from the self-possession with which she usually performed her duties.

"My uncle is up stairs," I said, "and he sent me down."

Prudence made no answer, walking around the table, changing the position of the dishes, then restoring them to their former place, evidently quite unconscious of what she was about.

"Did you ever see her before, Prudence?" I asked.

"The boy's a fool!" she returned. "I never want to see her again," she added, sitting down in the nearest chair; "she frightened me 'most out of my wits."

"It is very strange that she should have come here."

"It just happened so," said Prudence; "she's got out of a 'sylum some where, and wandered off here."

"That must be it. What do you think my uncle will do?"

"Send her back, I suppose. For mercy's sake don't never say another word about her, unless you want to scare me to death."

Before I could answer, my uncle entered the room, but he gave me no time to pour out the flood of questions that rose to my lips.

"How do you do, Paul?" he said, shaking my hand with as much cordiality as he ever showed me. "Have you been well?"

"Very well, sir. But the crazy woman?"

"Is quiet, and I have set Waters to watch over her. You look wilder than she did."

"But who can she be?"

"I am really unable to say; she has evidently escaped from a lunatic asylum—probably the one just out of town, and has walked the thirty miles."

He went up to Prudence, and I heard her question him eagerly, although I could not catch the words; but I heard a portion of his reply.

"All a mistake—we never saw her before."

"But she was so like——"

"Don't be a fool, my good Prudence. Just think no more about it. Well, Paul," he added,

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aloud, "you look dreadfully mysterious, but I am afraid you cannot make a romance out of this."

"He has tried hard," said Maurice, entering as my uncle spoke. "I think you must be extremely obliged to him for turning the house into a lunatic asylum."

"He did quite right," replied my uncle, more sharply than I had ever heard him address my cousin; "I should have been ashamed of him if he had been inhuman enough to drive her away."

"Oh! if you choose to take in crazy women I've nothing to say," replied Maurice, flippantly. "You had better send her down to amuse Miss Morgan."

"I am quite capable of managing my own affairs, sir," replied my uncle. I could scarcely believe it was Maurice he was addressing in that angry tone.

"But who is she? how came she here?" questioned Maurice, in a more respectful way.

"That I cannot tell; I think she has escaped from the private lunatic asylum, just this side of town, and I am going to send Waters back with her. You will please say nothing about it, for I don't wish my visitors frightened out of their senses before they have been in the house an hour."

"I should think Mrs. Prudence meant to starve them," returned Maurice. "Do you know if we are to have dinner to-night?"

"Surely; it must be late," said my uncle. "Please hurry it up, Mrs. Winship."

"It will be on the table in five minutes," said Prudence, gruffly; "a body can't do more than forty things at once, no matter what Mr. Maurice may think."

She grumbled herself out toward the kitchen, and my cousin said,

"That's a very respectful old woman, she ought to be packed out of the house!"

"You are leaving Miss Morgan alone," said my uncle; "it is scarcely civil, my boy."

Maurice went away, and my uncle turned to me.

"Come and be introduced to our visitors. I want every attention shown them, Paul, for I am anxious to see Maurice married to the young lady."

"Are they engaged?"

"Not positively, but she likes him, evidently, and her parents are well pleased. He met them in Europe, and traveled with them for some time; the daughter is very wealthy in her own right."

I pitied the girl if she felt any interest in Maurice. He had been a bad, dangerous boy, and I knew well that time had only strengthened his evil passions, however carefully they might have been concealed beneath his pleasant and winning manner, he could at will assume.

I followed my uncle into the parlor, and was duly presented to the strangers. I was not timid, but there was a feeling at my heart for which I could render no account, and which left me trembling like a frightened child.

Mrs. Morgan was a subdued, crushed-looking woman, with a sweet smile and pleasant voice; there were the remnants of former beauty in her face, but years of pain and endurance had worn away its freshness, until she appeared like a shadow of what her youth had been.

When I looked at her husband I understood it all. Such pomposity and insufferable egotism I never saw in any man's face and manner; he touched my hand in a patronizing way, and addressed me as he would have done some poor dependent on his bounty

I think my face must have shown how deeply I was hurt and offended; for, when I glanced toward Maurice, he was watching me with an undisguised sneer, so I restrained my feelings at once.

By my cousin's side was seated the young girl whom I had encountered in the hall. My uncle presented me to her politely enough, though as he might have introduced a mere boy; but she bowed with graceful courtesy, and her smile sent the same wild shiver through my heart.

"So you don't dine in the nursery any more?" Maurice half whispered.

I made no reply, and my cousin bent over the young lady and talked to her in a low, confidential tone, so there was nothing left for me but to walk away, though I saw by the apologetic glance of her eyes that she was no willing sharer in his rudeness.

No one talked to me at dinner, except when Mrs. Morgan addressed me in her frightened way; but her husband was sure to check her unpleasantly, so, after a time, I sat quite disregarded.

I watched Maurice with a feeling of bitter resentment stronger than I had ever before experienced; yet, with it all, there came a consciousness, based upon what grounds I could not have told, yet strong and confident—Alice Morgan did not love him! I saw that he was lost in one of the mad passions which had so often burned his heart, and I hated him that he dared take the impurity of his thoughts into the presence of that innocent girl.

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Yet, one not intimately acquainted with his nature and past life would have thought I judged him harshly. I knew Maurice well: he had been false and artful as a boy, guilty of acts which would have been dark stains in the character of a hardened man, doubly odious when perpetrated by one who should have possessed the innocence of youth. His life at college had been a constant scene of dissipation; his after career, as far as it came under my knowledge, a fit continuation, and I was certain that the time he had spent abroad had only been wasted in more degrading vice.

He was a tall, beautifully formed man; his face was handsome, but to me, who knew its changes so well, absolutely revolting. He was not more than twenty-six then, but he had never been young. My uncle had not, in the slightest degree, restrained him; on the contrary, by his indulgence, he had fostered his evil propensities to the monstrous growth they had attained.

Our lives had been very different; for he had not been content to enjoy the sunshine that so brightened his path, but he had snatched at every little gleam which would have warmed my heart, as if he could not bear that it should be soothed by the slightest touch of happiness.

I could not have been more than five years old when my parents died, yet I remembered every event with perfect distinctness. We were living South, and just before my father's death he sent for Mr. Redman, my lost mother's brother. When all was over, he took me to the North with him, to his own home, and committed me to the care of Prudence. Had I been her own child she could not have watched over me with more affection.

Maurice was twelve years old then, the most thoroughly spoiled boy it is possible to imagine. He had always lived with our uncle, for his parents died in Europe while he was still an infant, and Mr. Redman had adopted him, his father having been a favorite brother, whereas my mother he had never loved.

From the first day that we met, Maurice hated me with an intensity far beyond his years. Many a time he committed some mischievous act for the sole purpose of ascribing it to me. He convinced my uncle that I was an habitual liar, young as I was, and by every sort of artifice prevented his ever becoming attached to me, even if he had possessed the inclination, which I doubt.

Prudence protected me as far as was possible, but she could not prevent my uncle's treating me with indifference, or guard me against Maurice's sneers and plots. After a time, he went away to school, and that was the happiest season of my life. My uncle was in Congress, and the intervals of leisure were usually spent in town. Prudence and I were quite at liberty to enjoy ourselves after our own fashion, and she spared no pains to make my childhood a pleasant one.

Without her care I should have died, for I was far from strong, and the slightest carelessness or exposure was sure to be followed by a severe illness.

Sometimes during the summer Maurice returned to spend his vacations. Such weeks were unpleasant enough, and Prudence rejoiced as much as myself when the time came for him to go back to school, or my uncle took him upon some pleasure tour.

I was not sent away to school; but fortunately the village pastor was a man of profound learning, and during all those years I was under his care; and, as I was fond of books, I made so good use of my time that, although but thirteen when Maurice entered college, I was quite as well prepared to have gone as himself. But my uncle showed no disposition to send me, and Maurice had so impressed upon my mind the fact that I was only a dependant on Mr. Redman's bounty that I never asked the privilege.

"It is all very well for me," he would say, "I have a fortune of my own, and shall inherit another; but you are no better than a beggar, and of course my uncle does not feel inclined to spend any more money on you than he can help."

He always said "my uncle" with such an air of ownership, as if I had no claim at all, which, in fact, he daily assured me was the case. Mr. Redman never knew half of his outrageous conduct, or I am certain that he would not have permitted it.

But the time came when my boyish pride was fully roused, and, without a word even to Prudence, I left the house. A letter which I wrote my uncle revealed my purpose—it was full of gratitude and the affection repressed for years, but I had gone never to return—gone to seek my own living.

For once he manifested an interest in me, never rested until he had discovered my whereabouts and taken me home again.

"Remember this," he said, "you have no right to go away. I am your legal guardian, and it is your duty to obey me. This is your home, and if Maurice does not leave you in peace inform me."

After Prudence had finished scolding and

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weeping over me, she told me that she had never seen my uncle so uneasy, and that he had been very harsh with Maurice. I think he must have talked severely to my cousin, for he troubled me much less. Indeed, he never found it quite safe again, for, the first time he annoyed me, I gave him so hard a blow with my ball-club that he was willing to content himself with simple taunts and prejudicing Mr. Redman's mind more completely against me.

So the years had passed on, and now I reached manhood—my nineteenth birthday was over. I had always determined that when it came I would begin the world for myself, and my mind was fully made up to inform my uncle of it during the present visit.

For a year past I had seen but little of him; he was seldom at home, seeming to miss Maurice too much to stay long when he did come.

My uncle's affection I had never possessed; that was no new trouble, but during those hurried visits I noticed a change in his usually cold manner. My presence seemed unpleasant to him; he would leave the room if I entered; or, if we conversed together, appeared always to find in my words hidden meanings which I had no thought of giving.

He was passionate, but not harsh, and when his feelings overcame his judgment, and spoke bitterly to me for faults innocently committed, he was sure to be sorry for it. I could see that, not that he ever offered excuses, but he would be more gentle to me after, and at times I could observe upon his face a strange self-reproach which I did not comprehend.

He was not a good man; I knew that, partly by intuition, more by the vague reports which reached even my ears. He was almost avowedly an infidel, and his early life had been reckless in the extreme. That he was an habitual gambler I did not know till long afterward, but when I learned it, I held the fact as a sort of excuse for many other errors which came to my knowledge.

Still his position was a fine one; he had an enviable reputation as a lawyer, and had held many offices of trust, though I suppose it was the same untraceable report of his reckless habits which prevented his acquiring a wide political influence.

But this long digression has taken me far from the events of that night, which was the prelude to a great change in my life.

I was not much more noticed during the evening than I had been at dinner, until Alice was asked to sing. Probably my face showed how much I enjoyed the delicious melody, for I had unconsciously drawn near the piano, in spite of Maurice's frowns.

"Do you not play yourself, Mr. Chenery?" she asked, abruptly, when her song was finished.

"Oh! yes," I said; "but very seldom for any one but myself."

"Will you not for us? My mother is extremely fond of music."

"Don't bring upon yourself the infliction of school-boy drumming," said Maurice, laughing, though with a threatening look at me which I quite disregarded.

"Then mine must be school-girl drumming," she said, pleasantly, "for your cousin is older than I. Please take my place, Mr. Chenery, and play for me. Mr. Redman, we will banish you."

"That would be too cruel," he said; "I can bear even Paul's discords in your company."

I took my seat at the piano, determined to do my best. I played well, and I knew it; the pastor's wife had been a teacher of music, and instructed me as thoroughly in that accomplishment as her husband had done in my other studies.

When I ceased, Miss Morgan turned to Maurice with a look of surprise.

"I would give the world to play like that," she said. "Really, Mr. Redman, your ear is not very good."

"Paul has improved wonderfully," he replied, but through his smile I saw the pallor of rage creep over his face; his fingers worked nervously upon the piano. I knew that he was longing to strangle me then and there, and I rather enjoyed the consciousness.

But my uncle's quick eye was upon us; he had no intention of allowing me to cause his favorite even a momentary annoyance.

"Shall we have a game of whist, Mrs. Morgan?" he asked of the little pale woman, who always started when addressed, as if she expected a blow, and, before venturing to answer, glanced timidly toward her husband.

"I am quite willing," said that majestic personage, before she had time to speak, "but who will make a fourth?"

"Oh! Paul plays a very tolerable game," said my uncle.

"But," stammered the little woman, "he may not wish——"

"My dear!" thundered the husband.

She shrunk into herself and was silenced at once.

"Oh! he will be delighted," returned my uncle. "Come, Paul, get the cards, and be Mrs. Morgan's partner."

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There was no refusal possible, and I obeyed with the best grace I could. I hated cards, and would much sooner have had my little finger cut off than have been stationed at that abominable green board. But there they fastened me for two mortal hours, while Maurice talked with Alice at the farther end of the room.

No wonder Mrs. Morgan looked pale and worn out, if she had often been subjected to that martyrdom. If we lost, Mr. Morgan reproached her with her stupidity; if we won, he grew quite furious, and more than insinuated his solemn conviction that I cheated.

All the while the murmur of Maurice's voice was ringing in my ears, and Alice Morgan's musical laugh sorely distracted my thoughts.

Late into the night I sat by my window recalling the events of the past day. Prudence had told me that the insane woman was perfectly quiet, and that Waters was sitting with her. She was to be sent to the asylum that night, and my uncle had given orders that no one should enter the room where she was confined.

Much I thought of that young girl who had so unexpectedly crossed my path. I gave my feelings no name, but they were tumultuous and strong, and with them arose a deeper aversion for my cousin than I had ever felt.

The gray dawn broke before I deemed the night half spent. A step in the hall roused me; I opened my door and peered cautiously out.

My uncle was passing through to his chamber. He wore a riding-coat, and looked completely worn out.

"That is well," I heard him mutter; "that is well."

I knew that he had accompanied Waters upon his journey; it was a singular thing for him, selfish and loving his ease, to take so deep an interest in an unknown lunatic.

I went back to my room, and sat by the window until it was broad daylight, pondering upon those things, and sorely perplexed to find a solution of the mystery.

CHAPTER III.

Long before any one else in the house appeared to be stirring, I left my room and went out into the grounds, for I was still so much excited that the confinement of those old walls seemed terribly oppressive.

The house stood on an eminence, a winding drive sloped down to the road, and on either side of the dwelling were pleasant, old-fashioned gardens. At the back, was a sort of lawn ending in three terraces, and beyond, the hill sloped gradually down through a grove of hickory and chestnut trees. A little below, a wide brook dashed through, leaving the banks precipitous and broken, with sharp ledges of rock hanging over the stream. Looking up the creek, the rocks loomed higher and more broken, extending across the bed of the torrent and forming a cascade, down which the waters leaped in a sheet of spray, paused an instant upon a broad, flat rock, covered with green moss and ferns, then fell into the channel beneath, white and feathery as a rush of snow.

The creek was very deep at all seasons of the year, but when swollen by spring rains it was quite impassable, and frequently overflowed the flats opposite the house for acres. The lands had been in the possession of my uncle's family ever since the Revolution; and the stream was known through the country as Redman's Run, giving, in fact, its name to the whole estate.

It was a lonely and picturesque spot, and had been my favorite haunt from childhood. Great hemlocks stretched their gnarled trunks over the waters; tall pines grew upon the very edge of the topmost cliffs; below the falls the current was broken by rocks that had been flung down by freshets; and, after a heavy rain, the roar of the torrent could be heard at a great distance.

I went down to the Run, and clambered up the rocks to the top of the cascade, and seated myself upon the trunk of a fallen hemlock, looking dreamily into the waters below.

I caught the flutter of a shawl along the footpath that edged the brook; and, looking again, saw Alice Morgan standing beneath me watching the leap of the cascade.

I went down to the place where she stood; but the waters drowned every sound, so that she did not notice my approach until I was close beside her.

She started, gave me such a sly look and a smile so beautiful, that, for the first time, a feeling of timidity came over me.

"I thought myself the earliest riser in the house," she said, "but I see that you were in advance of me."

She was even more lovely than I had thought the night before. Her eyes were almost black with excitement; and her pale complexion had caught a glow from the morning air that added to its beautiful transparency.

"What a picturesque spot!" she said; "your uncle told me it was very striking, but I had no idea of anything so bold and fresh-like."

"It is still finer from the top of the cliff," I replied; "but I suppose you would hardly venture the ascent?"

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"Oh! yes; I can climb like a Swiss girl."

I helped her up the steep path, and she sat down upon the old hemlock, which was so covered with moss and lichen that it was like a couch.

"You must love this place," she said, after a long silence, during which her face was more eloquent than words could have been.

"I never come here without discovering some beauty which never struck me before," I replied.

"Ah, I can understand that! People say that you grow so familiar with beauty as to disregard it, but it never seemed true to me. One needs to become acquainted with a spot like this to take in all its loveliness."

There we sat for a long hour, talking, as I think, few of our age ever converse among themselves. At least, my experience among young men and women has not been favorable; they can chatter fast enough, goodness knows, but anything beyond the merest nonsense I have seldom found.

Alice Morgan was no ordinary girl. Her acquirements were far beyond what could have been expected from her age; and though gentle and womanly in the extreme, she had a range of thought astonishing in its strength and vigor.

"I am surprised you did not go to Europe as well as your cousin," she said, after my expressions of pleasure at the descriptions she had been giving me of places in Italy, which were my favorite dream-haunts.

"My cousin is rich, and I am poor," I replied, doubtless looking very hot and resentful, for she colored at once as if she had been guilty of a rudeness.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I did not——"

"There is no necessity, Miss Morgan; I am quite accustomed to the contemplation of my poverty, and my cousin reminds me of it so frequently, that I could not forget it if I would."

"Young men are proverbially thoughtless where the feelings of others are concerned," she said, turning away and blushing somewhat at my words.

"Maurice is not thoughtless," I replied, very quietly, but not with any great amount of amiable feeling; "he thinks it best to make me understand my position."

"You will make yourself one!" she said, quickly.

"I mean to, Miss Morgan!"

"And that will be much fuller of enjoyment than one which a man has had no struggle to gain."

She stopped talking, and sat absently flinging the dead leaves scattered around, into the torrent. I knew well of what she was thinking—of that man to whose fate they were forcing her to link herself, and she shuddered and grew pale as the gloomy future presented itself.

When she saw that I was watching her, she recalled her thoughts with a pleasant smile of excuse; but I caught the echo of a heavy sigh, and knew that her young heart was troubled with thoughts beyond those which should have darkened her years.

"See those beautiful flowers," she said, pointing to a graceful cluster of Michaelmas daisies that drooped over the edge of the cliff. "Please gather me a bouquet."

I went away, and when I returned with the blossoms, she had conquered the unrest which had saddened her face.

"Thank you very much, they are so beautiful! Now I know whom I may thank for the flowers in my room. I wonder if your housekeeper could be so thoughtful and poetical?"

"Did you like them?"

"You do not think me such a Goth as to have done otherwise? My nerves are not at all like a fine lady's, and the odor of flowers is never overpowering to me."

I longed to say something supremely wild and ridiculous, which would have calmed the tumult in my heart; but it is only in novels, I believe, that young men are privileged to astonish stranger damsels by such romance, so I sat quietly down again and endeavored to talk with at least an appearance of calmness.

"It must be time to go back," Alice said, at last; "breakfast will be waiting, and mamma quite confident that some terrible accident has happened to me."

We went down the rocks, and took the path through the grove toward the house.

Maurice was standing at the window of the breakfast-room as we passed, and I knew by the expression of his face that he was furious at the sight of Alice walking quietly by my side.

"You are an early riser, Miss Alice," he said, meeting us in the hall, his displeasure betraying itself through his forced smile.

"I can't fancy any one sleeping late such a lovely morning," she replied.

"And you have been walking?"

"Oh! yes; see what beautiful flowers Mr. Chenery gave me."

"Oh! so you took the boy along for a cavalier—altogether it must have been very romantic."

"Is my mother down stairs?" Alice asked, so

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haughtily that Maurice started as if she had struck him.

"She was not in the breakfast-room," he replied, and turned to me with an air of command. "Paul, look in the library—Mrs. Morgan may not know that breakfast is ready."

Alice looked at him with evident displeasure; and, for my own part, I was so furious that my first impulse was to knock him down.

Before any one could speak, Mrs. Morgan descended the stairs, and Alice hurried forward to aid her feeble steps, for she walked already like a sickly old woman.

With an oath, Maurice muttered, "I'll make you repent this insolence."

"Say another rude word to me," I replied, in the same tone, "and I will break this chair over your head."

He knew me well enough to know that once roused I hesitated at nothing, and, with another muttered curse from him, our pleasant colloquy ended.

"Mr. Chenery," called Alice—I hurried toward her. "Mamma knew your mother very intimately—she says you must look upon her as an old friend."

I took the lady's thin hand, and my heart yearned toward her when I saw the tears in her eyes, and heard her murmur,

"He is very like Emily, very like!"

"So you can pet him to your heart's content," Alice said, laughingly, anxious to dissipate her mother's sad thoughts. "It is very nice to be as young as you and I are, Mr. Chenery."

We went into the breakfast-room, and Mr. Morgan received his wife with his usual dignity; while my uncle took immediate possession of Alice, first giving me a stern look which I perfectly understood.

Maurice soon recovered his good humor, and made himself, as he could do, really charming. It was no wonder that I sat disregarded. I saw Mrs. Morgan's timid eyes steal toward me once in the while with an expression of sympathy; but Alice never turned her head, appearing wholly engrossed in Maurice's conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARTH TO EARTH.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

ROCK him to sleep in thy bosom, Earth!
Sweet mother, and pitying one!
Rock him to rest in thy gentle breast,
As thou dancest around the sun.
Fold thy green vesture above him close
To keep out the light, and the sound;
Thy vestments wrought over with purple clover,
Wrap them softly around.

Carry him gently, gentle Earth!
He has forgotten his pain—
Sounds of laughter and jarring mirth
Never will vex him again.

Troubles, and tears, and empty years,
For him are ended and done;
So dance with him lightly, gentle Earth,
Around and around the sun.

We do not question the ways of Heaven,
Though they lie in the shadow dim;
Nor ask why Nature's regal gifts
Were all withheld from him.
The sure, slow years will reveal God's love
In whatever His hand hath done;
So dance in thy shining path, sweet Earth,
Around and around the sun.

OH! WHERE IS SHE?

BY EDNA CORA.

TELL me, tell my lone heart now,
Though earth is bright and glad to me,
With hands upon my bended brow
I whisper low, "Oh! where is she?"

The earth is beautiful and glad—
The happy birds sing in their glee—
Yet in my heart a something sad
Still whispers low, "Oh! where is she?"

I look upon the glad, green earth
With joyous laughter, light and free;
But sadness steals upon my mirth,
And softly whispers, "Where is she?"

I look into my heart, and lo!
Her perfect image there I see,
The memory still is bright, but oh!
A something whispers, "Where is she?"

I turn my weeping eyes on high,
Where solace to the grieved is given,
For something points me to the sky,
And softly whispers, "She's in Heaven."

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NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In one short month, the work of bereavement was completed, and three babes went up to heaven through the gates of death; three babes in their beauty and innocence. From that sad hour, when the last life-light faded from mortal eyes, and the last marble form lay cold and still in the slumber that is never broken, the mother's heart lost interest in everything.

"I have nothing to live for now," was its language; and so, shrouding her chamber in funereal gloom, she sat down there, living among graves.

"I do not think," said a friend, who wished to arouse her from the mental stupor into which she had fallen, "that you really loved your children."

The words struck her like blows, arousing, and agitating her profoundly. The allegation was thrown back with indignant lips.

"If you loved them," was soberly replied, "you would have joy in their translation."

"I cannot hear such language!" said the mother. "It is a cruel outrage upon my feelings. Do you come to hurt and bruise me?"

"No; but to speak words of truth in your ears. What I have said, I repeat. If you really loved your children, you would have joy in their translation. Instead of sitting here in darkness, you would come out into the light, and thank God for His goodness in taking them into the company of angels. It is for yourself that you are sorrowing; not for them. You are mourning over your own loss, instead of rejoicing at their great gain."

"Cruel! cruel! cruel!" sobbed the mother, burying her face in her hands, and weeping violently.

The friend sat calmly, until the tempest of passion had died away; then rising, she said,

"You will remember my words. They are true."

And she turned away coldly, as one that is offended, and passed from the gloomy chamber.

The mother was greatly disturbed by this visit. No one, before, had ventured to speak in words of reproof and accusation. All had been said in low whispers of intrusive consolation, that passed her dull ears as the idle wind passes a shut casement.

"Sitting in darkness still!" said this friend, entering the chamber of sorrow a week or two later. "Come, come, my sister; this will never do! Let in the light! God's blessed sunshine is abroad."

But the mourner shook her head sadly.

"There is no more light in this world for me."

"There is light for you and for every one. I tell you that the sun is shining."

"Not for me. My sun has gone down. My work is done. I am waiting for my appointed time."

"Your work done!" The idea was rejected with something like scorn.

"What have I to live for? My children are dead; and I am all alone in the world!" The mourner spoke in a tone of rebuke.

"Alone in the world! Nothing to live for!" Voice, look, and manner, all expressed astonishment.

"What have I to live for?" was demanded.

"First, and foremost, to live for heaven," said the visitor.

"Are you my judge?"

"No; judgment is with Him who knoweth all hearts."

"But you sit in judgment."

"That no mortal can do. As your Book of Life is, so will be your judgment, when the book is opened. And who writes in this book? Not God; nor an angel; but you alone. Every day and every hour your hand is making a record. You have been writing in it steadily, morning, noon, and night, during the past three months in which you have been sitting here, idle in all save this—sitting in the shadow of your grief. How will this writing appear, when the book of your life is opened, in the presence of God and the angels? Will it bear a history of good deeds, of loving ministrations? Remember, that even the cup of cold water has its reward; and also remember, that the servant who hid his one talent in the earth, instead of gaining by its use other talents, was cast into the outer darkness. I speak plainly, my friend, because infinite and eternal things are involved in all the circumstances of our lives. We cannot sit down, folding our hands in sad inaction, saying that we

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have nothing to live for, and be blameless before God. He will not accept this record in the book of our lives in place of a record of good deeds done to his children."

The mourner, restless and impatient a little while before, now sat very still. This daily writing in her book of life was a new thought to her; a new and startling thought. If this were indeed true, what of the judgment when it was opened in her last day?

"Your work done? Nothing to live for?" continued the visitor, as she saw that her words had found a lodgment. "My dear friend! God says to you now, as he has been saying to you every day that you have been idly sorrowing in this chamber of grief, 'The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.' The life of heaven is not a life of useless repining, but of action and good deeds. Your children are in heaven. If you would meet them there, you must arise and move onward in the way to heaven."

"What can I do?" There was a hopeless, almost despairing look in the mother's face. "What can I do?" she repeated.

"If there is a willing heart, God will see that the hands are not idle for lack of work," was answered. "He has motherless children, as well as childless mothers to care for. If there is mother-love in your heart, let it have free course in blessing. Don't bottle it up, a useless thing and burdensome to carry; but give it free course, and like a stream gushing forth in the desert, it will quicken a thousand sweet blossoms of love into beautiful existence."

"Take the child of a stranger to my bosom? Give my children's place to another? No—no—no! I cannot bear the thought. Sacred to my own dear babes shall their mother's breast remain. No other head must find a pillow there. Anything but that! Anything but that!"

And the mourner turned her face away, and hid it from sight; murmuring as she did so, "If this is asked of me, it is more than I can give."

"All children are alike precious in the eyes of God and his angels," said the friend.

But the mourner gave no response.

"And what is mother-love, but God's love flowing into the mother's heart? It is not her love, but His; and all its pure intensity, its deep blessedness, is from Him, to the end that His children may be tenderly cared for. And He can give, and has given, this deep blessedness, even where the babe has not been flesh of the flesh, and bone of the bone. He will give it to you again, if you take to your loving breast a tender infant whose mother's heart is cold and pulseless. I know where there is such an infant. I looked, to-day, into the heaven of its soft blue eyes; on its pure white forehead, shaded by rich clusters of chestnut hair; on its cheeks, ruddy as spring flowers; on its lips, that I felt like devouring with kisses. I looked at it, and thought of the happiness it could bring to your heart; and of the life of neglect, and suffering, and evil that you might change into one of heaven-infused delight."

There was a sign of interest in the mourner.

"I have rarely seen a sweeter babe. It lay on a pillow beside its poor mother when she died last night. She would have it there; and her last look was upon its sleeping face; and oh! what a tender, yearning, sorrowing look it was; for she knew, that it must be left behind with stranger hearts."

The image of that living babe and its dead mother touched the mourner's feelings. She moved uneasily, and then turned her eyes upon the face of her visitor.

"What will be done with the child?" she asked.

"Heaven only knows," was the answer.

"Where is it?"

"With a poor woman until after the burial. But she has a babe of her own, and cannot keep it. Some one spoke of the Alms-House. But I have seen the condition of infants there. No, it shall not be taken to the Alms-House."

Nothing more was said for nearly a minute; and each sat, looking upon the floor, busy with her own thoughts.

"I wish you could see that babe," said the visitor.

But there was no reply. Another long silence followed.

"A sweeter babe my eyes have not rested upon for a long, long time."

Still the mourner sat, with her eyes upon the floor.

"May I bring him for you to see?"

"Why do that? I don't want the child!" The mourner spoke with slight impatience, and the manner of one who was moving in a certain direction against her will.

"It will do your heart good to look upon his baby face, in which he even smiles back upon you as from a mirror. You don't know what a cherub he is."

Nay, to the proposition, was not said positively; though yea was withholden.

An hour afterward, and there was light in the chamber which had been shrouded for days and weeks in funereal gloom; light coming in at the windows, and light born of love in the

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chamber itself. A babe was lying on the bed, and the mourner, already half forgetting her sorrow in the awakening of a tender joy, sat looking upon its rosy face as if her eyes were fixed by a magic spell. Whether it were fancy or fact, we cannot say; but, as the bereaved mother looked on the countenance of this stranger child, it grew steadily into the likeness of the babe, which death took from her clinging arms not long before. How many times her lips touched softly the baby's lips; how many times she took the pink velvet of its hands in hers, holding them tenderly, as something precious; how many times she drew the curls of its brown hair between her fingers! And each time, love, in gentle electric currents, passed from the babe to her.

The baby did not go back on that day; nor on the next. No; it had made for itself a home in the heart of this sorrowing mother, opening the shut windows of that heart and letting in heaven's sunshine.

Nothing to live for! That was a mistake; the evil suggestion of an evil counselor, who sits down beside us, when we draw around our souls the drapery of selfish sorrow. She had much to live for. Oh! no; her work was not done. She saw it lying about her, and gathering for her hands in the future; and her heart went down into it, and rested upon it in peace and hope.

Day by day the baby grew in beauty, and day by day it opened new chambers in the mourner's heart—chambers which had been shut and locked—opened and possessed them as his own.

Nothing to live for! It seemed to her that she had, now, a world of new interests; and a world of new duties. Not cold, hard duties, into which she must descend in painful reluctance; but duties in which love was an inspiration. She was of those who tenderly love children. The loss of her own touched her very life. It seemed as if she must die under the pain of this affliction. And so, when the objects of her deep affection were taken, she said to herself, "My work is done;" and, sitting down in darkness, she refused to be comforted. But that tender love of children was God's love in her heart, and, as all souls are his, he could fill it with life and joy again if she would but let it have free course in some new direction. The babe of another might be as purely loved as the babe she had rejoiced over when its feeble cry first came to her ears as the sound of delicious music. And just as purely loved was this stranger babe, in time; just as tenderly cared for; just as wisely ministered to for its best good, as if it had been her own.

No, her work was not done. She had something to live for, as all have, whom God leaves still among the harvest fields of life. And you, reader, be your age, condition, or sorrows what they may, have something to live for. If your hands are drooping idly; if you have shut yourself up in the gloom of some dark room; or lie prostrate under the ruins of worldly hopes after some great misfortune; awake! Arouse yourself! God still has work for you to do, and in that work He will give you peace and consolation. If this thought does not quicken your pulses with a healthier beat; we give you another, and one of graver import. What are you writing in your book of life, in all these unprofitable days? In that book of life, from which you will be judged when this fitful fever is past, and you rise into the world of eternal verities? Do not push the question aside! Do not call it intrusive! It comes to you, now, with a directness that claims attention. It is not the moralist speaking from himself. He is only the medium of a solemn admonition. Are you, in any sense, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, or visiting those who are sick, or in prison? If not, depend upon it, you have something to live for, and the quicker your hands take hold upon your work, the better will it be for you in this world, and in the great hereafter.

EOLINE.

BY MAGGIE GIFFORD.

In the Summer evening shine,
With her soft white hand in mine,
Close to my side sits Eoline.

Long and brown is the hair at rest
On the pure young brow against my breast;
Eoline loves me, I am blest.

Her smile so like the one who died,
Who a little while walked by my side,
Eoline my beautiful bride.

The one under flowers and beside my chair,
Have the same brown eyes and golden hair;
Eoline here, Eoline there.

Sunshine to earth, in Heaven more light,
And both are asleep on my heart to-night;
Angel and darling both in white.

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MY TEACHER.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

It matters not how the following chapter in the life of Agnes Crafts came into my hands. Here it is, in her own words, and, while I give you them, I wish that I could also show you the delicacy and firmness of the chirography, which forms such a striking contrast to her old, dashing, irregular writing. You would hardly think it possible that both came from the same hand. Agnes, the girl, and Agnes, the woman, are just as different.

He was my teacher. You are right in pitying him, for I was no better than the majority of scholars. Not that I was very disobedient, nor idle, but I was a school girl, and you understand what that term comprehends quite as well as I can tell you. If there is any being more mischievous than a school boy, it is his counterpart of the other sex. I attended a large boarding-school, where the pupils were divided into as many different cliques as the inhabitants of any aspiring country town, which has just succeeded to the dignity of an incorporation. Wealth is the universal alchemist which can transmute the base alloy of social inferiority into the pure gold of upper tendom, but we were not learned in its value then, and our distinctions were founded rather upon a similarity of the predominant inclinations than anything else; and I think that this is the reason why school girl intimacies are so transient. A general agreement of thoughts and habits is not considered, and when the union of interests is broken by separation, the tenderness which has passed for friendship proves evanescent as it was bright.

When I entered school, I took my place, very naturally, in the circle known as "The Mischief Club." There were eight or ten members, and just so surely as any mischief was perpetrated, we were called upon for an explanation; sometimes when we were not guilty, but little we cared for that; if innocent, one might make a shrewd guess that it was rather from accident than design. Our principal was very lenient. We gave him no serious trouble, and he was wise enough to feel certain that, although coercion might teach us the appearance of docility, another lesson, that of deceit, would be its inevitable concomitant. So he took care that we did not overleap the wide bounds he set for us; but within, left us to our own wayward propensities, of which the worst that could be said was, that they were mischievous.

Our teacher in mathematics, during the term previous to the one with which I commence this veritable history, was an old curmudgeon, (as some of the scholars were wont to call him very irreverently, taking care, however, that he was not within ear shot,) fast verging upon forty. Mr. Harney was not a very fascinating specimen of the *genus homo*, and if happiness has a beautifying effect, I am inclined to the opinion that he had never had his share of it, for I cannot well conceive how he could have been uglier. His tall, gaunt figure; his rough shock of sandy, unkempt hair; the keen, cold, gray eyes looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows with a glance not particularly edifying to unruly pupils, were all enormities which we could neither forgive nor forget.

In addition to them he wore large boots, and tramped across the room during recitations, making noise enough to deafen one. Strictly speaking, it can hardly be considered a crime to wear large boots when the feet will not admit of smaller ones; "But what business had he with large feet?" we asked, indignantly; and if his feet were large, and he could not help himself, "What business had he to come here and torture our sensitive nerves by his horrid tramping?" Influenced by these, and like cogent reasons, we tried and condemned him without judge or jury. I verily believe that he would have cowed a class of boys into obedience; but as it happens, in many contests, that victory is due rather to the weakness of the vanquished, than the strength of the conqueror: so it was in this. Mr. Harney had not the ability to conceal that he was half in fear of us; nor were we slow in taking advantage of the revelation. Superiority of position did not bring magnanimity. We gave the poor man some deeper experience of this "vale of tears" than he had ever known before. I shall not enter into any particulars. My young sisters do not need to have any more mischief put into their heads. What is inherent there will be quite sufficient for all needful purposes. Mr. Harney

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did not teach another term. He went off in search, as I suppose, of some clime "where school girls never come." I hope he found it. I should be sorry to know that the "winged winds," or any other of the elements were so cruel as to answer, "None," in response to his piteous inquiry, as to the existence of such a place. We all joined heartily in wishing him *un bon voyage;* and Annie Pace wrote a eulogy upon his many virtues.

It was with a great show of valor, and some concealed trepidation, that we entered the recitation room, on the first Monday morning of the ensuing term. The professor's chair was already occupied. Mr. Graham was the very antipodes of his predecessor. A slender, well-formed man, with dark hair, slightly inclined to curl; a high, broad forehead; hazel eyes, calm and clear; a mouth delicate, but firm, the upper lip shaded by a moustache, he sat unmoved by any fear of the "irrepressible conflict" which *we* saw in the future. Opening his class-book, he called each name separately, looking up, as the answers came, with a steady glance, which precluded the suspicion of forgetfulness. More than one received the uncomfortable assurance, that she had not another Mr. Harney to deal with, while that grave eye searched her face. The first recitation—in algebra—passed off quietly enough. The lesson was well learned, and equally well recited. I cannot answer for Mr. Graham's impressions of his class. If he flattered himself that the morning's quiet was a prophecy for the future, he had yet to learn that the stability of his empire depended upon his own firmness of purpose; not upon the loyalty of his pupils, for such rebels are not to be subdued in a day. Already mutinous whispers were rife. After school hours were over, we all assembled for consultation, each feeling that our only strength was in concerted action. Single-handed we could do nothing.

There was no lack of speakers, in fact we had rather too many of them; three or four talking at the same moment, tended rather to confuse than otherwise. Our president looked on with commendable patience. She never liked to have her injunctions disregarded, and wisely refrained from issuing any, when the probability of such a result was as strong as in the present instance; comforting herself with the assurance, that whatever we lacked in prudence, was made up in fervor.

When we separated, nothing definite had been determined upon. We were all agreed, however, in thinking the new teacher worse than the old. Mr. Harney had rough points sticking out in all directions, like so many porcupine quills, of which we could take hold. What if they did prick us sometimes? we obtained the final victory, and our scars were honorable ones. In Mr. Graham we could find nothing to condemn. He was gentlemanly in appearance and demeanor, destitute of any yet discovered peculiarities, without pretence or affectation, and, what was more provoking than all else, after that first searching glance, he troubled himself no more about his class than if they had been so many automatons, who could just recite a lesson and no more. Was not all this enough to make us, who were predetermined to dislike him, almost despair? Of course the trifling circumstance, that we had no reason for it, could not prevent us from carrying out our laudable intention.

The next morning some mutinous demonstrations commenced, which were promptly checked by Mr. Graham's quiet address. So the days passed on; the teacher holding his own by virtue of constant watchfulness, the scholars no less rebellious in heart, but acknowledging to themselves, their inability to cope successfully with a commander whose generalship was so admirable. He never obtruded his authority. The fact, that he was ruler in the recitation room, was one, which, once known, was indisputable for ever after, and why should he exert his power unnecessarily? Though its influence was silent, it was no less sure. All felt it, but none dared openly brave his displeasure. Something in the man's eye, calm, and even grave as it was, spoke of a latent force, which it would be dangerous to arouse.

For myself, I thought I had never so disliked a teacher; certainly I had never been so unhappy in any class. Scarcely a day passed, that some mischievousness of mine did not bring upon me the steady, rebuking gaze, which was worse than a dozen ordinary reproofs. It made me miserable, ashamed of myself, discontented with all the world beside, longing for something better than I had ever known; this was the mood in which I usually left the recitation room. As likely as not, before I reached my own apartment, it had changed into one of unmitigated rebellion against him, my teacher.

"I hate him," I said, on one such occasion, "he humiliates me, what right has he to crush me with the sense of my own unworthiness? How dare he assert his own superiority in that calm way as if it were beyond all question." I threw my algebra upon the table with passionate vehemence; it struck the inkstand and

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sent it off upon the carpet. Ashamed of my weakness, I went humbly to washing out the black stains, feeling withal an uncomfortable impression, that the ink-spot was not the only blot, which that morning's passion had left as a memento, and alas! the other might not be so easily effaced. Then I sat down upon the side of the bed, thinking gloomily how miserable I was, and must be, so long as Mr. Graham was my teacher. What did I care whether he approved my actions or not? I asked. My unsubdued rebelliousness was quick to answer; it does not concern you, let him think as he will; nevertheless it *did* concern me, whether I forfeited the esteem of one whose regard was valuable as is that of any good man or woman.

My struggles always ended in a new declaration of independence; right was not strong enough to obtain a complete victory. Each morning found me in my class resolved to be myself again, but it was not so easy to execute as to resolve. My mischievousness was not subdued, but every feeling of rebellion was stilled while I remained in his presence. There he controlled me; his will was stronger than mine, but, however humbly I passed out when the recitation was concluded, it was only to experience, each day, a similar struggle between my increasing desire for his esteem, and the unfounded prejudice which I had cherished against one, the head and front of whose offending was found in the simple fact, that he was my teacher.

The ringleaders of our "Mischief Club" had, by this time, become tolerably well assured that the rod of empire had passed from their hands forever. They saw the handwriting upon the wall, yet they did not quite despair. "The prophecy *might* prove untrue," they said, in their doleful consultations; the end and aim of which was to discover some means of retrieving their late disgraceful defeats. Mr. Graham did not relax his vigilance. However quiet all seemed, he knew that, at any moment, the rebellion, quelled but not extinguished, might break out again. Of all the rebels none was more daring than Annie Pace; a slender brunette, intelligent, pretty, graceful, and winning; even amid all her mischief, it is a wonder to me now, how any man could have refrained from laying down his arms before her. In calmer moods, her eyes had the steady brightness of stars, but merriment overflowed in them first, then they danced, and sparkled, and flashed, as I am morally certain no other pair of eyes ever had, or could do since the world came into existence. Mr. Graham remained unmoved. His "Miss Annie" was just as grave as his "Miss Helen," or "Miss Grace." His reproving look was in no degree modified, when her conduct called for it. If ever any teacher was totally oblivious to the fact, that his scholars were girls, young, and some of them pretty, that one was Ralph Graham. I challenge all competition with him in this respect.

One day, Annie wrote a parody upon a popular song, making our teacher the subject. It was as laughter-provoking as anything ever written: but so far as the justice of it was concerned there was none. That mattered little, however. Justice was a commodity in which, as you have surmised before this, we dealt as sparingly as possible; and Annie received her full share of applause from the select audience to whom she first read it; an audience, by-the-by, consisting of her room-mate, who, like Major Gahagan, might have reckoned herself as a thousand, when any mischief was on foot. The rest of us had heard exaggerated reports of its merit, and were all on the *qui vive*, but no opportunity occurred for its perusal, until we met for recitation the next morning. Mr. Graham was late, a very unusual circumstance with him, and we availed ourselves of the interval to become fully acquainted with its merits. At last he entered, looking rather pale and worn. I had the paper in my hand, when I heard his step upon the stairs, and, folding it hastily, slipped it into my algebra for safe keeping, until I could find an opportunity to return it to its author. I sat at the end of the class most distant from the teacher; and during the recitation he came around to see my problem, which stood upon the board ready for explanation. Some alteration was required, and, while making it, I inadvertently dropped the paper from between the leaves of my book. It lay for some moments unnoticed, until Mr. Graham picked it up and opened it to see to whom it belonged. He understood it instantly; his face flushed, and his lips were set hard together. For once the whole class was frightened. Nothing was said, however; he laid the offending poem upon his desk, and went on with the recitation as usual. We were all uneasy and ashamed. Never sound of bell was so welcome as the one which freed us from the grave scrutiny of his eyes. I was the last to pass his chair. He stopped me, and extended the paper.

"This fell from your book, I believe," he said, very gravely, "I had not expected it from you, Agnes." The slight emphasis upon the "you" gave me a keen pleasure, quickly swallowed up in the deeper realization of his dis-

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pleasure. He thought I was the author of the parody. The mistake was a natural one; my writing was enough like Annie Pace's to deceive those familiar with both: besides, I had it in my book. I went to my room with a new load of humiliation added to that which I had already found so hard to bear; and bitterer than all was the certainty, that I might have had a different experience had I so chosen. I had willfully thrown away his esteem. Looking up at him from the depths of my own self-abasement, his virtues were magnified infinitely. In him I saw nothing to condemn; in myself nothing worthy of commendation.

All my rebellion was crushed out forever. I contrasted his patience, his gentle firmness, above all his justice, with the opposite qualities which I saw in myself. How unworthy I was, how blind I had been! I wondered at my own conduct; I heaped reproaches, bitter and unsparing, upon myself, finding a strange satisfaction in the punishment, which I could not have borne from any other. He was wise, and strong, and good, and I might have been. I felt the power within me. So it came to pass that I rose from my self-communing with better impulses stirring in my heart, than had been there for months. I had resolutely shut them out before, now I welcomed them. "I will be womanly and thoughtful," I said to myself, "I will show him that there is something better in me than he has yet seen. I will at least regain my own self-approval, if his esteem is forfeited beyond redemption." I did not see what injustice I did his character in this momentary fear, that change of conduct would not bring forgetfulness of the past. But exaggerating my own fault as I did, it seemed natural and just that I should lose his regard forever.

How eagerly I waited for the next recitation! I went to it tremblingly. Mr. Graham's manner was the same, with an added shade of coldness. There was no new assumption of dignity. That which was innate could not be disturbed by the ridicule of school-girls. His demeanor did not tend to lessen the immeasurable height to which he had risen in my estimation, nor was it any more efficacious in restoring my own self-complacency. I went from the class with a feeling of deeper humility than I entered it. The next day it was the same, and the next, and the next. So it went on for a week, until I could bear it no longer. I came to a desperate resolution; I would go to him; I would humble myself to the confession of my error; I would learn whether his esteem was lost. The thought that it might be, made it incomparably valuable to me.

One day I had passed his chair, and I suppose he thought I had gone down stairs with the others, but instead, I lingered in the recitation room. He leaned his head upon his hand with a sigh of weariness or dejection. The sound cut me to the heart. No reproach could have been half so bitter in my repentant mood, as the thought that I might have caused it by my perverseness. I retraced my steps.

"Mr. Graham."

He raised his head, the sad look not fading from his face for an instant, but his voice was unchanged from its usual grave tones.

"What is it, Agnes?"

My errand was a difficult one, but I was resolved.

"I'm sorry that I have given you such cause to be displeased with me," I said, very humbly.

He looked at me with a somewhat softened glance.

"Is it anything to you whether I am displeased or not, Agnes?"

The sorrowful modulation of his voice affected me strangely.

"Indeed it is," I replied, with a burst of tears. "I know that you have had no reason to think so hitherto, but try me now." I bent my head upon my hands, weeping unrestrainedly.

"The past is all past, Agnes," he was saying, kindly; "only be what you are capable of showing yourself, and I can ask nothing more."

I lifted my face from my hands. "Of one thing, which you attribute to me, I am innocent. That parody, Mr. Graham, I cannot tell you who the author is: but I am not."

"I am glad of it," he replied; "but even if it had been yours, as I thought, the past should have been past just the same. I think I have more faith in you, than you have in yourself; I do not believe you know of how much good you are capable, but you will learn some day."

"*You* have taught me to long for something better than I have known, or been," I answered, hurriedly, not weighing my words, but speaking from the depths of my contrition.

"Do you know why?"

I was painfully conscious, that I crimsoned at the question, but if he had asked me the reason, I could have answered the one inquiry as readily as the other. I managed to stammer, "No."

He drew away the hands in which my face had again found refuge, compelling me to meet his eyes.

"It is because I love you; do you hear? I

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love you; and thus loving, I see in you not so much what you are, as what you may become. Will you learn with me how glorious a true life is? I am but a beginner, also, Agnes."

He relinquished my hands; the room swam around me; everything became unreal, save the one figure, as he stood awaiting my answer. All else was uncertain; with him alone was safety, and strength, and peace.

I lifted my tearful eyes to his, putting my two hands within his own. "Will you teach me, Mr. Graham?" This was my answer; but he thought it enough.

Ralph is leaning over my shoulder as I write. He says: "Add, Agnes, that the pupil has outstripped her master. It is I who should learn of you." I put my hand over the mouth which would say more cruel words, thinking with tears springing from a strange blending of gladness and humility upon the face to which Ralph bends his, "that he still sees in me, not what I am, but what he would have me be."

OUR LETTIE.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

Gentle and good is Lettie, our Lettie,
  And pure as the angels are,
Her spirit is warm and bright, dear Lettie,
  As Hesperus' trembling star!
Her face is a rainbow through storm and flood;
  Her voice is tender and sweet;
Her step is so light that violets bud
  And blossom under her feet.

Oh! she hath beauty, Lettie, our Lettie,
  Beauty and grace divine;
In the clear depths of her eyes, sweet Lettie,
  The glories of Heaven shine!
And she maketh sunshine golden and bright
  In the darkest, dreariest day,
For the radiance of her smile will fright
  The murkiest clouds away!

She weareth no frowns, Lettie, our Lettie;
  She speaketh no unkind words;
She singeth the live-long day, bright Lettie,
  With voice like a Summer bird's;
Her magical presence bids grief depart,
  And her touch dispelleth pain,
And her cheerfulness wakes the saddest heart
  To courage and life again!

Very tender is Lettie, our Lettie,
  Loving all and hating none;
And she findeth far more good, kind Lettie,
  Than evil under the sun.
The erring ones come to her in their need,
  For she pitieth those who fall,
And if any wrong her in thought or deed,
  She sweetly forgiveth all.

Loveth she truly, Lettie, our Lettie,
  And she loveth for all time;
Nothing can tempt her to doubt, true Lettie,
  She trusts with a faith sublime.
Friends may desert you—misfortune and shame
  Cheat you of worldly praise;
But Lettie will love you just the same
  As she did in your golden days!

God, rain blessings on Lettie, our Lettie;
  Angels, help her to bear
The trials that come to all, loved Lettie,
  In this thorny world of care!
And when her pilgrimage under the skies
  Is ended, and life is done,
May He open the gates of Paradise
  For Lettie, our precious one!

MADELINE.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

Oh! night, oh! night, oh! Winter night,
  So high, so cold, so still!
How icily the half moon smiles
  Upon the icy hill.

The shadows of the naked trees
  Seem frozen to the snow;
The stars, from out the haughty sky,
  Look with a frosty glow.

'Tis cold—so cold—so bitter cold—
  The watch-dog does not care
To leave his straw-thatched house for all
  The thieves and moons that are!

We looked for Madeline, to-night,
  To come from yonder town
Where gleam the lights, as if a piece
  Of sky had fallen down;

But 'tis so cold, the tender child
  Will surely wait till day:
Her cloak is all too thin and scant,
  And 'tis a long, long way.

The stage coach, with its bounding steeds,
  Its tasseled robes and bells,
Shot gayly o'er the sun-tipped hills,
  And gayly through the dells;

But where a low, green cedar grew
  The driver paused in fright—
In frozen death lay Madeline,
  Where she had lain all night.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXVII., PAGE 474.

CHAPTER XV.

New Haven is one of the most beautiful places on earth at the present day, when the green mountains are shorn of their forest-crowns, and cultivation has taken the place of picturesque loveliness. But it was wilder, more broken, and altogether more romantic, before the Revolution. Then a few pleasant houses, with church spires and the college buildings, were to be seen through a bower of trees only. The country that lay between the sound and the steep foot of the green mountains was wild as a forest. Here and there patches of cultivation gleamed out from the shadows, and rustic dwellings sent their smoke up through the pines and hemlocks; but the great features of the landscape were altogether at variance with the arcadian scene which now presents itself. Two or three dwellings were nestled at the foot of East Rock, forming the germ of what was, in my first remembrance, called Holchkisstown, and the low precipice which now overhangs that village seemed far less bold and forbidding, from the undergrowth and great trees that clothed it half way up, and crowned it on the top with a noble forest that swayed and tossed to every passing wind.

In one glance of the eye was combined the most lovely arcadian scenery, guarded by rugged mountains and almost arched by a zone of sparkling waters, over which the white sails flew like doves in the northward and southward passage.

A few rods down from the college green, fronting on Chapel street, stood a large wooden building, with double verandahs and low oaken doors. A huge elm swept the roof with its foliage, and low down, on one of its great branches, swung a weather-beaten sign, on which the British lion had raved and pawed his way upward for more than twenty years. In this house young Arnold made his home. The bird-like ships we have spoken of brought the merchandise which was fast enriching him from the West Indies; and, far down on the "long wharf," he had erected a stone house of considerable pretension. In fact, of all the traders settled in that town, he was among the most daring and the most energetic.

Beyond these evident proofs of prosperity, vague rumors had gone abroad of events that might cast into his power, at a single grasp, greater wealth and position than he could hope to obtain, even by a life-time of the most successful enterprise. It was said that the bold, handsome person of this young man had won a heart which would bring almost fabulous wealth into his control. The beautiful young French girl, who had turned even wise heads with her grace and fascinations—who had driven half the students of Yale college crazy with admiration of her black eyes and superb toilet—had fallen under willing subjection to Benedict Arnold. During the winter she had constantly been seen in his sleigh, enjoying long drives along the coast, or by his side in the promenade, when her subdued and almost timid air of happiness gave force to the current rumor.

If she went to a party, the joyous sparkle of her eyes was clouded till he appeared. In truth, though a proud and sensitive girl, she took no pains to conceal her love; nay, her adoration, for it amounted to that which filled her being in his presence; nay, she rather gloried in her devotion, and not only forgave his display of it, but seemed pleased that he should so openly claim her.

Thus the winter passed. Paul had made one or two trips to Norwich, where his quiet, and almost disregarded, suit prospered with gentle Hannah Arnold so, he was in no haste to move farther from her presence, and rested content within reach of her home.

Paul was a sensitive and over-refined man: so delicate in his mental organization that he shrunk from interfering in the love affairs of his sister, and was, in truth, less informed of her real position than many a stranger who had made the lovers objects of attention. Thus he never spoke of this evident attachment to Hannah Arnold, and she, sensitive and shy as himself, asked no questions. In fact it had arisen, no one knew how, that the whole

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subject was a forbidden one. Arnold had managed to convey this feeling so completely, without committing himself by words, that it was an idea rather than an understanding between himself and the lady.

And were these two persons engaged? Not in the usual acceptation of the term. From the time that Arnold had left his home, the irresolution and amazing variability of spirit that had marked his conduct there, changed. In his attentions he was frank and ardent: imperious certainly, that was in his nature; even self-interest could not change anything in this respect, but as far as manner went, he was everything that ardent and devoted young creature could desire. What was the need of words where two persons understood each other so well?

Up to the spring, Paul and his sister had lived at the same public house with Arnold—that which fronted on Chapel street, and was sheltered by the great elm tree with its world of foliage and creaking sign—but when the violets came out under the East Park, and the hemlock buds came forth in their soft, golden green all along the mountains, Laura began to grow a little restive. The winter months had flown, and there she was, engaged in spirit, but not in fact, exactly as she had been at the Christmas time. Even her generous faith began to waver a little now; and when Paul, one day, suggested a desire to know something of her plans, that he might regulate his own by them, she flew into a girlish passion at first, and then burst into tears, protesting that she had no plans—how could she have and he not know them?

Paul heard this with a glow of indignation, for he believed that Laura was trifling with him; but when he saw that she was in earnest, and that no actual engagement existed between his sister and Arnold, all the iron in his nature rose to the surface; and, taking his hat, he went down to the wharf, for the first time in his life, and entered Arnold's place of business.

What passed between the two young men is of no moment here, save that the interview left Arnold in clear possession of all the information he had been constantly searching for regarding the amount of wealth with which Laura would be endowed on the day of her marriage, while Paul became more and more thoughtful as the conversation proceeded; for, with the keen intuition, which is the blessing and curse of refined natures like his, he felt the selfishness of Arnold's character, but was altogether too just for condemnation where no positive proof existed. Perhaps his own heart was a little at fault. In his love for the gentle sister, Paul was willing to believe himself unjust when a thought against one of her blood rose in his heart.

All that afternoon Laura was in tears, with the quick translation so natural to an impulsive character. She had passed from a state of confidence to one of deep, deep depression. No, she was sure of it. Arnold had been amusing himself with her; his vanity had been interested, nothing more. Paul was right. She had read his opinion clearly in his face. Arnold did not love her. She had been deceiving herself all the time. Paul knew it—the whole world would know it—the very thought drove her wild. She walked to and fro in the room, restless with excitement.

She flung herself on the high-backed sofa, and, shutting her eyes, tried to think steadily, while she listened for some footstep which would bring her news. The security in which she had been dwelling made her present state of turbulent doubt all the more painful.

At last Paul came home, grave and sad. He said nothing of his interview with Arnold, and Laura only questioned him with her great, eager eyes that grew heavy with dread, when she saw no cheerfulness in his glance.

"Paul, brother Paul," she said, at last, holding out her hands, "have you nothing to tell me?"

Paul was touched by her pleading humility. He knelt down by the sofa, as a lover might have done, and took her head between his hands, laying his cheek against the heavy braids of her hair.

"Have patience, my sister—only a little patience. In another day all this shall be settled."

"Ah! does he want time?" faltered Laura, turning pale. "Have you made a claim on his heart? Oh! Paul."

"I have to deal with his honor and ours," said the young man, with decision.

"His honor! And has it come to that? His honor!"

Her face began to burn like fire, and hot flushes ran down her hands and arms.

"Hush! be quiet, Laura; there is nothing, as yet, to distress yourself about. He was not so frank as I would wish; but that may be from embarrassment. The peculiar nature of our interview was enough to unsettle any man."

"Embarrassment!" said Laura, brightening a little; for her imagination had run so far ahead of the facts, that Paul's words gave an immediate sense of relief. "Embarrassment! No, no, he is never embarrassed. Nothing even

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takes him unawares. His self-possession is regal. It is for this I—there, there, don't look at me so anxiously—how foolish we have been—nothing has happened, after all. You have been to him with that darling, grave face, like a grand signor, and asked him serious questions, which are always awkward between men. He is proud as an emperor—my Arnold, and would not be forced into answers that should only be whispered, you know. I blush for our delicacy, Paul. It makes me shiver in all my nerves that you should have spoken to him—offered your sister on compulsion, as it were."

"No, I have not done that. Your delicacy is safe in my hands, Laura. I have made the way clear, if he loves you, that is all."

"If he loves me, Paul! and have you a doubt?" cried the poor girl, turning white.

"God forbid!" faltered the young man, growing more and more distressed, as he marked these evidences of the deep passion that possessed her. "To-morrow, I hope, you will be satisfied that I need have no distrust on that point. There is no reason why he should not speak out now. Before this he may have hesitated to offer his small prosperity against your wealth, for he is very proud."

"Oh! yes, as he should be; for who is his equal?"

"But that is all done away with. I have even sacrificed a little proper reserve to save this pride—don't look reproachful; I know how to protect your delicacy, sister."

"Ah! if I knew how to protect my own pride," said Laura, turning her face impotently on the sofa pillow. "But with him it melts away like snow. Don't trust me, Paul, I have no dignity left."

Paul shook his head, and regarded her with an anxious smile, muttering to himself, "Will any one ever love me so?"

Laura did not heed him; for a clock which stood in a corner of the room rang out the hour from its heavy oaken case, and she was startled to find how late it was. Rising from the sofa, she glanced at her morning-dress of fine chintz, and, blushing like a naughty child, cried out,

"He will be here in a few minutes. See how I look! Good-by, Paul, for a little time, to-morrow we will be happier."

"Yes," muttered Paul, in a low voice, "happier or away from this place." But his heart sank as he reflected how completely his own fate was involved in that of his sister. Henceforth he must be closely connected with Arnold, or his enemy. The enemy of Hannah's brother. He shrunk from the idea, and hoped, almost as passionately as Laura herself, that this, a position so painful every way, might be spared to him.

Burdened with these thoughts, he had scarcely removed from his seat when Laura returned, with her red-heeled shoes pattering on the floor, and her dress of brocaded silk looped up with knots of green ribbon, over a quilted skirt of rose-colored satin, which was short enough to exhibit the embroidered clocks on each side her symmetrical ankles. Fine old yellow lace floated around her arms and on her bosom. All the folds of her dress rustled as she moved, giving an idea of sumptuousness to her presence which accorded well with the taste of her lover.

Paul smiled, as the idea presented itself. Laura blushed under his gaze, and strove to throw off all embarrassment by a conscious laugh, which gave a charm to her singular beauty touchingly child-like. She seemed half ashamed of her rich toilet—more than ashamed of the impulse that had induced her to put it on, all of which her brother read at a glance. He held out his hand; she came close to his side, flushing like a tea rose.

"Am I very ugly, my brother?" she said, pressing a pair of lips that glowed like ripe cherries on his forehead.

He looked up to her face with a glance of tender admiration.

"You are too lovely—too good for——"

She stopped his mouth with her hand, and looked seriously down into his eyes.

"Not that. Oh! don't say that, Paul. He is not gentle and good as you are; but who is worthy of him? Think how brave, how lordly, and full of ambition he is. Then remember, brother Paul, that he saved my life."

Still Paul looked grave. All her charming blandishments could not win the suspicion from his heart. Laura saw this, and the impatient blood rushed to her forehead.

"At any rate he has one merit," she said, with malicious playfulness.

"What is that, lady bird?"

"He is Hannah Arnold's brother."

She had her revenge; the thrill that passed through his whole frame was proof enough of that, so her mouth curved and trembled with smiles, as she triumphed over his confusion.

"Ah! have I found you out, brother? The love folly does not lie entirely on the female side of our house. Look up! look up! I cannot see your eyes for those long, black lashes; besides, you are blushing—upon my word and honor you are blushing like a girl."

"It is at your folly, then."

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"Well, well, it is all in the family, you know, so don't be hard on Benedict, or I will retaliate and point out the faults of *le petite sœur*."

"Her faults! She has none, the angel!"

"Oh! ha! So it has gone so far as that? Angel indeed! The demure little mouse, with her smooth hair and soft step. A fine example of deceit you have been placing before an innocent sister, Monsieur Paul. I blush for your duplicity."

"Hush! Laura, this is not a subject for jesting."

"Jesting! upon my word I am delightfully in earnest. What a charming family party we shall make. Does Arnold know of it?"

"There is nothing for him to know—nothing but what your wild imagination invents."

"Oh! brother."

"You look incredulous, but it is true."

"Then Hannah Arnold is nothing! There is no love-history between you! I don't believe it."

"I did not say so, only that there was nothing to tell. When you speak of love and that sweet girl, it should be with reverence and in a low voice as we whisper our prayers. I have scarcely dared to breathe the word in her presence, and yet I worship her."

"Ah! Paul, my dear, dear brother, then you can feel for me and have charity for him; perhaps, with all his bravery, he trembles at the thought of speaking out such feelings in language. It is like shaking the bright dew from one's violets in the gathering. Don't you think so, Paul?"

The young man looked at her glowing face, and his eyes filled with loving admiration. He felt all the beauty of her bright sayings. How true this one was to his inward thought! What a clear, delicate mind the girl had, with all her waywardness and passion! Surely the mate for a creature like that should be full of strength and honor. Was Arnold that man?

Again his heart misgave him, and, to conceal the depression that came on with each vague doubt, he arose and left the room.

Laura was glad to see him go. Every moment she expected to hear Arnold's step on the stairs. She knew that a crisis in her fate was approaching, and wished to be alone. The dreamy happiness in which she had been reposing was broken up forever; and she felt like a bird let loose in some dreary wilderness, doubtful of any place where its nest could be built.

Laura grew impatient, as the dusk stole on. Arnold's hour for visiting her little parlor had passed, and the oaken clock went ticking on with harassing steadiness into the next hour. She walked to the window softly, as if there existed some sin in the movement, and peered through the crimson curtains. The street was empty, or, if any one passed, it was some stranger, whom she hated for being the wrong person. Then she strove to walk off her impatience, and paced up and down the room, passing and repassing a little mirror, out of which her face gleamed back and forth like that of a sybil, waiting, pale and trembling, for the inspiration for which she has watched and prayed.

A hundred times, that evening, the young girl stopped to listen, holding her breath, and turning white with keen expectation. Some noise at the door—some foot-fall in the street—had arrested her; but the sound invariably passed away, leaving her like a statue, as cold, and almost as lifeless. Then the strife of hope recommenced, and the pain of renewed expectation smote her with renewed poignancy, up and down before the mirror, hating the clock for its methodical ticking, as a soulless thing that cruelly measured her way to fresh disappointment, listening with a double sense; and, with the cold tears standing on her cheek, she wandered through that lonesome evening, waiting for him in vain.

When hope had almost left her, and she was chilled through with a feeling of desertion, the outside door opened, and she heard footsteps on the stairs. Again each breath came, like a frightened thing, from her heart; the heavy lustre of her eye kindled, and through her frame went the tingling of revived hope. It was his step. Surely it *was* his step. No, no, the imperious resonance was wanting. It was—alas! it was Paul, coming to find her there alone, heart-broken, humbled to the dust.

She could not bear that; but, with a wild sob, burst from the room and hid herself, like a frightened deer, under the covert of drapery that fell over a couch, where she was to find nothing but pain and unrest. No matter, she had secured darkness in which to hide herself—profound silence which would receive her sobs without mocking them. That moment her humiliation seemed complete.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHERE was Benedict Arnold all this time? Was he indeed the recreant this sudden desertion seemed to proclaim him?

Far in the depths of the forest, that clothed the foot of East Rock, and spread up to the verge of the town, he had wandered; not for solitude, nor in search of that quiet which leads

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to the enjoyment of happy feelings, but in search of a place where the evil thought which had, for months, been engendering in his heart could be worked out in safety.

A narrow footpath ran along what is now a broad highway, and curved down into the very heart of the forest, where a thick grove of pines made a pleasant twilight, even of the noon sun. The path wandered on through entangled elms, beeches, and maples, up to the very summit of the mountain, and fitful gleams of moonlight fell upon it through the branches all the way; while dogwood, wild honeysuckles, and budding grape-vines, perfumed the night air, and streamed over the path, like banners, through all its windings. Still Arnold sought the black heart of the forest, and stood under its densest pines, before he spoke a word to the companion who had accompanied him from the town, of the thoughts that were consuming him.

Rapidly, and in silence, he had threaded the narrow footpath, trampling down the soft wood-mosses, and crushing the violets under his feet, as if a sense of destruction satisfied the fever-excitement that possessed him. Sometimes he would push aside the flowering branches that fell across his path, with a burst of muttered wrath, dashing the lovely blossoms over the man who walked behind him in a storm of unheeded sweetness. The recoiling branch struck this man in the face more than once, but he made no complaint, and only answered the half-sneering apology offered by Arnold with a vague smile, which gleamed unpleasantly on his face as a ray of moonlight fell upon it through the trembling leaves. Thus, with but brief snatches of speech, the two men penetrated the woods, till they stood on a swelling undulation of land which afforded a dreamy view of the country around. In this spot some of the trees had been cut away, preparatory to a clearing. The undergrowth in full blossom, and trailing vines, tangled themselves overhead without obstructing the view. The moonlight was full and clear, weaving its silver with the mists of the forest, and giving the clear, black outlines of the East and West Rocks with minute distinctness. The Sound lay below them, like a lake of sleeping mist. As they looked toward the mountains, the town lay to the right, far out of view or hearing, save that a slender steeple, or two, shot into the sky against a background of burning stars.

After standing for a moment on this swell of land, bathed in the moonlight—the two men looking away from each other all the time—they descended the slope which led into the deep forest, and walked very rapidly down to the centre of the pine woods, where the darkness was dense as midnight, and a thick carpet of dead leaves muffled their footsteps, as if they were treading on velvet.

When the darkness was so thick that the very outlines of the persons were lost, Arnold paused, leaned against a tree for an instant, and then slid noiselessly down to the carpet of pine leaves, which were heavy and wet with rain that had fallen the day before, and in that deep shade had scarcely begun to exhale. Arnold pressed his hands down hard upon the mass of leaves, as if the moisture and coolness were pleasant to him.

"Sit down," he said, to the young man who stood in the darkness, "sit down, for I have a good deal to talk about, and you will get tired standing there like the steeple to a ruined church."

"No, the ground is wet, I can feel the chill through my boots already. You had better stand up yourself, for it strikes me the air has made you hoarse: a cold may be serious at this time of the year."

"I am not at all delicate," said Arnold, sweeping a moist hand over his forehead, and dropping it to the earth again. "Besides, the air is close and hot here, my forehead is burning."

"And yet, as I said before, there is a hoarseness in your voice I never heard there before. It seems unnatural, and chills me through and through."

"You are sensitive, as sensitive as ever," answered Arnold, with a sneer, "but that is a part of your profession."

The young man shuddered under this sneer.

"Come out of this darkness," he said, "I do not like it."

"I do," was the rude reply; "but, if you are afraid of the dark, I will indulge you for once; but remember, my dear Osborne, that whatever I desire to do that do I; spare me farther argument or advice about anything I may say or do."

The minister's pale cheek flushed a little at the insolent tone, but he made no reply: and the darkness concealed his agitation.

"I want to talk with you," said Arnold; "sit down, if you please—I hate to see a man look so deucedly uncomfortable."

"There is really no safe place to sit," he answered.

"Oh! nonsense! There's a log lying in that gleam of moonlight—I don't think that you will be injured."

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Osborne seated himself upon the log, yielding, like all who came in contact with that singular man, to his will, always exercised in the least as in the greatest things.

"What do you wish to say?" asked the minister.

Arnold did not answer. He lay gloomily watching the moonlight flicker through the branches, and listening to the solemn music of the pines as if the sound troubled him.

"This is a pretty scene," he said, laughing hoarsely; "if either you or I were a poet, friend Osborne, we should find ample material here for a dozen sonnets."

The clergyman smiled, but with an effort. He knew Arnold well enough to suspect that there was something hidden beneath his forced playfulness, and he felt a deeper sense of anxiety than the uneasiness which that man's presence usually brought upon him.

"A few minutes ago," continued Arnold, "I saw the spire of your church; did you remark it?"

The minister shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked uneasily at his friend.

"I did not look for it," he said, in a troubled voice, "the distance is so great."

"My eyes are stronger than yours," returned Arnold, with an unpleasant laugh. "It is a very pretty church; I have heard you preach many a fine sermon there."

The clergyman turned abruptly away—his hands twisted themselves over his walking-stick, and he felt a deathly pallor creeping over his face.

"You are a great favorite with your congregation," pursued his tormentor.

"I—I have tried to do my duty by them, at least," he answered, with a strong effort.

"I have no doubt of it! And how the pretty girls do flock there. I say, Osborne, what a quantity of lambs there are in your flock; old Hurlburt has nothing but a lot of ugly sheep in his fold! What is the secret of your success?"

"Mr. Arnold," replied the minister, with considerable firmness, "you have chosen a sorry subject for a jest! Whatever my own faults have been, I have endeavored to preach God's word to my hearers! I scarcely dare pray to Him for myself—but never toward one of my people have I been guilty of a wrong."

"Really you are very eloquent," said Arnold. "My dear fellow, what a strange person you are! Don't go off in heroics—I was only laughing at you, there is no reason for being angry."

"I am not, Arnold."

"That is well! I believe you consider me your friend, do you not? I hope so, at any rate, for I am about to test you."

The clergyman stepped hastily back.

"Heaven help me!" he exclaimed; "I don't know—I can't tell!"

"Upon my word," returned Arnold, apparently more amused than offended by his companion's words and manner, "that is a charming remark! You are more frank than usual."

"You have helped me," said the clergyman; "yes, you have done me a great kindness; but was it not through you that I was led into the error that made it necessary for me to place myself under this obligation?"

"Have done, Osborne!" replied Arnold, coldly. "Never blame another person for your own weakness—have the courage to carry your sins upon your own shoulders, however heavy the load may be. I, at least, am brave enough for that."

"I will—I do! I do not mean to exculpate myself—I know that I am a weak, sinful wretch——"

"There you go again! My dear friend, you are really too nervous and excitable."

"I am indeed—I know it!"

"Listen to me, Osborne."

"What is it?" he asked, drearily.

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Anything that lies in my power you know I will do to serve you," he replied, in the same dreary, pained tone.

"I think so, that is the reason I have made up my mind to ask it—you know I do not like refusals."

"You are not likely to get one from me."

"I think not," he said, musingly, yet with a sort of threat like an undertone pervading his speech; "I think not."

Osborne shivered, his hands shook so violently that his stick fell to the ground—but he never moved his eyes from Arnold's face, it appeared impossible for him to do so, although it was evident that he suffered from the very effort of forcing his eyes to meet the piercing orbs that seemed to glare at him through the broken light.

"You are cold," said Arnold; "you are shivering."

"Only a little—very little."

"You students are so tender—you ought to all live in hot-houses."

"But what did you wish to ask me, Arnold?" he inquired, with an anxiety that he tried in vain to conceal.

"Nothing of much consequence—a mere

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trifle, in fact, according to my way of thinking."

"Then it will not be difficult?"

"No, no—don't be afraid that I am going to make any great demand upon your friendship."

"You know I did not mean that, Arnold—you know I did not!"

"I am sure I can't tell what you do mean."

"I meant that I would gladly serve you," said the poor man, shivering more violently; "but don't—don't ask me to do anything wrong—I can't do that!"

"Yours is a very tender conscience!" exclaimed Arnold, rudely, rising to his feet with a quick flash of passion, which the least breath of opposition always excited in him. "I suppose you think it is enough to have your own short comings to reflect upon——"

"Have mercy, Arnold!" pleaded the clergyman. "Don't talk to me in that tone—I have suffered enough, surely, I have."

"Then reserve your preaching for your pulpit—I wish none of it, remember that, Osborne."

The clergyman made an appealing gesture, as if imploring the tyrannical man to spare him farther insult. There was so much weakness in it that another would have had pity: but Arnold did not even know the meaning of the word.

"You are coming to your senses," he said; "I am glad of it."

"I don't know," replied Osborne, shaking his head sadly. "Sometimes it seems to me that I am losing them—it would be no wonder if I did—no wonder."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Arnold, with a sharp laugh; "to hear the fellow talk, one would think that he was Cain, the first murderer! Are you sure that you are not the Wandering Jew?"

"Don't make a jest of me, Benedict—have a little mercy!"

"There, there!" said Arnold, carelessly, as one might quiet a pet gray-hound. "Be quiet now—be quiet!"

"Yes, yes! And what did you wish, Ben?—the name sounds like old times, doesn't it?"

It seemed as if the clergyman was trying to soften the stern man before him. He wished, perhaps, to call up some memory of their youth to restrain the wicked counsel which he felt to be in his heart. But there was nothing holy to Benedict Arnold—no memory that he held sacred. To a man like that, what appeal was possible?

"Do you remember that foolish business of mine about a year ago—more perhaps?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the time I came to you with that pretty girl—you know there was some sort of a form——"

"Why, Arnold, I married you to that girl—solemnly married you before the most high God. She was a sweet creature, and should have had a holy influence over you."

Arnold sprang toward him, clutched his arm in a fierce grasp, whispering,

"Repeat those words again, and before to-morrow noon you shall be an outcast—not a roof to shelter—not a friend to aid you."

Harvey Osborne sank back upon the log and groaned aloud—the depth of degradation to which he had fallen was terrible indeed.

"What do you mean?" he gasped. "You try me too far, Arnold!"

"No matter! This is what I mean—you did *not* marry me to that girl!"

"The ceremony was sacred as any I ever performed!" exclaimed Osborne, firmly. "Before God and man, you are husband and wife."

"Fool! Do you wish to ruin yourself?"

"I do not care! Oh! I am tired of this load of sin—this weight of concealment! Betray me—tell the whole world what a wretch I am—I don't care—I don't care!"

"Bah! If it came to the point you would see that it was not so pleasant! But I'll do it, Osborne, I will, by——"

"Stop!" said the minister. "You shall not take God's name sacrilegiously before me, unworthy as I am."

"Nonsense! But will you come to your senses and let me explain?"

"Yes, yes, explain—do!"

"I don't ask anything very terrible! I have reasons for not wishing the circumstances known about that little affair——"

"But, Arnold, it was a marriage—a real marriage! Her name was—Hannah, yes, Hannah Arnold! It could not be broken or evaded—I am a minister, an ordained minister of the gospel."

"And a pretty one, truly!" cried Arnold, roused to a tiger-like fury. "A fine minister of the gospel are you—a cheat—a scoundrel—a gambler!"

"Spare me, Ben, spare me!"

"Don't hope it! The whole world shall know your real character! I will denounce you in your own church—a pretty scandal it will make! Why they'll drive you out of the town—ha, my young minister, what do you say now?"

"Oh! my God!" groaned the wretched man, "my God, have mercy on me, for this man will show me none."

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"None!" repeated Arnold. "I shall tell your flock what a pastor they have! You went to a gambling-house in New York, in my company, remember. True, you had taken too much at supper before that—a double crime!"

"But it was not my fault," Osborne cried, goaded into self-defence. "I did not know that it was liquor you gave me—you called it cordial—it drove me mad for the time, and you did what you chose with me."

"No doubt, oh! no doubt; but make people believe that, will you?—only try, that's all! See here, Osborne, I have been a good friend, I shall make a bitter enemy! You don't know how I can hate—avenge myself I will! A little will not satisfy me—I shall follow you—wherever you hide yourself I shall find you out—I will tell this story—blast your whole life—make you the wretchedest criminal that ever trod the earth."

A groan was the only response he received—his agonized listener had no power to speak.

"More than that—I will put you in prison! I hold your note for the money I advanced to settle your gaming debt; you can't pay it, nobody will do it for you; I will put you in the debtors' jail before to-morrow night. Now then, what do you say?"

"Nothing will soften you?—nothing will change your fiendish purpose?"

"Yes—it is easily done! Only forget that marriage, as you call it——"

"I cannot lie——"

"What else is your whole life, you miserable fool?"

"True, true! Oh! surely I have suffered enough. Do not torture me farther—do not push me lower into this pit of infamy and guilt!"

"Why you talk like a play-actor! Promise what I ask, and I will return you the note—you will be safe then."

The minister was silent—a great struggle was going on in his soul, and he was weak.

"It does no one any harm," continued Arnold; "the girl is safe enough. Some time I shall acknowledge her, but I cannot now. Promise, promise!"

"What, tell me what?"

"Never to reveal this marriage. Swear it!"

"But if she comes to me herself?"

"Tell her she is mistaken——"

"And destroy my own soul?"

"Let your soul take care of yourself! Once more, will you help me?"

"I cannot tell a lie—I will not!"

"But are you willing to assist me?"

"I must, you know I must!"

"Then go away from here! Your health is poor—you need change. A ship will soon sail for the West Indies, if you will go in her, I will pay your passage and give you plenty of money besides. Your people will spare you for a little time if you plead to them with that pale face."

"But what will become of this poor girl?"

"I tell you she is safe enough! Think of yourself! I offer you safety or disgrace—choose!"

"Oh! this is a temptation of the demon!"

"Think of it! Before to-morrow night you will be hooted at as you walk the streets—mobbed, insulted by the very boys you have taught."

"You will drive me mad, Arnold!"

"Will you go away? Do you promise?"

"I do—I do!"

He fell upon the ground, wringing his hands, and weeping like a child; while Arnold stood over him with a fiendish smile.

"Swear by your hope of salvation that you will be silent!"

"I swear! God have mercy upon me, I swear!"

He fell forward again, and after another terrible groan there was a long silence, more fearful than the agony which had gone before.

All night long Laura lay upon her bed, counting the hours with feverish impatience, gazing drearily out upon the moonlight, and weeping, at times, till the curtains overhead trembled with the violence of her sobs. All the pretty wiles, that had seemed but a harmless means of securing Arnold's love, now rose before her tortured imagination as coarse and unwomanly artifice which had only repulsed him. Her beauty, of which she had been so proud, was, in that hour of humiliation, a source of annoyance. What was it worth, if the only heart she cared to own in the wide world turned from that beauty with indifference? Nay, was she indeed beautiful? Not in the style which he had been taught to admire—not like the fair blonde who had rescued her from death; compared to her that creamy complexion, and hair as black and brighter than the neck of a raven, was, in her over-trained imagination, over-rich to coarseness. And her eyes, so large and bright, how could any man admire them who had once looked on the soft, violet orbs of Amy Leonard? Yes, that was beauty. What right had she to expect homage to charms so unlike and even so inferior? Thus the proud girl—proud in the excess of her humility—spent the long, harassing night. The moonbeams of the

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evening made her weep and turn away from their brightness. The storm, which broke and dashed over the town toward morning, appealed more directly to her passionate sorrow. When she heard the first howl of the tempest, her courage rose, and she was filled with a bitter wish to go out and battle with the storm. The fever in her blood was so hot, the thirst for action so pressing, that she could stand the quiet of her bed no longer.

Laura threw back the curtains and stepped forth into the darkness. Her dress had been loosened, but not taken off, and the top of her high-heeled shoes was lost in the beating of the rain, as she walked up and down the chamber, angry now, and flushed with resentment for the wrong that had fallen on her—that wrong which no law can reach, and of which wrong a haughty woman dies, calling it by any name the doctors in their wisdom may choose.

The chamber was large, but, in her fever, the air seemed close and insufficient. She flung open the sash, gasping for breath. In rushed the storm, dashing coldly against her face and bosom. She received it with a sense of relief. Her hot cheeks grew cooler as the rain beat against them. Her excitement rose with keen sympathy, and met the storm half way. What did she care that the rich braids that crowned her head were getting heavy with moisture, or that the knots of ribbon, that had fluttered so gayly on her dress a few hours before, were dangling, like wilted flowers, on the wet silk of her skirt? The storm in her soul was replied to by the storm without. She felt like a wild bird drifting madly with the tempest—a poor white gull, who had been lured far, far out to sea, and must now brave the elements alone.

The old elm tree seemed maddened like herself: its branches raved and tossed themselves up and down, to and fro, playing with the lightning, and flinging great masses of leaves upon the wind, as it rushed by.

To Laura the old tree seemed human, and suffering with pain as she was. The creaking of the sign on its rusty hinges struck her like a cry of anguish—the very cry that she, in her pride, was strangling in the depths of her bosom.

How bravely the old tree bore itself! With what lofty grandeur it shook off the lightning and the rain! How fiercely its branches thrashed the roof, and knocked against the verandahs, scattering torn leaves upon the floor, where the rain beat them down, as the world deals with fallen beauty.

The window where Laura stood opened on the upper verandah, which was now a blaze of lightning; now enveloped with darkness. The sash was broad and deep; she flung it wide open, and sprang out on the wet floor. Here was room to breathe—here the wind raved and rioted, as pride and sorrow battled in her own soul.

She walked up and down the long gallery, sobbing faint echoes to the deeper sough of the storm. Sometimes faint cries broke from her lips—those cries which she had stifled in her room, from fear of being heard; but as these expressions of grief left her heart, the wind tossed them out into the storm, shouting over them, as coarse humanity might have done, had it been able to seize upon her sorrow and drag it into the fuller knowledge. She thought of this, and triumphed over her powers of concealment. She would have no confidant but the storm, not even her brother should guess how her pride had been crushed—how her poor heart bled. As for Arnold, he must never know of her humiliation. She would meet him again on the morrow with a pride that should more than match his indifference. Yes, she would stay some weeks in the town, receiving, graciously, the homage of those admirers who had been so recklessly cast aside during her infatuation. He should see how men could adore her, and be grateful for one of the smiles which he had not cared to gather. Certainly she would stay a few weeks, gather a harvest of admiration, and then go away. Go away! Where? and how?

The blank that followed this question fell like a pall on her heart. Without love where can a woman go and not find a desert? She ceased to walk, as the desolating idea crept over her, and stood leaning against a pillar of the verandah, pale, drenched, and hopeless. Body and soul, she was chilled through and through.

"Laura!"

A cry died in her throat; her heavy eyes filled with wild brilliancy, for the lightning playing among the branches of the elm revealed Benedict Arnold. He stood directly before her against the yawning space of an open window, through which he had just passed, having seen her standing there, alone, amidst the gleams of lightning.

"Laura, my beloved, why are you out in a night like this? You are tempting death."

She looked at him with her wild eyes; her lips trembled apart, but she could not utter a word, speech seemed chained down in her bosom.

"What is the matter?" he said, more gently

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than she had ever heard him speak before. "I went to your parlor, late in the evening, and found it empty. The landlady told me you had gone to bed ill. The thought was enough to keep me awake; and the storm brought me to the window where I saw you thus."

Laura wound her arms around the pillar, for the thrill that ran through every fibre of her frame made her faint.

"And you sought me? You came to my room? You——"

"Yes, I went there," he said, gently unwinding her arm from its clasp around the pillar, and, drawing her suddenly into his embrace, "and this was what I was panting to say, Laura, Laura de Montreuil, will you be my wife?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHO.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Who loves the little daisy,
With its modest crimson lips?
Who loves the purple thistle
On the wasted moorland slips?
Who'd weep, if on the desert
Such humble flowers were thrown,
And left to wither back to dust,
In silence and alone?

Who loves the pure, meek fountain
Away on pasture hill?
Who loves the gentle silver star
That gleams in evening still?
Who looks with quiet pleasure
On the creeping, em'rald grass?
Or loves to watch the drowsy bee
O'er clover meadows pass?

Who cares for the lost lambkin,
Strayed from the flock, and fold?
Who pities the lame oxen
That toil on tillage wold?
Who'd walk across the desert
To ease the camel's back?
Who'd gladly help the weary beast
To bear his heavy pack?

Who weeps for all the suffering
Among the thronging poor?
Who sighs when Death's grim shadow
Falls 'cross a cottage door?
Who grieves that brows are pallid
When hunger walks at will?
And Desolation's iron hand
Has dropt its fatal chill?

Who wipes the bitter tear-drop
From Sorrow's weary eye?
Who charms away the shadows
That on sad foreheads lie?
Who holds for every creature,
However poor and low,
A love and charity which burn
Like watch-fires on his brow?

Oh! God will richly bless him,
And make his heart a shrine
Where, in one wave of endless peace,
He'll pour His gifts divine!
The angel with the Golden Book
Shall write his name as blest,
And, by-and-by, his home shall be
The Citadel of Rest!

MARY.

BY LEVERETT LELAND.

When o'er our heart-strings softly sweep
The notes of some dear name,
Whose music, like a vesper bell,
Charms more than wealth or fame;
How sweet, in dreams, to fly away
From scenes of din and strife,
And spend, alone with truthful love,
One hour of calmest life!

It nerves our fainting spirits up,
When thus we sink to rest,
And mystic hands our souls convey
To those we love the best;
It gives the heart fresh strength and will—
This union pure and sweet—
And proves a cordial for the gaze
That meets us on the street.

But fleeter far than can be told,
Haste those sweet hours away;
Even swifter than the weaver's rod,
Or than the wild bird's lay;
Even than the rain, that falls
Upon the thirsty sand;
Or than the winds, that scud by night
Across the sleeping land!

Oh! is it true, as good men say,
A spirit-world on high
Awaits the sons of men, who live
By faith in God, and die?
And shall we there be ever near
The loved ones of our heart?
Then speed your way, oh! Time and Death,
Play quick, play well your part!

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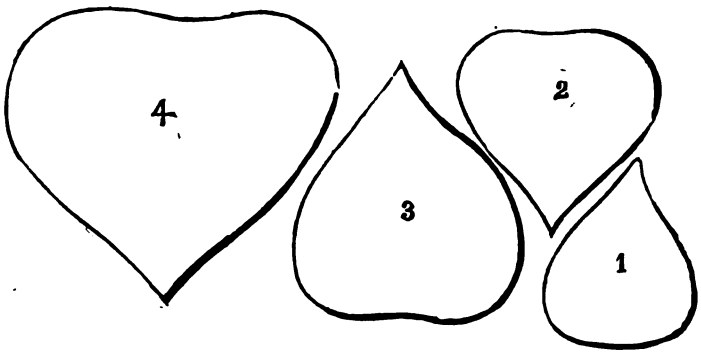
TO MAKE A CAMELIA IN WAX.

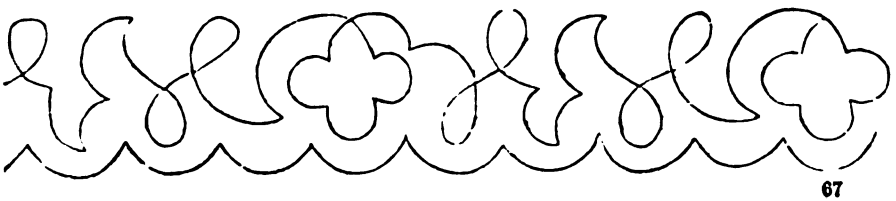
BY CHARLES PEPPER.



To make a Camelia in wax is comparatively easy. The descriptive details of one will suffice for the construction of all others, viz: the White, Crimson, Rose-tinted, Striped (white, with pink or crimson), and the Lace-edged White, which is a beautiful specimen. The petals necessary are given above. Take 8 of No. 1, 7 of No. 2, 11 of No. 3, and 10 of No. 4. Commence with card patterns similar to the Rose; after cutting out the petals in white wax, press out the edges fine and thin; then apply the ball-tool, very slightly indenting them, and gracefully curl the edges of the petals downward. After which proceed tinting, either carmine (on both sides), or pale or deep pink striped, &c. This being done, prepare a thick piece of wire, by covering the end with some pieces of wax, standing out a little prominent, the same color as the petals. Then commence fixing No. 1 petals, lapping one a little over the other; No. 2, a little more open from the eye; next, No. 3, in proportion; and lastly No. 4, standing out nearly horizontally from the stem; at the same time observing that each row of petals is to be placed reversely to those above them. After this is completed, fix close under the petals the five green leaves to form the calyx, from which finish off with brown wax all down the wire, to represent the stalk, which has a woody appearance. A bud is necessary; this is easily constructed: get a number of pieces of wax, and roll up into a ball about the size of a small marble, rather pointed at one end; introduce a piece of wire at the thick end, roll round it a piece of thin white wax (as seen in the diagram), and finish the base with five pieces of green wax, similar to the calyx of the flower; tint just the lip of the bud according to the flower. Mount two leaves close to the bud, attach, likewise, two leaves to the flower; place the bud about two or three inches from the flower, giving it a graceful bend toward the bloom—it is then finished.

The Lace-edged petaled Camelia is produced by cutting the petals about one-eighth of an inch larger. After pressing out the edges, tear a small portion of it off with the thumb and finger; when carefully done, it will give the desired effect; after which, construct according to the preceding flower.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



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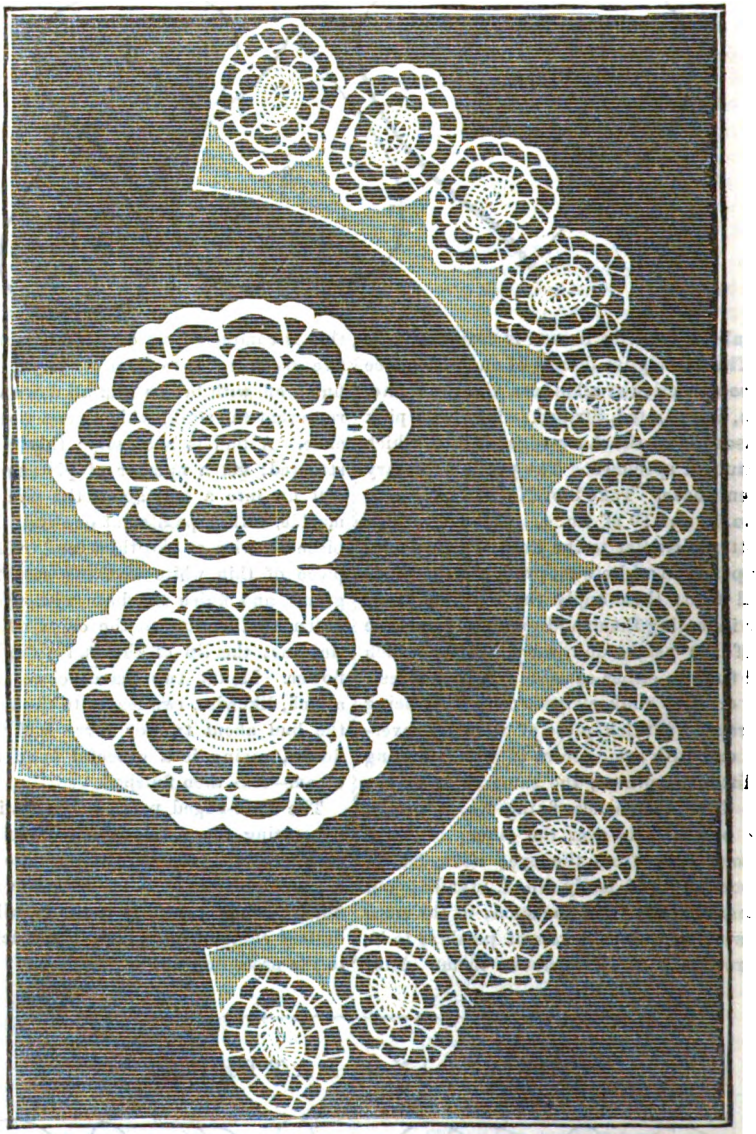
COLLAR AND CUFFS IN CROCHET APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 30. No. 4 Penelope Hook, and sufficient fine cambric for collar and cuffs.

1st Row.—Make 25 ch, unite; *u* (or under) these chs work 43 dc.

2nd Row.—1 ch. Another row of dc on dc.

3rd Row.—2 ch. Another row of dc on dc.

4th Row.—3 ch 20 dc down; 7 ch miss 3 loops of the dc; 20 dc up.

5th Row.—9 ch dc in 3rd loop; this loop will be at the point. 9 ch dc in each 5th loop 4 times. (This reaches to the last dc before the

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chs at point). 11 ch miss the 7 ch; dc on 1st dc up the other side; 9 ch dc in each 5th loop for 4 times. (This brings to the first 9 ch at point.)

6*th Row.*—5 dc *u* 9 ch, 5 ch, 5 more dc *u* same; 2 ch 11 dc *u* each of the 9 chs, with 2 ch between each 9 for 4 times; then 8 dc *u* 11 ch; 5 ch 8 more dc *u* same; then 2 ch, and repeat as before up the other side.

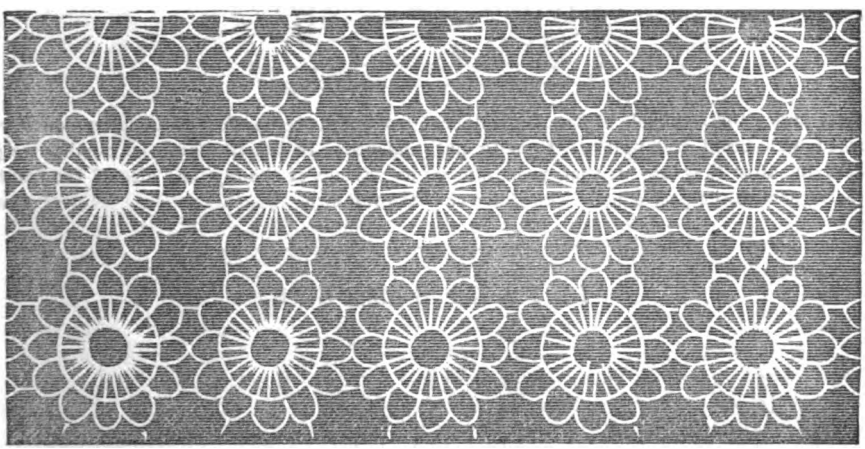
7*th Row.*—10 ch 1 L *u* 5 ch between the dc at the point; 7 ch 1 L in same loop; 7 ch 1 L in 2 ch; 7 ch dc in next 2 ch; 5 ch 1 dc in same; 7 ch dc in next 2 ch; 7 ch 1 L in next; 7 ch 1 L in same; 7 ch 1 L *u* next; 7 ch 1 L *u* 3 ch at the point; 9 ch 1 L in same. Now repeat up the other side the same, and after the last 7 ch, dc into the 3rd loop of the 10 ch.

8*th, and last Row.*—11 dc *u* each 7 ch; 15 dc *u* 11 ch; 6 dc *u* 5 ch wherever they occur, all round. Draw the thread through, and fasten off. 12 of these divisions will be required for a collar, and 6 for each cuff.

When finished, sew them together as in engraving; then tack the crochet on to a piece of cambric, and with some cotton overcast the edge of each division which is nearest the neck of collar.

CROCHET STAR FOR FICHU CAP AND SLEEVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



New combinations and arrangements of the old are continually presenting themselves with all the attraction of novelty, and claiming attention for the very pretty effects which they produce. This is the case with one form of crochet, which has just come out in England, and an illustration of which we give above. The peculiarity of this star is its extreme smallness. When these stars are worked in very fine cotton and united to each other, the effect produced is extremely lacy, neat, and elegant. There is one great advantage in this work, namely, that it can be arranged in any form which may be required. It is especially suitable for the style of cap now so much worn in Paris, namely, the Fichu Cap; when the half-handkerchief form, of which the cap is composed, is made of these stars, with the long, wide strings also of the same, and the whole surrounded with a narrow Maltese lace, the arrangement produces one of the most fashionable head-dresses worn in Paris. Another variety of shape is also at present much in favor—that is a square with the same long ends made in the same manner. But whatever style of cap may be preferred, it can be arranged in these stars with equal facility. Another very pretty effect is produced by laying them on net. In this way they may be applied to sleeves as well as caps. When worked in black silk and laid on black net, they form quite a novel style either for mourning or general wear, as many ladies prefer a black head-dress to a white one. They then require either a border of themselves as a row, or the black Maltese lace. In working the stars, they must be kept perfectly the same size and very small, as the beauty of the

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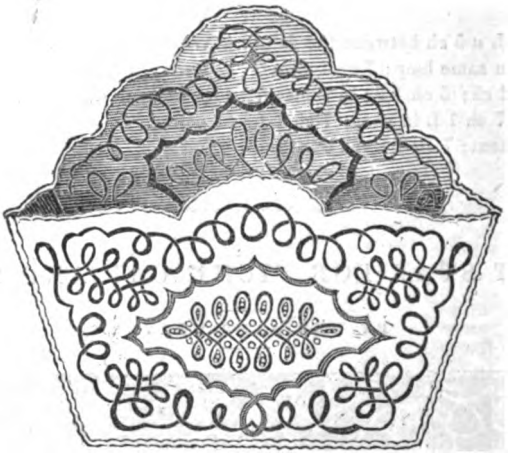
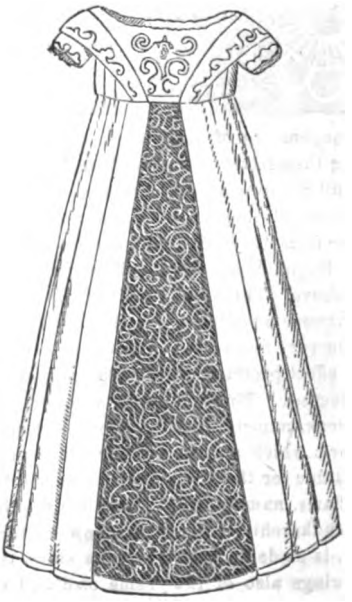
effect depends, in a great measure, on this point. As will be seen in our illustration, they are united together at four sides, each side having three loops; thus the twelve loops which surround each star are all joined together, which gives strength and firmness to the work.

LETTER-POUCH.



This pretty affair is made of Russian leather, worked with braid and pearls. It is to put letters in, after they are written, preparatory to being sent to the post-office. The above engraving gives the effect of the letter-pouch when finished. In the front of the number we give engravings of the top, and also of the front, of the full size. J. W.

INFANT'S DRESS.



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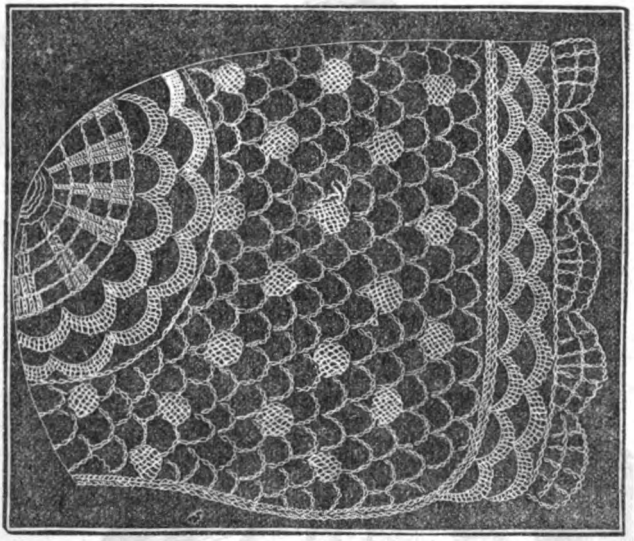
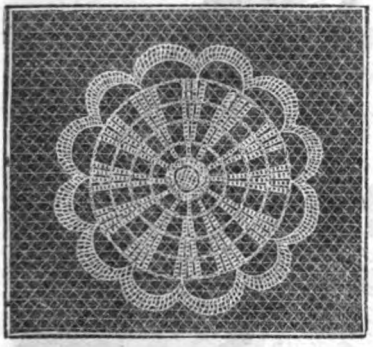
LADY'S NIGHT-CAP IN CROCHET.

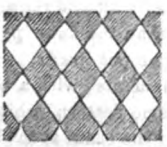
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

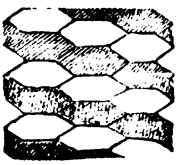




THIS is a comparatively easy pattern, and requires no description; for any lady, accustomed to crocheting, can work the cap from the cuts. In order still further to simplify the working, we give a separate pattern of the crown of the cap. In the front of the number, is a pattern for a Sachet, which does not require a description either, but can be worked from the engraving. We think we may claim for "Peterson" that its crochet patterns are unrivaled. In quantity also, they equal, if they do not excel, those of any other Magazine.

PATTERNS IN PATCHWORK.





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THE ROSETTA.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THIS is a very fashionable dress, just out in Paris. The sleeve, it will be seen, is cut so as to form a very wide pagoda at bottom. There is no plait at top, and the pattern is all of one piece, which makes both the sleeve and revers. About the straight part of the stuff several plaits are made so as to raise that part the distance required to meet the seam in front of the sleeve, which is hollowed out at the bend, to give it the appearance of a wide sleeve with an elbow. The inner side of this sleeve should round off at bottom, and be wider than the outer part, so as to leave visible the ruche put inside.

This sleeve is ornamented with a plain revers formed out of the same pattern, which is folded back in front, above the seam at the bend of the

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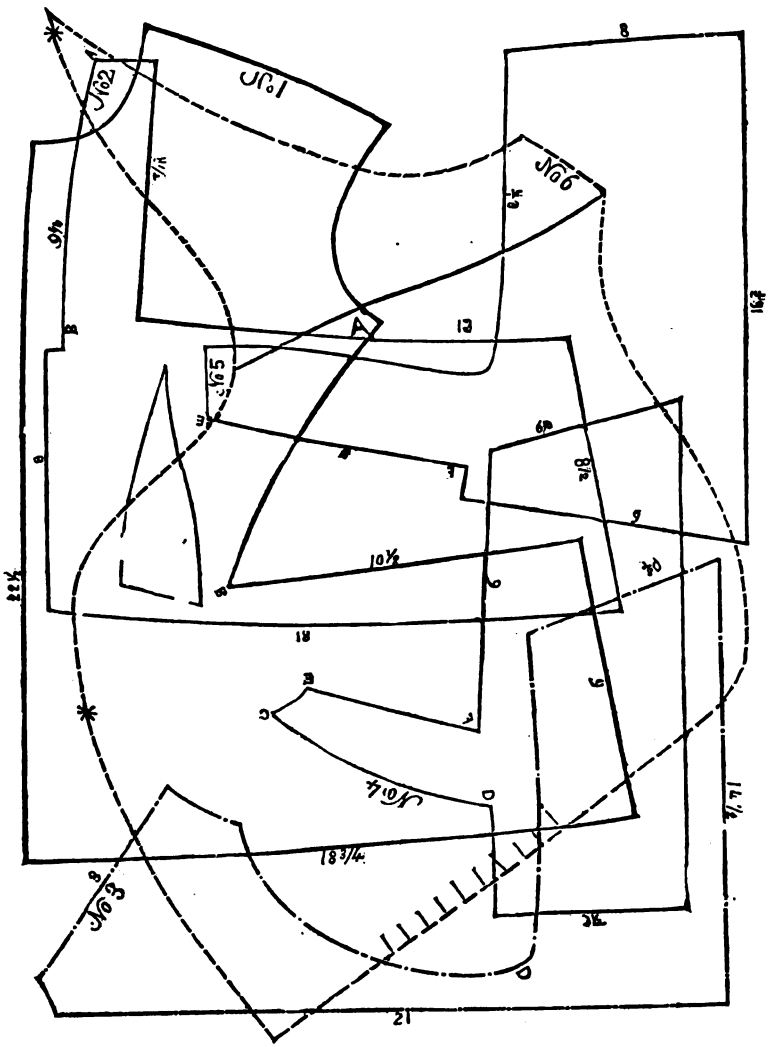

arm. This revers, beginning in front of the sleeve-hole, covers the seam, the beginning of the plaits, and joins the bottom of the sleeve at the corresponding mark, a star. This revers is bordered by a narrow lace gathered very full, and has three buttons on it encircled by two rows of narrow lace also very full; a fourth button similarly surrounded seems to fasten the beginning of the revers at the bottom of the sleeve behind.

The body of this dress has no seam at the waist; a side-piece is put in front to join the letters A and B. The back of this body is composed of three parts: the first, that forming the middle, meets a side-piece at the letters C and D; this first side-piece meets a second at the letters E and F. When these seams are made, the front and back of the body are complete, and are joined by the seam under the arm. When the seams of the body are sewed, the stuff that remains free at bottom, behind, and in front, is laid in the plaits round the waist.

The seams of the skirt should be made and cut sloping off toward the waist. The bottom of the skirt must be at least five yards round.

No. 1. Front of Body.
No. 2. Side-piece of Front.
No. 3. Middle of Back.
No. 4. First Side-piece of Back.
No. 5. Second Side-piece of Back.
No. 6. Pattern forming the Sleeve and its Revers.

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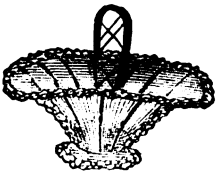
ALUM BASKET.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS. — Wire frame, alum.

Make the frame, or have it made, of white covered bonnet wire pretty thick, of any form desired. Then dissolve a half pound of alum to one quart of water, a sufficient quantity must be prepared to cover the wire frame; let no part touch the vessel, which should be of earthenware; suspend it either by a wire, or a string in the liquid; dissolve the alum by a gentle heat, several hours will be required to form the crystals; the frame should be immersed while the liquid is warm, and let it remain in until cold, or until the crystals have formed.

NOTE.

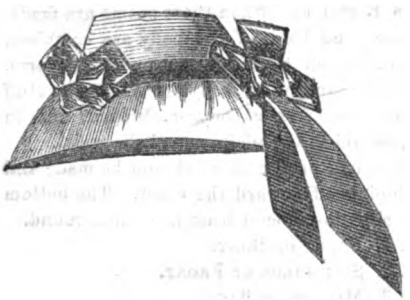
Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 48 north Ninth street, Philadelphia, deals in materials, &c., for potichomanie, paper flowers, wax flowers, and all sorts of fancy work. Orders promptly attended to.

STRAWBERRIES AND PLUMS IN BERLIN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give two colored patterns, to be done on canvas in Berlin work. One of the patterns represents a bunch of strawberries, some ripe and red, while another is still yellow. The green leaves, the brown stems, and the parti-colored fruit make a fine contrast. Even more beautiful is the bunch of plums. In these patterns no less than seven distinct colors are given, viz: green, red, yellow, blue, purple, brown, and black; besides various shades of several of these colors, viz: purple, green, and brown. The readers of "Peterson" may judge how expensive these patterns are, when they learn that each color has to be printed separately, and each fitted to the squares (which represent the threads of canvas) with the greatest nicety. We may add that these patterns were designed expressly for this Magazine.

MISSES' HATS FOR SUMMER.



MISS'S HAT.

YOUNG LADY'S HAT.

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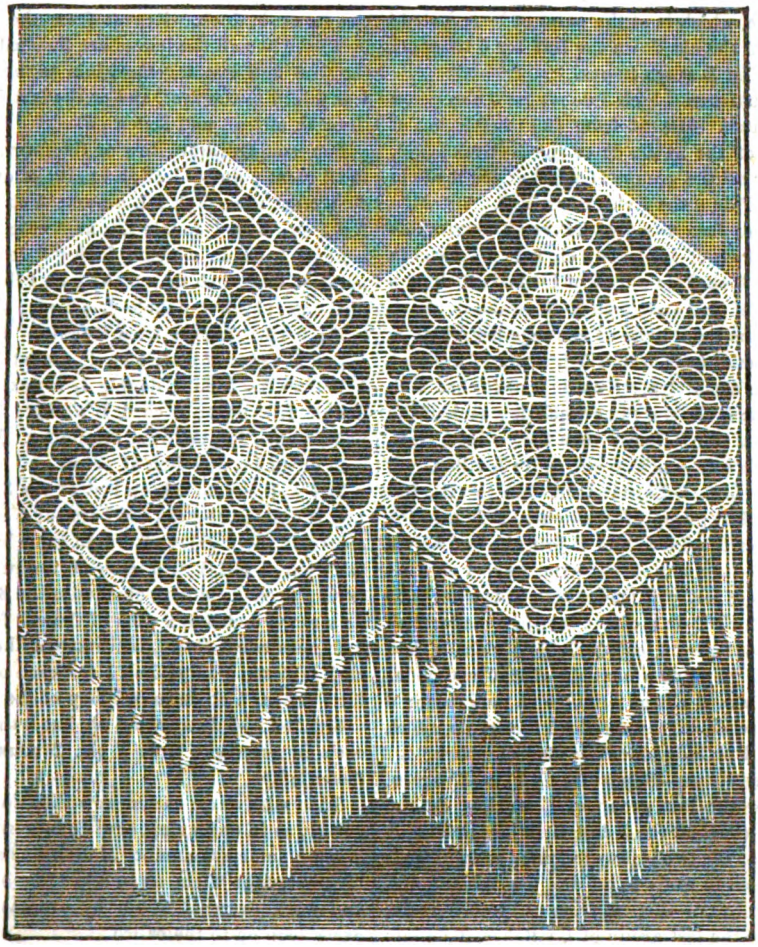
DESIGN IN CROCHET APPLIQUE;

FOR THE CANOPY OF AN ARABIAN BEDSTEAD, ALSO FOR THE HEAD, BY JOINING FOUR TOGETHER.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 6. No. 2 Penelope Hook.

FOR THE OVAL IN CENTRE OF EACH DIVISION.—Make 22 ch, turn back and work 20 dc down, thus leaving one ch, which secures the thread; 1 ch 21 dc up the other side; 2 ch 21 dc down; 8 ch 1 L in next loop; 5 ch 1 L in 3rd loop; 5 ch 1 L in each fourth loop for 4 times, then 5 ch 1 L in loop at extreme point; 5 ch 1 L in same loop; 5 ch 1 L in 2nd loop; 5 ch 1 L in each 4th loop for 4 times; 5 ch dc in 3rd loop of the 8 ch. (This completes the oval. Do not fasten off till the whole of the leaves are made.) 3 dc *u* next chs.

FIRST LEAF (*which is at the point*) A.—For the vein make 15 ch; turn back, work 14 dc down; dc *u* same 5 ch again; 3 ch T (or turn on reverse side;) 3 dc the 1st in 3rd loop of the 14 dc; T 3 L *u* 3 ch; 3 ch T 3 dc the 1st in next first loop of the 14 dc; T 3 L *u* 3 ch; 5 ch T 3 dc as before; T 5 L *u* 5 ch; 5 ch T 3 dc as before; T 5 L *u* 5 ch; 5 ch T dc in the one ch at the point, 1 ch T 5 L *u* 5 ch; 5 ch T dc in same loop at point; 1 ch T 5 L *u* 5 ch; 5 ch T 3 dc

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the 1st in next loop of the 14 dc; T 5 L *u* 5 ch; 5 ch T 3 dc as before; T 5 L *u* 5 ch; 3 ch T 3 dc as before; T 3 L *u* 3 ch; 3 ch T 3 dc as before; T 3 L *u* 3 ch. There must be 4 groups of L stitches at each side, and 2 groups at the point. (B) T dc on the 2nd dc in the 5 ch in the oval; 5 ch T dc *u* the chs at end of 1st group of dc; 5 ch dc *u* next chs for 4 times more; 5 ch dc *u* same, which is at the point of leaf; 5 ch dc *u* each of the chs down the leaf for 5 times; 1 ch dc on 1st L stitch in oval.

Second Leaf.—1 ch 5 dc *u* next 5 ch; dc on the L stitch. Repeat from (A) to (B); but at the end of the 14 dc, dc on the L stitch again, and after all the groups of stitches are made in the leaf, T dc *u* the 1 ch in first leaf.

Then to Join the two Leaves Together.—Dc *u* 1st 5 ch of 1st leaf; 1 ch T dc *u* 1st chs in 2nd leaf; 3 ch T dc *u* 5 ch of 1st leaf; 3 ch dc *u* next chs of 2nd leaf; 5 ch T dc on the dc stitch which joins the 2 links of chs together; 3 ch dc *u* next chs of leaf; 7 ch T 1 L *u* 2nd of the chs; 5 ch dc *u* chs of leaf; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* same; 5 ch dc *u* each of the chs of leaf for 5 times; then 3 dc *u* 1st 5 ch in oval; 1 ch 5 dc *u* next 5 ch; dc on L stitch.

Third Leaf.—Repeat from (A) to (B), but after the last group of L stitches, T dc into the 1 ch (after the 5 dc), and to join the two leaves together—dc *u* chs of left hand leaf; 1 ch T dc *u* 1st chs of leaf just made; 2 ch T dc *u* next chs of leaf; 2 ch T dc *u* chs of leaf just made; 2 ch T dc *u* next chs of leaf; 2 ch T dc *u* chs of leaf just made; 5 ch dc *u* next chs of leaf just made; 5 ch dc *u* next chs at point; 5 ch dc *u* same; 5 ch dc *u* each of the chs for 5 times; dc *u* 5 ch in oval; 1 ch 5 dc *u* next 5; dc on L stitch.

Fourth Leaf.—Repeat from (A) to (B) again, but after the last group of L stitches, dc into the 1 ch (beyond the 5 dc); then join and finish the leaf as the two last were joined and finished; 5 dc *u* 5 ch in oval; 1 ch 3 dc *u* the 5 ch at point.

Fifth Leaf.—Repeat from (A) to (B) again, and after the last group of L stitches, T dc into the 1 ch (beyond the 5 dc); dc *u* the first chs of leaf; 1 ch T dc *u* 1st chs of leaf just made; 3 ch T dc *u* next chs of leaf; 3 ch T dc *u* next chs; 5 ch T dc on dc stitch which joins the two links of chs together; 3 ch dc *u* next chs of left hand leaf; 7 ch T 1 L *u* 2nd of the chs; 5 ch dc *u* chs of leaf; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* same; 5 ch dc *u* each of the chs of leaf for 5 times; then 3 dc *u* the remainder of the chs in oval; 1 ch. Repeat from the "second leaf." After all the leaves are finished, to join the first and last together, join as the 2nd leaf was joined to the first, and at the last 5 ch dc *u* the 5 ch of leaf, and fasten off.

For the Outside Row of Crochet.—8 dc *u* the 5 ch at point of leaf and point of oval; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch 1 L *u* next; 5 ch 1 double L *u* 7 ch; 5 ch 1 double L *u* next chs; 5 ch 1 L *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch * 3 dc *u* 5 ch at point of leaf; 5 ch dc *u* 5 ch; 5 ch 1 double L *u* next chs; 1 ch 1 double L *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch. Repeat from * again. Then 3 dc *u* 5 ch at point of leaf; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch 1 L *u* next; 5 ch 1 double L *u* next; 5 ch 1 double L *u* next; 5 ch 1 L *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* next, 5 ch. Repeat from beginning. End with 5 ch dc on 1st dc stitch at point.

2nd Row.—7 ch 1 L on last of the 3 dc; 5 ch 1 L *u* each of the chs for 7 times; 5 ch 1 L on centre of the 3 dc; 5 ch 1 L in same loop; 5 ch miss one 5 ch; 1 L *u* each of the two chs for twice; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; miss the 3 dc, 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch 1 L *u* each of the chs for twice; 5 ch miss one 5 ch 1 L on centre of the 3 dc; 5 ch 1 L in same loop; 5 ch 1 L *u* each of the chs for 7 times; 5 ch dc in 3rd loop of the 7 ch.

3rd Row.—5 dc *u* each 5 ch, but *u* the 5 ch at each corner make 2 dc 1 ch; 2 more dc, and fasten off.

Then with same cotton, sew the two sides together, as in engraving, sewing into every loop. When a sufficient number of divisions are sewed together, tack them on to a heading of dimity, and work overcast stitch by overcasting into every loop on to the calico.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.

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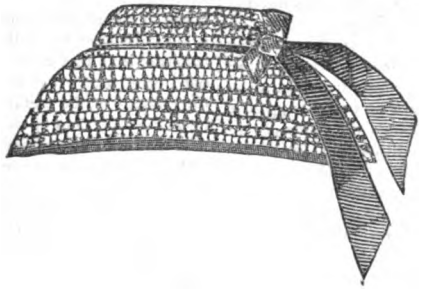
TO CROCHET A SUN HAT.

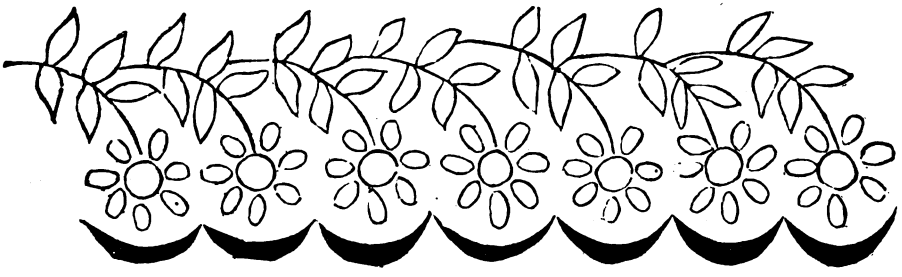
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

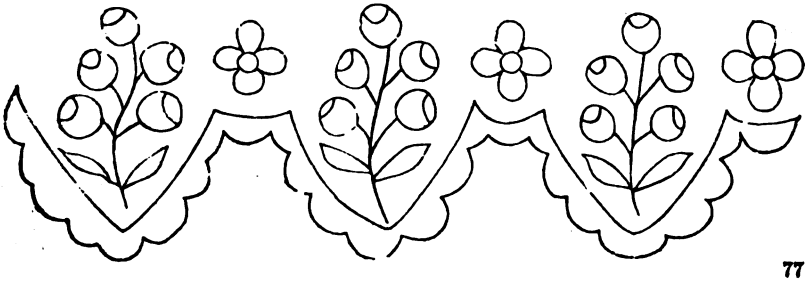


MATERIALS.—Four balls crochet cord, gray or brown.

Make a ch of 6. Join, and work in dc, widening enough to keep the work flat. Do a piece large enough for the crown, then make a ch long enough to fit around the crown, join it and crochet 11 rows. After which do 13 rows for the rim, widening gradually. Finish with 1 row shell work; crochet the crown piece and face together. Take the hat to a milliner to be stiffened and pressed; wire the edge, and line the hat either with plain lawn the same color, or with pink or blue. Trim with the lawn as wide as ribbon; hem on both sides, or pink the edges of the lawn, and make a full box quilling to go around the crown; bows and ends hemmed. Either a piece of elastic in place of strings, or strings, as the fancy may suggest.

EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Few Hints on Furnishing.—There are few things about which so little taste is generally exhibited as the papering, painting, and furnishing of houses. A work, partly devoted to this subject, has just appeared in England, written by the celebrated Sir G. Wilkinson. We glean from it a few hints which may be serviceable to ladies. Among other things, the author says, that in decorated apartments, the colors should be lighter from the floor upward. Supposing that the windows are equi-distant from the floor and ceiling, the ceiling must always be less illuminated in the day time, whether the sun is shining or not; and hence it is necessary that, if colored at all, the ceiling should be as nearly white as possible. In a climate like ours, where the windows of our apartments cannot be very large, and where the ceiling and angles are of necessity but feebly illuminated—owing to the obstruction of the light by window-curtains—light carpeting, light furniture even, and light paper-hangings are most desirable, and especially when the walls are covered with engravings or paintings.

Sir Gardiner disapproves of imitating landscapes on paper-hangings, carpets, or even on china. No less offensive, he thinks, is the practice of employing natural objects as ornaments in decorative art, which he regards as indicating poverty of invention, and a deficiency of taste for design. Certainly, the Greeks never used servile copies of flowers or other natural objects. They took the idea, the *motive* of the object, and made it an ideal imitation, which was much more pleasing to the eye. The patterns of the Arabs, which are more varied than those of the Greeks, had the same character, and evince an extraordinary talent for combinations of forms. "In all the best periods of art," as Mr. Owen Jones, another writer on this subject, remarks, "all ornament was rather based upon an observation of the principles which regulate the arrangement of form in nature, than on an attempt to imitate the absolute forms of those works; and that, whenever this limit was exceeded, in any art, it was one of the strongest symptoms of decline—*true art consisting in idealizing, and not copying the forms of nature.*" The most beautiful carpet for halls, or stairs, which has come out, for many years, is copied from an old Assyrian tesselated pavement, and idealizes the honeysuckle, and other things in this way.

Our author has some excellent remarks on the arrangement of colors in furnishing. We believe that most of our readers are familiar with the theory of M. Chevreul. We have explained it, both in reference to furniture, and also to dress, more than once, in earlier volumes of this Magazine. Sir Gardiner, adopting similar views, mentions *harmony* by *contrast* as the most important, namely, *red* or *scarlet* with *blue*, and *orange* with *blue*. Some, he says, are contrasts by coldness, as those just mentioned; and some by difference of lucidity, as *yellow* contrasted with *black* or with *brown*. The next is *harmony* by *analogy*, as *crimson* and *red brown*, *purple* and *crimson*, *yellow* and *gold*. There is also *harmony* of *tones*, as different *blues*, *reds*, etc., the light one being the ground for the darker; and lastly, *harmony* of *hues*, as *verdigris green* to lighten up *blue greens*, and *scarlet* with *dark red*. Harmony by *contrast*, and harmony by *analogy* consist in the due proportion of two or more colors which are concords.

In private as well as in public buildings, ornaments, whether colored or sculptured, should not extend over the whole surface of the walls. The eye requires repose, and the general effect should be that of broad masses, displaying minuteness when not seen at a distance. Small uncolored spaces in the midst of colored patterns afford an agreeable relief and variety. In painting the rooms of a house, or in selecting a paper for them, when pictures are to be introduced, the walls should be of one color, *without patterns;* and that color should be *red*, *tea-green*, or, in some cases, *a very light blue*, which would harmonize with the gildings of the picture-frames, while it reflected light upon those portions of the pictures which receive no light directly from the windows. In a room covered with pictures, a ceiling almost white, a carpet as light as possible, and furniture of the same hue, are necessary to obtain sufficient light to display the pictures. The proper exhibition of the pictures is the object to be accomplished by every available means, whether they are consistent or not with good taste.

The mixture of materials of different kinds in articles of furniture is justly denounced by our author, such as the union of bronze with wood, and, above all, of bright brass with wood—wooden tables inlaid with stone—stone doors either wholly or partly of malachite—and rich cabinets inlaid with costly jewels. The highly-prized and expensive tables of Florence in *pietre dure*, imitating birds, flowers, etc., are equally inconsistent with true taste.

How to Take Care of Carpets.—As this is the season when carpets are generally taken up, a word or two on the subject may be of value to some at least of our readers. When you take up carpets, be careful in removing the tin-tacks, so that the edges of the carpet are not torn, then roll up the carpets with the upper part inside, and carry them away to be beaten. As soon as the carpets are removed, throw a few old tea-leaves, *not too wet*, over the floor, sweep the room out, and afterward wash the boards with a wet flannel, but be careful not to throw too much water about, as it is liable to injure the ceilings of the rooms below. While the floor is drying, beat the carpets, by hanging them over a stout line and beating them, first on one side, and then on the other, with a long, smooth stick. After the carpet is beaten, it may be dragged over a lawn, or else brushed on both sides with a carpet broom. If faded or greasy in many parts, an ox-gall mixed with a pailful of cold water, or a little grated raw potato and cold water mixed together, and sponged over the places, and then wiped dry with soft cloths, will make them look clean and bright.

A Floating Needle.—Our fair correspondent, R. M., is informed that to render the little experiment of making a needle float on water successful, it is essentially necessary that it should be rubbed perfectly dry, and not touched afterward with the hand, as the slightest amount of dampness will cause it to sink immediately. It should be laid on the water very gently, by means of a pair of fine scissors, or any similar implement.

The Colored Pattern in Our Last Number.—A subscriber asks if the Traveling Satchels, in our June number, are to be worked in Berlin work or crochet. We answer they may be done in either. If worked in crochet, the mesh (which is represented by the cross-lines) must be large: if done in Berlin work, the size you wish the satchel to be must regulate the mesh of the canvas you select.

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Skeleton Flowers.—A correspondent of the Evening Bulletin (which is one of the best daily papers, by-the-by, in Philadelphia) gives some excellent directions for the preparation of skeleton leaves and flowers as ornaments for the mantle, or as subjects for stereoscopic observation.

The leaves, it says, should be steeped in rain water in broad, open bowls, and exposed to the sun and air until all the soft parts are perfectly decayed. The water should not be changed, but the bowls filled as the water evaporates. Some kinds of leaves will be ready to clean in the course of a month or three weeks, others will require a much longer time; but as it depends very much on the heat of the sun, and the age of the leaves when gathered, no precise period can be named. In some leaves the skin will peel off in small particles, in others it can be peeled off entirely, or it may decay altogether.

The bowls should be examined occasionally, and the leaves ready for cleaning removed to a basin of soft water; they should then be gently rubbed in the water with the fingers till every particle of skin or green pulp is removed from the fibre; should this not succeed, the stronger leaves may be cleaned with soap and flannel. This will finish the skeletonizing process.

The fibres should then be carefully dried, having first pressed them in a soft towel, in order to remove the moisture. They are now ready for bleaching, and may be laid away until a sufficient quantity is collected.

The liquor for bleaching is prepared by pouring a quart of boiling water upon a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime, in the powder. This should be allowed to stand until cold, and the clear liquor strained off, which may be bottled for use When wanted for bleaching, mix with cold water, in about the proportions of one part of the liquor to twenty of water, in shallow dishes; lay the leaves in, and let them remain until perfectly white, when they must be removed immediately and dried in blotting paper. If this solution should not be strong enough to bleach them in ten or twelve hours, a little more of the liquor must be added, but care must be taken not to use too much, or the finer fibres will be destroyed.

In the dissecting process, the leaves invariably come off their stems; they may be mounted when bleached, either among branched stalks previously dried and bleached, or on fine wire covered with white tissue paper.

The leaves should be gathered when fully grown, or the fibre is not sufficiently strong, and some leaves dissect much better than others. Amongst these are the poplar, maple, pear, ivy, holly, magnolia, &c.; the seed vessels of the large Oriental poppy, the thorn, apple, and henbane, dissect well, and many smaller seed vessels, after they have shed their seeds, may be dried, and then bleached without steeping in water, as first directed.

Home Pastimes.—This is a new and capital book for the family, being a selection of one hundred Tableaux, how to arrange as to dress, lights, &c., and general rules for producing effect, so carefully given that any family can readily produce these delightful pastimes. It is got up in the publishers' well known style, with illuminated titles, &c., and is sent by mail for one dollar. It is sold also by all principal booksellers. Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, are the publishers. They are also publishers of the elegant book, "Art Recreations," a book on drawing and painting, noticed in another column.

Fruit in Colors.—These very beautiful patterns were designed for "Peterson," by Mrs. Jane Weaver, in compliance with requests received from several subscribers. The fruits are to be worked in Berlin work, the colors to be imitated from the patterns.

A Word About Ourselves.—We again thank the newspaper press for the very handsome manner in which this Magazine is always spoken of. We shall try to deserve still higher encomiums. Says the Sturgeon (Mo.) News:—"Some of the best writers of the age furnish the columns of *Peterson* with entertaining and instructive reading. Its steel engravings, for beauty and accurateness, cannot be excelled. The pains taken by the editor to make it what it purports to be—a book for the ladies—have gained for it the love and universal admiration of that sex. They look upon it as their nearest and best friend. Nothing can be done, nothing made, without consulting *Peterson*. If a new style of dress is mentioned, or a new fashion proposed, it's of no account unless *Peterson* has noticed it. It is put at a price so low that all can obtain it—only two dollars."

"Saved."—This beautiful illustration is from a new picture by the celebrated Landseer, which has just been published in London. "Saved" tells its own story. A child has fallen into the water, from the quay, and would have been drowned, but for the intervention of his playfellow, a large Newfoundland dog, who, seeing his little companion sink, has plunged in and rescued him, and now lies panting from his exertions. It is this moment which the artist has chosen. As yet, the child is insensible; but he is not dead; and he will soon revive. Look at the picture awhile, and you will almost hear the deep, quick breathing of the noble dog. No one, it has well been said, paints animals like Landseer. They inspire one with almost human sympathy. His dogs seem, not only dogs, but something more also. They are friends.

New Music.—We have just received a new and brilliant plantation dance, called "Dixey's Land," arranged for the piano-forte, which is full of life and melody; also the new ballads, "What Shall I Offer Thee?" and "New Friends, True Friends," by Alice Hawthorne, neatly gotten up in sheet form for the piano-forte. Price twenty-five cents each. Copies will be sent by mail, postage paid, upon receipt of the price. Address Sep. Winner, publisher, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

The Little Drummer.—Isn't this a capital illustration? "Good wine," says the old proverb, "needs no bush," and neither does this young hero need a word from us.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of France. By Parke Godwin. Vol I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Strange to say, there is no good history of France in the English language. We are glad, therefore, to see that Parke Godwin has undertaken the task of writing such a history. And the first volume, now before us, gives promise that he will execute the work so well, that there will be no inducement for any future attempt in the same field. It is true that the narrative is carried down only to the ninth century, but as this is the driest and least interesting portion of French annals, and as Mr. Godwin has imparted vivacity even to this period, we may safely predict that when he reaches the more picturesque ages, and comes to treat of the Crusades, the wars of the Fronde, and the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, he will rise to a level with even the most fascinating of our brilliant modern school of historians. The account of the early Gauls, in the volume before us, is full of valuable information. It may surprise our fair readers to learn that the Gaulish women were as famous for taste in dress, in the time of Julius Cæsar, actually setting the fashions for Rome, as their French descendants are at this day. We await the remainder of this history with impa-

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tience. The volume, on the whole, is handsomely printed: but the paper is unequal, and generally too thin. A book, which, like this, is intended for the library, and not merely for ephemeral reading, should, above all things, be printed on good, stout paper, through which the type will not show.

Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen Von Ense. From 1827 to 1858. With extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. Translated from the second German edition. By Friedrich Kapp. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a work that has made considerable noise abroad. Humboldt seems not only to have had very little reverence for princes, or indeed for anybody, but also in his private correspondence to have spoken his mind freely about kings and other cotemporaries. Hence a good deal of bold criticism is to be found in this volume. Among other well known personages, Prince Albert, of England, comes in for a share of abuse. But we do not think that Humboldt, in his strictures, was always infallible. The book certainly shows that he frequently sneered at people behind their backs, to whom he had been civil before their faces, and whose bread he had eaten. On the whole, the work has attracted more attention than it deserved. The American publishers issue the volume in neat style.

El Fureidis. By the author of "The Lamplighter." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The first novel this author published was "The Lamplighter," and no American fiction, except only "Uncle Tom's Cabin," ever had so large a sale. Miss Cummings' present work is much more carefully elaborated, and is, in every respect, superior. The scene of the story is laid in Syria. The chief portion of the events transpire in a village called "El Fureidis," or Paradise, built on one of the slopes of Lebanon. The principal actors are a rich young Englishman, who is the hero, and the daughter of an American silk manufacturer, settled at "El Fureidis," who is the heroine. The descriptions of scenery bear evidence of being truthful; the incidents are well managed; and the tone of the book is eminently high and pure. Strictly speaking, the work is a romance, not a novel. As a romance it will be generally more acceptable than if it was a novel. The usual elegant typography of Ticknor & Fields distinguishes this volume.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his cotemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vol. VI. 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This volume covers the events of 1794, 1795, 1796, and part of 1797, leaving Hamilton at forty-seven years of age. It is a valuable addition to the historical literature of the nation. After reading the writings of Washington, those of Adams, those of Jefferson, and the life of Hamilton, a very fair approximation may be made toward a correct judgment of the early days of the republic. Nor can any person consider himself informed on this subject until he has carefully read all these works.

A Course of Exercises in all parts of French Syntax. By Frederic T. Winkelmann. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—These exercises are arranged after Patevin's "Syntaxe Francaise." Ten appendices are added. The author is professor of Latin, French, and German in the Packer Collegiate Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. The work is designed for the use of Academies, Colleges, and private learners.

Frank Farleigh. By Frank E. Smedley. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition, handsomely bound in cloth, of a novel which is second only to Charles O'Malley in vivacity and humor. The illustrations are as spirited as the text, being from designs by George Cruikshank. If you have not read Frank Farleigh, and wish a good laugh, buy the book at once.

The Throne of David. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans.—This is a story of the times of King David. The tale itself is not only well told, but is also made the instrument for vividly daguerreotyping the manners of the ancient people of Israel, the scenery of Palestine, and the romantic events of the Shepherd monarch's life. The author is already widely known for a work of somewhat similar character, "The Prince of the House of David." The volume has several embellishments, among them a steel engraving representing the Israelites passing the river Jordan.

Extemporaneous Discourses. By E. H. Chapin, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: O. Hutchinson.—This is a collection of sermons, originally delivered in the Broadway Church, New York, afterward reported as delivered, and now revised and corrected by the author. Dr. Chapin is one of the most eloquent of American divines, and these sermons, therefore, ought to have a large sale.

Clara Moreland. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here a new edition of one of the most exciting novels of a very popular writer. "Clara Moreland" is a story of the far South-west, and is full of hair-breadth escapes and "adventures by field and flood." The volume is neatly printed and handsomely bound in cloth.

The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An agreeable story, with no less than four marriages in it—enough to satisfy the most exacting novel-reader. There is considerable vivacity in the style, and more than ordinary appreciation of character.

The Elementary Spelling-Book. By Noah Webster, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a fine edition of Webster's well-known spelling-book, a work of which thirty millions of copies have been published, within thirty years, and which is being printed still at the rate of 4,840 copies daily.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *Though not strictly belonging to a cook-book, good medical receipts are so invaluable, and so necessary in a family, that we have thought it best to add a few reliable ones here.*

Desultory Remarks upon Health, &c.—The mistress of a household should ever regard with an attentive eye the health of those by whom she is surrounded, and endeavor to secure and promote the attainment of it by every means in her power. "Health is the gift of God. Whatever God has bestowed upon us, it is our duty to employ worthily. Gratitude to Him, and our own interest, both demand it."

"Regularity in every habit is a mode by which health may be promoted." As regards children, "Early to bed and early to rise," although an old proverb, is a most excellent one, and one which should be enforced by all parents. Regularity of meals, and well cooked food, are also great accessories to health, and not to be lightly regarded. In general, children should be prevented from partaking of food between meals. The too frequent use of sweetmeats and cakes, as stimulants to exertion, or as rewards of excellence, should be avoided. The stomach is perhaps more easily and quickly affected than any other portion of the human system: and stomachic complaints engender all sorts of disease, and especially assist in the prostration and derangement of the nervous organization.

Food for children should be prepared with great care; the nutriment given them should be simple, but nourishing. All spicy, heating condiments should be rejected, because they stimulate unnaturally, and create an unhealthy appetite, which is apt to increase with increasing years.

Milk and bread afford the best breakfast and supper for children; plain roasted or boiled meat—or, occasionally, broiled meat—sometimes fish, and a light pudding, with a few vegetables, are the materials of which the dinners of children should consist. Meat for the nursery should be procured as tender as possible, and never be taken from the coarse and strong parts. The old meats, such as mutton and beef, are considered more nutritious and easy of digestion than veal and lamb. Salt meat should never be given to children. Fish is light and nutritious, and may occasionally serve as a little change. Of vegetables, potatoes are most commonly given to children, but they often are the very worst food for them. While new they are indigestible, but may, during a considerable portion of the year, be so prepared as not to prove hurtful. Let the potatoes be well boiled, and, after pouring the water from off them, cover them over with a clean cloth kept for that purpose, and let them stand close by the fire until the steam be absorbed by the cloth. Have a deep earthen pan, and a wooden spoon, ready by the fire; boil above half a pint of milk, and when the potatoes are ready and peeled put them in the earthen pan, and mash them with the wooden spoon, mixing in a little hot milk by degrees until the whole quantity be free from lumps. A little salt should be added. Raw vegetables, such as cucumbers, celery, and radishes, should never be given to children. Rice prepared in different ways, bread, milk, or arrow root puddings, light custard pudding, and fruit baked with a little sugar, are to be preferred to richer and other kinds of puddings or pastry.

Generally speaking, rich food should be avoided by all classes of persons. Ragouts and made dishes, of various kinds, prove unhealthy, because they are stewed until the nutriment is entirely extracted from the meat, and is centred in the gravy, the "oily nature" of which renders it peculiarly trying to the stomach.

Other things, under the supervision of a housekeeper, also serve to promote ill health: for instance, want of cleanliness, and illy regulated ventilation. Again, some persons are totally reckless, and require a moderate degree of restraint. In order to procure a free circulation of air, they keep their windows open despite the changes of the atmosphere, and thus induce disease.

As sickness, notwithstanding all precautions, will occasionally enter a household, it becomes the mistress of a family to acquaint herself with the varied symptoms of such disorders as are most prevalent: and also peculiarly incidental to children. As a medicinal department has been added to this volume, it may not be improper to assist the judgment of mistresses of families, by making some remarks relative to a variety of diseases. These observations have been submitted to a well known physician of the present day, and have met his decided approbation. We also take the opportunity to state that the medical recipes, and other recipes connected with that department, have also received the same approval. We also add, before proceeding to make other extracts from the volume alluded to, that "Medical advice cannot be too soon procured, when the symptoms of violent disease appear; such as fevers and inflammatory complaints, and, therefore, every female, at the head of a family, should, at least in some degree, be acquainted with the symptoms, so that mischief may not arise from neglect."

SYMPTOMS OF VARIOUS DISEASES.

"*Fevers* begin with languor, lassitude, and other symptoms indicating debility; then follow pain in the head, sometimes vomiting, shiverings, great heat of skin, thirst, and an irregular pulse. These symptoms generally usher in continued fevers, which are of different kinds; such as bilious remittent, nervous, and typhus fever. Inflammatory fever is generally symptomatic, and is characterized by a throbbing, heavy pain in the head, great continued heat of the body, the face red, the pulse full, hard, and quick, and great thirst. The mind is somewhat affected, and the rest always disturbed."

"*The Scarlet Fever* commences with chilliness, shiverings, sore throat, and headache; and afterward the skin becomes partially covered with a scarlet eruption."

"*Measles*, in the commencement, much resemble an ordinary cold, or catarrh. The individual is attacked with shiverings, which are followed with great heat, headache, and heaviness. The eyes appear dull, inflamed, watery, and unable to bear the light. The nostrils run, and there is frequent sneezing. Sometimes the fever is preceded by a cough, tightness across the chest, slight nausea, and occasional vomiting. These symptoms continue for four or five days, when the eruption appears, first on the temples, forehead, and face, and afterward over the body. It differs from the rash of scarlet fever in being slightly raised, or papular, and the blotches assuming the form of a horse-shoe."

"*Inflammation of the Bowels* is known by a fixed pain in them, increased by pressure, and attended occasionally with vomiting, costiveness, and fever."

"*Pleurisy*, or inflammation of the lining membrane of the chest, begins with shiverings, which are succeeded by difficulty of breathing, coughs, stitches, or pain in the chest, particularly when breathing, or coughing."

"*Putrid Sore Throat* commences with alternate chills and heats, pain and heaviness in the head, and other symptoms of fever; and the throat, when examined, appears ulcerated."

"*The Whooping-Cough* appears at first to be only a common cough, but gradually becomes more violent, and at last is convulsive. While the paroxysm is upon the patient, he

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coughs until the whole of the air in the lungs is expelled, after which it again rushes in violently to supply the vacuum; and the inspiration is attended with a peculiar noise, as if of violent suction, which is termed the whoop, and has given the name to the complaint."

"When symptoms, such as have been described, appear in your family, it is necessary to seek for medical assistance. We need not caution you against the danger of trifling with complaints of so serious a nature, by attempting to administer remedies, recommended by friends, or of your own suggesting. If we consider *experience* as a requisite in our medical attendant, how can we find sufficient confidence in ourselves to act without him on occasions so urgent, when we, perhaps, recollect that our own experience is confined to the knowledge of two or three cases?"

At the same time, it is quite necessary for females to be acquainted with some specific remedies, and to possess, in some measure, medical knowledge, as from a force of circumstances they may be obliged to use their own judgment, and to administer relief before the arrival of the physician.

"It is of considerable importance to acquire a knowledge of the class to which any disease belongs, as it allays unnecessary fears, inspires confidence in the attendants of the sick room, and points out the means by which contagious and infectious ailments may be prevented from extending."

"All diseases may be regarded, by the unprofessional observer, as belonging to one or other of the three following classes:—1. *Contagious* diseases. 2. *Infectious* diseases. 3. *Non-contagious* diseases."

"Your physician will tell you the name of any complaint which may occur in your house; and by referring to the following list, you will find to which of the three classes it belongs."

"*Contagious Diseases* are those which are communicated from one individual to another, by *touch*, or immediate *contact*. They may be also conveyed by the clothes, or bedding of the patient." The following are the chief diseases of this description:

"*Mumps*, which are characterized by painful swellings of the glands at the angles of the jaws, and attended by an intermittent fever, require that the patient be kept in a moderate temperature, and that warmth be maintained in the swellings by flannels. In this disease, sudden exposure to cold is apt to repel the swelling in the glands and neck, and to cause the formation of sympathetic swellings in other parts of the body. The diet should be of a vegetable and farinaceous kind."

"*Purulent Ophthalmia.*—In this affection, the discharge from the eye is capable of communicating the disease, if applied to the eyes of a healthy person. The towels, therefore, of the patient should not be used by other persons; and the nurse or any other attendant, immediately after having syringed or washed the eyes of the patient, should wash her hands. Also, in syringing the patient's eyes, care should be taken that none of the discharge spurts into the eyes of the attendant. A child afflicted with purulent ophthalmia should be kept apart from other children; and should not even sleep with the mother or the nurse."

"*Erysipelas* is distinguished by diffused swelling, accompanied with a red blush, or suffusion on the face, arms, or legs, which feel burning hot, and is attended with symptoms of fever. The apartment of the patient should be cool, and well ventilated; and the changes of linen should be frequent. When vesication takes place, the nurse should cover any scratch in her hand with oil or lard, when touching the discharge; and immediately after she has been handling the parts, should wash her hands with soap and warm water. All the directions of the medical attendant regarding local applications should be strictly obeyed. The diet should be of a vegetable and farinaceous kind."

"*Ringworm of the Scalp.*—This disease appears in distinct patches, of a nearly circular form, of small yellow pustules upon the hairy scalp, the forehead, and the neck. Sometimes the hair falls off at these patches, and the circles remain red, scurfy, and dry. Children who are affected with this disease of the head, should be separated from other children; and great attention is requisite to apply regularly the ointments which are necessary for stimulating the scalp, and exciting a more healthy action in the diseased vessels of the affected parts. It is a disease which often resists every remedy; but as it may safely be treated by local applications, we may venture to mention a generally successful mode of managing it, when the patches become dry and inert. In this state, let the head be shaved, then wash it well with warm water and soap; and apply to the affected spots a solution of nitrate of silver, in the proportion of six grains to an ounce of *distilled* water, until it occasion a slight soreness of the surface, which may afterward be healed by the common tar ointment. In the non-contagious scald head, danger has sometimes followed a sudden retrocession of the eruption; and, therefore, the application of local remedies should never be tried without medical advice."

"*Itch.*—It is scarcely requisite to caution a mistress to separate from the rest of the family the individual who may, unfortunately, have caught this disease. It is not difficult to cure; and, unless under some very peculiar circumstances, no risk attends the use of local applications for that purpose. The best ointment is composed of equal parts (say an ounce) of sulphur, of bay-berries, finely powdered, and of white vitriol, (sulphate of zinc,) and ten drops of essence of bergamot; the whole of which must be mixed up into an ointment, with olive oil. The half of the body should be anointed with this every night; and at the same time, and each morning, a teaspoonful of sulphur should be taken internally."

"*Infectious Diseases* are those which can be communicated from one individual to another, through the medium of the air." The following are generally regarded as of this description:

"*Whooping-Cough*, the symptoms of which have been already noticed, requires that the patient be kept in a room well ventilated, but free from currents of air, and of a summer temperature; while a strict adherence to a milk and vegetable diet has been found beneficial."

"*Dysentery* is characterized by the purging of mucous, or gelatinous matter mixed with blood; a constant inclination to stool, and continued fever: it requires free ventilation, cool apartments, frequent changes of linen, and the instant removal of all evacuations."

"*Scarlet Fever*, which has already been described, requires a cool apartment, very free ventilation, and frequent changes of linen. The attendant should always stand to windward of the patient. As scarlet fever generally occurs only once in life, in choosing a nurse, the fact of her having had the disease should be ascertained. She should, also, have good sight, and a steady hand, as in bad cases of ulceration of the throat, the ulcers are required to be syringed and touched with various local applications by the nurse."

"*Measles* have also been described. They require a warm, or, at least, a temperate apartment, free from currents of air. All sudden alternations of heat and cold are dangerous. Clean linen should be carefully aired. Stimulants are highly dangerous. The diet should be farinaceous; the beverage, toast and water, rennet whey, barley water, and thin gruel."

"*Small-Pox.*—In this loathsome disease, the apartments should be capacious, cool, and well ventilated. The windows should be open day and night, and the linen daily changed; indeed, during the maturation of the pustules, it should be changed twice in the course of the day. Other children in a family should be prohibited from entering the

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sick room, even if they have been vaccinated; but they need not leave the house, as the infectious exhalation from the body of the patient is soon diluted, and rendered inert in the atmosphere. After the disease is over, the room should be carefully fumigated, and the bed and bedding scoured. The diet should be of farinaceous substances, milk, ripe acidulous fruits; and the drink should consist of toast and water, lemonades, and whey."

"*Chicken-Pox* differs from the small-pox, not only in the intensity of the fever, but in the character of the eruption, which is vesicular instead of being pustular. The vesicles seem as if formed by sprinkling boiling water from a loose brush over the body. It requires the same nursing as small-pox; but less attention, as it is a milder disease."

"*Typhus Fever.*—In this formidable disease it is necessary to impress on the minds of nurses, and the other attendants in the sick room, that the effluvia by which this disease is communicated is more concentrated, and, consequently, more virulent in a stagnant than in a free air; hence the advantage of free ventilation, both for the sake of the patient and of the nurse and the attendants. If the apartment be airy, large, and clean, and the attendants keep to the windward of the patient, there is little danger of the infection of typhus proving injurious."

"The diet should be chiefly farinaceous, with milk and light broths. The quantity of wine ordered by the medical attendants should be strictly administered, but not exceeded."

"The sheets and body-linen ought to be changed twice in the twenty-four hours, and be instantly removed from the room, as well as the evacuations. Some people imagine there is less danger from infection from the linen which is brought from the invalid, if it be immersed in cold water as soon as it is removed from the room; and they recommend that tubs of cold water should stand by the chamber door in readiness for the linen, and as soon as it is plunged in that it should be carried to the laundress, who, as well as the other individuals who are obliged to handle the linen, will not be so liable to suffer from it as if it had not undergone this immersion. It is useful to mix the water into which the linen is thrown with some of the chloride of lime, and if some of this fluid be put into the bed-pan or night-chair, the air of the chamber will be kept free from fœtid odors."

"*Consumption.*—In this melancholy disease, the patient should sleep alone. The apartment should be large and well ventilated: but the temperature should be mild and as equable as possible. The diet should be light—the food should be taken in small quantities, and at long intervals. The invalid should take moderate exercise, either in a carriage or on horseback."

"When contagious, or infectious diseases, break out in a family, it is necessary to instill into the minds of your nurses and servants, both by precept and example, the necessity of maintaining a fearless mind in their intercourse with the sick; for nothing renders the habit so susceptible of the poison of contagion, or of infection, as fear, and any of the depressing passions. The diet of those who attend in the sick room should be more generous than usual; and they should be instructed never to lean over the patient, and always to stand on that side of the bed from which the current of air which is admitted into the room is flowing. Cleanliness in every respect, both as regards the ablution of the body of the patient and frequent changes of linen, and the immediate removal from the room of everything likely to create a smell, are essential in every sick room; but more particularly when the diseases are either contagious or infectious. By such management, and with due precaution, diseases of these classes rarely extend."

Non-contagious Diseases comprehend all those which are incidental to the body, and which have not been enumerated under the heads *contagious* and *infectious*. They are too numerous to be particularly noticed.

Nurses, or persons attending upon the sick, should carefully examine each medicine, before it is administered to the patient, as most fearful and painful results have been known to follow such neglect: improper and dangerous medicines having been inadvertently used, in lieu of those ordered by the physician.

We close these preliminary remarks, trusting the information imparted may prove beneficial to all of our readers.

Next month we will give various medical receipts that we know to be trustworthy.

ORIGINAL TESTED RECEIPTS.

Cocoanut Drops.—Break a cocoanut in pieces, and lay them for awhile in cold water; then cut off the dark rind and grate the white meat on a coarse grater; beat the whites of four eggs with half a pound of powdered sugar, until very light; flavor with essence of lemon, and add the grated cocoanut until it is thick enough to stir easily with a spoon. Lay it in little heaps on a sheet of paper, at distances of an inch or more apart; place the paper on a baking tin and set them in a quick oven. When they begin to look yellowish they are done; let them remain on the paper until cold.

To Make a Pot-Pourie for four Persons.—Pour into a common chafing dish half a pint of milk, light the lighter; put in about one-eighth of a pound of butter, pepper and salt considerable; put in celery cut up fine, half pint, let it boil ten minutes; then cut up, say half a pint of cold boiled mutton, or lamb, some boiled chicken, turkey, or goose, (fine,) boil ten minutes; then cut up two medium-sized boiled potatoes, boil five minutes; serve on dry toast hot, not too much done.

Sweet Paste Jelly Tarts.—Mix half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and half a pound flour, well together; dissolve a bit of volatile salts the size of two peas in a little hot water; when it is all dissolved, add it to the paste; beat it well with the rolling-pin; roll it out to half an inch thickness, cut in cakes the size of a tumbler; wet the top of each with milk, and put them on tins in a quick oven. When baked, heap a spoonful or more of jelly in the centre of each.

Lafayette Cake.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a high froth; beat up the yolks with half a pound of sugar; add half a pound flour, and flavor with lemon; bake in a tin pan with straight sides; when cold, cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, spread each with jelly or jam; put three or four slices together for each cake. Or, put them all together, and ice the cake prettily.

Kringles.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs with the whites of two; add to them a quarter of a pound of butter just warmed, and with it work one pound of flour, and quarter pound of sugar; flavor with essence of lemon or orange; sprinkle flour over your cake board, and roll out the paste to the thickness of half an inch, cut in small cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

Portugal Cakes.—Mix one pound of flour with one pound of powdered sugar; rub into it one pound of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of rose-water, an equal quantity of white wine; ten well beaten eggs, and half a pound of currants. Beat all well together; bake in square tin pans, in a quick oven.

French Tea Cakes.—Beat ten eggs till very light; dissolve half a teaspoonful of volatile salts in a little hot water; when cool, put it with the eggs and beat for ten minutes; add quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; the same of flour. Pour the mixture into square tins, and bake in a quick oven.

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Ribbon Blanc-mange.—Put into a mould white blanc-mange to the depth of two inches; let it become quite cold; then add the same depth of blanc-mange which you have colored a deep rose-color with cochineal, or the juice of boiled beets; when that is cold, add more of the white, and red alternately till the mould is full.

Marlborough Cakes.—Beat together until very light eight eggs, and half a pound of powdered sugar; then mix in by degrees twelve ounces of flour, and one or two ounces of carraway seeds; bake in a quick oven.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

RHAPSODIES.—A director is appointed who gives a list of short sentences to all the parties playing, who are required, first, to write them down so as not to forget them, and then each one is to write a rhapsody, with the sentences all included in the successive order in which they were given. When all are written, they are handed to the director, who reads them aloud. Considerable amusement is thus afforded by the various ways in which the tasks are performed.

The sentences should consist of a variety of subjects; and foolish ones mixed in with others, will make it more difficult for the players to place them in order, and will make greater nonsense when completed. These sentences are given as an example: Genesee Falls—Three-legged stool—Gen. Washington—Walk in the woods at night—Our gray kitten—How do you do?—A vision of beauty—and, I am very much obliged. We will suppose one of the party to have strung the sentences together in this wise:

"I was recently on a visit to *Genesee Falls*, and on the second day of my sojourn, I joined an excursion party down the Genesee river. The boat was very crowded, and I could not find a seat until I espied an unoccupied *three-legged stool* by the side of an old gentleman whose face resembled very much the portraits of *Gen. Washington*. I took my seat by his side, and he entered into conversation with me, and told me of an adventure that occurred to him the week before, while taking a *walk in the woods at night*. 'I heard a noise,' said he, 'which I first thought was from *our gray kitten*, but suddenly it seemed to me as if some one cried out, *how do you do?* and I stopped short to see whence the sound proceeded. Resuming my walk, I met a few steps further on, an exhausted creature lying on the road. I lifted her up, and her face in the full star-light seemed fairly like a *vision of beauty*—it was so very lovely. I took her to my home, and the next morning, when, quite recovered, she came to leave, her simple words of *I am very much obliged to you*, were spoken with so much sweetness and apparent gratitude, that they conveyed more charm than a long address would have done from others."

The editor knew this game to produce great sport upon an occasion when a large party were assembled in the country. The sentences were given out one evening, and the rhapsodies read the next evening; this arrangement allowing more time and a better opportunity to prepare them. This game could also be made instructive by having suitable sentences, with the object of having them gracefully and correctly connected.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE LOCOMOTIVE SHILLING.—Privately place a shilling, which you previously mark on the head side with a cross, under a candlestick, or in any other out-of-the-way situation, where it is not likely to be discovered. You next borrow a shilling of one of the company, and say, "Now I am going to show you a trick with this shilling, but that you may know it again, I will mark it." Then take your penknife, and cross it in the same manner as the one you have concealed; show it to the person who lent it to you, and ask him if he will know it again. He will reply, "Yes; it is marked with a cross." Knock under the table, and say, "Presto! fly quickly!" at the same time adroitly conveying the shilling into your pocket. You then tell the spectators that it is gone; but you have a strong notion that if they look they will find it under the candlestick (or whatever other place you may have concealed it in), where the first shilling you marked will, of course, be found, and having the same marks as the genuine one, will be mistaken for it.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

A First-rate Welsh Rabbit.—Cut your cheese into small slips, if soft; if hard, grate it down. Have ready a spirit-of-wine lamp and a deep block-tin dish; put in the cheese with a lump of butter, and set it over the lamp. Have ready the yolk of an egg whipped, with half a glass of Madeira, and as much ale or beer; stir your cheese when melted, till it is thoroughly mixed with the butter, then add gradually the egg and wine. Keep stirring till it forms a smooth mass. Season with cayenne paper and grated nutmeg. To be eaten with hot toast. If, in traveling, you want to get this up in a hurry, do thus:—Take two soup plates, separate them from each other by pieces of cork placed on the rim of the lower one. Put the cheese, etc., in the top one, whisky or spirits of wine in the lower one, and set it on fire. It is first-rate. It may be made in a saucepan, if you cannot procure anything else.

Devonshire Stew.—Mix together the following articles, previously boiled and shred: Potatoes, cabbage, (or greens,) and onions; season with pepper and salt; put the whole into a pan with a lump of nice beef dripping, or butter; stir it until hot—it is then ready for use. Double the quantity of potatoes are required to the cabbage and onions. This is a cheap dish, and eats well with hot or cold meat. Potatoes and cabbage left at dinner the day previous will answer the purpose. The water should be changed at least twice during the boiling of the onions.

Orange Marmalade.—Grate off a little of the outside of the oranges, then cut them in quarters, take out the pulp into a basin, and remove the skin and seeds. Let the outsides soak in water with a little salt all night; then boil them in a good quantity of spring water until tender. Drain and cut them into very thin slices. Add the pulp, and to every pound of fruit add one pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil twenty minutes. Be careful not to break the slices. It must be stirred all the time very gently. When cold, put into glasses.

Ground Rice Pudding.—Take a tablespoonful of ground rice and a little suet chopped fine, and add half a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and having poured it into a saucepan, let it remain over a clear fire until thickened. Beat up an egg, with four drops of essence of lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of white wine; add this mixture to the ingredients in the saucepan, give it a shake or two from right to left, then pour it into a greased dish, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

Ginger Beer.—One ounce and a half of ginger well bruised, one ounce of cream of tartar, one pound of loaf sugar, and one lemon, to every gallon of water. Put these ingredients into an earthen pan, and pour upon them the water boiling. When cold, add a teaspoonful of yeast to each gallon. Let it stand twenty-four hours, then skim it. Bottle it, and keep it in a cool place before you drink it.

Rice Cheesecakes, equal to Lemon.—A quarter of a pound of butter, oiled and beaten, two ounces of ground rice. Mix well with sifted sugar to taste. When quite cool, add the rind and juice of a lemon, and two eggs, well beaten. This will keep a month in a cool place.

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Lemon Tartelets.—The juice of two lemons and the rinds grated. Clean the grater with bread only, using sufficient crumbs to take off all the lemon-peel. Beat all together with two eggs, half a pound of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. This is sufficient for twelve tartelets, and will be found very excellent.

Fish Vinegar.—One ounce and a half of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup, and two tablespoonfuls of soy; put into a quart bottle of vinegar, with a few shreds of garlic and shalots. Shake it well every day for a fortnight. Then fill up the bottle with vinegar, and it will be fit for use in a few days.

How to make Yeast.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

Rice Cake.—Half a pound of fine crushed lump sugar, half a pound of ground rice, a little lemon-peel, chopped very fine, and six eggs beat for half an hour. When all mixed, to be beat another half hour. Bake twenty minutes.

Plum Pudding.—One pound of suet, one pound of currants, twelve ounces of flour, three wineglasses of brandy, half a pound of sugar, one nutmeg, three eggs, leaving out one white. Boil five hours.

To Cook a Beefsteak.—Cut off the fat and place it upon the gridiron first, and when warmed, set on the lean, which is to be removed before the fat. This makes the fat like marrow. Serve as usual.

Albert Pudding.—Five eggs, well beaten, half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of raisins chopped, and half a pound of sugar. Boil three hours in a mould.

Lemon Cheesecakes.—The rind of a large lemon. Squeeze half of the juice, three eggs, half a pound of lump sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter—to be melted.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Artificial Coral.—This may be employed for forming grottos, and for similar ornamentation. To two drachms of vermilion add one ounce of resin, and melt them together. Have ready the branches or twigs, peeled and dried, and paint them over with this mixture, while hot. The twigs being covered, hold them over a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly covered and smooth. White coral may also be made with white lead; and black, with lampblack mixed with resin. When irregular branches are required, the sprays of an old blackthorn are best adapted for the purpose; and for regular branches the young shoots of the elm are most suitable. Cinders, stones, or any other materials may be dipped into the mixture, and made to assume the appearance of coral.

Mode of Employing Soda in Washing.—Into a gallon of water put a handful of soda, and three-quarters of a pound of soap; boil them together until the soap is dissolved, and then pour out the liquor for use. This mode of preparing this detergent for washing will be found far preferable to the usual mode of putting the soda into the water, or of adding, as is usual, a lump to the water in the boiler, in consequence of which so many iron moulds are produced in many kinds of clothes. In the washing of blankets, this mode of proceeding will be found admirable, and render them beautifully white.

A Hint to Housemaids.—Previous to sweeping a bedroom, mop it well over with a dry thrum mop; by this means all the light dust will be collected, and nothing but the heavy particles remain, and the furniture, beds, &c., escape much dust.

To Remove the Stains of Ink.—The stains of ink on cloth, paper, or wood, may be removed by all acids; but those acids are to be preferred which are least likely to injure the texture of the stained substance. The muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of water, may be applied to the spot, and after a minute or two washed off; repeating the application as often as may be found necessary. Less risk attends the use of vegetable acids. A solution of the oxalic, citric (acid of lemons), or tartareous acids, in water, may be applied to the most delicate fabrics without danger of injuring them; and the same solution will discharge writing but not printing ink.

Floral Specimens.—The mode of preserving leaves is simple. Take two leaves of every kind you wish to keep; lay them inside of a sheet of blotting-paper, place them under a considerable pressure, and let them remain during the night. Open them the next morning, remove them to a dry part of the paper, and press them again for the same space of time. They may then be placed in the book intended for the purpose, and fastened down with a little gum, with the alternate sides turned out, and the name written, with such other observations as the artist may think proper.

To Prevent Children's Clothes Taking Fire.—So many lamentable accidents, with loss of life, occurring from fire, we remind our readers that, for the preservation of children from that calamity, their clothes, after washing, should be rinsed in water, in which a small quantity of saltpetre (nitre) has been dissolved. This improves the appearance, and renders linen and cotton garments proof against blaze. The same plan should be adopted with window and bed curtains.

Receipt for Washing Muslin or Printed Dresses.—Boil soap and make starch according to your number of dresses. With soft cold water make up a lather in two tubs. Wash one dress first in one, then in the other, and put into a tub of clean hard water, where it may be till your other dresses are washed. When well rinsed, put a good handful of salt with the starch in the last water, and hang to dry in the shade.

Receipt for Removing the Stain of Nitrate of Silver (or Caustic) from Linen.—Drop a few drops of tincture of iodine on the stain, then soak for a minute in a little solution of hyposulphate of soda, (made one drachm of hyposulphate of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water.) gently rubbing it, then rinse in clean warm water. The two articles required can be got from any chemist.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF WHITE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, WITH THREE FLOUNCES; below each flounce is a plaiting of green ribbon. The sleeves and cape are trimmed to correspond with the skirt of the dress. Sash of green and white ribbon. Head-dress of green and white ribbon loops.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK.—The bottom of the skirt is finished with a puffing of white tulle. A white tulle dress is worn over the silk, and has two black lace flounces, each headed with a quilling of pink ribbon. The lower flounce is put on in festoons, in each of which is a medallion, composed of pink ribbon quillings and black lace. The body is made with a point in front and at the back. The trimmings for the sleeves and the berthe are composed of black lace, pink ribbon, and tulle. Head-dress of black velvet loops and ends, pink roses and black lace.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR THE SEA-SHORE OF VERY LIGHT GRAY BAREGE ANGLAISE.—The skirt is trimmed with twelve ruffles, put on with but little fullness, and bound with black velvet. The upper ruffle is also headed with black

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velvet. The body is plain, with a black velvet belt; and the very large sleeves are simply bound with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A WATERING-PLACE OF BUFF MARSEILLES OR PIQUE.—It is made in the Imperatrice or Polonaise style, that is, without seams at the waist, and is trimmed up the front with white braiding, and a row of buttons covered with white. The sleeves are quite plain, and finished with a row of braiding. The hat is of the style now so universally adapted for watering-places.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses for the promenade have the skirts very wide at the bottom, slightly gored toward the waist, and are considered very stylish without flounces, but the lighter materials, such as *taffetas*, thin *glaces*, and all of that class, will have flounces still, and even a second skirt to meet the flounces.

BODIES are made high for out-of-door costume, closing in front with small buttons, the waists round, with belts or waistbands of ribbon; a very pretty belt is being introduced: it is of narrow gilt leather, and fastens by a small gold buckle; it is quite a novelty, and looks extremely well on silk or poplin dresses.

SLEEVES for the warm weather are made quite open and large; the close sleeve being almost totally abandoned at present. Muslin chemisettes and sleeves with Swiss plaits are much worn with low-bodied dresses, especially by young ladies. Fichus and pelerines of tulle, muslin, or lace, are also again in favor. They cross on the breast, and terminate in wide, rounded ends, or in pointed ends which fasten under the sash.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Among the head-dresses lately imported, there is one consisting of a bandeau of black and violet velvet powdered with gold stars, and accompanied by two tufts, one very compact, of silk violets, and the other of black and violet bows mixed with gold threads. Another is a torsade of wide mallow ribbon blended with black lace, and fastened at the side by an agrafe of wheat-ears in silver.

FASHIONS FOR MOURNING.

All the lighter kinds of mourning are a good deal affected by the changes in the fashions; but the deepest style of black undergoes but little alteration, except in the shape of a bonnet, the cut of a sleeve, or the length of a waist. The material used is bombazine, and the trimming must consist only of folds of heavy English crape. Broad folds of crape may trim the skirt of the dress, but are not now considered as indispensable to deep mourning as formerly. If the sleeves are made open, the under-sleeve must be of black crape, as well as the collar: in fact, no white is admissible, except in the pocket-handkerchief. The bonnet must also be of bombazine of heavy English crape, without trimming on the outside, and with the face trimming also of black crape, except in the case of a widow, where the English widow's cap is not only allowable, but almost demanded by fashion at present. This cap is made of white tarletan, with a very full border all around. This border is straight with a wide hem, and presents a puffed appearance, by passing a round stick nearly of the size of the hem, through it. The cap is tied with wide tarletan strings, hemmed. Over the bonnet is thrown a very large, thick crape veil, which envelopes almost entirely the upper part of the figure; the veil is confined to the bonnet by black pins, instead of a string as formerly. A bombazine mantilla, trimmed with crape, or a black shawl without fringe, but simply hemmed or bound, is the outside wrap. The parasol must be of plain black silk, with a crape ruffle.

Where a less rigid kind of mourning is required, a fine black alpaca, or double width delaine, is worn. The bonnet here may be of black mode silk, trimmed with crape, or in summer time of black straw, trimmed in the same way. With this dress, although black collar and sleeves are generally worn, still white crape, or tarletan collars, and sleeves are admissible; and the handkerchief has usually a deep border of black around it. Black barege and grenadine are always used for summer wear in black, but they must be made very plainly, and *invariably* worn over a black skirt and body lining.

A still lighter kind of mourning is of black silk, trimmed with crape, or, if wished less deep, with black gauze ribbon, &c. The silk must be of a dead black, and quite lustreless. A mantle trimmed with crape, gauze quillings, or folds of silks, may be worn in this stage of black, as well as a silk bonnet with crape ribbon, gauze ribbon, or silk trimmings. The face trimmings may be of white tulle, with black flowers, or bunches of ribbon, and a black tulle veil, tucked. White linen collars and sleeves may be worn, or Swiss muslin, or linen-cambric sets, hem-stitched. The parasol should be of plain black silk.

For summer wear, tucked bareges and grenadines are admissible, or even flounced dresses, if the flounces are only hemmed, or plainly bound. Barege mantles are also worn. In mourning, the ornaments must be only of jet, or of black enamel, set very plainly. A pin to hold hair, and set in pearls, is admissible, however.

After this stage of black, the style varies according to the fancy of the wearer. Small black and white plaids, purple and black, gray silks, lilac and white, are all worn for various depths of mourning. White straw bonnets may be trimmed with black, or white, or lilac ribbon, or the bonnet may be of black tulle tastefully trimmed, or of white crape, or of lilac crape; but the latter will admit of but little trimming in mourning, and should always have some black about it. Black shawls with colored borders may be worn, or black lace mantillas. In this stage of mourning, it is almost impossible to particularize the various combinations of colors, or the styles of dress. Much more trimming is allowable; lace or worked collars may be worn; gloves may be of the various shades of gray, lilac, or pearl; tortoise-shell, plain gold, or pearl ornaments, are allowable; and a lady may dress very much as her fancy dictates, provided she adheres to either black, white, or the shades of purple and lilac, of lead-color, and gray, or of pearl-color. For young ladies, white dresses with black sashes, bows, fans, &c., are quite proper.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF GREEN PLAID SILK.—Over this is worn an apron, or rather another dress of black silk, much shorter than the green dress, and trimmed around the bottom with small black balls. The body is cut square, with narrow shoulder-straps. A white chemisette, with a lace frill, is worn with this dress. The sleeves are of the green silk, and trimmed with a band of broad black velvet, and black balls.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF PINK PLAID BAREGE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with eight bias ruffles, edged with black velvet. The body is high, with a deep berthe coming to a point in front, trimmed like the skirt and sleeves with ruffles. The under-sleeves are of tulle, with a lace frill, and the neck also has a frill of lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The skirts of little girl's dresses are generally made plain, though we frequently see them ruffled. Basques of the same material as the dress, (if the dress is of a plain color,) or of black silk, or of white Marseilles, if such may happen to be the most suitable, are very much worn. These basques reach to within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the dress, and have long, flowing sleeves. The little hat has almost replaced the bonnet so long worn by Misses. We give two engravings of these hats this month. Both styles are worn, and equally popular, not only for children, with young ladies of sixteen also.

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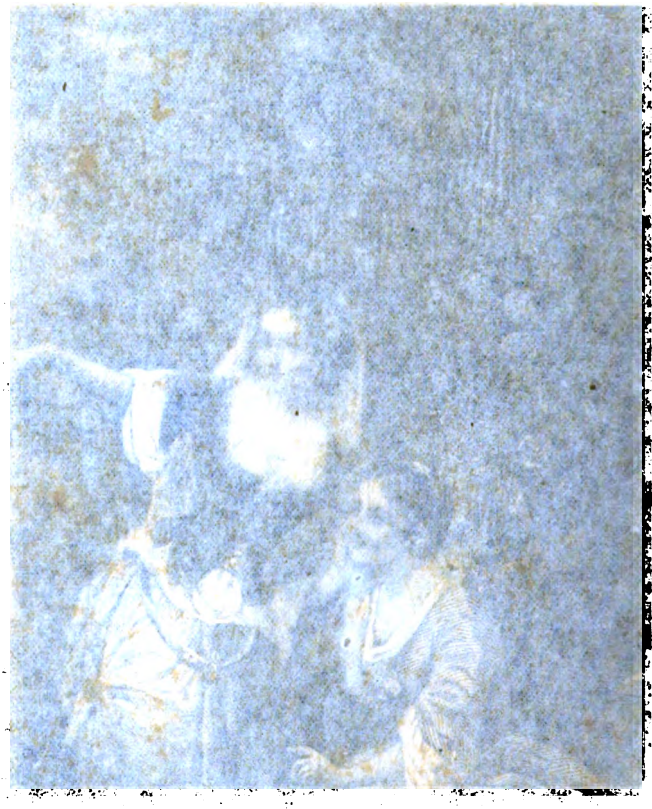

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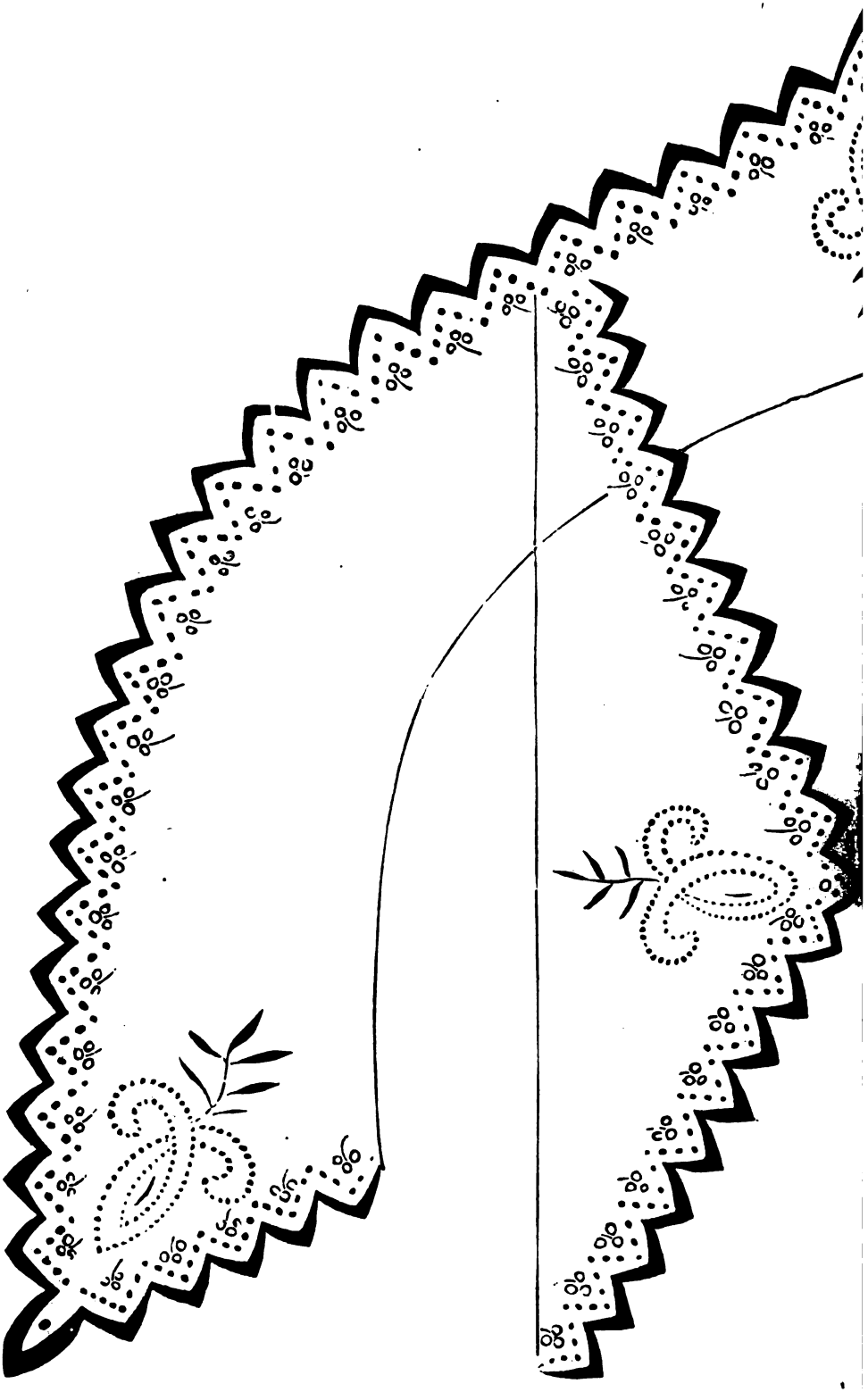

NEW STYLE COLLAR AND CUFF.

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FISHERMAN'S FAMILY WATCHING A WRECK.

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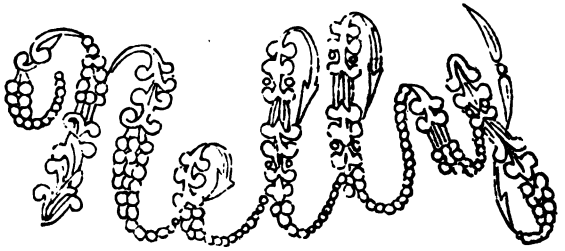

NAME FOR MARKING.

BREAKFAST DRESS OF WHITE MARSEILLES.

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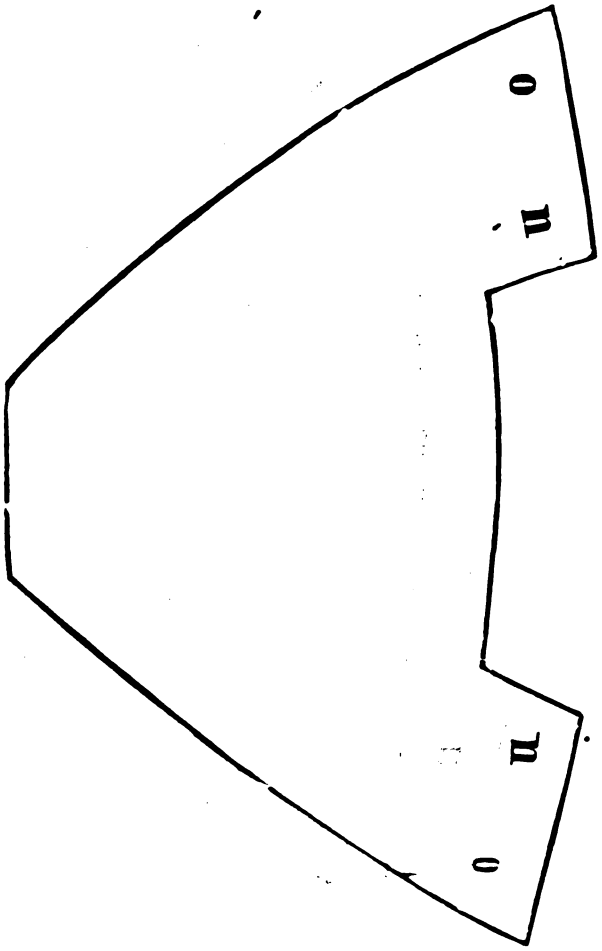
LADY'S SHOE.



TOP OF LADY'S SHOE.

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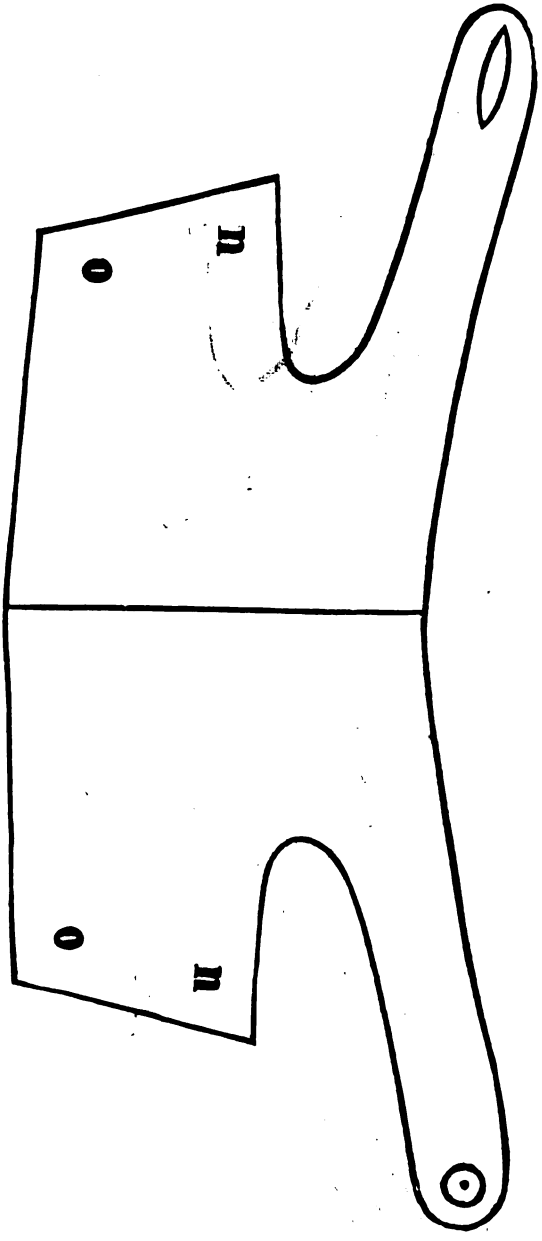
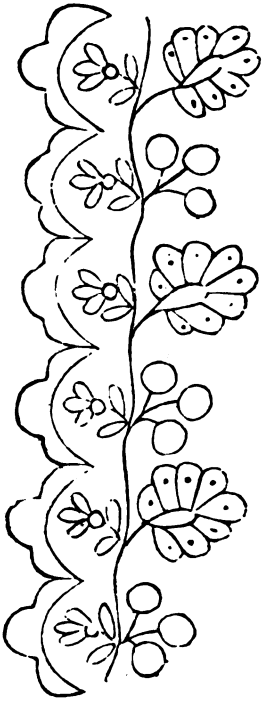
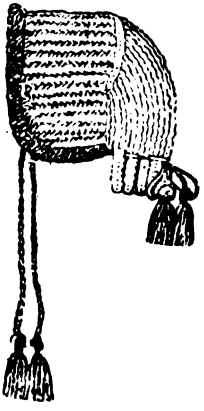


SIDE AND BACK OF LADY'S SHOE.



EDGING



NIGHT-CAP IN CROCHET.

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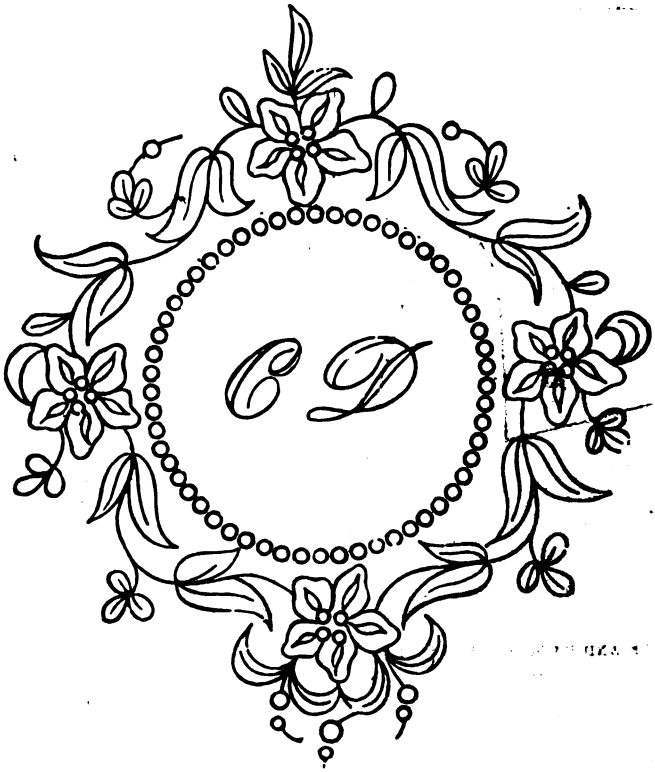
INFANT'S CRADLE.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

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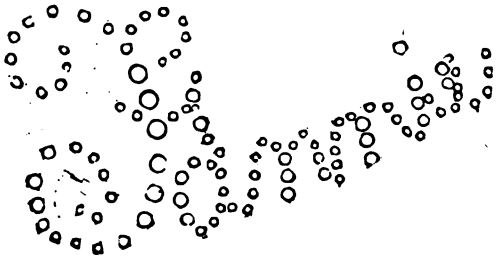

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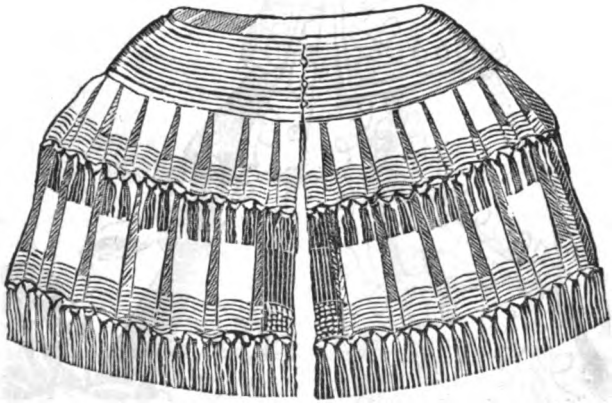
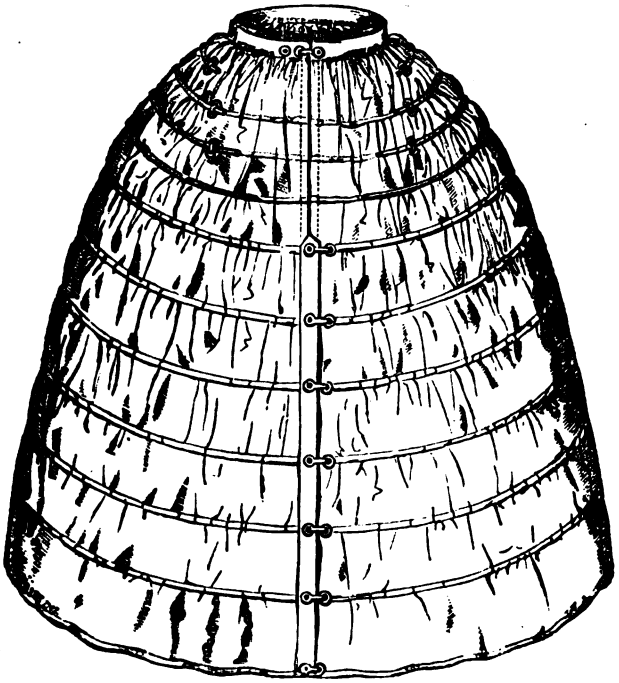


CAPE.



PATENT SKIRT.

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SEA-SHORE COSTUME.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1860. No. 2.

LOOKING INTO THE GRATE.

BY MRS. C. V. DIX.

It was winter. I had made a roaring fire in the grate, and taken no little pleasure in doing so; for it was cold without, and I knew how the evening guests would rub their hands over it, and pronounce it "a glorious fire."

One of them, I knew, always liked to see the coals piled high; so, with the aid of the tongs, I contrived to make it just one coal higher, and that last coal must have contained a most unusual quantity of oxygen, for I was warmer, and felt my face glow even as I placed it there.

I always had a passion for looking into the grate. I love to see the little blue flames struggling upward, and to trace out figures between the bars, down in the heart of the fire. So I wheeled one end of the sofa round on to the rug, and, throwing myself down upon it, leaned back, and began to watch a little, old man, with a huge pack on his back, that seemed, with the assistance of his staff, to be climbing up a steep hill just above the second bar. I could not help saying to myself, or to my image rather, "Old man, what seek you?" and the wind whistled through the chimney, and I heard the old man say, "Fame, fame, yonder is the dome of the 'Temple of Fame.' Eighty years have I digged for gold, and here is my fortune," shrugging his shoulders till the huge pack trembled. "'Tis too big to go into my grave, they tell me, but it has grown to my back—I love it—ah! yes, I love it—they shall not tear it off—no, I will climb this hill, and at the sacred shrine in yonder temple I will offer it, that they may enroll my name on the great book. Then shall I live, live like other gods, and posterity shall know me."

A door shut, a coal fell from the grate, and the old man was no more. But oh! what a bright spot he left between the grate bars. I covered my eyes for a minute, and, when I looked again, the bright, almost white coals far within had taken the form of three little children as though at play on the floor. How I painted them up, in my fancy, with merry blue eyes, and dangling light curls!

I bent forward to look at it; still it was the same. Then I threw my head back again, and closed my eyes to see if I had it on the walls of my memory. It was there: hanging, too, in just the right place. Now I never could enter my gallery without seeing it. "What a pretty picture!" I exclaimed, aloud.

I loved pictures, and I loved to try to paint them—but oh! how my clumsy pencil and brush always mocked my ideals. Once more though I was ready to try. "If that old landscape is ever completed," I thought, this scene shall be copied on canvas. "Three little children at play on the floor." Every one will think it beautiful if I can only paint it as I see it. I wonder if any one will like it better that it is all my own design? Still the same, but it must soon vanish, thought I, like my old man; so I will make my last study. While I was making that study, two heavy hands were laid upon my head.

I felt them, I knew they were there—yes, and I knew whose hands they were, but it did not startle me. I must have been more excited with my picture than I was aware of.

Then Arthur had closed that door, the jar of which had annihilated my old man, and thus revealed my prettier picture. But I did not think of that. It did not once occur to me how, or when he had entered. He was there—his hands were cooling my heated head, and I was quietly, but perfectly happy.

"What are you doing?" said he, at length, for I had neither moved nor spoken.

"Looking into the grate."

"Was it in the grate that you saw that pretty picture that I heard you speaking of just now?"

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"*Did* you hear me speaking of it?"

"Yes, tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Not now," said I, flushing with delight as I thought of the picture I would show him some day.

"I will await your time," he answered, as he came round and sat down beside me, close beside me. He smoothed the hair down upon my forehead as he talked so kindly, so brotherly. He laid his hand upon my shoulder, then drew me nearer to him. He called me "sister." That was a pet name he had recently given me, how I loved it! It never had seemed so richly good to me as it did now, with my head resting upon his shoulder, and his arm thrown so brotherly around me. Yet now it was that he told me I could be his *sister* no more. He knew, he saw that it did not grieve me, but he could not know with what "a feeling of shelter and infinite rest" I hid upon his bosom, when he had kissed me, and called me by a dearer name.

I was twenty years old. Ten years before my good father had finished earth's lesson, and left us for that city that hath no grave-yards.

How strangely Arthur's face against mine reminded me of him! Yes, father, your little Ellen thought of you that night, for bearded lips had never pressed hers since the day you embarked upon that fated ship.

Another story will tell why I have told this.

Everything, needful to health and comfort in a nursery, surrounds a mother, who, with her sleeping babe in her arms, sits "looking into the grate." A noble browed boy, and beautiful girl are at play on the floor beside her. So near of an age are they, that now, in their little white night-gowns, you might take them for twins. We'll see what they are doing, for their mother does not. Ah! Jimmie has declared his superiority in years, and is endeavoring to demonstrate it to Nellie, by comparing his tiny boot with her tinier shoe.

Were their mother not lost in the grate, she could interpret all their prattle: all we can understand is, "See, I am so much older than you are."

The door opens, and one, whom both nature and culture have given "the grand old name of gentleman," enters. The children have not heard him, and no one knows he is there, till, going behind his wife's chair, he places his hands upon her head.

I felt them—I knew they were there—but it did not startle me, for I knew they were my husband's hands, and, reader, you know they were Arthur's.

"Looking into the grate?" said he.

"Yes, Arthur, just as I was——" But ere I could finish, I was clasped to my old resting-place. I forgave its father, though he had awakened my babe.

"Do you ever find in *our* grate such 'pretty pictures' as the one you were looking at *that night?*"

"Never, Arthur, I always see the old one."

The resolution that had kept my pet secret from him all those years was broken, though it was upon the very eve of his birthday; the time so joyfully looked forward to ever since baby's birth.

I believe I have never broken one resolution that I made on that night—the night of our engagement. I finished the old landscape, sketched my grate picture, and commenced my work. How I toiled on that picture, thinking to have it completed for Arthur's wedding gift! He never knew it, but I really believe that I left my work reluctantly sometimes even at his call. Well I remember, Arthur's asking me, one summer evening, what made me so unusually happy, and my telling him that he should know some day. Ah! had I not a right to be happy? That day I had finished one of my group, and its little face had smiled upon me. But when morning came it did not suit me, and I spent the whole day in undoing the work of a month.

Not long after our marriage, business called my husband away for several weeks. Perhaps I bore that first separation better than he, for my whole time was devoted to my group. Still their faces were not true to my mind's picture, and again my work was destroyed.

One day, soon after baby was born, as Jimmie and Nellie were playing with me, I saw that their faces were beautiful, and a new idea seized me. I made another resolve. My picture should be finished and given to Arthur on his next birthday. It was done. It had been framed, and hung in the parlor on the very night of which I have spoken, when my husband's hands upon my head aroused me from looking into the grate—his birthday eve.

I could not wait till morning. Baby could just sit alone. I put her down between her brother and sister, and they laughed merrily to see her clinch the toys they gave her in her little, fat fists, and then throw them away. "Arthur," said I, and I am sure I never spoke so proudly, "which is the prettiest?" He kissed them all, and would not say. I doubt if he could. Then I took him away, and asked him to go down to the parlor with me. He followed, regarding my excited manner with no little curiosity.

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"Now, dear Ellen, what is it?" said he, after he had lighted both chandeliers at my request.

"Only a birthday gift," I tried to say, very calmly. "Come and let me see if you recognize it."

One start of surprise, and then he seemed to comprehend it all, and looked at it long, and silently, till, I think, he could not see it, for he wound his arms about me and we wept together. We had no *griefs* in those days: but some times our cup of joy would run over.

He had "awaited my time." Then it was that he knew what I had seen when "looking into the grate." Yes, that was the group, but their faces were the faces of his children and mine.

WE THREE.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

In the crimson flush of the Autumn time,
We three
Stood 'neath the shade of an ancient lime;
Ah, me!
Why do my wayward thoughts to-day
Turn to the hours long passed away?
Not long passed as we reckon years,
But looking back through a mist of tears,
It seemeth a weary while. Alas!
Such a weary, weary while.

A princely form, and a broad, white brow
Had he;
As I saw him then, so I see him now;
Ah, me!
The man's proud bearing more proudly high,
A brighter light in his hazel eye.
To his world's work he bravely turned,
Its meaner aims and ambitions spurned
From a heart that knew no guile. Dear Ralph!
True heart that had known no guile.

And standing yet deeper within the shade
Was she;
Alas! that such beauty should ever fade!
Ah, me!
Mabel, my darling, his promised bride;
Strength and loveliness side by side.
No lips could a plainer language speak
Than the warm blood mantling on her cheek,
Her timidly drooping eye. Half hid
Was the love light in her eye.

With hearts all too heavy for any word,
We three
Said broken farewells which were scarcely heard;
Ah, me!
To the great world where he wins who wills—
To a vine-covered home 'mid distant hills—
On the paths, which that day must separate,
To meet, as God willed it, soon, or late,
Went Ralph, and Mabel, and I. Alone
Went Ralph, and Mabel, and I.

Never again my heart, never again,
We three,
Shall meet in the Autumn time as then;
Ah, me!
Mabel, the fairest, has gone to her rest;
Life was all glorious—can it be best?
He knoweth; our stricken hearts bow to His will,
Saying, "It would have been bitterer still
To see her path thorny and gray. Thank God,
It never was thorny nor gray!"

Never again my heart, never again,
Can we
Look upon life as we looked on it then,
Ah, me!
What is glory or fame to him,
For whom all joys have with one grown dim?
And I?—though God has been good to me,
Only the grave through my tears I see,
Where we buried her away. With her
We buried our joys away.

THAT BRIGHTER LAND.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

There's a land beyond Death's river,
Where the pilgrim is a guest—
Where the wicked trouble never,
"And the weary are at rest."
Where the sky is never clouded
By a single shade of night;
And the blossoms never shrouded
In the sombre veil of blight.

Where they know no pang of sorrow,
No more sighing and regret,
Where the day will have no morrow,
For its sun will never set.

Where the buds are ever blowing—
Where no withered leaf is seen—
Where the streams are "ever flowing,"
And the "fields are ever green."

Where no tie is ever broken—
Where no heart has ever bled—
Where no parting word is spoken,
And no farewell tear is shed.
Where the "Fount of Glory" beaming
Bright, celestial, charms the eye,
And the star of Love is gleaming
From "our Father's" throne on high.

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AN ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CHAPTER I.

THE art of governing well is a suitable study for princes. In the old world, where princes are supposed to be scarce in proportion to the number of subjects, it is doubtless a sublime and awe-inspiring acquirement, though possessed by few; but it is only among a nation of sovereigns, like the American people, that the science of domineering can be perfected.

My uncle Zekiel's talents, in this line, are equaled by few, excelled by none. As the head, with its thinking powers, is supposed to control the rest of the human body and to direct its motions, so my uncle Zekiel, the head of a thriving family, controls and superintends all its movements, even to the tying of its shoe-strings.

It is more than a dozen years ago, that I, being then, as now, a confirmed invalid, went for a change of air and scene to spend the summer in the little seaport town where my uncle resided. It was my first visit to him, though he was the only uncle that I had on my mother's side. I felt as if I were going among strangers, for although I had seen my aunt once when I was a little child, and remembered falling into the brook with two of my cousins, and being judiciously whipped for the same, there had been no after intercourse between our families to promote love or acquaintance. So I felt a little strange and fearful, as the coach in which I traveled rattled down the long, single street of the village, and drew up at my uncle's door.

It was a warm day in June, and the doors and windows were wide open to admit the cool sea breeze. I had, in my own mind, associated with uncle Zekiel's home discipline, an idea of gloom and despondency that extended its shadow over both the house and its occupants, but my first glance from the coach showed me a tidy, comfortable-looking house, with a decidedly cheerful and home-like aspect. There were canaries singing in a cage that hung from a branch of the great cherry tree at the corner of the house; and snug little flower beds, with a number of early plants already in blossom, bordered each side of the walk. Best of all, I saw my aunt and two of my cousins bustling out into the yard to greet me and to take charge of my luggage.

Uncle Zekiel was not at home, and I, perverse niece of greatness, was glad of it. Not that I was afraid of him, though a sense of his importance had been duly impressed upon my mind by my mother, who believed in it. He was her only brother, and she, with her four sisters, had been brought up to wait on him, to humor his whims, and so fit him to rule his own household. No, I was not afraid of him, but I distrusted my own ability to appear properly reverential.

I soon found myself quite at home with my new relatives, and more than contented with the place and the charming views from every window. A fine prospect of the bay with its myriad vessels and blue waves sparkling together in the sunlight, lay before the windows of the kitchen; and my cousins and I became quite merry over my attempts to use a telescope, through which, after many efforts, I managed to discern a hogshead that stood in a neighboring yard.

It was tea time when my uncle came home. The children hushed their out-door sports, and sat down quietly in the corner as he approached the house; the white kitten stopped chasing the butterflies across the bank, and curled herself up close to the root of a tree; and the old house dog, who had been crossly snapping at everything near him all day, marched off to the barn with an air that seemed to say, "One bear at a time will do."

I think my uncle was glad to see me. I have been told that I greatly resemble his sister, my poor dead mother. He received me kindly, albeit his welcome was somewhat loftily expressed, and implied that my position as his guest did not exempt me from the privilege of being his subject during my stay. "I am the head of the family," said he, "and I exact obedience from every member of it. It does not signify *how* any person becomes a member of the family; it is sufficient that they are in it and subject to its rules."

I signified my acquiescence, but I could not, for my life, do so with a proper gravity of manner. I felt the smiles breaking out all over my

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face, twitching my lips, and arching my eyebrows in spite of me.

"Well, Miss Polly, you are beginning finely. May I ask what amuses you?"

"My name is Mary, if you please."

A beseeching look from my aunt seemed to entreat me not to contradict him.

"Your name is Polly, Miss. It was your grandmother's name. She was a woman of great worth, and her name is not one to be ashamed of."

I am afraid my lips pouted a little, but I said nothing.

"Will you answer my question, Polly? I asked, what amused you?"

"I was thinking of you, uncle," I replied, promptly, smiling again as I recollected it.

"Indeed! Be so good as to say in what manner *I* excited your mirth."

His lofty way of catechizing me, so far from awing me as it evidently did his own family, appeared so truly ludicrous and trivial that I laughed outright as I replied, "Your looks and manner, sir, reminded me of those lines that Cowper puts into the mouth of Robinson Crusoe,

> 'I'm monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.'"

His face darkened, and again I caught my aunt's beseeching look. "Please excuse me, sir," I added, quickly, for I was really sorry to have occasioned any unpleasant feeling, "please to excuse me. I am easily excited by anything ludicrous, I inherit the disposition from my father, and I can't help laughing when anything so comical as—I mean," said I, hastily correcting myself, "when anything funny occurs."

He did not reply, and the rest of the meal time passed in silence. Once or twice, as I met his eye, and saw in its stern expression that he was trying to tame me with it, as one tames a wild beast, I nearly choked myself in my efforts to keep from laughing.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD not been long in my uncle's house without finding out that, stern ruler as he was, my aunt had a shrewd tact in managing him, which really made him powerless. He had not the slightest suspicion that she ever had any will of her own, or that she had once dreamed of opposition to his requirements; yet, every day of his life, he was managed and shifted about like the wooden figures in a puppet show.

One evening, my aunt followed me to my room, in order to have a quiet, uninterrupted talk with me. I had expected her, for I had been unusually bold at the tea-table, and had several times contradicted uncle Zeke, and held to my own opinions when they happened to conflict with his.

"It will never do, Mary dear," said my aunt. "If you reply to him as you did to-night, you will make my way very difficult."

"If you too would give him a little wholesome opposition, I think, aunt, it would soon cure him," I said, eagerly.

"No, no, child. It would strengthen his ideas in regard to domestic discipline, and only lead to extreme measures on his part. He would feel it a duty to reduce us to proper submission at any cost."

"Aunt, how do you manage to live?"

She smiled sadly at my earnest manner.

"This trait in your uncle's character annoys and mortifies me exceedingly when it is exhibited before strangers; but the most deplorable effect grows out of the necessity of outwitting him. I shudder often when I think how expert I have become in the art of deceiving. And I see no future when I may hope to be frank and sincere with him. If he would only trust me to take care of little household matters, I should be happy. But I didn't come in to load your weak shoulders with my anxieties. I wanted to tell you that when you bristle up and defend me or the girls, you do not help us, but rather add to our difficulties."

"Well, it does provoke me so to have to render an account for every chance expression that crosses my face, and to have my thoughts pumped out of me by force, and then discussed. Talk of the patience of Job! What are boils, or——"

"There, there," my aunt playfully shut my lips with her hand, "we will let the subject rest."

"But will Fanny go to her cousin's party?" I asked, anxiously; for, all day long, the poor girl had been teazing her mother to plan some way to get uncle's permission, and also to obtain some articles for a suitable toilet. It was to be her cousin Bertha's birthday *fete*, and only cousins were to be there, so there could be no objection on the plea of avoiding improper associates. I think it was seeing Fanny's anxiety that had made me so fractious at the tea-table. "Will she go, aunt?" I repeated.

"I think she will. But, Mary, you must not say a word in favor of it, if the subject comes up at breakfast. You can be silent if I request it as a kindness."

"Yes, aunt, and I promise to be silent when you do not ask it. I will never meddle again,

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let him say what he will. I will be as meek as a—as a sheep."

My aunt kissed me good night, and left me to my own reflections upon the little drama of life that was being enacted around me.

I went down to breakfast, the next morning, in very much the same frame of mind that would have been natural if I had anticipated seeing a circus. Fanny sat at the table with very red eyes, and a handkerchief in her hand ready for use. Perhaps she had been crying, but her sly glances toward my aunt, who looked heartily ashamed of something, were anything but sad ones. When uncle Zeke came in, he noticed Fanny's apparent distress at once.

"What's the matter now? Eh! Fanny?"

"I want to go to cousin's birthday party, but mother says you don't approve of parties, and she don't believe you will think it best to buy new lace for my sleeves or new slippers."

"I don't approve of a few cousins meeting together and enjoying themselves? Is that what your mother says? Well, you can just inform your mother that she is mistaken. You can go to the party, and here is the money to buy what you need. And when you want any pleasure again, you just come to me. *I* have not forgotten that I was young once. And always remember, Fanny, to love and honor your parents."

"Yes, sir."

"Wife, I do wish you would try to recollect that it is not your business to decide what shall be done in the family. And pass those potatoes, if you please. You seem to forget that we are to breakfast this morning."

After breakfast, when uncle had gone to his work, and I was helping Fanny trim her dress, I heard my aunt sigh deeply as she busied herself at the other end of the room.

"It's because of deceiving pa," whispered Fanny. "We have to do it, or we should never have any enjoyment, but it makes her feel bad. She says we shall all learn to be deceptive and tricky. But she is not to blame, is she?"

"Perhaps not," I said. I felt a little doubtful about it.

"You see," pursued Fanny, "he is always on the contrary side. We are obliged to humor him, and let him oppose and domineer. We could not even get our text-books for school in any other way. He would think it a great waste of money to buy them. But when we all pretend that we dislike study, and that we know enough already, he wakes up, you'd better believe. He buys the books, consults the teacher as to our powers of application, then comes home and asserts his authority, and we have to study whether or no. Don't you understand?"

I understood it very well, but I shook my head. I was often troubled with doubts as to the propriety of doing evil that good might come; and, though I keenly enjoyed seeing my uncle outwitted, I had many misgivings as to its being right.

"Of course it seems strange to you," continued Fanny, "but there is no other way. We should all be public laughing stocks if ma did not manage. Why, the other day I went with Bertha into Bright's store, and pa was there buying that blue gingham that we are making into frocks for Jenny. He looked at a pretty piece of pink calico, a remnant, that Bright offered for half price. Pa said there was not enough of it for a dress. 'It would be a large pattern for little Jenny,' said Mr. Bright, 'as children's frocks are now made.' 'That indeed!' returned pa, 'I have my own views, Mr. Bright, as to what is suitable. I have bought this for Jenny, and, if it is made up as it ought to be, long enough to keep the child's limbs warm, there will be none too much of it.' 'Just as you please,' said Bright, politely, 'of course I am willing to supply as large a pattern as you wish.' I pinched Bertha's arm, and we slipped out into the street without pa's seeing us. You see he was looking at some abominably homely prints of huge plaids and wide stripes, to select a dress for me, so he was quite absorbed and did not look toward us."

"Where is your dress, Fanny?"

"Listen with patience, cousin. I am going to tell you. *Didn't* I hurry home to give ma a hint of the pleasures in store for us? Cousin Bertha laughed so, she had to sit down by the road and rest. But I didn't laugh. Those red, and orange, and blue plaids were still before my eyes; and little Jenny, too, with a long dress trailing over her heels."

"Well, dear?"

"Ma and I were all ready to receive pa when he came in. I suppose we both looked as harmless as lambs, and we showed no curiosity to inspect his bundle till he told us to open it.

"'What pretty gingham!' said ma, suddenly. 'Too pretty to cut up for such a little child! I declare, husband, I mean to make it up with long skirts!'

"'Eh? You do?'

"'Yes. It will cut out more saving, and, besides, I shall not have to starch pantalets so often. It will save trimming them, too, for they will be out of sight. Her under-skirts will keep clean longer, and can be made of the

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cheapest material, and colored ones will do as well as white."

"'Have you got through, ma'am?' asked pa, oh! so loftily! 'Because, if you have, I should like to be heard. *I* am the head of the family, if you please, and *I* shall decide how my children shall be dressed. You are not going to make them awkward and singular, just to save a penny. I have no fault to find with economy, ma'am: but stinginess is a mean trait in any one. You will please to make Jenny's frocks just as other children wear them. As to the saving of washing and starching, I never encourage idleness, and, with Fanny's help, I think you can do all the washing required!' Ma looked crest-fallen enough, but she always does at such times, because she is so thoroughly ashamed of the part she is acting."

"What of your dress, Fanny? Did he buy one for you?"

"Yes. I will show it to you when we go up stairs. It seems that ma had spoken to him about procuring some material for making a new quilt for the boys' bed. So as soon as she saw the print, she exclaimed, 'Why, husband, how could you think of buying such colors to make into a bed-quilt? I declare it is more suitable for a dress for Fanny, and, if you like it, love,' she added, turning to me, 'we'll make it up for you.' 'No, you won't. You will make it into a quilt.' 'But surely, husband,' urged ma, 'you will not permit Fanny to select a dress for herself? She is too young.' 'She must begin to spend money, ma'am, or she will never know how. If your parents had trained you to use money properly, I should not have to spend so much time in the stores. Fanny, here are three dollars for a dress. Use your best judgment in selecting it, take time to think and to calculate, and then purchase.' Now that ma had succeeded in putting everything straight, she felt so badly about deceiving him that she fairly broke down, and had a good crying spell on the spot."

"How did that affect him?"

"Oh! he took it as an evidence of submission to his authority, and I think he was rather pleased to see it."

I began to think uncle Zekiel must be an utter simpleton not to see the natural fruits of his overbearing system. I looked at my aunt with pity for her position, and real admiration for her genius and quickness of thought. She met my glance as I watched her, and smiled as she read the expression of my countenance.

"Truly, aunt," I said, "you are a woman of many resources."

She had been called out when Fanny commenced her story, and supposed that I referred to the morning's managing. "Do you think so, my dear? Do not seek to acquire them. There is nothing so charming to me as truthful words and frank looks. Pity me, if you will, but do not learn of me to be insincere."

"You are not insincere, mother," said Fanny, suddenly throwing down her work and coming to her mother's side. "Everybody knows how good and truthful you are, except where pa is concerned, and *that* you can't help. He obliges you to deceive him, and he is responsible for it. Isn't it so, Mary?"

I could not reply; and my aunt sighed deeply as she stooped down and kissed the childish lips so eager to defend her.

CHAPTER III.

There is no place in which a man's worth can be thoroughly tested, exeept in his own home. If he is bearish and surly there, uncivil to his wife, or uncourteous to his guests; he may be as polite and attentive as he chooses in other spheres, but he is never a gentleman, and is never mistaken for one.

It is my opinion that my uncle Zekiel was not a gentleman. It would require a volume to hint even at all the ways in which his domineering spirit showed itself. No familiar conversation could be carried on in his presence because of his contradiction. He fatted on opposition, and it was a relief to everybody when he was out of the house. There was nothing too trivial for his attention. My aunt was never allowed to spend a penny for the smallest trifle without his permission. He selected her dresses, as well as the children's, and dictated how the smallest articles should be made up. I remember very well the severe reprimand that Fanny received for cutting a night-cap by a new pattern without his consent. The poor little thing never made its appearance in the wash-tub, or on the clothes-frame without being the subject of sarcastic remark. Such an abused little union of lace and cambric, I think, never before existed.

His superintendence extended to the smallest details of the kitchen, and ordered every dish that came to the table. We had queer tasting food sometimes; though generally my aunt's genius in anticipating his absurd whims, and her tact in getting the right kind of orders from him, made all right in the culinary department.

If visitors were expected, he was especially alert, and it required sharp practice on her

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part to smuggle in the proper quantity of contraband spices, while his lynx eyes were upon her. It was no common sleight-of-hand performance to substitute, before his face, sweet marjoram and thyme for the sage and tansy that he had determined should flavor the soup, or goose stuffing; or to rub sufficient butter or lard into the pastry that he had foreordained should be mixed with buttermilk. Yet my aunt did all this, while he inwardly chuckled over her submission to his will.

It was in the latter part of August, that one of our neighbors proposed an excursion down the river, and a pic-nic in Sadler's Grove. It was five miles distant, and had for years been a place of popular summer resort. Each family in the neighborhood was to be invited; and besides the pies, cakes, and other eatables that could be carried, the genius of the grove was to supply a clam-bake and fish-chowder. The neighbors enthusiastically agreed to it, and much excitement in regard to the contributions to the feast reigned in every kitchen. Except uncle Zekiel's. He was out of town when the party was proposed, and no one had mentioned it before him. For a day or two we lived in hourly expectation of seeing him rush into the house with orders for us to prepare for the occasion; but the precious time passed till only one day remained, and he had not spoken. And not an egg could be beaten, not a chicken's neck twisted, till the word of command was uttered. Fanny was nearly wild with apprehension.

"What shall we do, ma? It will be too bad if we can't go. What does he mean? Only one day now to get ready in; though as likely as not," said Fanny, half-crying, "he would stay in the house to order the cooking, and I'd rather stay at home than to carry any of his heathenish messes for the table."

My aunt sighed, but said nothing.

"Don't you want to go, ma?" asked Fanny, impatiently.

"If we could go as others do, without plotting and hurrying, with peace in our hearts as well as smiles on our faces, I think I should like it. But if we could give it up, and say nothing about it, and you, Fanny, could be contented to remain at home, it would be a relief to me."

"We might as well give up living at once," was Fanny's undutiful response. "All the neighbors will be there; and those ladies from the city, who are visiting at Mr. Spalding's, are going; and William Mann, and—and Fred Webster are coming home from school to go, and *we* must stay at home because a self-conceited, contrary old curmudgeon——"

"Fanny! my dear child! stop and think what you are saying. You shock me very much." My aunt's voice trembled, and the tears came into her eyes. I could see that she was blaming herself for this unfilial outbreak on the part of Fanny. The young girl softened immediately. "Forgive me, dear mother, I will be careful what I say. But when I think of what will be said about our oddity and stinginess, if we stay at home, I feel angry and ashamed. Now, ma, you can contrive to have us go. If you were young like me, you would not like to be singular or ridiculous. I declare," said Fanny, flaring up again, "I wish pa was either like other folks, or else was where—where he belongs."

"Be patient, my dear. Let me think about it. I want to do right. I like to gratify you, but this constant deception is so trying. I should like to be straightforward and truthful."

"Well, you can't. You might as well wish to be a—a patriarch. The question is how to make the best of what is. You are not to blame if pa forces you to deceive him. For my part I like to do it. I had rather cheat him than not. Don't sigh over that, ma, for that is something that can't be helped either. It comes as natural as my breath."

"Oh! Fanny, don't run on so. It makes me very sad to hear you."

"We've only one day, ma," said Fanny, returning to the attack. "Say that you will manage this once to gratify us, and it shall be an age before I will teaze you again. Just this once, that's a dear, darling mother."

Fanny had her arms around my aunt's neck, and her coaxing smiles, and eyes moist with tears, were very persuasive arguments with the indulgent mother. I saw that she was yielding. "Let me think of it," she said, "till your father comes home. I am inclined to think he has not heard the pic-nic mentioned. In the meantime you can prepare currants and citron for cake, and weigh out the butter and sugar."

Fanny kissed her mother and ran off, perfectly easy in regard to uncle, now that an implied promise to manage him had been given. I awaited his return with a good deal of curiosity. I knew pretty well how the victory was to be gained, but the anticipation had a certain excitement in it that kept me from thinking of anything else.

At last he came. My aunt went very quietly about the supper, humming, as she worked, little snatches of music in apparent forgetfulness of uncle Zekiel's repeated admonition to

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either sing out or let it alone. Now uncle Zeke did not like music, any way, and it always irritated him if he overheard any of us singing in concert, and thus dividing the enjoyment with each other; but to irritate him particularly, it was necessary for my aunt to hum over the air by herself.

"Do you know, husband," said she, pleasantly, as soon as his face looked dark enough, "do you know that Seth Doolittle has got up one of the foolishest plans for a pic-nic, and expects the neighbors to join in it?"

"Seth Doolittle is a sensible man, ma'am. You will please to stop slandering your neighbors."

"But this is so silly," persisted my aunt.

"Silly! You being judge, I suppose. Where is the pic-nic to be?"

"Down in Sadler's Grove. They are going to have a clam-bake and chowder."

"When?"

"Tiring themselves out, and wasting a whole precious day besides," said aunty, meditatively.

"When?" thundered uncle Zeke. "Are you deaf? When?"

"On Wednesday."

"Well, it's the best thing I've heard of for a long time."

"You won't think of having our children go, husband?"

"They—will—go! And their parents also."

"Think of the expense."

"Expense is not the question. *I* am not so selfish as to only consider how this or that may affect my purse. There is nothing so promotive of neighborly good feeling as such little excursions in company. What would you have? Would you live in a desert? Not an innocent recreation can be proposed, but you must lift up your voice against it. It is well for the children that I am their father. A sorry life would they lead if I were not here to look out for them. Expense indeed! I shall go down directly and order Tucker's barouche for us to go in."

"At least," said my aunt, "do not oblige us to follow the cook-book in our preparations. Rich food is unwholesome, aside from the expense."

"How many times shall I tell you that the open air is the only place where rich food can be taken into the stomach safely? Didn't I explain it to you last fall when we went to Plum Island?"

"Oh! dear!" said my aunt, resignedly. "Well, what shall I cook?"

"We will take chicken pie, cold tongue, fruit cake, and as many kinds of pie as you please. Don't spoil them by trying to economize. You may as well do it cheerfully, for I am resolved to go and to take you all. Now, wife, try for once to be reasonable. Here are our neighbors inviting us to join them in a harmless recreation, and you look as if you were invited to witness a hanging."

Uncle Zekiel strode haughtily out of the house as he finished his harangue. He was sure of his authority now. Fanny gave way to hysterical laughter, and sat down flat on the floor to recover. I began to compliment my aunt, but the tears were in her eyes, and she only said, "Don't mention it. Forget it, if possible!"

I went up to my room before uncle Zekiel returned; quite contented now that all was arranged for our appearance at the pic-nic with comfort and self-respect, I sat down by the open window to enjoy the beauty of the evening. By-and-by, I heard the gate swing, and directly after my aunt, calling in an agitated voice, "Husband! husband! Do hurry!"

"What's the matter?" He stopped short in the middle of the walk.

"Do hurry and see. The hogs have got out of the pen, and they are in the corn-field."

"What of that? It's my own corn and my own hogs. Don't be everlastingly a-meddling."

Well, uncle Zekiel was obeyed, and we all went to the pic-nic. It was years ago. Last week I had a letter from cousin Fanny, and I learned from it that he is still the "head of the family."

ALL HAVE SOME SORROW.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

All have some sorrow—all some grief to bear;
Life has no cup of joy unmixed with care.
The low'ring tempest sweeps the Summer sky—
The fairest flow'ret only blooms to die.

The dreams of youth—the hopes of riper years
Full oft are quenched in sorrow and in tears;
The magic visions drawn by fancy's hand,
Are strewn like wrecks upon life's drifting sand.

All have some sorrow; on this weary earth
Grief surely follows in the train of mirth—
But there's a land where sorrows never come—
The Christian's rest—and his eternal home.

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MONEY.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"So you think young Holmes really loves you?"

"Uncle!"

"That look of surprised indignation is quite superfluous, my dear child. I am aware of the fact that Atherton Holmes has been your most devoted cavalier for several months, and has finally made you a proposal of marriage; at the same time—pardon me—I doubt his love. He is too worldly, too selfish, to suit such a nature as yours. I wish——"

"Well, uncle, what do you wish?"

"I wish you would postpone your wedding for a few months. You are not in any hurry to leave me?"

"No, no, a thousand times no. I will postpone the wedding; but—but, uncle, I think you misjudge Atherton."

"Well, well, child, I am satisfied if you are happy. I have had too much trouble myself to wish to cross young people in their love."

The speakers were Mr. Lawrence Colton, and his niece, Catharine Lewis; and, in order to introduce you properly to my heroine, I must go back in my story.

Mr. Lewis, Catharine's father, was a man of large wealth, and this was his only child. The pet of both parents, her life, until she was seventeen years old, was one of unbroken sunshine. But at that time, her mother died, when her father, marrying again, and to one uncongenial to our heroine, the latter went to live with Mr. Colton, who declared his intention of leaving her his large fortune. Her year of mourning over, her uncle insisted upon opening his house, and introducing Kate into society as his heiress. She came out, in her nineteenth year, a beauty, an understood heiress, and a novelty, for Mrs. Lewis, herself averse to society, had never introduced Kate into it.

Of course suitors were plenty. With a tall, full figure, perfect features, and the rare contrast of black hair and eyes, with a pure red and white complexion, Kate Lewis was not one to pass unnoticed in society, and her reported heiress-ship did not detract from her charms. Among those who admired this brilliantly beautiful girl, was a young physician, for whom Kate entertained the greatest respect, and who had her warm, sincere friendship. She did not know why Frank Lee was such a pet of her uncle's, but she met him at home constantly. It was an old love story; and when the son of her who had been the love of Mr. Colton's youth, came to him poor, orphaned, friendless, he had but obeyed the dictates of a warm, generous nature, in educating and providing for him. Kate knew nothing of this; she only knew that Dr. Lee was a pet of her uncle's and her dear mother's; she liked him in a frank, sisterly way, but she never imagined that beneath the quiet, brotherly manner he always extended toward her, the young man hid a fierce, hot love, all the more violent that a sense of honor kept it concealed.

Frank Lee was proud. He had obeyed his mother's last wish when he came to Lawrence Colton after her death, and the warm, loving tenderness of his guardian made the sense of obligation sweet, not painful. He had studied hard, had passed with high honors through the medical college, and knew that his ardent love for his profession, and the high stand he was gradually reaching in his practice, more than repaid his benefactor for the first outlay. But to woo Mr. Colton's heiress, to take advantage of his freely offered hospitality to steal away the love that was the old man's life, was repugnant to the young man's high sense of honor, and he loved silently unsuspected.

Atherton Holmes, the gentleman whose splendid talents had won Kate's consent, when he asked her to be his wife, was a man selfish, but capable of concealing his selfishness, talented, and intellectual enough to completely dazzle a young, fresh heart like Kate's, and take her fancy captive. She believed sincerely his protestations of never-dying love, she fancied she returned it, but the uncle read the young heart better than she did herself.

Had Frank Lee guessed how near to Mr. Colton's heart lay the hope that his niece would, one day, marry this son of his adoption, he need not have schooled his heart to such stern silence; but he did not suspect it. He saw the flush, which had left Kate's cheek since her mother's death, come back in Atherton's presence; he noted the full, joyous tones of her

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voice when she sang with her betrothed; he marked the light, buoyant step which hastened to meet his rival, and he proudly smothered his own grief, and returned the cordial, frank greeting Kate always gave him, with the same gentle courtesy which he had ever extended to her.

And now that you are acquainted, reader, with my heroine, I will take you back to the cosy sitting-room, in which the conversation which opens my story, was held. The group there consisted of Mr. Colton, Mrs. Kneass, a lady who superintended his household affairs, and did interminable pieces of crochet work in the sitting-room in the evenings, and Frank Lee, whose curly head is resting on the arm of Mr. Colton's chair, his large, soft, blue eyes fixed on the fire, and his hand clasped fast in that of his old friend. With his first love thrown back upon his heart, Frank had filled partially the craving for love, by becoming almost girlish in his demonstrations of affection toward Mr. Colton. Now seated on a low stool at the old man's feet, he was slowly caressing the withered hand, his eyes fixed on the grate fire, his thoughts far away. The door which leads from the sitting-room to the parlor stands open, and the rich, full notes of a woman's voice, accompanied by the tones of the grand piano, came from the other room. Kate sang well. Feeling music in the inmost depths of her nature, she could pour forth the full tones of a rich contralto voice with passionate expression; and Frank, in his dreamy reverie, felt his whole soul spring to a new trembling life, as the glorious voice fell, charged with the energy of a German love song, upon his ear. A deep, heavy sigh escaped him unconsciously.

Some long silent memory in Mr. Colton's heart was stirred too by this glorious young voice, and the sigh, coming upon these memories, was a revelation to the old man. He looked up. Mrs. Kneass, far away at the other end of the room, nodded over the crochet work. Atherton was beside Kate; the young man and his old friend were, to all intents and purposes, alone. Still his voice was low, and he bent forward till his white hair mingled with Frank's brown curls before he spoke; then he said,

"Frank, you love Kate."

Frank did not start. The words chimed well with the thoughts in his heart. He only said,

"Yes; but she does not dream of it."

"Frank." The old man's voice, though low, was full and deep. "If—remember, I say—if she ever needs a friend, remember I charge you to be that friend."

"She will not need me," said the young man, sadly. "Loving and loved, she will not need a friend when she is Atherton's wife."

But the old man only repeated,

"Remember, I charge you to be that friend!"

Kate at that instant finished her song, and came, with Atherton, into the room. They were a handsome couple. His tall, erect figure matched hers well; and the dark eyes were full of tenderness as they rested on her face. She looked radiantly beautiful; the excitement of singing had given a rich crimson glow to her cheek; and her eyes were full of fire and brilliancy.

Without any of that blushing embarrassment which love, real love would have given her, she welcomed Frank, whom she had not seen before, and drew her chair up beside her uncle's, as if, Atherton inwardly observed, "I was her grandfather."

Three little weeks later, how changed was the scene in the sitting-room! Mr. Colton, seized with the same sudden disease which had carried Kate's mother to the grave, died a week after the night when he penetrated Frank's secret. Frank, carrying out a long silent wish, was away at the time, making a visit to Niagara, to be away on Kate's wedding day. A terrible discovery came with Mr. Colton's death; instead of leaving large wealth, it was found that he had been living, for several years past, not on his income, but on his capital, and it was all spent; there was nothing, literally nothing for Kate. In her first grief, Kate had naturally turned to Atherton for comfort, and found his soothing tenderness inexpressibly dear to her; but, when the state of her uncle's affairs was told her, her first thought, dictated by a high sense of honor, prompted her to offer to release Mr. Holmes from his engagement. She wrote to him, looking upon the note, in her secret heart, a mere form. To her surprise, a polite, chilling answer was returned. Mr. Holmes, since he could escape the odium of himself proposing this measure, accepted Miss Lewis's offer to release him from the engagement.

It would be impossible to describe the sudden revulsion of feeling in Kate's heart. She knew now that she had never given her whole love to her betrothed; and the expression of withering contempt which came upon her lip, as she read the note, would have shamed even Atherton could he have seen it. The note, however, was the last burden laid upon a heart already overladen with grief and anxiety, and Kate's physical health gave way under the accumulation of mental trouble. Frank, on his return, found

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Mrs. Kneass mourning over his benefactor's death, and Miss Kate's illness.

She was not sick many days, but they were long enough to make her feel, with a strange, deep, pleasure, the kind care of her uncle's ward. The respectful tenderness with which he treated her; the unremitting professional care he gave her; the gentle, heartfelt sympathy he showed in her grief were new, and her poor, tired heart rested with a sense of comfort upon the love of her friend, her brother, as she fondly called him.

As soon as she was well enough to go out again, she applied for the place of governess in a family with whom she had been on visiting terms, and her services were gladly secured. She did not tell Frank of this step until it was irrevocable. The family were to leave for Europe in a few days, and when made aware of the certainty that, for a time at least, he must lose his idol, Frank's long silent love could be concealed no longer. He told her all, concluding with—

"Kate, I know that your heart is not mine yet; I do not ask you now to return my love, but let me hope. Wherever you are, write to me only one word, 'Come,' and I will hasten to you. You will let me be your friend and brother, until I may fill a nearer place, will you not, Kate?"

Trembling with the excitement of a new joy; not daring to trust her own heart yet after its recent mistake; scorning to add to his worldly cares by coming to him, penniless, mourning, and, her heart whispered, rejected by another, Kate only replied by words of friendship; yet when the earnest pleading rose to impassioned eloquence, she did whisper the word he longed for—"Hope."

Three years later. A group of gentlemen were assembled upon the porch of one of the hotels at Saratoga, when a gentleman and two ladies rode up on horseback. The foremost, who came cantering gayly up to the porch, was a pretty blonde, in a blue habit and white hat, by name Minnie Hayes; following her more slowly came, side by side, an elderly gentleman, and a tall lady in a black habit and hat. Heavy braids of black hair resting on her cheek, and a pair of large, dreamy black eyes, made the pallor of her face positively startling. Yet pale and sad, she was lovely still, and many comments were made upon her looks as she rode slowly up to the steps.

One of the gentlemen, a new arrival, pressed slightly forward as he saw her face.

"You are admiring Miss Lewis, doctor," said one of the gentlemen standing near him. "Don't lose your heart, she is only a governess of Miss Hayes's. They returned from Europe last week, and came directly here. Miss Lewis had scarcely arrived, when she changed her dress from a light to a deep mourning, and refused to come into the ball-room. I suppose she is some relation to the rich Lewis who died about two months ago."

At this moment Kate raised her eyes to the porch, and they rested first on the face she had longed for three years to see. She bowed, and a faint color rose to her cheek. Frank bounded down the steps to meet her, but before he had walked from the porch steps to those where the party dismounted, Kate had gone into the house. A few moments later, the waiter put a card into his hand—one word only was penciled on it. Come.

He followed the man to the private parlor engaged by Mr. Hayes, and there alone, still in her riding-dress, stood Kate.

Not many words came at first, but when the first joy of meeting was over, Kate said,

"I am so glad, Frank, so glad that I waited. I do not come to you now, as I should have done three years ago. My father's recent death, as he left no will, puts me in possession of more money than I ever expected my uncle would leave, and, if you take me, you must take my property."

Atherton Holmes always winced when the beautiful Mrs. Lee was spoken of in his presence, her romantic story alluded to, and especially when the narrator added,

"And, after all, though Mr. Colton left nothing, she was an heiress, for she inherited all her father's money."

MARY LENOX.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Down by the burnie, Mary Lenox,
I wooed your love, nor were you cold:
Down by the burnie, Mary Lenox,
You, shameless, owned your hand was sold.

Down in the burnie, Mary Lenox,
You thought a stiffened swain to find;
But near the burnie, Mary Lenox,
I've seen a face that changed my mind.

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REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks passed, and our visitors still lingered. I heard my uncle tell Prudence that he thought they would remain a month. I do not think that either Alice or her mother desired to prolong their stay; but Mr. Morgan did not choose to go, and his wishes were evidently paramount. Indeed, I think so many years had elapsed since his wife had exercised her own will, that she had nearly forgotten that she ever possessed one.

I saw that Alice did not stand in such dread of her father. She loved him, that was a child's duty, but his weaknesses pained her, and she would have resisted his tyranny, where her mother was concerned, only every attempt made the poor woman's life more miserable.

So the days went on, pleasantly enough, I suppose, although I was kept as much aloof as possible from the visitors. My uncle found an immense deal of copying for me to do, old papers that I am certain were of no earthly use, but which, at all events, detained me in a little room back of the library, that he occupied for his study.

There were drives and rides in which I seldom had a share; Maurice was always the companion of Alice, and apparently regarded her as belonging wholly to himself. Mr. Morgan evidently looked upon me in no favorable light—I knew I had my cousin to thank for that, but I disliked the pompous man so thoroughly that I cared little about it.

Still, with Alice and her mother I became well acquainted; how we managed I can hardly tell, for every quiet effort was employed to keep us apart. But often, when the rest had gone out, Mrs. Morgan would steal down into the library, and we passed hours in long, pleasant conversations, in which she unconsciously talked a great deal about her daughter, and I was an eager listener.

I found that she was a woman of much more mind than I had supposed, intelligent, and well informed; but she was so timid, and ill-health had so shattered her nerves, that one did not discover her superior qualities, except by familiar intercourse.

She spoke but seldom of Maurice, and when she did, it was in a hesitating way, which showed how much she dreaded the proposed marriage, although there was no direct reference made to it.

There must have been many painful scenes concerning that affair, for often I heard Mr. Morgan's voice in his wife's room, loud and angry; and once, when the door opened suddenly as I passed, I caught sight of Mrs. Morgan weeping convulsively, and Alice standing beside her, pale as a ghost, but with a stubborn resolution in her face, which it would not have been easy to combat.

There were many quarrels, too, between my uncle and Maurice; those I frequently heard, and I pitied my uncle. Affection for that unprincipled young man was the only holy sentiment in his nature, and it must have cut him to the heart to find it met with insult and ingratitude.

So altogether, though there were many pleasure excursions, frequent parties, and the house nearly all the time overflowing with guests and excitement, I doubt if any of the persons I have mentioned enjoyed much peace.

One day, I heard an angry discussion between my uncle and Maurice. Not that I desired to play the listener, but I could not move without being discovered, and received by both with a storm of passion and invective, so I quietly kept my seat in the window recess.

"I tell you," Maurice said, "that I must marry the girl soon—I am so cramped with debts that I do not know which way to turn."

"You are so reckless and extravagant," returned my uncle; "during the past year you have wasted a small fortune."

"I don't think you are just the one to lecture me," sneered my cousin; "so let us hear no more of that."

My uncle walked hurriedly up and down the room, evidently deeply wounded by the unfeeling remark.

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"You shall marry Alice," he said, after a moment's silence; "I have sworn it, and I will not be baulked. Her father dare not refuse—he has promised, and I have a hold over him which will keep him in order."

"The old lady evidently does not appreciate me much," Maurice said.

"A perfect nonentity! Take care of the young lady, it is all you have to do."

"I cannot understand that girl! There was one time I really thought she liked me; but, since we came here, her manner has completely changed. She fights off so admirably, that I have had no opportunity to offer myself again."

"She is shy——"

"Not a bit! I believe that young scapegrace is at the bottom of it all."

"Who?"

"Why Paul—young imp! I shall strangle that boy yet, I know I shall."

"Let him alone, Maurice, I will not permit you to annoy him, remember that! Your supposition is a ridiculous one—why he is a mere boy."

"He is nineteen, older than she by some months! I half think his pale, sentimental face has made an impression upon her. When he comes into the room she grows silent—when he talks she listens with eyes and ears. If I believed it, I would blow his brains out to-morrow."

"Folly, madness! The idea that she could fancy him after having known you. I will go and talk with Morgan; he's so occupied frightening his poor wife to death with his spiritualism that he thinks of nothing else. He has consented to your marrying his daughter; you asked the girl three months ago, and she did not say no——"

"She begged for time."

"She has had it, more than enough. Where is Morgan?"

"In his wife's room."

My uncle went out, and in a moment my cousin followed.

I did not stir from my seat. There was a whirl in my brain, a delicious tumult in my heart, which deprived me of all strength. Could Maurice's sneering words be true? Did Alice care for me? Before that no gleam of hope had brightened my heart, and in the darkness I had been cowardly, but his words had given me courage.

I knew then that I loved Alice Morgan; not with youthful passion, but with a power and energy which took me out of my boyhood forever. After the first dizzy excitement was over, I paced up and down the room, laying a thousand plans for the future, and resolving with the strength of a newly awakened will that Alice should be freed from the wiles of my cousin.

An hour might have elapsed, when I was disturbed by the entrance of Mrs. Morgan, weeping so bitterly that she did not perceive my presence.

I hurried toward her as she sank into a chair and called her name, really alarmed by her hysterical distress

"Oh! Paul," she said, trying to compose herself, "I did not see you—pray excuse me."

"Something very painful has happened," I replied; "tell me what it is?"

She shook her head, struggled against her tears, but they would burst forth in spite of all her efforts.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said, "my heart is fairly breaking, and I have no one to whom I can go for comfort."

"If I can do anything," I replied, "you know you may trust me."

"I do—you are kind and good; but nobody can help us now, nobody."

She wept again, but quietly. I soothed her as well as I was able, and after a few moments she spoke more calmly.

"I do not feel as if you were a stranger, I knew your mother so well, and loved her so dearly. You have been very kind to me, and I have been for years of so little consequence, that it is pleasant to find some one who treats me with affection and respect."

"You have your daughter—she loves you!"

"Oh! Paul, Paul, her very affection is only made an added torment! But no matter for myself, I shall only have to suffer a few years more; but she is so young, so innocent, it breaks my heart to see her happiness so recklessly flung away."

"Are you speaking of her marriage with my cousin?"

"You know I am! I can talk freely to you, for I believe you know him thoroughly. Oh! Paul, he is a bad, wicked man, under that pleasant seeming—I shall die if they force my Alice into his power."

"But she does not love him?"

"Indeed she does not! She was very young when they first met, she could not but be pleased with his winning manners, but she had no thought of love. Now her father insists upon this marriage, tells her that she has gone so far she cannot draw back—threatens her, not for herself, but me, if she does not obey;

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and, to save me a pang, Alice would give her life."

"But why do you not resist?"

"Stop, Paul; the word sounds like a mockery! You are young and strong, you do not know what it is to be crushed down by years of illness and suffering beyond belief. Even Alice does not dream the truth, it was useless to pain her, and I am such a coward—you cannot think!"

She broke off, trembling in every limb. She had spoken truly, she was physically and mentally a coward; and, in the agony of her face, I could read the horrible ordeal through which she had passed.

"Has Alice promised to marry him?" I asked.

"She did not do that; they have so confused my mind by their sophistries that I hardly know what was said. On the passage home, Maurice asked her to be his wife; she was so young, so ignorant! She told him that she had never thought of love—she was pleased with his manners—she had liked him as a friend. Her father joined with him—told her that was quite enough, she cared for no one else. But Alice was firm, she would not allow herself to be drawn into an engagement, and so the matter rested. But her father never ceased to urge it, ordered me to do so, tormented me so much that Alice was ready to consent for my sake."

"And now, now?"

"The longer she knew Maurice the less she liked him; such terrible reports have reached me that I dread him as I would a fiend. He was constantly with us in town—Mr. Morgan insisted upon our accepting this invitation. They have given every one to understand that Alice and your cousin are engaged. They will force her to it, I know they will; she is firm, courageous in her own right; but now her father has found a plea that he knows will be all powerful."

"And that?"

"He has just hinted to her that if she would not expose him to some great danger, she must marry Maurice. Before that, only yesterday, she positively refused, and all her father's threats were useless. But he has taken strong ground now in appealing to her love for him."

"But do you believe this story?"

"I cannot tell. Oh! Paul, there are such dreadful mysteries in this world! He insinuated that your uncle had some hold of him, and that he could do us all much injury if Alice did not consent. But he likes Maurice, and he is rich; Mr. Morgan has so much respect for wealth! I am sure he has always loved Alice better because of that hundred thousand dollars her aunt left her!"

"Yet that very fortune is doubtless the source of half her suffering."

"Don't you believe that Maurice loves her?"

"Yes, I believe he does; but I tell you, Mrs. Morgan, his love is a disgrace—it will be fatal to any woman who places herself in his power."

"Don't tell me, don't, it only frightens me more! I know you will despise me—I loathe myself! But I am so crushed, so broken down, only fit to creep into my grave and lie there. Yet I ought to live, ought to protect my daughter, but I cannot! I lean on her; I am so despicable and mean, that sometimes I wish she would marry Maurice that I might have a little rest and peace."

"If she thought that, she would sacrifice herself at once."

"I know it—she does not dream I am so vile! And I am not, it is only when I get completely worn out—when there seems nothing left but to fall down and die, that I allow myself to indulge in such thoughts."

"Does she talk much to you of this affair?"

"Oh! that is the most terrible thing in the wholē misery! I am so weak that she cannot depend on my counsel—the least thing throws me into such a nervous state, that she does not let me see how she suffers. I am a wicked woman, Paul, wicked! I have had no peace here, and now I shall see my daughter's happiness ruined, and suffer through all eternity because I did not save her."

"But you have no power," I said, trying to soothe her, for she was wringing her hands and sobbing more bitterly than before. "Alice must act for herself, must be true to her own heart."

"You are so brave, and she is too! I will not let her see how wretched I am—I have hidden a great deal from her; I am not quite a monster, Paul, indeed I am not! I love my child, she is all I have on earth, I would endure blows, torture, anything for her."

"Where is she now?"

"Your cousin has asked her to ride out, she will have to go. I don't know what was decided upon between her and her father. When he told her that vague, terrible story, I could endure no more, and ran away. I must go to my room; if Mr. Morgan thought I had been telling you anything, he would be dreadfully angry."

She hurried away abruptly; and in a moment I heard Alice speaking to Prudence in the hall.

"Do you know where Mr. Redman is?"

"Here, at your service, fair lady," I heard

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my cousin say. "But how is this? You are dressed for a drive, I thought we were going to have a ride?"

"I prefer going out in the carriage," she replied, quietly; "my mother has one of her dreadful nervous headaches, and needs the air."

"My uncle will be most happy to drive her out."

"Please let me have my own way, Mr. Redman; you have no idea how poor mamma suffers."

"You are very cruel to me," he returned; "very, Alice."

"Run away and do as I wish, or I shall be more so," I heard her say, with an attempt at playfulness, through which her distress was very apparent.

"I must, of course; but are you always going to avoid me so?"

"Please leave me to myself to-day," she said, tremblingly; "I entreat you to do so."

I heard Maurice go out on the verandah and call to a servant,

"Put up the horses, Waters. Tell them to get out the open carriage."

Then Alice came forward and entered the breakfast-room where I was standing. When she saw me, she started back as though her first impulse was to run away.

"Did I frighten you?" I asked.

"I did not know there was any one here," she said, moving toward the window. "Mamma told me that she had been having a long conversation with you, Mr. Paul; what made her cry so bitterly?"

"She was very nervous and low; you know the least thing agitates her."

"Poor mamma!" she murmured to herself, leaning wearily against the window-sill.

Her eyes looked out upon the pleasant lawn with a dreary gaze that made my heart ache. How I longed to utter the thoughts which rushed to my lips, but that was neither the time nor the place, and I resolutely crushed back the tide of passionate sympathy which struggled for utterance.

She was very lovely as she stood thus, but there was a weary, hopeless expression in her face and attitude extremely painful to see in one so young.

"You look pale," I said, feeling the need of making some common-place remark to restrain my own feelings. "Are you unwell?"

"No; that is, I think not."

I saw Maurice passing the house; some bitter feeling made me long to torture myself and her.

"And I am soon to greet you as my cousin," I said, suddenly.

She turned her eyes upon me with a sad reproach, that made me long to throw myself at her feet and beg forgiveness.

"You are cruel," she said, forcing her pale lips into a smile; "I did not think you would try to pain me, Mr. Chenery."

I did not make any answer. Her suffering roused such a tempest of passion in my soul, such mad love, such implacable resentment toward those who were so ruthlessly plotting her unhappiness, that I grew dizzy and sick, clinging blindly to the window-sill for support.

Alice did not observe my agitation. She had seated herself upon a low couch near, her hands were folded idly in her lap; her head drooped forward with an intense mental weariness; and her eyes glanced restless around as if searching for some means of escape, some haven of refuge from the dangers that beset her.

"Miss Morgan—Alice!" I exclaimed.

My voice must have betrayed the agony I was enduring, for she started and looked wildly around.

"I cannot bear this," I said; "it is too much —too much."

"And it will never end," she muttered, pursuing the train of her own thoughts, "never!"

I made a step forward—another instant and I should have poured out the current of passion which seethed through my veins, but Maurice's voice in the hall stung me like a blow.

"Now, Miss Alice," he said, "the carriage is ready."

The girl rose, drew her shawl about her and turned to go.

"Good-by," she said; "you are very kind to my poor mother—I thank you for it."

So she moved slowly away and left me to my solitude. I stood by the window; saw Maurice assist her and Mrs. Morgan into the carriage, and then they drove swiftly off, disappearing down the avenue as rapidly as my quick growing hopes had taken flight.

I must have been very pale, for when Prudence entered, a little while after, she exclaimed loudly at my appearance.

"You look like a ghost," she said; "what on airth's the matter with you, Paul?"

But I broke away from her as quickly as possible and went up to my own room, leaving her quite vexed with me because I would not acknowledge that I was ill.

That evening, as we were sitting together in the parlor, I saw the door open, and Prudence looking in, with a scared face.

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"Paul! Mr. Redman!" she cried.

I extricated myself from the confusion, and ran after my uncle into the hall where Prudence stood, so much excited that she scarcely noticed the fracas she had caused.

"The crazy woman!" she whispered. "I saw her again!"

"Impossible!" said my uncle.

"I did! I was in the dining-room—she looked in at the window—oh! dear, oh! dear!"

Fortunately, I had closed the parlor door behind me, so she was not heard.

"I saw her," repeated Prudence. "Oh! that face, that face!"

"Hush!" said my uncle, sternly. "Paul, come with me."

We sought everywhere about the house, but found no trace of the mad woman. I ran down the avenue—hunted the flower garden, the green-houses, but all in vain.

"You were mistaken, Prudence," said my uncle.

She made no reply, and he went in again to his guests, and left Prudence and me standing on the verandah.

"Are you sure you saw her?" I asked.

"Could I forget that face?" she exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Who is she? Who can she be?"

"Don't worry me with silly questions—as if I knew! But she'll frighten me to death yet!"

She went away trembling and sorely troubled; while I wandered off into the grounds, down by the run, and puzzled myself with all sorts of wild fancies concerning the lunatic, until the recollection of Alice Morgan came back and soothed my unrest like a pleasant dream.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning, I encountered Maurice on the verandah. For some time past we had mutually avoided one another; but just then he was so much irritated by his ill-success in regard to Alice, that his long nursed hatred toward me burst out more freely than usual.

"Idling about after your old fashion," he said, with a sneer. "Any other fellow of your age would be ashamed to be such a baby!"

"You had nothing of the sort with which to reproach yourself," I replied; "for at sixteen you were more thoroughly depraved than most men of forty."

"How long do you mean to live here on my uncle?" he continued, not noticing my remark, although I saw by the flush on his face that it had told.

"I don't see, Maurice, that my affairs in any way concern you."

"You are a born beggar," he said, with a scornful laugh; "not only in pocket, but in your nature."

I did not answer. Much as my pride revolted at the insult, the old sensitiveness rose up still stronger, and it was with difficulty that I could restrain my tears.

"I would not be a dependant upon any one, I would break stones on the road rather."

"And yet you are one," I replied.

"I have a fortune of my own——"

"Which must be wasted by this time! Certain it is that you have debts which you cannot meet, for you are constantly bullying and wheedling uncle to pay them."

"So you have been listening—eaves-dropping—miserable little reptile!"

"And you want to marry Miss Morgan, in order to free yourself and have another fortune."

"If you take her name on your lips again, it will be the worse for you."

"She cannot be more degraded and insulted than she has been by your attentions; at least, my lips are not tainted with falsehood and sin."

"Milksop!"

"Better be that than a roue and a gambler."

"I'll kill you; upon my soul, I will!" he exclaimed, taking a step forward, while an irrepressible fury broke over his face, rendering it absolutely revolting.

I did not stir, my eyes looked into his without flinching, and it was with difficulty I restrained the rage prompted by a deep sense of injury and wrong.

"Come on," I said; "bring as much new disgrace upon yourself as you feel disposed."

I think his passion had so completely overmastered him that he would have struck me, and I should have been glad, but, at that moment, Prudence came through the hall with a broom in her hand, prepared with her usual neatness, to brush away the withered vine leaves which littered the verandah.

"What's all this?" she said, quickly. "You look like a fiend, Maurice! I'm thinking you'd find yourself in a box if you touched Paul."

"Go back to your own part of the house!" thundered Maurice. "You have no business here."

"My business is wherever I choose to go," she replied, stoutly. "Girl and woman I haven't lived in this house forty and more years to be told my duty by you.

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"If I had my way you wouldn't be here a day longer," he muttered.

"But you haven't your way, Mr. Maurice Redman," said Prudence, leaning her chin comfortably on the broomstick, and surveying him quite at her ease, "you haven't your way, and, what's more, you ain't a going to have it—just put that in your pipe and smoke it, my young lord; do, I beg!"

And Prudence tossed her head toward him disdainfully, and looked so irresistibly comical with her tall, angular figure twisted down so as to establish her pointed chin more securely on its resting-place, that I had much ado not to laugh.

"Your impertinence, and that of this young whelp are past endurance," said Maurice.

"But you can't stop it—that's a little beyond you!"

"I tell you to cease!" he exclaimed, furiously. "Confounded old hag!"

"Mr. Maurice," said Prudence, "I am only a servant, I haven't been anything else all my life, but I'd be above using such language. I nursed your father and your uncle, and my Paul's poor mother—there isn't one on 'em that didn't love and respect me, and it ill becomes you to talk so to an old woman who's given you nothing but kindness all your life."

"Then attend to your own affairs; you ought to know better than to meddle in what does not concern you."

"Anything that touches Paul concerns me," she replied; "I've stood between you many a time, and I ain't going to see a disturbance now."

"If you don't stop, I'll give you the pleasure of seeing me wring his neck."

"I don't think you will," said Prudence, thrusting out her chin and shaking her head, till her broad cap border rustled; "I really don't—why, you ain't the man· no, sir, you ain't."

"Don't talk any more, Prudence," I said, "it is quite useless. As for you, Maurice, you learned a long time ago, that there is a point beyond which I will not permit you to pass—you have reached it now, so go your way."

"Beggar, pitiful beggar!" he exclaimed.

Prudence suddenly brandished her broom so near his nose, that he was forced to retreat.

"Don't you say that agin!" she returned, really white with passion. "Don't you let another such word come out of your mouth in my hearing. If you do, I'll be at what I've been warned to do this some time."

"And what may that be?"

"Why to tell that old fool a thing or two that'll make him think twice afore he gives you his darter! Prudence is old, Mr. Maurice, but she isn't blind; the rheumatiz may trouble my walkin' a little, but it hain't affected my ears!"

"If you should dare——"

"Don't say dare to me! You've worn my patience out, that's what you've done! I've been a mother to you, waited on you since you was a baby, and a mighty cross brat you was too—but you've got the length of your tether. Jest you leave Paul alone, or as sure as I stand in these shoes, I'll tell Alice Morgan a few stories that will do your business up in short order."

Maurice muttered an oath, but he knew how resolute Prudence was when confident that she had right on her side, and he was glad to moderate his tone.

"Come, old lady," he said, with an affectation of playfulness, "don't let us quarrel; I only wanted to teaze your baby a little."

"More of a man than ever you'll be," retorted she, "a good, honest one too! Howsumever, I don't want no quarrel, the Lord knows! I've prayed over you, and sarched the Scriptures for help, and I'm willing to do anything for peace; but you must let Paul have it too, he's got as good a right as you have."

She walked to the farther end of the verandah and began sweeping diligently, making the withered leaves fly in a way which proved that her feelings were by no means subdued.

Maurice bent toward me, shaking his clenched fist, while his eyes glared like those of a wild animal.

"You shall repent this!" he whispered. "Mark my words, in less than six months I'll make you wish you had never been born."

I only smiled defiantly. How could he injure me? The threat did not deserve an answer. But Prudence turned at that instant and saw his movement.

"Hey day!" she exclaimed, taking a step forward, her broom brandished like a lance.

"Paul!" called my uncle from within—"Paul!"

I gave Maurice a parting sneer, which struck his passion like a knife; motioned Prudence to be quiet, and went into the house.

My uncle was standing by the door which led into his study, and, when he saw me, he entered the room, motioning me to follow.

"You and Maurice have been at your quarrels," he said; "I wish, Paul, you would be more patient."

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"Would it not be well for him to acquire the virtue also?" I asked.

"He has been much petted and spoiled; Maurice is a great favorite with a large circle, he cannot endure being irritated and opposed by one younger than himself."

"I should never interfere with him, sir, if he would leave me in peace."

"I think you are quarrelsome," he replied, coldly, "impetuous and passionate."

The old fire kindled in my veins, but I would not allow it to break forth. At least my uncle had sheltered me—I had no right to command his affection.

"Sir," I said, "I have wished to talk with you ever since you came back. Are you at leisure now?"

"For a little while," he answered, uneasily, sitting down in his chair, with his face turned from the light. "What do you wish to say to me, Paul?"

"You told me that when I was nineteen you would not oppose my going away from here."

"Well?"

"I am six months over, sir."

"And what is it you wish to do?"

"To earn my own living! I am quite old enough to go into business, or study a profession."

"And what would you choose?"

I hesitated; the crimson mounted to my forehead, and my heart beat tumultuously at the thought of my exposing my cherished secret to those cold eyes.

"I shall be an author, sir."

My uncle smiled, not scornfully, but in such utter pity of my childish folly, that it was harder to bear than cutting words.

"The dream of your age, young gentleman! A garret and a bed of straw—all very romantic, but not at all pleasant when put in practice."

"Preferable to doing nothing; better far than being daily told I am a dependant and a beggar."

My uncle moved restlessly again; there was an expression upon his face that I could not understand—one I had often seen there when my future prospects were discussed.

"I have not called you so," he said, after a pause; "I have never thought of you in that way."

"Do not believe me ungrateful, uncle; trust me, I shall never cease to be thankful for all that you have done."

There was a momentary struggle visible on the tutored features, he shrunk like one striving to silence some painful memory, then it passed, leaving him pale and cold.

"Never mind," he said; "we will not talk of the past—it makes me feel too old. I fear you will find your dreams impracticable, Paul; you had better lay them aside. In this country, literature may do for an amusement, but the man is mad who starts life depending upon it for his support."

"Then let me go into a shop—anything, so that I live on my own earnings."

"Our family has not been in the mercantile line," he replied, haughtily, "I do not choose to see my nephew carrying parcels."

"Oh! uncle, I would carry a hod with pleasure!" I exclaimed, passionately. "I would do anything to escape this life."

"The mere fantasy of youth—ungrateful too."

I sat down with a feeling of despair; his cruel, unsympathizing words wounded me deeply. But my strong will rose proudly—I would not be silenced like a child.

"Then make a choice for me, sir; something I must and will do. I have been brought up to feel that I must make my own way in the world; you have told me yourself that my poor father's speculations had ruined him——"

"Was I to blame?" he interrupted, angrily. "Do you mean to insinuate that it was my fault?"

"You know I did not, sir! I only wanted you to understand that I was accustomed to my situation, and ready to act for myself."

He turned away, his hand rustled the papers upon his desk, not searching for anything, but like a man struggling to retain his composure.

"Will you not advise me, sir?" I asked, more gently. "I do not ask any more aid. I have lived on your bounty too long—I was only your sister's child, and had——"

He started from his chair with a passion which overwhelmed me with astonishment.

"What do you mean by that?" he exclaimed. "What is in your mind? There is some secret, some plot at the bottom of all this?"

The utter amazement depicted in my face restored him to himself. He sat down again, speaking quietly enough, though his fingers worked nervously upon the arms of his chair.

"I was violent—it is in our nature! So you wish to begin life; after all, you are quite right—every man in this land, no matter how wealthy he may be, should have a profession."

"And will you help me in my choice, sir?"

"I think it would be well for you to study law."

I disliked the profession, its drudgery and

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miserable details were especially unpleasant to me, but I would have snatched eagerly at any opportunity to escape from my present life.

"I am quite willing," I said. "Can I go about it at once?"

"Patience, patience, young man!"

"But that will involve much expense," I said, after a moment's thought; "I could not enter the office of any lawyer of standing without paying a considerable sum."

"You seem to forget that I am one."

"It is so long since you have practiced, that I was scarcely aware you gave up any time to it."

"But I have my office; and my partner, Mr. Lennox, carries on the business."

"And I may enter there?"

"Wait one moment! At present he has several young men there; two of them will be admitted early in the spring, then there will be an opportunity for you."

"Must I wait so long?"

"It is not an eternity. Keep quiet until then, brush up your Latin and Greek with your old teacher; I will send you books to read and papers to copy, which will accustom you to what you will have to do. Does this plan meet your views?"

"I am ready to do whatever you decide is best for me."

"Then all that is settled, so do not fret any more. Our guests will go away soon, and Maurice will accompany them. I want you to promise that you will remain quietly here, improving yourself as much as possible, until such time as you can begin your studies under Lennox."

"I will certainly do so! I thank you very much, uncle, for all you have done, and your kindness shall not be thrown away."

"Kindness," he repeated, "kindness!"

There was the same struggle in his face, but he conquered the goading thought, and rose with an assumed calmness.

"Go away now, Paul; I have letters to write. Stop—you may take these papers to copy, if you like."

"Shall I do them in the library?"

"You will be more alone in your room, and I wish you to avoid even the most trifling error."

I knew very well his reason for banishing me to my room, but I offered no remonstrance; indeed I was feeling too grateful for the course he had pointed out to rebel at a slight annoyance.

"I wish I could make you understand how thankful I am," I began, but he interrupted me with an impatient wave of the hand.

"I don't care for words—go away, go."

I obeyed in silence, at a loss to account for his agitation, which my sincere expressions could not have caused.

I went to my chamber as he had desired, but I could not work. I sat by the window and watched the whole party go out to drive, saw them return, saw Alice wandering up and down the flower garden, and her hasty retreat when Maurice approached. After a time, he and Mr. Morgan drove off together, I knew they were going into the county town, but still I kept my seat.

The pleasant October afternoon wore on. There was a golden haze upon the distant hills; the forest trees in the grounds were draped in their gorgeous colors; and the sad, soothing serenity of the autumn stole over the restlessness of my heart.

At length I saw Alice Morgan leave the house, and walk down the pathway which led to the run. I kept my seat for a time, but at length the wild wish in my soul would no longer be restrained. I seized my cap and hurried out-of-doors, following the footpath which she had trodden half an hour before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONTENT WITH HER.

BY MAUD IRVING.

LAUGH if you wish, proud Percy,
Laugh at my lowly bride—
Sneer when her hand, brown with labor,
Rests on the arm at my side;
You have failed to win such a true heart,
Percy, with all your old pride!

Revel in pomp and rich splendor,
Lounge in silk shaded rooms—
Gather the languorous ambrosia
Out of rare Eastern blooms—
Let your feet press the fine carpets
Woven in India's looms.

She is my rich Eastern blossom—
Her kisses my nectar sweet;
The green moss a proper carpet
To bosom her woe white feet;
Ah! better the light of her smiling
Than aught that your eyes will greet.

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TEACHING SCHOOL AT HEMLOCK GROVE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE."

In my seventeenth summer, with all the honors of incipient womanhood fresh upon me, I became violently infected with the prevalent mania which raged among a clique of us—ten or twelve girls, comprising the senior class of "Willowdale Female Seminary"—viz: to teach school, and straightway began to cast about me for some locality wherein I might dispense knowledge to young America, as well as acquire that *quantum sufficit* of matronly dignity which I so especially coveted.

A few weeks passed. Nearly all the girls had been more fortunate than myself, succeeding in obtaining excellent schools in the country towns surrounding our somewhat urban home; and I had begun to despair, when one day the summons came, "Would I take the summer school at Hemlock Grove, a rather secluded country district midway between two large villages, and but a half score of miles from home?" "Hemlock Grove!" The name suggested a pleasant picture—an old-fashioned, moss-grown, country school-house, half hidden in cool, aromtic woods, where the wind went roving all day, and the shadows would lie heavy all the sultry summer afternoons. I always had an especial love for the feathery hemlock groves. I would go. As for the teaching part, why, had not some one of the old English poets written,

> "Delightful task to rear the tender mind—
> To teach the young idea how to shoot?"

and, as I had no distrust of my owh ample qualifications therefor, consequently the ordeal of passing a necessary examination before the superintending committee of Hemlock Grove district possessed for me no terrors; so the answer tendered to the stout farmer committeeman who awaited my decision was in the affirmative.

Then followed a busy, busy week. The aspirant for the teacher's honors, now that her fate was sealed, must go forth in the full panoply of her dignity. Her wardrobe must be remodeled—low necks and short sleeves must give place to the opposite, for "the mistress" must not seem too youthful, lest she should lose dignity. Books were packed; a supply of fancy needlework was laid in, for there would be long intervals between schools, when *such* collars and *such* worsted work might be wrought; an affectionate leave was taken of all youthful associates; and, one pleasant Sunday evening in May, the young teacher found herself set down at the door of a neat white cottage, which was to be her boarding-home, and her trunks duly deposited therein.

But it must be confessed that, despite my professed bravery, and the "Oh! no, indeed," which I returned to my brother's query, "Don't you think you'll be homesick here?" it must be confessed that, when I sat down by the window of the little sitting-room, and saw the white horse which had brought me thither disappear up the long country road in the twilight; when, after a rather dull evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lane, (a young couple who, as I learned afterward, had "bid off" the teacher to board,) I asked to be shown to my room—the "spare chamber" which they had set aside for "the mistress," of whom, as I afterward learned, they stood slightly in awe; when I found myself at last alone among strangers, from under the shelter of the home roof, and on the morrow about to enter a career whose responsibilities I had scarce considered, then a feeling of homesickness and desolation rushed over me, and, as my cheek pressed the white pillow, I actually (alas! for my "matronly dignity") sobbed myself to sleep.

The morrow came, and I was awakened by a bright May sun pouring his beams directly into my face. It was early. The household, consisting of the young farmer, his wife, and two children—a boy of four, and a girl baby—were probably astir; but I lay quietly surveying the room assigned me. Like all chambers in cottage houses, it had the sloping roof, and but one window, looking toward the east. I foresaw that the adjective "cool" would never be applied to it during the hot summer months. The ceiling was very white; a few pictures and a little mirror hung on the walls; a dressing-table, bureau, wash-stand, and a chair or two, were arranged quite primly about; a bright striped carpet covered the floor; the bed itself was a miracle of snowy linen, and side by side stood my two trunks, ranged stiffly against the wall. The sight of these recalled me. I thought of my new occupation; and, shaking off idleness, sprang up to

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make my toilet, and to hear presently the tinkle, tinkle of a little bell at the foot of the stairs, interlarded by the call of little four-year-old Frank Lane—"'Cool-marm! 'Cool-marm! p'ease come down! Breakfast—dinner ready!"

Breakfast over, at which I found my host and hostess more inclined to sociability than on the preceding evening, and the little Frank evincing a strong desire to cultivate my acquaintance by sundry sly dips of his spoon into my coffee cup, I prepared for my *debut* as prime official in "Hemlock Grove school-house." And so, turning from the grassy lane leading out from my boarding-house into the highway, I lifted my eyes to greet the Mecca of my thought-pilgrimage—the old school-house—nestling among the shadows of the dark hemlocks.

Oh! tempora. Oh! mores. The dream faded, and in its stead came *such* a reality! Barren, dusty, and sunny, stretched away the road I was daily to travel for five months to come, bounded on each side by straggling stone walls, under which grew burdocks and mullens, and beyond which lay low, rocky, sterile pastures. Perched on a hill at a short distance, with no vestige of a tree in sight, close beside the highway on a ledge of cobble stones, stood a low, weather-stained building, whose door standing ajar, the wide-swung wooden shutters, and the crowd of children about the door, proclaimed it that temple of science whose shaded walls and beautiful surroundings had risen very fair in my imagination, yclept a country school-house!

And this old tumble-down, hot, unsheltered building, was to be my home for at least six hours of five days every week for five months to ensue! And the children: I felt very sure they were a set of untamed little savages, instead of the bright-eyed little troop fancy had conjured; for, just then, the horde caught sight of the new teacher, and set up a shout, "There's the mistress! There's the mistress!" followed by a desperate rush for the school-house. Already I felt a sinking at my heart, and a strong willingness to escape from expectant authority. But it would never do. The eyes of many (twenty-five, certainly!) of the future men and women of the land were upon me; I mentally quoted, "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" and mounted the high stone, which purported to be the door-step of Hemlock Grove school-house, and courageously entered.

In a few minutes, finding myself installed in a high-backed chair, similar to those used in all farm-house kitchens, and in the neighborhood of (for I could not bring myself to *sit at it*, lest, from its great height, it should topple over and crush me) a tall, old-fashioned desk; thus, "clothed in a little brief authority," behold the candidate for a teacher's honors surveying her kingdom before her. And a queer realm it was, too, condensed within the brown walls of that room! And my subjects, a motley group were they, to be sure: some bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked children, but the greater portion sunburnt, freckled, bare-footed, and all looking with broad stares toward the occupant of the straight-backed chair on the platform. And, away up in the farthest extremity of the room, his head peeping above the high-backed desk, I caught a glimpse of a little tow-head belonging to an ambitious five-year-old boy, who, only despising the lower forms where the little ones always sat, had determined to secure that acme of his desires, "the back seat," at the commencement of the term, by the tenure of squatter sovereignty. That sight was too much! I, Ellen Bradley, schoolmistress, actually found myself in the committal of a breach of dignity; and, even at the risk of toppling over the tall wooden desk, which stood, like the Colossus of Rhodes, astride the platform, I rose from the straight-backed chair and hid behind the family desk-lid, to enjoy what school-girls call "a giggle."

But the forenoon wore away in the usual routine of a country school on its opening day. Names and ages were taken, class-books examined, and classes arranged; the A-B-C Darians, or "Infant Artillery," were duly called up, to read from their seats on the lowest forms; while the aspiring Josiah, on the back seat, was suffered to retain his location, even at the risk of being thought "partial" by the whole school; and, when I heard the distant village bells ringing twelve, which hour was also pointed out by the hands of the little lepine watch I had hung on a nail by the window near the desk, I gave the signal for dismissal.

The afternoon also passed quickly: and as the sun slanted toward the west, I turned the key in the lock, and walked homeward with the honors of my first day of teacherhood upon my devoted head.

That night, ere I slept, I endeavored to imagine that I had passed a very pleasant and useful day; to fortify myself in which resolution, I reread the following passage in a letter which the postmaster of Willowdale had handed me:

"When the rosy-fingered Aurora, on Monday morn, leaves the saffron-beds to Tithon, she will behold you leaving the paternal mansion, to take a seat in the chair of the 'People's College.'

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I need not say, Nelly, that I wish you entire success. While filling this station, you will, of course, feel it your duty to command and compel obedience—to cultivate promptitude in action, and decision of character. Let your presence at all times pervade the whole schoolroom. I have the greatest confidence in your success, if your will is to it, without which very little can be done under any circumstances."

Much more might be quoted from "somebody's" letter, (and, *en passant*, it might not be improper to acquaint the reader that "somebody" was no less than a certain "friend" of mine, who, in years past, had "fitted" himself at the somewhat celebrated Willowdale Academy, but now wrote his cognomen "Gorham Bourne, Senior, Yale College,") but, inasmuch as the remnant of that epistle related more particularly to the private personal career of Miss Ellen Bradley than to her public life, as written here, she thinks it best unrecorded.

Well, three days went by; and on Wednesday afternoon occurred the customary "examination" of the teacher before the superintending committee, in accordance with which form, should the examinee give solid proof of her qualifications, a written "certificate," setting forth this fact, was provided by said committee, and her vocation suffered to proceed at once; but if, either from ignorance or timidity, she failed in responding satisfactorily to the questions propounded from Euclid, Astronomy, Surveying, down to the simplest rudiments of Geography or Arithmetic, (and all this to guide children in their first tottering steps through the Primer!) then, disgraced, shorn of her brief dignity, the young aspirant is discarded, and forthwith departs for the home of her father, "a sadder, if not a wiser girl."

"But don't *you* be frightened, Miss Bradley!" said good little Mrs. Lane, as, on Wednesday P. M., the same committee-man with whom I had closed the bargain to come to Hemlock Grove, drove up in his buggy to take me to the village where resided the examining committee. "Don't *you* be afraid of 'em one bit! There was Sarah Underhill—a fust-rate scholar, everybody in Northwood owned—and when she went before the committee to be examined for our school, last year, she jest got scairt, forgot everything they asked her, and blundered so, that they set her down for a real ignoramus, and wouldn't give her a certificate. 'Twas a real shame, too, for Sarah had just lost her father, and wanted to earn something to help her mother and the little children along. I never *did* like Squire Gordon from that day! They got an ugly old maid to keep the school after Sarah left; but she was cross as pizon, and they had to turn her off for lickin' poor little lame Sammy Hill half to death. Jest don't *you* be afraid of Squire Gordon one atom!"

And thus, "forewarned, forearmed," I went to the encounter with the formidable Squire Gordon, the Ajax of the Hemlock Grove examining committee; and, after a short, brilliant skirmish, came off victorious. The folded paper, which I bore back to show little Mrs. Lane as token of my ample ability to teach all the Hemlock Grove urchins, ran after this fashion:

Hemlock Grove Village, June 1st, 185–.

"To whom it may concern:—This may certify that we, the undersigned, have examined Miss Ellen Bradley, and find her suitably qualified to teach the English language grammatically, and the rudiments of Arithmetic and Geography, agreeably to the laws of the state of New Hampshire.

WILLIAM GORDON, Esq.,
F. H. HERVEY,
TIMOTHY REEVES, M. D., } Super't School Committee."

So I displayed the precious document; and not Achilles, going forth against the Trojans, felt securer of his triumph than did I, Ellen Bradley, schoolmistress. That night, I penned a closely written sheet to "Gorham Bourne, New Haven, Connecticut," in which I detailed my three days' experience as teacher, also my signal success with the school committee, besides sundry protestations of undying—don't you wish I'd written it, reader?—which could have no possible interest to other than the parties concerned.

Thus far, reader, have I related the sunny side of my three days' brief experience at Hemlock Grove. But my picture has its shadows, and mine soon began to gather; not, indeed, in the shape of any great trial, but in nameless, little petty annoyances; and, most of all, that terrible feeling of homesickness no power could exorcise.

The days were long and monotonous in the old tumble-down school-house on the hill. Somehow, the children seemed dull and stupid, and all the teacher's energies could not waken them from the flagging, stereotyped routine; and, save the few bright-eyed ones whom she had selected as the white lambs of her flock on that first day, and whose advancement rewarded her toil, Ellen Bradley, schoolmistress, had little hope or heart for the twenty-five urchins who daily went in and out Hemlock Grove school-house. And yet, let her not forget to record that Josiah—urged on, doubtless, by the

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same ambitious spirit that led him into "the back seat"—rapidly conquered his alphabet, rushed through the Primer and First Book, and one day astonished the mistress by bringing half a quire of foolscap, sewed within paper covers, and a yellow goose quill, beseeching her to "make a pen," and "set a copy," in his new writing-book. And the mistress looked smilingly down upon the owner of the little, quizzical tow head, surmounting the lean, diminutive body, and complied. Josiah and desperate ambition had conquered.

But it was mostly homesickness that haunted me. Not only lying awake half the night in my neat, nice, but stifling attic room, did I long for the airy, spacious chamber I had shared with my sister in the old homestead; but at morn, noon, and all the long, lonely summer evenings, when I watched the yellow moon wheel high over the trees above farmer Lane's cottage, did I miss the cheerful home group, and the band of young companions I had drawn about me there, and sigh for the pleasant moonlight walks I knew they were taking without me down the quiet streets of Willowdale.

Farmer Lane and his wife were well enough in their way, but little company for me. Hemlock Grove was the dreariest of all country places. There were no young people in the neighborhood; and the married ones held "the mistress" too much in awe to invite her, in accordance with the custom in most country villages, out to tea; and seemed to quite forget her existence, save as the "young woman" whom the committee had hired to teach their children to read, spell, and write.

To be sure I had semi-monthly visits home, when the family white horse and buggy bore me away from Hemlock Grove, on Friday night, to be returned thither again, "with care," on each succeeding Monday morning; also, a fortnight's vacation in "haying-time," when some of the bigger boys and girls were wanted "to rake after." But when, at these visits home, I was frequently asked, "Why, Ellen, how pale and thin you are getting! It doesn't agree with you, teaching?" I invariably made answer "Oh! I never felt better in my life." (Heaven pardoned me the fib, I hope!) And, as for teaching, "Oh! I liked it immensely!" And so, pride forbidding the acknowledgment of so girlish (?) a feeling as homesickness, I resolutely set my face toward Hemlock Grove again.

More weeks dragged by, and it grew near the latter part of September. Affairs had brightened a little in the school-room. My best scholars grew smarter of late—and the stupid ones less stupid. The superintending committee had visited the school several times; stiff, pompous Squire Gordon had actually unbent from his dignity, patted little Josiah on his head for his progress in writing, and concluded a long speech to the children, with a flattering encomium of "their young, but faithful and accomplished teacher." And I knew, farther, from the fact that old Mrs. Deacon Hubbard sent over an invitation to tea, that I must be awaking some recognition of my *merits* in the breasts of the prosy, "old fogy" Hemlock Groveites. But, though I mechanically arrayed myself in my best blue barege, and demurely sipped my tea from my hostess' best pink china; while the minister's son, just home from Harvard, did me the honor to sit on my left at table, and talk very familiarly of Longfellow and Agassiz, and "the old prex" there up at Cambridge, and walked home with me that evening to farmer Lane's cottage—though the summer's heats had given place to autumn's cooler airs—still the days dragged by, interminably long, I, growing thinner and paler the while, till at last even Mrs. Lane noticed me, and "hoped I wasn't going to get sick before the school was finished up."

I immediately assured her that I should not, inly wondering if, *after* my school was finished up, she would care in the slightest—she, or *anybody else;* for, reader, I must reveal here a little secret which had more to do with my pale cheeks than all the dull routine of life, or the homesickness, there at Hemlock Grove—which secret was, that, for five long weeks, I had heard no word from "somebody" at Yale College. I had excused a week or two's silence, in consideration that it was near the close of the term; but now three weeks of the long summer vacation had passed, and no letter! It was too much. I vainly wondered—and, day by day, looked for his promised appearance—walked over to the three-mile distant village post-office, to inquire for the letter which never came—thought over everything I had ever heard about the beautiful daughters of the professors there at New Haven, and dreamed nightly that one of them (how I hated the Circe!) had ensnared my lover away from me, and left me there to die of grief at that desolate Hemlock Grove. And so, what with the anxiety, and, more, a severe cold I had taken by getting drenched in a heavy shower while returning from the distant post-office, one day I went to the school-house with flushed cheeks and aching head, too proud to acknowledge to myself that I was ill, and give up and go home,

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though much too sick to help the noisy children through with their morning's lessons.

"Please, Miss Bradley, I am *so* sorry your head aches!" lisped out a little blue-eyed girl, to whom I had become exceedingly attached, coming up to my desk when the morning session was over; and even the shy little Josiah brought a flower that afternoon as I re-entered the school-room.

Leaving my dinner untasted on my plate, I determined, spite of the fast-increasing headache and dizziness, to drag through the day. But the buzz of lessons only confused me; the children never seemed so noisy as then; and when I touched the bell on the desk as signal for the afternoon recess, the patter of little feet over the floor smote on my excited brain like thunder.

I dropped the heavy shade over the window on the platform, sat down, and, leaning my head on the window-sill, clasped my hands over my forehead, weeping, for the first time, homesick tears. And, sitting thus, it was not to be supposed that I could hear the tread of a horse's hoofs, or the sound of carriage wheels; but certain it was that I did hear a quick, impetuous step in the entry, the hasty closing to of the door to shut out the curious gaze of the children, who peered in after "that handsome gentleman come to see the mistress," and my own Gorham's astonished, "Good heavens, Nelly! In tears! and thin as a shadow! What does this mean?" as he clasped me tightly in his arms. And certain it is, also, that, standing there—happier than I had been for many long weeks—I told him all: how very, very foolish I had been, to pine away and get sick, and all because he had not written me.

"But I *have* written you as usual, Nelly!" he said, looking surprised in his turn. "Why have not my letters reached you? I cannot think, unless—ah! I'll wager *this* solves the mystery," and he broke out into a merry laugh, drawing forth a sealed packet as he spoke, superscribed, "Not to be opened till you see the pretty schoolmistress at Hemlock Grove," opening which, forth fell a half dozen letters—"Here's every letter I've written you since commencement week—five, six of 'em—this is practical joking with a vengeance! I shan't forgive Dick in a hurry! You see, Nelly, my chum, Dick Osborne, is at the bottom of this. I suspected something when he gave me this package. You know, Nelly, we've been in the habit of playing off our jokes on one another, and I'd rather 'got' Dick several times this term, and he vowed he'd be up with me. But *this* is carrying the thing a little too far—pretending he'd taken off my letters to mail when I missed them from my table! But how happened it, Nelly, that you *answered* my letters as usual, if you didn't *receive* them?" asked Gorham.

It was now my turn for astonishment. "I have not written you for four weeks!" I said.

"And I've had *two* letters from you since then!" he exclaimed, drawing them from his pocket. "The deuce! if I don't believe Dick counterfeited *your* hand too! Now I think of it, he asked to keep, that he might copy it, that little poem you wrote for me—you know, Nell, I always regarded Dick like a brother, and had told him all about you."

"But here is the post-mark, 'Hemlock Grove!' How could *that* be done?" I asked, scrutinizing the letters, which, though superscribed in a hand strangely like my own, surely I had never written.

"Sure enough—let me see!" mused Gorham, in perplexity. "But ah! I've got it!" and he struck his forehead. "Dick's got a cousin—young lawyer Wallace—practicing down here at this confounded Hemlock Grove. Of course he just let *him* into the frolic, and sent 'em down here for him to mail! He knows you—he wrote to Dick once that 'they'd got a deuced pretty school-marm down here whom he'd half a mind to make love to.' Did you ever see him, Nelly?"

I did remember now this young Wallace, as a Byronical-looking gentleman, who had lounged into Squire Gordon's office on the memorable occasion of my "examination," perhaps for a presentation to the candidate; but had thought no more of him till now.

"Yes, *he's* at the bottom of it all! Dick would do anything to have his joke!" exclaimed Gorham. "But, the rascal! I'll never forgive him for carrying it so far."

But I will not linger to recount how Gorham's indignation gradually cooled—how we had a long talk there in the old school-house, ignoring sadly the duties of a schoolmistress, till, suddenly, I perceived that the hour hand of my little watch on the nail overhead was getting far past three, when Gorham himself hastily rang the bell and summoned the children from their long recess. Nor will I recount the long "speech" he afterward delivered to the wondering urchins, in which quotations from Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were blended, "just to see the youngsters open their eyes," he said; nor how he finally closed with a brilliant peroration on the careers of Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal, Demosthenes, Cicero, Napoleon, and George Washington, assuring his auditory that each and

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every one of them (pointing especially in the direction of the awe-struck Josiah, the tip of whose ears were just visible above his desk,) might successfully emulate either, or all of the aforementioned celebrities, and thus transmit their names and fame to future ages. Modesty would alike forbid his sudden descent from this brilliant flight to make mention of their "beloved teacher," who, he informed them, being ill of a bad head (*heart*) ache, had commissioned him to say to them—each boy and girl, separately, individually, and collectively—that they had full permission to put on their hats, take books in hand, or tin pails on their arms, and wend their way to the homes of their fathers—or, in plain English, "school was dismissed."

And then Gorham turned his handsome, mirthful face toward me—took down the little lepine from its nail and put the chain over my neck—tied the strings of my bonnet, and handed me my parasol; and, going to the tall desk, began gathering up my text-books, noticing, with a roguish smile, a handsomely bound volume of Longfellow's Evangeline, which had been his last parting gift.

"Now what are you doing, Gorham?" I remonstrated. "I shall want them here to-morrow. I never carry these home at night."

"No, you won't, either, little one!" he replied, decidedly. "A dignified book-case—this old hencoop on stilts—for Evangeline! So you see, Miss Nelly, I'll just take your books, and you into the bargain; and, after an hour or so for you to pack up in and get a cup of tea at your boarding-place, I shall take you, by a very pleasant drive with my fast trotter, back to your home at Willowdale. You've worn yourself almost to a shadow now in this backwoods, uncongenial, country town. Why, *I* should die of the blues here myself in a week: and, if you don't have a fever after it, I'm mistaken! And who's going to take care of my little school-marm, if I don't do it? Come, let's lock up this old shanty, and get among civilized regions once more! You are not afraid to trust me, and my plans for your welfare, Nelly?"

No, I was not afraid to trust Gorham Bourne then—else I should not have put my hand in his, and complied with his wishes—I should not have ridden home that moonlit September night, five years ago, from dreary, barren, uncongenial Hemlock Grove, whereunto, in capacity of schoolmistress, I never returned—nor should I be the happy wife of a year I am to-day, with a pair of dark eyes looking over my shoulder as I write, to read my manuscript, and a deep-toned, laughing voice exclaiming, "Why, Nelly, what's all this? You turning *blue*—and actually writing a story for Peterson, 'Teaching School at Hemlock Grove?' Bah! the remembrance of a pale, woe-begone face I found there once, gives me the chills whenever I think of it; and I should imagine that you would suffer enough in just thinking of it, without taking the trouble to write it all over again!"

TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

BY MRS. S. A. CORRY.

Evening shadows close us quickly,
Sobs the wild West wind without,
And the rose tree by the casement
Drifts its scattered leaves about.
In the rear, the old house, brother,
Seems untenanted and bare:
But a crowd of olden memories
Meet us on the threshold there.

And the spirits of our childhood
Lurk in every nook and way,
Beck'ning us with fairy fingers,
Wooing us with songs so gay.
Songs we heard our gentle mother
Carol 'neath those spreading eaves,
Where the bird in Spring-time nestles,
And the vine a covering weaves.

Now, though stately walls surround us,
Fortune's gifts too, far more free;
Still our hearts are ever pleading
Dearer claims—our love for thee.

Oh! we miss thee sadly, brother,
From our circle here to-night;
Death has spared its links unbroken,
Absence only leaves a blight.

Let not wealth, ambition, darken
Every path where thou may'st stray,
Catch the precious sunbeams, brother,
Ever falling round thy way.
They are rays from Love's own fountain;
How the constant heart must sigh
For these Heaven glimpses—think too,
Love is where Life's treasures lie.

Then we all must cross "that River,"
Whether well or ill betide;
And I fear thou wilt not know us
When upon the other side.
But as now we'll watch thy coming;
When thy bark our port shall win,
To thee let down Love's chain so golden,
Safely, gently moor thee in.

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THE DREAM OF A LIFE TIME FULFILLED.

BY MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

It was a very little figure, very little and slight indeed, but it was quite enough to make Hugh Hamilton look away into the cool shadows of the green orchard over the way, that sunny May afternoon, and dream such dreams as only come to a man once in his whole life time.

It seemed very foolish, extremely foolish, and so he thought himself, for a man of *his* age and experience in life, to be wasting all the long, bright hours of that May day afternoon, watching for the little "airy, fairy Lillian" that daily passed that office; but, turn his back as often as he would to the open window, his eyes constantly wandered to the square of sunshine that lay so indolently on the uncarpeted floor, for it was fast nearing the hour when a little shadow fell there, and he vowed that he would see *that*, even if his conscience did reprove him for gazing so admiringly at the substance thereof.

The academy bell had rung full a half hour before, and she never was *known* to be so late as on this very afternoon; and Hugh Hamilton sat like a martyr, gazing at the floor until his patience was clean exhausted.

Just then came the echo of laughter, and a very sweet voice said, "Just down to the old beech tree, girls, you *will* go as far as that with me, it is so *very* pleasant," and the little voice said it so coaxingly, that Hugh Hamilton could not, for his very life, resist the temptation of looking out.

"Of course, Gracie, I knew you would say that: at first it was only to the corner, then to the orchard, and *now* down to the old beech-nut. I suppose——" but that was all that floated in to Hugh Hamilton's ears, and it was left to his imagination to finish the supposition that that tall, dark-browed school girl had commenced; but he did not take the trouble to do so, for what cared he what she "supposed?"—it was full enough that he had learned the name of his little divinity, "Grace." Oh! how beautiful she was, with her sweet, sunny face dimpling with laughter, while the sunshine burnished all those tangled curls like gold. The broad-brimmed hat hung around her neck in a careless way, that Hugh Hamilton would have reproved in a sister, if he had ever had one; but the witching grace of this little creature made everything she did look charming, even to the clasping of her load of books by a pair of little dimpled hands entirely innocent of gloves.

Oh! Hugh Hamilton, where now is all your pride and fastidiousness, sitting there while the sun goes down behind the old apple trees in the orchard over the way, heeding not the soft wind that comes drifting over, laden with the sweet fragrance of their pale pink blossoms?

Hugh Hamilton was a bachelor, and a lawyer. Five years before, he had closed his office in a large and flourishing city, and registered his name on one of the Atlantic steamers outward bound from his native land.

Some said that Hugh Hamilton was on the eve of bankruptcy, and must needs come down in his luxurious style of living, or retire, for a time, from public view to retrieve his scattered fortune. Others hinted that there was some love affair connected with his sudden disappearance, and not a few believed that the engagement that just at that time became public, of the proud and haughty Anna Danforth with that millionaire from the South, was the *true* cause of Hugh Hamilton's departure.

But whatever it was no one was the wiser, for he only parted his lips and showed just the least little flash of his very white teeth, when any one hinted at the reason of his going abroad: and before all his dear five hundred friends could be made to believe that he was going—he had *gone*.

Just five years after, Hugh Hamilton turned the key in the rusty lock of his office door, and went in amid the dust and accumulated cobwebs, turned over the leather cushion in his great office chair, drew up one of the blinds at the window, and sat down. It were needless to say that he felt desolate indeed, for it was long past office hours, and the long halls that echoed with busy feet and busier tongues, all the long day, were silent and deserted now, so Hugh Hamilton sat down alone and looked back over his life.

Once more he lived in the little brown house nestled among the green hills of New England, and memory showed him two graves over which his manhood had erected a monument, whereon was simply written, "Father," "Mother." Hugh Hamilton's eyes were moist as he thought of

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those he loved, lying cold in the grave, and his proud heart yearned now, in its loneliness, for some one to love and to love him.

His parents had died poor, and Hugh, their only child, was adopted by a neighboring farmer, and for several years he lived a cold, morose, uncomplaining child. On the night of his tenth birthday, Hugh Hamilton tied up a little package containing all his earthly possessions, and turned his back upon the home of his childhood.

Ten years afterward, he stood beside the green graves in the little church-yard, and superintended the erection of a monument over those he loved. It was not until he had gone away again, that the villagers knew that little Hugh Hamilton had been among them; and many an old woman would go, in the long summer evenings, and gaze wonderingly at the white shaft that grew up so mysteriously in their little unostentatious burial-place, and say to themselves, "I knew it, I *always* said Hughie Hamilton would be a gentleman yet, even if he *did* run away from old farmer Blakeley: it's a pity he's not alive to see this day."

Hugh Hamilton's memory dwelt lightly on all the years of poverty that he had known; indeed, he scarcely owned to himself how many struggles he had passed through to obtain his education, or how many sleepless nights he had spent poring over the ponderous treatises of law, when he was only a copying clerk in the employ of Barret & Brace. No, proud heart! he dropped all those dark passages out from his book of life, and dwelt lingeringly, lovingly upon that brightest morning of his existence, when the members of this firm offered him the junior partnership in their office, because of his extreme faithfulness since he had been in their employ.

From that hour, Hugh Hamilton's star had been in the ascendant. Two years after, old Mr. Brace retired from business on account of ill-health; and several months after died, and was buried beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean, whither he was cruising in hopes of regaining his health. He was a widower, and childless, so to Hugh Hamilton he bequeathed fifteen thousand dollars, and his immense law library, which, to an ambitious young beginner in life, was a fortune in itself.

Again Hugh Hamilton turned away from the scenes of his early struggles in life, and, at the age of thirty, finds himself firmly established in a large and flourishing Western city, a man looked up to by all classes of society, a lawyer whose reputation had gone far and wide—so he brushes back the dark clustering hair from his fine forehead, lights his second cigar, tips back his chair and elevates his feet upon the green baize covered table, and says, with just the slightest curve of his black moustache, "It's all right now, Hugh, my boy, we're ahead."

It was on this night that Hugh Hamilton made up his mind to go to Europe. He knew himself to be the "bright, particular star" of the society in which he moved, the great "catch" that many a "mamma" had manœuvred to ensnare for the last five years. He had escaped heart-whole, however, season after season, although the battery of bright eyes, through which he had passed, was enough to have completely riddled any heart just a shade less adamantine than Hugh Hamilton's.

No wonder he was voted an "iceberg," a "hard-hearted," "unlovable" man; yet even while the red lip uttered this malediction, the owners would have given full half of the shining ringlets that they shook so defiantly, if Hugh Hamilton *had* only been a little more come-at-able.

But he never showed any preferences, this "unlovable" man, as he danced and laughed, night after night, with all the marriageable *belles* of his acquaintance; and, if one chanced to lean rather heavily upon his arm in the conservatory, or look unutterable things in some ill-lighted corner, while she playfully tapped him with her fan and called him a "naughty creature," he straightway opened his great black eyes to their utmost extent, and immediately conveyed the fair flatterer back to her mamma with an air that seemed to say, "You have forgotten yourself, my dear child—excuse me."

At last came Anna Danforth, haughty, piquant Anna Danforth, prouder than ten Hugh Hamiltons put together; and then the world said, "He's caught at last."

It was true he admired the proud beauty, and, sometimes in the lonely solitude of his bachelor abode, he drew shining little pictures of a beautiful home where Anna Danforth reigned queen, and he her most loyal subject.

But it was only a passing fancy; and so the months flew by, and the fair *belle* saw herself no nearer the "innermost" in Hugh Hamilton's heart, than she was the first day she flashed her bright black eyes up to him, and vowed to conquer him in spite of his pride.

It was rather humiliating to confess her failure, even to herself; so to let him know that she did not care for him, nor ever had, she became the promised wife of a wealthy

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Southerner, and amid her splendid bridal preparations strove to forget that Hugh Hamilton existed.

Hugh heard of the engagement with a little spark of malice in his heart; just enough to prompt the question, "Does she love him?" and being assured that the bridegroom elect had presented his fair *fiancee* with a set of diamonds of fabulous splendor, he said, "To be sure she does," while a wicked little smile strove to be seen, but was effectually lost in the dark ambush of his moustache.

So he concluded to go to Europe. He was rich and perfectly able to close his office, and take a little pleasure at last after so many years of labor: and it had been one of the many dreams of his life to travel in the old world.

Five years fled rapidly away. Under the sunny skies of Italy; amid the gayeties of Paris, that whirlpool of Europe; up and down the flowing Rhine; now floating lazily along in a gondola through the sparkling streets of "beautiful Venice;" and then supping with the monks of St. Bernard under the mighty shadows of the cloud-capped Alps.

But it was over at last, and never was there a sadder heart than Hugh Hamilton carried that night as he sat in the loneliness of his long deserted office.

Here was his home—here all that the world held dear to him, and how desolate it all was! His heart shrunk from entering society again on the old heartless footing of years gone by, because he felt that it was all false, for underneath the cold exterior that Hugh Hamilton always wore, beat a heart as warm and loving as any woman's. Oh! for a home—oh! for warm hearts to welcome him for what he was, a good and noble *man!* this was the burden of his weary dream, as hour after hour of that lonely night went on.

"I wish I had accepted Ned's invitation," he thought, at last, as the memory of an old familiar face flitted before him.

Ned Leonard and Hugh Hamilton had been college chums, and had not met for years until the day before they had rode together on the cars some two hundred miles, and renewed all the old friendship of long ago. Ned was married now, and discoursed so eloquently of Caddy and the children, and gave him such a pressing invitation to go home with him then and there, that Hugh Hamilton could scarcely resist: and now he was wishing that he had gone.

He takes a card from his case and reads, "Dr. Ned Leonard, Glenacre;" and he looks at his watch, finds that it is already morning, so he goes out and locks the door after him; and not one of his old friends sitting in their offices next door that day, dream that the absentee kept a weary watch there all through the long and silent night just past.

That was the way that Hugh Hamilton came to Glenacre, because he was tired of the world at large, and of himself in particular. It was enough to effectually rouse any dormant energies just to hear Ned Leonard's welcome, and to see him shake up the babies and introduce them, one after another, to the number of eight or nine, that first evening of his arrival.

That night, as Hugh Hamilton laid his head down upon the daintily frilled pillows in Mrs. Ned Leonard's best chamber, he voted that little lady a "wife among a million;" and Ned the "happiest dog in existence."

How happily the days flew away! Hugh Hamilton hunted and fished, lounged away the hours in Ned's office, or read to Caddy while she made the most endless number of pinafores that ever fell to the lot of mortal woman to make before.

It was in this same office of Ned Leonard's that Hugh Hamilton met his destiny.

Sitting there one day, after Ned had gone out on a round of professional visits, deep in one of his olden time dreams, thinking of all that Ned had been telling him, how he had wooed and won Caddy Raymond years before, Hugh Hamilton saw passing before his window the brightest little fairy that eyes ever beheld.

It was strange for one that had dwelt among the dark-eyed daughters of Italy, and the beautiful of every land, to see in such a wee child as this something to love; but so it was.

Day after day, Hugh Hamilton learned to watch for that little flitting figure that went so thoughtlessly up and down, reading aloud, or singing to herself as she went, careless as any bird by the wayside, sometimes swinging her hat by one string as she tripped along, and sometimes hanging it on her arm, while her nimble fingers wrote out some of the exercises for next day's lesson.

Hugh Hamilton would have died sooner than ask Ned Leonard who she was; for he was such an incorrigible torment, there was no knowing what he might do; so he watched and waited.

That she was one of the school girls he already knew, and that her name was "Grace" he had just found out; and so, when he sat down to tea that evening, after having kept it waiting full an hour, he set Ned Leonard off into a fit of laughter that was really dangerous to behold, by calling Caddy "Grace" two or three times,

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and then blushing like any girl because Ned laughed at him.

The next evening, Hugh Hamilton's divinity came alone on her homeward way, studiously reading along, and, being very much pre-occupied, she did not observe that she had dropped one of her books, until a very musical voice said just behind her, "Miss Lee, allow me to return your property, you dropped this a moment ago." Thanks to the fly-leaf, whereon was written the owner's name, and to the finder's presence of mind, that tempted him to glance therein and read it.

Grace Lee looked wonderingly up into the dark eyes looking so eagerly down upon her, and, with just the brightest little flash of crimson flitting over her face, she hastily thanked him, and reached out her hand for her book. In doing this, she dropped another, which they both stooped to pick up, and just then a wicked little breeze blew the young lady's curls directly across Hugh Hamilton's eyes, so he picked up Grace Lee's hand instead of the book, which deepened the crimson in her cheeks into such a rosy blood, that it was really painful to behold.

Of course, Mr. Hamilton could tender but a very lame apology for *such* an awkward proceeding, so he laughingly bade her give him all her books, which he would carry, as his walk led him in that direction, and thus prevent any more being lost by the way.

Grace Lee gave them up to him without any demur, looking so frightened and shy all the time, that Hugh Hamilton was every moment afraid that she would flit away and leave him, books and all.

At the gate of a charming little white cottage Grace Lee said, "Thank you," and received her books and a card, on which was engraved "Hugh Hamilton," and with the rosy glow rushing up again, even to the white forehead, she nodded another "good night," and flitted up the garden walk.

The next night Hugh Hamilton carried Grace Lee's books to the cottage gate, and the next—and every night through all the week; and when Saturday and Sunday came, and no little flitting figure going up or coming down, Hugh felt more melancholy than ever.

The next week Mr. Hamilton went so far as to ask to be admitted into the charmed enclosure of the cottage garden; and then the blushing Grace bethought herself how rude she had been never to invite the gentleman in, so she apologized, and Mr. Hamilton was duly installed a guest in the little white cottage. After that, Hugh Hamilton always went in to rest, after the fatigue of his long walk, and, finding Mrs. Lee a lady of more than common hospitality, occasionally stayed to tea without the preliminaries of a *very* urgent invitation.

"There is a casket that contains a rare jewel, Hugh," said Ned Leonard, one day, as he and Mr. Hamilton were riding out past the little white cottage.

"Ah!" said Hugh, "who is it?" in the most matter-of-courseish manner imaginable.

"Her name is Grace Lee; her mother is a widow, and they are quite poor, having nothing but this little place, so Grace is at present fitting herself for a governess, or something of that sort, expecting, no doubt, to make a fortune in a year or two and retire."

"A governess—that little, slight child a *governess;* why she's not equal to it," spoke Hugh Hamilton, entirely forgetting that he was not suspected of being an acquaintance of Miss Lee.

"Slight *child!*" mocked Ned Leonard, giving Hugh a glance out of the corner of his eye; "you know little Grace then, eh?"

Hugh was obliged now to tell that he did have the honor to be slightly acquainted, "only an accidental affair, you know, Ned."

"And so you are going to be a governess, are you, little Grace?" said Hugh Hamilton, as he sat in the cosy little sitting-room, one evening, some six weeks after his conversation with Ned Leonard.

"I hope to be, Mr. Hamilton," answered Grace, looking up from the paper, whereon she had been copying a sketch furnished by that gentleman. "Why, don't you think I will make a good one?"

"Oh! yes, good enough," answered Hugh, looking down into the little upturned face gazing so anxiously into his.

Hugh Hamilton had always thought Grace Lee beautiful, but never before had he seen her so exquisitely lovely as she looked then, with her bright curls drawn away from her white forehead, and the dark-brown eyes raised so appealingly to his. The full red lips were just the least bit parted, showing a gleam of the pearly teeth within, and the little dimpled hands folded one over the other, while she waited for his reply.

"You say 'yes,' just as though you did not *mean* it," she said, and the brown eyes went down upon the paper, and the heavily-fringed lids lay lovingly upon the crimson cheeks, while the little fingers toyed idly with her pencil, and the voice sounded as though it were full of tears.

It was full five minutes before Hugh Hamilton

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could trust himself to speak, and then he said, "I *do* mean it, Grace, but I was thinking that it was a thankless task for such a child as you to undertake."

"I am no *child*, Mr. Hamilton." The voice was steady enough now, and there was a willful sparkle in the bright eyes, and a pretty curl in the little red lip, that gave Hugh quite a new insight into the character of this fair student.

"I may be *childish*—I presume *you* think I am—but when I am in earnest, I am as much a woman as—as—as anybody."

At this, Grace Lee flashed such a withering glance at Mr. Hamilton, that it was the greatest wonder in the world that he was not immediately annihilated.

He was leaning indolently back on the sofa, with his elbow resting upon the arm, and looking down upon the excited little speaker, while just the least shadow of a smile lurked around the corners of his mouth.

Grace noticed the smile, and instead of provoking her still more, it scattered all her anger in one moment, and with it all the cherished dreams of the last two years, and over face and neck went the crimson tide again, and two large burning tears rolled slowly down the blushing cheeks, and then she bowed down her head upon her folded arms and sobbed in earnest.

Hugh Hamilton sat perfectly still. His face might have been a shade or two paler than usual, and there certainly was a mistiness in those dark eyes that years had not seen there before, but he scorned to acknowledge it by brushing it away; for what had a man to do with tears, standing, as he was then, on the threshold of a new existence? In a moment, the void that had already made Hugh Hamilton's heart desolate was filled to overflowing, and he trembled now at the very extent of his bliss, and feared to move lest the sweet spell should be broken, and all this new-found happiness drift away beyond his reach.

The shadows deepened in the corners of the room, the crimson and golden splendors of the western sky had faded out into a dull gray, and still the bowed head rested upon the folded arms, and over all fell the long, bright tresses of her golden hair.

"Grace!" Hugh Hamilton scarcely knew the sound of his own voice breaking up the stillness of the room that had been silent so long, for that man had lived years in the last half hour.

"Grace, come to me."

Still the little head bowed down, and she made no sign of having heard him.

"Grace, *won't* you come?"

Whether it was the strange sound of his voice that said this so pleadingly, or what invisible power persuaded her, Grace Lee raised her head, pushed back the tangled hair from her hot face, and went over to the sofa.

"My darling, *mine* at last!" and Hugh Hamilton's arms were folded over, and warm tears falling upon the sweet face resting upon his bosom.

Then followed the story of a long life—lonely and unloved, and Hugh Hamilton pictured the desolation that would always be his, unless this bright, new-found star shone on his pathway henceforth and forever.

Grace Lee listened to it all as one in a dream, and when he had finished he said, "Now, Grace, which shall it be? Will you be my wife, or a—governess?"

Grace Lee felt the hand clasping hers grow tighter and tighter as he waited for her answer, still for her very life she could not have spoken it. Slowly he relaxed his clasp, and such a look of utter wretchedness swept over his face, and Grace Lee caught it as she raised her eyes to his, then softly the white arms were folded around his neck, and a light kiss left burning on his forehead—and that was his answer.

Oh! how gently the night wind parted the white curtains around Grace Lee's couch that night!—how softly the bright stars peeped in at the little window, while the pale moonlight just kissed the white hands folded so meekly over the fluttering heart!

A beautiful dream that Grace Lee had always dreamed, as being afar off in the distant future, had been realized that night; and though she had told it all over, sitting with her blushing face buried in her mother's lap, still she could not believe it. "Hugh Hamilton, the greatest, the noblest of men, loving her!" And so sleep had stolen in upon her, and down through a bright vista of rosy dreams floats Grace Lee, this first night of her betrothal.

Two weeks after, Hugh Hamilton was duly reported as having returned from his travels, and old friends and acquaintances came flocking around him eager to welcome him home.

Every one pronounced him vastly improved, and indeed he could scarcely be recognized as the Hugh Hamilton of other days.

There was a look of tranquil peace forever shining in his face now, so different from the cold, gloomy, proud reserve that had always enveloped him as with a mantle; for the one want of that great, noble heart was satisfied at last, and he was going no longer life's journey *alone*.

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Thus sped on another year, broken only by little snatches of happiness, found under the roof of the little white cottage in Glenacre, when suddenly Hugh Hamilton electrified his friends and acquaintances by purchasing an elegant mansion on one of the most fashionable squares in town, and having it furnished in the most magnificent style.

There were rumors of fabulous splendors seen there, whole boxes of foreign treasures arriving every day, and going into the charmed house as if by magic.

Anna Danforth, now the disconsolate widow De Vere, brushed two more little curls out from under her widow's cap, and showed signs of getting a little better of her great grief in the general excitement, and actually was seen passing Mr. Hamilton's house with her veil thrown back from her face.

It was the month of roses, sweet smiling June, the queen month of the year. On one of its brightest days Glenacre was all astir, for it was to be the wedding day of Grace Lee.

The Rev. Herbert Gray performed the ceremony, and Dr. Ned Leonard gave away the bride, and, amid the tears and congratulations of the village assembly, Hugh Hamilton bore away his youthful wife.

"It is a shame—a perfect scandal to bring such a child as that here, and set her up as first and foremost," went from one lip to another, the first time Mrs. Hugh Hamilton made her appearance in public in her new home.

"A mere school-girl," echoed one belle to another, whose school days were so far back in the "long ago," that she could scarcely remember them herself.

"A poor little golden-haired doll-baby!" groaned Mrs. De Vere, as she brushed all the little dark curls back under her cap again, and talked of "darling Gustavus" from behind a cambric handkerchief, with a black border full three inches deep.

But Grace Hamilton knew nothing of all this in her innocent, happy-heartedness; and when all Hugh's friends came to see her she was delighted with them all, and with none more than the lovely young widow, who talked by the hour of her great sorrow, until Grace was ready to go distracted out of pure sympathy.

Years have gone by since Grace Lee's glancing shadow first fell across Hugh Hamilton's pathway. She is the same little fairy Grace to-day that she was years ago, although she has reigned two seasons in Washington, the acknowledged queen of beauty, as Mrs. Senator Hamilton.

Every summer finds them established at the little white cottage in Glenacre, and then goes on the warfare that is always being waged between Hugh and Ned Leonard, regarding the respective merits of the only two angels under the sun—Caddy and Grace.

CORA LEE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Sad Cora Lee,
There is rest for thee
Beneath the snows on the Wintry lea;
Not till life's troubled dream is o'er,
Not till the weary heart beats no more,
And thy steps have reached the shining shore,
Is there rest for thee,
Sad Cora Lee.

Cold Adam Lee,
No love for thee
Ever dwelt in the heart of Cora Lee.
Her heart lies low in the watery grave
Of one who sleeps 'neath the ocean wave;
And her stern and worldly father gave
Thy bride to be,
Fair Cora Lee.

False Adam Lee,
Thou didst say that he
Who had won the love of Cora Lee
Beyond old ocean's billowy tide,
Had sought and found a fairer bride;
And thus gained one who would else have died
Ere she wedded thee,
False Adam Lee.

Sad Cora Lee,
Never dawned for thee
A darker day than when o'er the sea
He came to claim his promised bride,
And found thee bound to another's side
By ties that death could alone divide;
Heaven pity thee,
Sad Cora Lee.

Pale Cora Lee,
Heard by none save thee,
Cometh ever a moan from the far, lone sea,
Where his bark went down 'mid the tempest's roar;
And thy weary heart pleadeth evermore
For speedy rest on the happy shore
Where he waiteth thee,
Pale Cora Lee.

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"THAT OLD WOMAN."

BY MRS. H. S. GROSVENOR.

"I DECLARE!" exclaimed Josephine Ainsworth, in a tone of mingled scorn and chagrin, "it is too bad. I have been longing for a call from Mrs. Norton and her sister, and when they at last made their appearance, after waiting until I thought they never meant to come, who should be here but that old Mrs. Denham, with her out-of-date bonnet and everlasting black dress? It made me wish dress, bonnet, and wearer, all frozen up at the North Pole together. What could Mrs. Norton think when she found such a piece of antiquity in our parlor?"

"Nothing to your disparagement, or mine either, I trust," replied Mrs. Ainsworth, in a calm voice, quite unlike her daughter's vehement tone. "I hope I shall never have more occasion to blush for a guest than I had this morning for Mrs. Denham."

"Did you notice her bonnet?" inquired Josephine. "It was velvet, to be sure, but anybody with half an eye could see it was all of two years behind the times. The cloak was worse still, and I kept thinking the old lady might make her fortune, if she would only pretend Rose Standish wore it when she first set foot on Plymouth Rock. Nobody would presume to doubt such a reasonable story."

"I never thought of her cloak or bonnet," was Mrs. Ainsworth's answer. "I was wholly engrossed by her conversation, which, if I mistake not, was far more elevated in sentiment, and quite as correct in expression as your admired Mrs. Norton."

"That was another thing which vexed me," rejoined Josephine, with increasing irritation. "You were more attentive to that old woman, whom nobody knows, and nobody cares for, than to the elegant and fashionable Mrs. Norton. I wish Mrs. Denham would keep out of my sight for the next ten years. She recognized me in the street yesterday, and then Agnes Fortescue asked me where I picked up such a regular antediluvian?"

"How long do you wish to live, Josephine?" inquired Mr. Torrey, Mrs. Ainsworth's bachelor brother, when his niece paused fairly out of breath.

Perhaps the query suggested thoughts more serious in character than often visited the gay girl, for she hesitated before replying. "Until I have seen everything worth seeing, and enjoyed everything worth enjoying," were the words that at length found utterance. "It will take a long time to do that," she added, in a lighter tone, "and I think I shall be willing to die when all that makes life desirable is gone."

Mr. Torrey and his niece were sitting together when the twilight shadows deepened. This is an hour dear to the contemplative heart; the hour for sad regrets, new resolves, quiet communings with the past, and unseen questionings of the future. Mr. Torrey's thoughts went backward, traveling again the vista of by-gone years, and in the changing firelight that alternately gleamed and flickered on the wall, he saw a type of life with its varying gloom and brightness. Josephine, in the meantime, wholly occupied by a prospective party, was engaged in considering what style of dress would be most in harmony with her figure and complexion. Each color of the rainbow was summoned for separate review; curls and braids, ribbons, feathers, and flowers, were in turn the subject of mental deliberation, the busy mind quite forgetting its higher destiny as a creature of immortality.

"Josephine," said Mr. Torrey, suddenly interrupting this train of thought, "have you heard your mother speak of her early friend, Grace Hamilton?"

"I have no recollection of the name," was the response. "Who was she, uncle?"

"A very lovely girl whom I knew when I was younger than I am now," he resumed. "One of the few who possess beauty of features and symmetry of form combined with manners at once winning, dignified, and unaffected. Add to these attractions a warm, loving, sympathizing heart, and rare intellectual endowments, and you have some faint conception of Grace Hamilton in her dawning womanhood. As you may imagine, such a sweet blossom did not blush unseen or unsought. At one time it was reported that she was plighted to Frank Lindsey, son of the envied millionaire; and again Gerald Spencer, less wealthy than the former, but belonging to a more aristocratic family, was said to have won the prize. Both these rumors

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proved incorrect, as she married one who possessed no advantages of wealth or position; a highly cultivated intellect, and a heart strong in the love and practice of the right, being his only treasures.

"I often saw Grace and her husband after their marriage, and when I marked their perfect union of thought, interest, and affection, I fancied that the bliss once known in the sinless bowers of Eden had returned again to gladden our darkened world. Their parlor was always tastefully arranged, Grace invariably had a cheerful face, and the formerly reserved Edward became social and hospitable, as if wishing to shed around him a portion of the sunlight that glowed in his own heart.

"'I am afraid we are too happy,' said Grace, as I was spending an evening by their fireside, according to my frequent custom. 'I have been making calls all the afternoon,' she continued, 'and instead of envying Mrs. Lindsey's new house, or Mrs. Spencer's obsequious servants, I returned thanking God for my quiet life. My own home seems a peaceful ark of refuge.'

"'The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage,' responded her husband; and when Grace led her little boy toward him for a good night kiss, he folded mother and child to his heart in a loving embrace. 'She deserves to be happy,' he said, when Grace had gone up stairs with the little one; 'I believe she is the best wife in the world. I thought I loved her,' he continued, with deep feeling, 'when we were married, but there are no words in the language strong enough to express my devotion to her now. Our hearts have grown together with the lapse of years, twining around and into each other, until they have become indissolubly one. Sometimes I inquire what would become of either if the other part were rent away;' and as he spoke thus, though he was habitually a man of self-control, tears filled his eyes, and a tremor shook his frame.

"This conversation with its attendant circumstances is impressed upon my mind by the sad events that soon followed. A few days subsequent, I was startled by the intelligence that Edward was dying, or, it might be, already dead. I hurried to the home where I had been often greeted by his tones of welcome, only to look upon his lifeless form, from which the spirit had passed with scarcely a moment's warning. He lay on the bed, pale, silent, motionless; the smile that still lingered around his lips being the only thing which looked like life. Thank God, death could not take away that smile, the signet of eternal blessedness."

"Poor Grace, where was she?" interrogated Josephine, when her uncle paused overcome by thronging memories.

"By her husband's side, almost as pale and motionless as himself. Those who knew her expected a violent outburst of grief, but such agony as hers is too deep for tears and lamentations. Though light sorrow may be assuaged by outward utterance, there is an anguish when the soul veils itself in silence, and God alone sees the intensity of suffering within. Grace was in this state, and when her pastor knelt by the dead, beseeching our Father to comfort His stricken child; or when kind friends whispered words of sympathy, their tears falling all the while like rain, she heard them like one stunned and unconscious.

"It is difficult to imagine a more complete change, both in the inward and outward current of life, than this bereavement produced in that of Grace. Nurtured tenderly in her early home, it had been Edward's delight to surround her with the means of enjoyment particularly pleasing to a refined and cultivated taste. Her comfort had been considered in every household arrangement, while of the petty details of business, his loving care had kept her ignorant as a child. This was ill-judged affection, for the flower too tenderly sheltered bows before the first blast, with its petals crushed and its tendrils trailing in the dust.

"Grace was soon roused from the lethargy of grief by the necessity which compelled her to take thought for the future. Creditors presented their claims; her child must be fed and clothed; and now there was no strong arm to come between her and these exigencies. Like a true woman, she scorned to be a burden to others. Accordingly, refusing all pecuniary aid, she left her home with its sweet and sad associations, parted with furniture, each article of which was linked with some fond remembrance, and, looking to the widow's God alone for help, commenced her struggle with adversity. The following years were years of trial. Patient labor, meek endurance, and uncomplaining self-denial—much as has been written on these themes, how much still remains to be recorded!

"One bright spot, however, gilded her life's page. Her child was a lad of much loveliness of character, possessing mental endowments beyond his years. To train him for a position of honor and usefulness, was an object for which she concentrated all her energies. She ate plainer food, wore coarser garments, labored when she needed rest, for the sake of supplying him with books and teachers.

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"As time passed, awakening in the heart of the child the deeper thought and loftier purpose of approaching manhood, the disease which blights many buds of promise set its seal on the widow's son. 'How can I give thee up?' was the cry that burst from her agonized heart, and she prayed as Jesus did in the garden when He sweat great drops of blood, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Blame her not if it was long before she could add, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

"The blow came, and Grace stood alone amid her graves, a childless widow. The wintry sky bent frowningly above her, the earth was hard and frozen under her feet, and the bleak desolation of nature was an emblem of her chilled, desolated heart. Pecuniary resources were exhausted by her son's protracted illness, and the combined weight of poverty and bereavement was almost too much to be borne."

"Where were her friends?" interrogated Josephine. "They certainly would not be so unfeeling as to let her suffer."

"Her parents had long been dead," was the response; "her only brother had removed to a distant home, and immediately around her a new generation had arisen, who, like the Egyptian king of former days, knew not Joseph. More than one home was thrown open to her, but she nobly refused to accept its shelter, saying that charity was for the infirm and helpless, and not for those who had health and strength to labor.

"Not long after her last bereavement, one who had loved her when she was the young and admired Grace Hamilton, and who, for the memory of that early love, trod a lonely path in life, offered his hand and fortune to her acceptance. 'My affections are buried in the grave of husband and child,' she replied, 'and I would not wrong you by giving you only the shattered wreck of a heart. Henceforth I shall live alone for God, and the cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?' Though he did not press his claim, he felt that Grace Hamilton, in her unchanging devotion to the dead, and her holy trust in God, was infinitely more lovely than she had been when in the full glow of youthful beauty.

"Since this time she has led a life of humble usefulness, unseen by the gay world in which she was once the brightest star, yet not unnoticed by the Father whose loving eye is upon His lowliest child. Rightly believing that no employment is degrading which promotes the well-being of others, she has always found something to do, and consequently means of subsistence.

"Such is her outward life, but of the inward we cannot speak. Who can number the tears shed in secret, the heart-yearnings for the loved and lost, or the utter emptiness which she finds in all early things? Purified by much suffering, like gold that has been tried in the furnace, she is daily becoming more meet for an inheritance with the saints in light. I have been privileged with the friendship of many choice spirits, yet I never met with one who shed so much of heaven in the atmosphere which she breathes. I always feel more earnest to discharge duty, more willing to bear trials, more charitable toward my brother man, and more submissive to my Father, God, after an hour spent in her society."

"She is living then?" remarked Josephine. "I wish I knew her," she thoughtfully added. "Perhaps she might make one better, and I am sure I need improving."

"You do know her, my dear niece," was the impressive rejoinder. "That old woman whose obsolete cloak and bonnet annoyed you so much, is the Grace Hamilton whose history I have been relating. There are thousands like her, Josephine; patient, suffering women, clad in the vestments of toil and privation, meekly bearing the burdens of this life, whom the gay and thoughtless pass by with scorn. But the Father beholds them in love, and when He makes up His jewels, some of these despised and neglected ones will be the brightest gems in His crown."

GENTLE WORDS.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Gentle words fall on the heart
  Like dew-drops on the flower,
They chase our gloom and care away,
  And cheer the lonely hour;
They bid the sinking heart still hope,
  Revive the drooping breast,
And point the weary ones of life
  To homes of peace and rest.

Gentle words fall on the heart
  Like music on the ear;
They strew the path of life with flowers,
  And dry the falling tear;
They are as angel whisperings
  From the bright world above,
So full of Heavenly hope, and peace,
  And sympathy, and love.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XVII.

THERE had been a revival in the leading congregations at Norwich. This religious sentiment commenced with the return of old Mr. Arnold to brotherhood with his former associates. The excitement produced by this reformation gave more active spirituality to the church, which, after a time, grew into one of those periods of absorbing devotion which pass through Christian communities from time to time, as thunder-storms break through the atmosphere, leaving it purer from the tumult.

During the winter this intense interest was kept up in the church, and toward spring it began to consolidate into a fixed reformation. Many new members had joined the society, old ones had become earnest, and that year the foundations of new religious communities were laid which exist to this day in the city of terraces.

All this wholesome excitement had sprung, as I have hinted, from the sudden reappearance of the elder Arnold in his old place of worship. His contrition, his humility, and the sweet thankfulness that glowed on the face of his wife when she came with him to meeting, arm in arm, as in the olden times, woke up the whole congregation. I do not think Mr. Leonard even congratulated himself on the fact, or was aware of it. But he was surely the father of this revival—always, as he would have said, baring his head reverently at the thought, always under God's providence.

It was the few words in season that Leonard had uttered in the saw-mill that cold winter's day, and that prayer, so thrilling in its rude eloquence, uttered amid the thunders of the Falls, that had touched the old man's heart as with a gleam of living fire, and spreading from soul to soul with the holy magnetism of truth, turned the general thought heavenward.

Leonard claimed no credit for this—indeed, was quite unaware that any could be awarded to him; but he threw himself heart and mind into the revival, holding it above all things most important. Sometimes the saw-mill would remain silent all the day long. If a soul was in trouble, or a sinner become thoughtful, the great log was left, half eaten through, with the motionless steel prisoned in its heart, while the master strode off among the fields, searching for that troubled conscience which the truth that burned within him might cleave effectually, as his saw cut through the forest trunks when the water rushed most abundantly from the hills.

Mrs. Leonard was a good sort of woman, a church member and all that; she took a lively interest in the revival. In a decorous, motherly way she had gone out to tea more than usual, always dropping a great many words in season over the short-cake, and giving promiscuous little exhortations to the young folks while the Young Hyson was drawing. But the good wife mingled a deal of temporal thrift with her heavenly-mindedness, and it rather annoyed her to see how many logs came to the mill and how few boards went away during the heat of this excitement. But Leonard was a resolute man in his own way, and had the happy faculty of not hearing his wife's hints about "beginning with one's own household," and other Scriptural ideas, which, being lost in a flood of words, swept by him like the waters that turned his mill. So he went on his way doing good, and taking no heed to the consequences.

Amy Leonard retired from the publicity of these anxious meetings and praying circles. From her childhood she had been a church member—her interest in sacred things was high and pure; but she shrunk away from this enthusiasm with something like affright. Once or twice she had gone with her parents to the evening prayer-meetings, but the effort seemed too much for her. She took no part in the religious proceedings, while other girls were ardent in their efforts, but sat apart, growing pale and weak, as if the enthusiasm which fired others to devotion were consuming her. Sometimes, when this enthusiasm broke into ecstasy and all the faces around glowed with delight, her great blue eyes would seem to take fright,

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and search wistfully around for some means of escape from a scene that gave her nothing but pain. Sometimes those eyes would fill with tears, and turn upon her old friends pleadingly, as if some help were needed which she doubted they would withhold.

At last she gathered courage and besought her parents to leave her at home. She was not strong, and somehow night air and excitement made her worse.

This was her timid plea, and surely that white face and the shadowy circle under her eyes gave sufficient force to the appeal.

In an excitement like that which possessed the society, there was little room for keen observation. Mrs. Leonard knew that Amy was far from well; but as she seldom complained, and went steadily about her duties, her poor unhappy face escaped the scrutiny which less occupied minds might have given it.

Mrs. Leonard, it is true, found plenty of time at the sewing circles and after prayer-meeeting to talk over her daughter's health, and express a great deal of anxiety regarding it. She never came home without some new recipe for drinks or powders which Amy was to try. Sometimes it would be bruised peach-pits which Mrs. So and So had informed her was infallible in almost any disease; then a drink of bruised clover leaves, or a powder of burnt alder must be tried, all of which Amy took with wan submission which would have made your heart ache.

All at once this great anxiety regarding Amy Leonard died out. The good house-mothers inquired after her, it is true, but with constrained voices, and looking another way. They grew exceedingly kind to the mother, and seemed rather disposed to urge the cooling drinks on her, as if she had become the person who most urgently required strengthening. Mrs. Leonard laughed at this attempt to discredit the roses on her buxom cheek, and wondered what it was that made the sisters pray for her so often and so earnestly, as if she were not in full communion and grace. It rather annoyed her to be held up as an object of special solicitude.

Leonard, too, might have seen a change in his brethren's looks of earnest sympathy—a studied deference to his opinions and wishes that might have struck him as remarkable at another time; but now he was busy calling sinners to the altar of God, and only thought of these things long enough to be grateful for them without investigating their sources.

If Mr. Arnold's family a great change had also taken place, from a dilatory, careless man, confused by drink and shrinking from notice, he had taken up his farming duties with energy. The colored men, who had loitered half their time around the kitchen, were now put into hard work, repairing fences, planting fields, and laying stone walls on the farm, till a few months gave the neglected place an aspect of thrift and comfort that it had not known for years.

But, strange enough, with this prosperity came a thirst for money, and habits of penurious saving, that curtailed the comforts of the household beyond anything known in the family before. Arnold seemed to count every grain of rye or ear of corn consumed in-doors as an extravagance to be condemned. His cattle were all sold off except those necessary to working the place—every superfluity disappeared, and yet no money seemed to replace the property that disappeared.

When the young Frenchman came up from New Haven—as he did once or twice during the season—this strict economy was a little relaxed, but, the moment he was gone, everything beyond bare necessaries disappeared again. Mrs. Arnold wondered at this change, but she did not complain—anything was better than the thriftless waste of former years. She was too thankful for the blessed return of her husband to care how he managed the property, which, after all, belonged to him.

One day, about this time, Mr. Arnold sought Dr. Blake in his office, which consisted of a little one-story wing attached to a dwelling house of some considerable pretension in the edge of the town. Dr. Blake was a man of means, and for this reason his old neighbor came.

The doctor had just returned from his circuit, which kept him two-thirds of the time on horseback. His horse, with the marks of a saddle on his back, was cropping the white clover in front of the house, and his saddle-bags, worn smooth as glass, stood behind the door, strapped for use. The good man was seated in a capacious splint-bottomed chair, which, with his homespun clothes, gave a rustic look to his appearance. He was busy writing down an account of his visits when Arnold came in.

On the first symptoms of Arnold's reformation, Dr. Blake had been one of the first to extend the right hand of fellowship to the struggling man; and now his fine face expanded with a glow of welcome as his old neighbor came in. He flung down the pen, and arose, offering the great splint chair to his guest.

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"I'm glad to see you—rale glad at all times. You know that, neighbor, without telling. Come sit down, and make yourself at home."

No. Mr. Arnold would not take the doctor's chair. Another would answer just as well for him. He had come to talk over a little business.

"Business! Oh! well, of course; but just now I would like to talk of something else. It's on my mind, Arnold, and I must get it off or it'll choke me—your son, Arnold, I want to have a plain talk about that young scam—fellow."

Arnold became nervous in an instant, and put up both hands, as if to ward off a blow.

"Not about him, at any rate. Not yet, doctor. Wait till you hear what I came for. Give me time and I will talk about Benedict. Just now there is no subject on earth that I dread so much."

"Well, well, I don't want to bother you. After all, talking often does more good than harm—but your son, Arnold—your son——"

"Don't! don't!" said Arnold, lifting both hands again. "I'm doing my best, pinching and saving every way. The women folks complain about it, and I don't blame 'em; but it must be done. That it is which brought me here."

"What is it? You talk at random, neighbor. You can't help the young—well, well, the young man—by pinching and saving at home. It is a case beyond that.

"I know, saving by little and little might drag through one's whole life, and then leave the whole thing undone. You have plenty of money out at interest—can't you draw some in? I want to mortgage the farm."

"Mortgage your farm, Arnold!"

"Yes; just come and ride over it, see the crops, fences, and barns. We've worked hard this spring and repaired everything; besides, I've sold off a good deal of stock."

"And you really want to hire money on the farm?"

"I can't get along without it, doctor."

"But you have no debts—nothing to speak of, or I should have heard about it?"

"No, not a debt. I paid all those things off at once. They didn't amount to much; my wife always took care of that."

"And now you want money—how much?"

Arnold mentioned the sum. The doctor looked astonished.

"Why, man alive, that'll almost cover the whole value of your place."

"I know it. I know it; but every year we'll make the farm worth more and more."

The doctor looked at his earnest face. How it had changed! There was force and intellect in it now—something that commanded respect in the serious purpose that evidently possessed him.

"One question before I say yes or no about this money," said the doctor, leaning back in his chair: "Are you borrowing it for any speculation of your son's? If that is the case I won't let you have a farthing."

Arnold turned white as this question came bluntly forth, and he answered slowly, thinking over each word with conscientious truthfulness.

"No, it's not a speculation. I want to pay the money. It'll never come back again. I must pay off the mortgage by degrees."

"Ah! neighbor, you'll find that hard work."

"I know it; but it might have been done before this if I hadn't given up like a coward. If God spares my life it shall be paid up, every shilling of it. Don't be afraid, doctor; the farm is a good one, and my wife and I, with the hands, can live on a little. I've cyphered it all out, over and over again."

"But tell me what you want of this large sum of money, Arnold?"

"I cannot. It is a duty—something that I must pay, or go to the grave bowed down with a burden that no one can take up for me."

The old man's voice was sad; the perspiration started to his forehead in drops. He wiped it off with his handkerchief of home-made check, and tried to smile.

"You'll let me have the money, doctor? It'll make a new man of me."

"Yes, Arnold, I'll let you have it; but, remember, I don't want your farm. If it falls into my hands at last, I shall always condemn myself for this day's work."

"When—when can I have it?" inquired Arnold, eagerly.

"Why? Is there so much haste?"

"Oh! yes, I shall not be a man till it is done."

"Well, I will call in the money at once."

"Within a week?"

"Perhaps."

"Surely—I trust surely. The time will seem long any way."

"Well, well, I'll not be over—a week."

"Thank you. I don't know how to thank you in the right way, doctor."

"Well, never mind. Come take a glass of cider brandy."

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"I, doctor!"

"Oh! brother, I forgot. Well, then, a cup of tea; the old woman'll have one ready about this time; I've got something to talk over with you."

Arnold shrunk within himself.

"Not to-night. I don't think I could bear anything more just at present—some other time."

"Well, well, remember me to the women folks. I tell you what, Arnold, that wife of yours is an angel."

"She's all the world to me, doctor. No one can guess what she has done for her husband; and the girl is her mother over again."

As he spoke, Arnold took up his hat and prepared to go out. The doctor seemed ready to speak again, but some kind feeling checked him, and, with a cordial grip of the hand, he saw the heavily burdened man depart.

When quite alone, he sat some time with his arms folded on the desk before him, pondering over the conversation which had just passed; he was anxious and tired, but his heart went out in compassionate sympathy, not only for the man who had left him, but for one to whom he must carry still more bitter sorrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RELIGIOUS excitement, wherever it arises, is sure to awake a thousand virtues into action, which, in ordinary times, sleep supinely in human nature. Besides the prayer-meetings, anxious circles, and lectures, spinning bees and quiltings presented themselves to the congregation. "The servant is worthy of his hire," was the generous opinion; and the minister, who averaged two or three lectures or sermons a day, must not be forgotten in his worldly stores. So blocks of patchwork were distributed throughout each household connected with the society, of which a sumptuous quilt was set in progress for the minister, and no housewife set her flax or wheel aside that season without adding a few knots of yarn for the spinning bee which was to come off in behalf of that good man.

If Leonard was most active in spiritual matters, his bustling wife took up those temporal results of the revival with no inferior amount of energy. In fact she was the heart and soul of these undertakings. Early and late the hum of her wheel might be heard setting up a small opposition to the rush of the Falls, and her steel side-thimble grew brighter and brighter with constantly forcing the glittering needle through gorgeous bits of calico, which were industriously cut into diamonds, squares, or stars, and as industriously stitched together again.

Amy Leonard did her share of the work—more than her share, poor thing! considering how pale and ill she looked; but sometimes when her mother's back was turned, the tears would swell into her eyes and blind them, till the flyers flashed before her in broken glows, or her needle disappeared in the mist.

All the time she never spoke of Arnold; and her mother, with unusual reticence, avoided the young man's name. His visits to the cabin had taken place during her absence to evening meetings, and she looked upon the attachment which had evidently once existed between him and her daughter, as a feeling that had died out on the young man's part, and which a little time would set right with Amy. The whole subject was a matter of self-reproach to the good woman, for she had encouraged the intimacy between the young people with all her matchmaking skill, partly because the Arnolds were of a respectable old family, still rich enough to hold their heads high, and partly because her kind womanly instincts told her how deeply the best feelings of her child were involved in the question.

But with all Mrs. Leonard's worldly foresight, she was of the old puritan stock, and had neither charity nor countenance for sin in any form that it could present itself. Nay, even the suspicion of sin, vaguely as it came, was enough to turn her heart against the young man entirely.

Joshua Leonard had told his wife of the warning which the elder Arnold had given with regard to his son. The anguish with which this warning had been uttered struck conviction to Leonard's soul. He knew how hard it must be for a kind parent to condemn his own child; and, incoherent as the words had been, they left a fearful impression of truth.

Leonard was a strong, powerful man, but he shrunk from anything that threatened to give pain to his daughter, and, with that delicacy which makes great strength beautiful, spoke of Arnold's warning only to his wife. She, self-sufficient in all domestic affairs, placed herself on the watch, and, instead of retreating as of old when the young man came to spend the evening at her cabin, kept her place at the fireside, diminishing in nothing her usual hospitality, but watching vigilantly every word or glance which passed between the young people.

Then came the revival which swept all home thoughts from her mind—young Arnold seemed

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to have dropped out of her life. She heard with satisfaction his name connected with the French girl, and, rejoicing that her season of vigilance was at an end, allowed herself to be swept off in the absorbing turmoil of a revival.

All that time Benedict Arnold spent his evenings at the hearth-stone which the father and mother had deserted.

At last he went away, and, to escape the mournful loneliness that fell upon her, Amy sometimes went to evening meetings with her parents. Leonard and his wife both noticed that she was generally excited and flushed before she started to these gatherings, but came back oppressed with a heavy sadness that nothing could mitigate or explain. They did not notice that, for a little time, she invariably disappeared from the meetings for a few minutes, and, hurrying with breathless haste to the post-office, would ask with shrinking eyes, and a voice that could scarcely be heard, if there was no letter yet?

The answer was always a half-rebuking, half-compassionate shake of the head, at which she would creep away and glide back into the congregation like a ghost; but when once upon her knees, the sobs that broke through the hands clasped over her face were enough to melt a heart of ice.

Then week after week went by, and Amy would go to meeting no more. The noise confused her, she said it was far better to stay at home and get yarn for the minister's spinning bee, it would save her mother from so much extra work. Mrs. Leonard repeated this at the sewing circles, when the blocks of patchwork were brought in and sewed together in general conclave. At first these reasons were received with expressions of sympathy for sweet Amy Leonard's ill-health; but, after a time, covert glances were cast from eye to eye, and Mrs. Leonard's maternal egotism was received in grave silence.

This was the state of things, as I have before hinted, when the spring time broke upon beautiful Norwich. The spinning season was well nigh over, and the result of all those wheels that had been hissing and humming in nearly every dwelling within five miles of Norwich, was to exhibit itself in a grand quilting and spinning bee, which the minister was notified would take place at his own dwelling, on one of the loveliest June days that ever gladdened a human heart. The women's share of the entertainment was complete, with the exception of an extra baking in every household, which was to save the minister's wife from all demands of hospitality for the self-invited guests. They had nothing more to accomplish. They would assemble in the afternoon to finish the quilt, which a committee of four was appointed to fit into the frames, and mark out in a border of double herring-bone and a centre of shell-work.

Another committee would take charge of the table set out in the long, back kitchen which opened into an apple orchard; and a third was to receive the hanks of linen, tow, and woolen yarn, for which pegs were provided all around the best chamber up stairs. These were all feminine arrangements, and sure to be well done, as the minister knew of old. But the brethren of the church were not to be entirely excluded. Their contributions, it is true, came in less ostentatiously, but in a form quite as substantial. Many a bag of potatoes had found its way to the minister's cellar, during the winter; to say nothing of firkins of shad salted down on the banks of the river where they were caught; and sacks of grain, enough to keep the ministerial family in bread stuff till the harvest came on.

For these benevolent and scattering donations, the brethren were permitted to join in the yarn festival, after the quilt was taken off, when there was to be a grand tea drinking, to wind up with extemporaneous singing and a short season of prayer.

Of course there was great excitement all over Norwich, for a festival equal to this, either in numbers or amount of contributions, had never been heard of in the good town before. More than thirty new converts had been added to the congregation, and their contributions seemed a tangible proof of stability in the holy service of the Lord. Over these new converts there was nothing but thanksgiving and praise, which gave the idea of a religious jubilee to the whole occasion.

But from all this rejoicing the two families in which we are mostly deeply interested seemed strangely excluded. The Leonards had been invited, it is true; but it was somewhat remarkable that Amy's name was left out in the invitation; and Mrs. Leonard, instead of being appointed to some prominent place in the arrangement, had hardly been consulted. She was a guest at liberty to bring in her mite, of course, but that was not the position which she had a right to expect. The good woman was a good deal astonished, and seriously wounded at this slight. She, who had been a pillar in the church so long—who had worked night and day that the value of her contribution should be

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second to none, to be put aside without right or reason she could not understand it.

Leonard was so much accustomed to his wife's bustle and chatter, when an occasion of this kind came off, that he scarcely heeded her complaints, and contented himself by advising her to do her duty, and not trouble herself about the way it was done, or how others performed theirs.

With this wholesome admonition, he cast the subject from his mind; but with Amy the case was far different, she was constantly searching her mother's face with those large eyes, as if there was something in this slight from which she shrunk tremblingly away. Sometimes, when her mother would break into the subject suddenly, the poor girl would start and almost cry out with a pain that struck her to the heart.

Still Mrs. Leonard was too much a woman of spirit to retreat or flag in her purpose. She wasn't to be driven from her duty—not she. If the sisters did not want her help or advice, very well, they could do without it. Of one thing she was certain, the quilting would be a botch if she wasn't there to mark and roll up; as for the yarn, why that which Amy had spun would be like cobwebs to a cable compared to anything they would have: really it seemed as if the girl was spinning it out of her own sighs, for every thread was drawn with a deep breath. When that yarn was brought in, the sisters would blush at their ingratitude, if any blush was left in 'em. Then, as for cake, she would like to see a woman of them all who could round off a pound-cake like her; and, as for doughnuts, oh! nonsense, they couldn't, one of 'em, catch up with her there in a week of Sundays! Well, as Joshua said, she would do her duty and not care about others. It was hard, but she hadn't been a church member so long without knowing how to forgive.

"Mother," said Amy, with a quiver in her voice, "perhaps it's me."

"You! What can this mean, Amy? You! why no little bird in its nest was ever so harmless as you have been, sitting here lonesome as a whip-poor-will, while your father and I have done nothing but exhort, and pray, and run after converts, and this is what we get for it; but the Lord knows which is right."

Amy went close up to her mother, every fibre of her body quivered, and a look of death was on her face. She reached out her hand and attempted to lay it on her mother's shoulder, but Mrs. Leonard brushed it off as if a rose-leaf annoyed her.

"There—there, don't talk. I know my duty as a Christian, and won't be preached to by my own child. Just go into the next room and see if the sponge is rising nicely, I wouldn't have them doughnuts beat to-morrow for anything, that would be a cross I couldn't take up."

Amy turned away with a gasping breath. When her mother went into the next room, impatient to see how her cake was rising, she found Amy sitting on the floor by the wooden bread bowl, with both hands clasped in her lap, gazing hard at the opposite window.

"Why, Amy, you are getting too shiftless. Why on earth couldn't you lift that cloth and tell me how the dough is working? I used them new turnpike cuptins that nobody else has got, and the cakes ought to yeast over the bowl by this time."

But Amy sat motionless gazing at the window, her mother's voice sent a shiver over her, but it failed to unlock the iron that held her faculties.

"Amy, why don't you speak?"

"Mother, I can't. I have been trying, but the words choke me."

She spoke in a dreamy way, shaking her head to and fro—to and fro, as if the sound of her own words was a pain which she could not shake off.

Mrs. Leonard took Amy by the arm and lifted her to her feet.

"Are you crazy, Amy Leonard?" she said, half-angrily, for the slight she had received had rasped the good woman's temper more than she liked to acknowledge.

"No, mother!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Nothing!"

"I don't believe it. You are either a bad tempered, provoking girl, determined to torment your poor mother's life out, or you're down sick and ought to have a doctor right off."

"No—no, I'm well," almost shrieked Amy, "well and strong. See, I can lift this big bowl like nothing."

She stooped down and lifted the bread bowl as if it had been a handful of feathers, and, carrying it into the next room, set it on the table and lifted the cloth of snowy linen.

"Look, mother, look," she cried, with a hysterical laugh, "the turnpike cuptins are working famously: see, the dough is all honeycombed and swelling up like foam. It's time to get your pan of lard over the fire; where is the flour dredge and rolling pin? I'll cut the cakes out while you fry them."

Mrs. Leonard looked at her daughter a moment, in blank astonishment, and then broke into an uneasy laugh.

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"Dear me, Amy, you are a strange girl. I never saw your like: one minute moaning in the cellar, the next singing in the garret; but no wonder you laugh, that dough beats all I ever did see; so bustle about and roll the cakes into shape, while I get the big fork, and pan. I've saved some lard a purpose, sweet as a nut and white as snow. That's right, tie on your checked apron, and roll up your sleeves. Why, Amy, how thin your arms are getting! Dear me—there, lay down the rolling-pin. I can handle it best. You can round the cakes after I cut them out—that's work for a baby. There, how you are beginning to tremble again! Never mind, I don't want any help to fry a batch of doughnuts—well, if you must do something, just beat up the white of half a dozen eggs, and make some frosting for the pound-cake. I want it to look like snow-crust, and taste like honey. They shan't beat us, Amy, in anything. I'll show 'em."

Amy took the work allotted to her, and directly the contents of her bowl was creaming over with pearly foam, beaten up by a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf, while her mother wielded her rolling-pin, and shook her dredging-box fiercely, as she remembered the slight that had been put upon her.

The melted lard had simmered itself into silence, only hissing out a spiteful protest as the limp bits of dough fell into it, swelling and browning into cakes that were to excite the envy of all Norwich. Still the good woman had continued her indignant complaints against the neighbors that could treat her so; but, as the fire grew hot, and the brown nuts rose to a mountain in the bright tin milk-pan placed on the hearth for their reception, a certainty of triumphant success mollified her, and a strain of Christian charity pattered through the torrent of her resentment, as we sometimes see the brightest rain-drops dimpling the turbid surface of a pool.

"After all, Amy, I'll set them an example—see if I don't—one that they'll never forget so long as the meeting-house stands. I'll make two big pound-cakes, instead of one. The best cheese in the milk-house shall go, if we have to scrimp ourselves a month; as for dried beef and them doughnuts, I won't stop to weigh or count. When I do heap coals of fire on the sisters' heads they shall be lively, now I tell you. To-night your father shall get a load of white pine tops, hemlock, and princes pine, to dress the supper-room with. Nobody else'll think of that, I reckon. Then you shall go over to the swamp and get an armful of wild roses. The hemlock buds is sprouting out lovely, and—yes, I've a'most a mind to send that string of robins' eggs over the looking-glass—that would touch their feelings, for they all know how I prized them eggs. Then, after I've shown them what a true Christian spirit is, I'll say, 'Sisters, what is the reason you put this slight on me and my daughter? To say nothing of myself, that ain't of much account, perhaps, she's the salt of the earth, as good and pious as the oldest church member amongst you; never told even a fib in her life, or kept the least thing from her mother. She's'—dear me, Amy! what is the matter? You'll let that bowl slide off your lap! Goodness! what a face! Why, child, are you dying?"

"No, mother, no—I'm—the heat—that fire—oh! mother, mother!"

The cry that broke through these gasping words was startling.

Mrs. Leonard threw the door open with sudden affright, and, gathering up the corners of her apron, tightened the edge, and commenced fanning that pale face with all her might.

"Are you better? Does it do any good? Wait a minute till I get the turkey's wing."

"No, mother, don't—don't! I want to go out, just a minute."

"Well, go. The air will bring you to. Dear me! I wish your father would stay about more; these fainting fits scare me a'most to death."

Amy tried to reassure her mother by a smile, but the attempt was more painful to look upon than tears would have been. Mrs. Leonard took a sun-bonnet from its nail in the next room, and tied it over the poor quivering face, with tears in her own sunny eyes.

"Go down by the Falls, Amy, the air will be cool there. Don't mind helping me; I shall get through nicely. This fire is awrful hot, but law I don't mind it no more than nothing."

The kind woman would have kissed the face which the bonnet protected; but Amy turned away her head, as if dismayed by those plump lips; but when she saw the color rush to her mother's temples she put up her pale mouth and met the caress; but the touch was like marble.

She went to the Falls—that pale, broken-hearted girl—and sat down on the shelf of rock which had been consecrated by her father's prayer months ago. There she fell into a state of apathy—that dead stillness of the mind which comes when no source for action presents itself. Her eyes were fixed on the waters; the dizzy whirl of their foam made her brain reel. She

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shrunk back into the shade of a great hemlock branch that stretched over her like a banner; and, covering her eyes with both hands, rocked to and fro in desolate silence, while the leaves whispered over her, and the sunshine strove to penetrate the thick leaves and look on her sorrow in vain.

Another house in Norwich was the scene of trouble that day. The Arnold mansion, so full of life and bustle when we first saw it, was greatly changed since the master had forsaken his old negligent ways. Notwithstanding those unworthy habits, he had kept from impairing his property to any great extent; and there was always enough and to spare for his family and the guests that came beneath his roof. But now this plenty had, by degrees, demolished, till strict parsimony reigned on the farm, a state of things which neither Mrs. Arnold nor Hannah could understand. As for Hagar, the rebellion of her spirit broke out furiously; and she never set a dish upon the table, or kneaded a scant baking of bread, without muttering her discontent.

Mrs. Arnold, singular to say, had, like her neighbor at the Falls, been quite overlooked when the committees were formed to carry out the minister's spinning bee. Why was this? the gentle woman questioned in her mind. Why should she meet with neglect now, when her husband had returned to his Christian duties, which had never been visited on her during his moral debasement? Had she committed some fault that the sisters passed her by so unkindly? or, was she getting old, and did this seeming slight spring from a wish to spare her the anxiety and fatigue of active co-operation?

The gentle woman asked these questions over and over to herself, and at last mentioned them to Hannah, who, in her sweet way, gave the most pleasant construction to what seemed, even to her unsuspicious nature, strange, to say the least.

"It is because you haven't been very well lately, mother," said the young girl, striving to believe her own words. "You know there was a general invitation given out to all the members."

"Yes, but was that ever done before when any responsibility was to be taken, Hannah? I must have offended some of the sisters, or perhaps the minister himself."

"Offended them! You, dear mother! That is impossible."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think no one ever was so careless about other people's feelings as I am. Only yesterday I forgot to have biscuit baked for Hagar and the men folks, and they're always used to it."

"But, mother, we had none on the table for ourselves. How could you?"

"Well, Hannah, that's true; but the hands work so hard; of course we can get along without nice things better than they. I really think Hagar felt the want of it."

"No, marm. Hagar didn't feel the want of them 'ere biskit, nor nothin' else, let me tell you!" cried the sable handmaiden, pushing open the door which stood ajar. "She jest wants ter keep up the 'spectability ob de family, and dat's all 'bout it. Bran bread's good nuff for her and dem 'ere he colored pussons as belong ter de house. She'd jest like to catch one on 'em complaining; but there isn't no reason, as she can see on, why things can't be as they used ter was, when an oven full of bread, and biskit, and ginger-cake, ter say nothing of baked beans and Injin pudding, was put in three times a week. The family isn't no smaller, as she ever heard; and as for the farm, it's jist bringing in as much agin as it ever did, only every arthly thing is sold off afore it has a chance to git ripe. Miss Arnold, if you'll jist give any 'spectable reason for these carryings on I'll guv up; but, till den, don't nethir ob you 'spect ter see a smilin' countenance 'bout de kitchen; for there's one pusson in them premises that can't stand it, and won't."

Poor Mrs. Arnold was quite taken aback by this harangue. Hagar had expressed her discontent in muttered words and black looks often enough, but never before had she given it the force of her peculiar eloquence. The worst of it was, the gentle woman, had she wished it, could have given no good reason for her husband's parsimony, and to lay any blame on him was beyond her nature. It was all very strange, but surely the head of a house had a right to dispose of his own property unquestioned.

As these thoughts ran through her mind, the mistress stood embarrassed and blushing before her handmaiden. At last she said, with gentle decision,

"It is Mr. Arnold's will that we should live more saving, Hagar, that is enough for me."

"Humph!" ejaculated Hagar, sniffing the air till her broad nostrils vibrated with the disdain that swelled them. "If ever this 'ere pusson should condescend ter unite herself wid a man ob de opposite sect, she'd jist like ter see him scrimpin' and savin' 'bout her cookin'. Meachin business, mighty meachin business, Miss Arnold!"

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Hannah Arnold laughed a little in spite of her annoyance.

"Well, Hagar," she said, quite cheerfully, "of course father knows best; with a cook like you a little is quite sufficient; he trusts more to your skill than ever, that's all."

Hagar bridled, and the inflation of her nostrils subsided with a gradual collapse.

"Now I know jest what yer a thinking 'bout, Hannah. It's them eggs as I beat up with greens, and fried in a thick cake for that French beau of yourn. He thought I couldn't do it, but catch dis chile not understanding anything she's ever seen done; that harnsome gal wid de feathers, cum inter de kitchen to cook an—an—an—omnibus."

"Omelet," suggested Hannah, all in a glow of roses.

"Yes, an onionete for our Ben. I kept a sharp look out, and 'membered eberyting dat she put in, greens and all—dat's how it was 'complished. Lord a massy, didn't he 'joy dat breakfast all 'lone wid you in de out-room?"

Out came the roses over Hannah's face all in full bloom again. Mrs. Arnold, too, felt the shadow of a blush pass over her cheek, from sympathy with the sweet confusion into which her child was thrown.

"Hagar," she said, smiling softly, "I'm afraid there's something on fire in the kitchen; hadn't you better go see?"

"More likely there's someting afire here," said Hagar, casting a sidelong glance at Hannah's burning face; "but I didn't mean ter decompose nobody, 'cause them as has been through de mill know how de stones grind; if der is anyting unpleasant for a 'septible pusson, it is ter feel yerself a blushing when yer can't help it. I know ov a gemman as says, he wouldn't make de fair sex blush for nothing; when a pusson I could mention, but won't, was a feelin' as if a fire was blazing out in her cheeks all de time."

"But I'm sure there's something going wrong in the kitchen, Hagar," said Hannah, laughing in spite of herself.

"No doubt, Miss—no doubt; but I've got something more 'portant to 'tend to jest now. What 'bout de cooking for dis minister's bee? Not a word's been said or done 'bout dat yet."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Arnold, with embarrassment; "perhaps we shan't go."

"Shan't go, Miss Arnold! Am dis family going to 'struction, or am it not, dat's what I want ter find out afore I step out ob dese tracks?"

"Well, Hagar, I can't tell just yet. Mr. Arnold will be home soon, and I'll speak to him about it. Perhaps we shall go after all. The sisters might think us offended, Hannah. Oh! there he comes. Run into the kitchen, Hagar, I will come to you in a little while, and then, perhaps, we shall be busy enough."

Hagar would probably have kept her ground, but she was deserted on the instant, as Mrs. Arnold and Hannah went to the front door, waiting there for Mr. Arnold to dismount and come in.

A stranger was with Arnold, or rather a person who came unexpectedly. It was Dr. Blake mounted on his chesnut horse, but without the professional saddle-bags.

The two men dismounted and came in together, talking earnestly as they approached the door.

"Think of it well, my friend," the doctor was saying, as he came up the yard. "It is an easy thing to saddle a farm with things of this kind; but not one man in ten ever gets his property clear again."

"I know," said Arnold, firmly; "but there is no choice. *I must have the money!*"

Mrs. Arnold heard this, and for a moment her heart beat fast; but she looked in her husband's face and grew calm again, there was something firm, almost grand in the expression, that gave her confidence. He had not looked so noble since the days of his youth.

"But stop a moment, your wife may not like it, I can do nothing against her consent," said the doctor, who had not yet seen Mrs. Arnold and Hannah.

"There she is. Ask her if she can trust her husband now."

Mrs. Arnold stepped forward, smiling.

"What is it you want, husband?"

"He wants you to sign a mortgage on this place," said the doctor, bluntly, "one that he must work like a slave to pay off; and which will leave you a poor widow if he does not, for it would ruin me to lose so much money."

"Is it necessary?" questioned the wife, looking into her husband's face with her tender eyes. "Is it best, husband?"

"It is right, my poor wife. I can never breathe freely till it is done."

"Come in," she said, still smiling, "there is a pen and ink in the out-room; come, doctor, tell me where to put my name. Hannah, do you know what we are doing?"

"Yes, mother!"

"Well, come look on. It may leave us poor, daughter, but your father says it is right. Shall I sign here, Dr. Blake?"

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The doctor placed his finger on the spot she was to sign, and she placed her name more boldly than it had ever been written before.

"No," said the doctor, taking up the mortgage, "nothing can make you a poor man, Arnold, while these two women live. Nothing!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DOST REMEMBER, NELLIE?

BY LILIAS M———.

Dost ever recall the happy hours
Of the by-gone, olden time,
When side by side we gathered flowers,
Or murmur'd some sweet old rhyme?
Those hours—they haunt me, Nellie dear,
And in fancy I linger still
Where the pebbly brook flashed pure and clear
From the shade of the wooded hill, Nellie,
From the gloom of the wooded hill.

We wandered oft through wild-wood shade
Till we came to the tall pine-tree,
Where many and many an hour we staid
To list its minstrelsy;
Oh! Nellie, sweet was the wailing sound
Wind-woo'd from each harp-like bough;
Now low and grand it throbbed around,
Or rose with the wind's wild sough, Nellie,
Rose loud with the wind's fierce sough.

The wild grape-vine made a leafy screen,
And long lay the sparkling dew
On a mossy bank of emerald green,
Where the sweetest violets grew;
Oh! Nellie, there we lingered oft,
Till the sunset's glowing smile
Shed a crimson radiance, rich and soft,
Down the wood's cathedral aisle, Nellie,
Down the dim cathedral aisle.

Dost remember, love, how we knelt in prayer,
Awed by the holy power
That lay, like a spell, on earth and air,
At the tranquil sunset hour?
When the crimson tint had given way
To the cold, gray shades of even,
Still the hush and awe on our spirits lay,
We'd caught a glimpse of Heaven, Nellie,
A glimpse of the gates of Heaven.

Oh! Nellie, many, many years
Lie 'tween us and those days;
As a heavy mist, the dropping tears
Obscure my eager gaze;
But, Nellie, still I love to dream
Of those joys—too sweet to last—
And memory's chain hath a golden gleam
As it binds me to the Past, Nellie,
The beautiful, long-fled Past!

Since then I've knelt in woe beside
The graves of the near and dear;
Pale, phantom forms forever glide
Along my pathway here;
I woke from the dreams of early years
To the cares of real life,
And bowed 'neath a weight of bitter fears
'Mid the din of earthly strife, Nellie,
'Mid pain, and toil, and strife.

But now the light of by-gone hours
Shines down the vista of years;
The bloom of childhood's am'ranth flowers
Beguiles my grief and tears;
I forget the hurrying years have reft
My tresses of wavy brown;
And Time, on my furrowed brow, hath left
Old age's silvery crown, Nellie,
The silvery, typical crown.

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

BY LILLIAN HOPE

Sighs, and moans, and bitter weeping,
For the silent, dreamless dead;
Place fair flowers 'round the sleeper,
Strew green branches o'er his bed.
Point with nerveless, drooping finger
To that home beneath the sod,
But remember, while you linger,
That the spirit is with God.
Dear one, though they weep for thee,
Requiescat in pace.

Suns will rise and set above thee,
Wild winds wander o'er thy tomb;
To the hearts of those that love thee,
Winter's storm or Summer's bloom
Ne'er can bring surcease of mourning;
They will bend above thy grave
Till the wondering moon behold them,
And the stars rise o'er the wave.
From their sorrow thou art free;
Requiescat in pace.

Unavailing tears their portion,
Day by day, and night by night
Clouds are 'round about, above them,
They behold no gleams of light.
Thou hast chastened them, "Our Father,"
Slain their "well-beloved Son."
Aid them in their grief to murmur,
"Thy will, not our own be done."
Loved one! may they say for thee,
Requiescat in pace.

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PARIS NECK-TIE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

This is a style of Neck-Tie which is very fashionable in Paris. These Neck-Ties are formed chiefly of black silk and black velvet, the ends being of the former, and the bows of the latter. The pattern is braided in gold thread on the two ends, but the small border alone is worked on each edge of the bows. The beads may be either gold or black, according to taste. Many of these ties are made with the bows in colored velvet to match the dress, with the ends in black silk or velvet. A narrow black lace surrounds each end, and a little lace rosette is placed just in the centre between the two bows, but they have no lace round them. For mourning they are much worn braided with black silk braid, and ornamented with black

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beads. A narrow band is made with a curve to fit the neck, to which the bow is attached, so that if worn with a collar it does not derange it, and if worn without one it is just sufficient to cover the top of the dress. Everywhere, these ties will be worn.

TO PREPARE SEA-MOSSES.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.*

Put a small quantity of the dried Sea-moss into a deep plate filled with water; when it floats out sufficiently, slip a piece of fine white paper into the dish, let the moss float on to it; then with a large needle spread out the little fibres as finely as possible; let the water drain off gently by holding up one end of the paper. This requires great care that it does not get disarranged. Lay the paper with the moss on it on a flat surface, cover the moss with a piece of muslin or linen cloth, and put it under a heavy press. In two weeks the cloth may be removed. There is sufficient gluten in the moss to cause it to stick to paper, but not sufficient to adhere to muslin; for half pressed mosses three or four days will be long enough under press, they can then be easily removed from the paper. In a future number some designs will be furnished for arranging them. Many articles of exquisite beauty can be formed with a few mosses and shells at a very trifling cost.

* Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 48 north Ninth street, Philadelphia, deals in materials, &c., for potichomanie, paper flowers, wax flowers, and all sorts of fancy work. Orders promptly attended to.

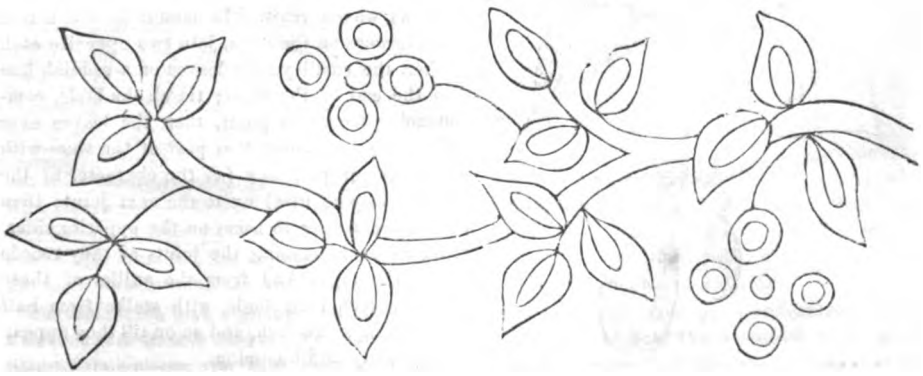
FOR CRYSTALIZING GRASSES, FLOWERS, &C.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

Dissolve six ounces of alum in one quart of water, boil it until dissolved; steep the grasses or flowers in the solution while hot. By the time the liquid is cold the crystals will be formed; if the crystals are too large add more water; separate the little branches gently with the fingers, taking off the superfluous lumps. Fern leaves, oats, flax, and the long, feathery grasses are the most beautiful for crystalizing.

Very few kinds of flowers are suitable, as they absorb too much of the alum, and get lumpy.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



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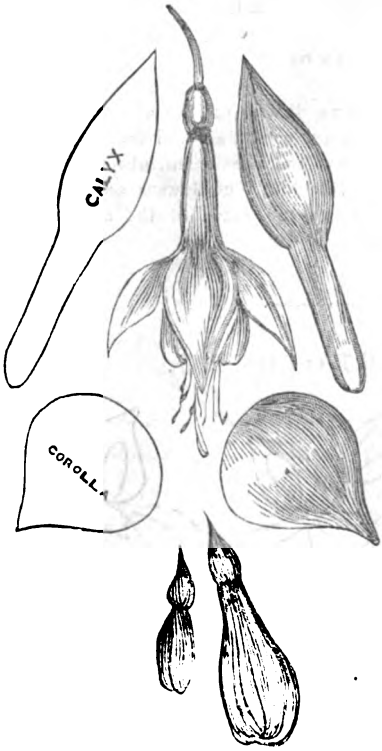
TO MAKE A WAX FUSCHIA.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

THIS is a most graceful and elegant flower, the varieties of which are so great, that it is almost difficult to select one for imitation; if, however, the construction of one is faithfully laid down in detail for the pupil, most varieties can be made, with the difference only of tinting the curves, the adjusting or arranging of the flowers, according to the variety imitated—some being solitary flowers, others in bunches of threes and fours, with buds. The leaves are in pairs, of a darkish green, with veins of maroon or dark-red; from the juncture of every leaf with the stem, there comes a flower or bud, which is attached directly to the stem; the stems for the flowers and buds to be made of fine copper wire, as it is more pendulent than iron wire; for the small buds and delicate sorts, thread well waxed will do; the copper wire must also be well waxed, in the same manner as you would thread.



To make the flower, prepare four pieces of wax, as marked in diagram corolla, and four pieces marked calyx; pinch the edges of the latter very little, merely taking off the square edge caused in the cutting. Then press the body of the calyx with the thick end of the bone-tool, until it is somewhat hollowed, and the neck part of it tubular, which must be done with the steel pin; the corolla cannot be too thin at the edges. Tint them purple or pink, as is required, and the calyx fine scarlet of full color, or of very pale tints, according to the color of the flower to be imitated. Take a thin piece of wire and color it pink, and dip the point in melted white wax, which forms the pointal with a small knob at the end. Take eight stamens, fix them round the pointal with a little silk, then take the corolla, which must be previously curled a little, and place them so as the stamens protrude about an inch below the flower, one lapping over the other, so that they encircle each other; pinch them nicely round the base, then the calyx immediately over them, as shown in diagram; press and join the neck part of the flower quite smooth and round (which part will require tinting over again); and finally fix on the seed-vessel, of a dark maroon or green, as the flower may be, which is done by rolling a piece of wax to the size, a little oblong; make an incision half way through lengthways with a knife, place it against the stem of the flower; press it together neatly, and the flower is complete. The buds can be made by moulding with the fingers, according to their several growths, though they are oftentimes cast in moulds, in the same manner as waxen fruit. In mounting the leaves and flowers on the stem, join two opposite each other, the small young leaves of a reddish hue on the end of the stem; tie on the buds, commencing from the point, then the leaves over the joints, and cover that part of the stem with dark red or pale wax (as the character of the flower may require) up to the next joint; then two others near to them on the opposite sides, and so on increasing the joints as they recede from the top. And from the axillæ of these may be seen little buds, with stalks from half an inch, next an inch, and so on till they appear to maturity and blooming.

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ZOUAVE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY

We this month give a picture and diagram of a new style of *Zouave* Jacket. The pattern consists of four pieces, the front, back, side-body, and sleeve; we have given a different style of sleeve to that in the costume; it is fulled at the top, instead of being plain, and may be

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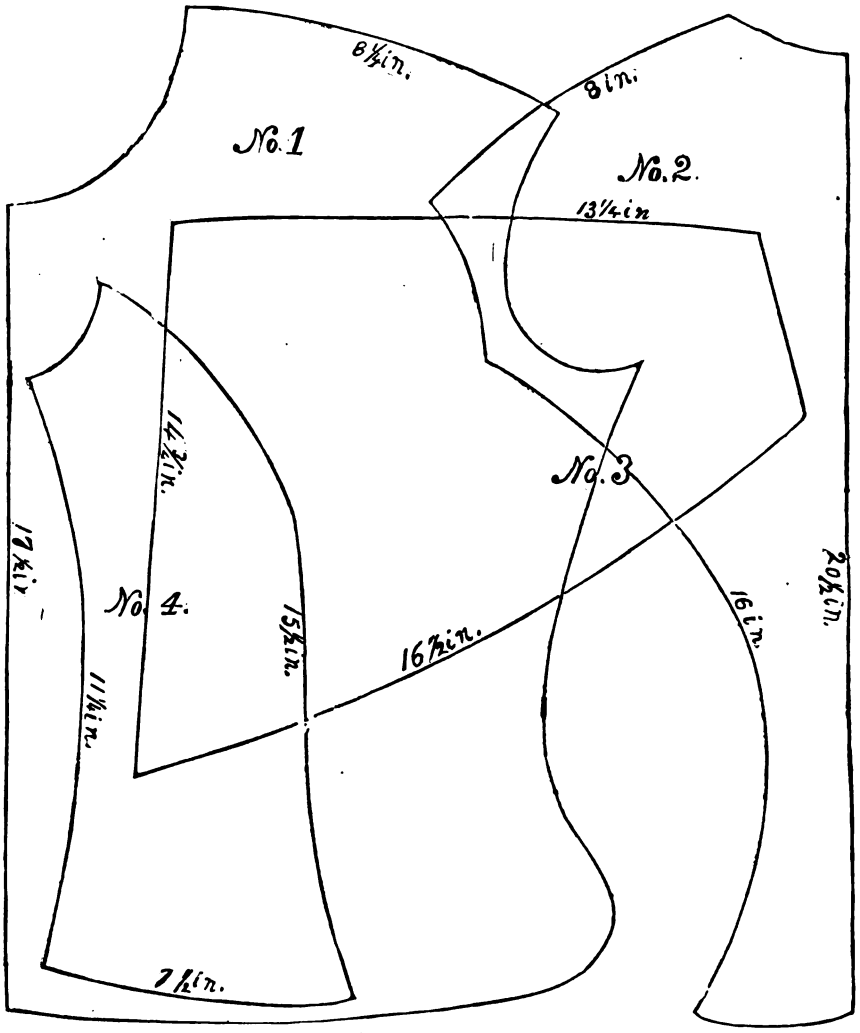
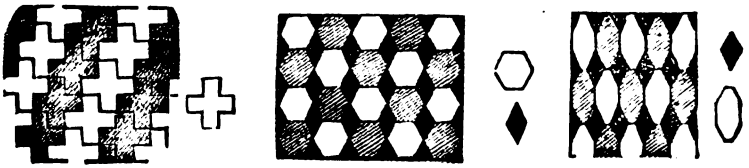
lengthened as much as required; some ladies are wearing them the length of the pattern only: the sleeves of the *chemisette* should always be the very full bishop. The jacket may either be ornamented by *arabesques*, or braided round in any design, such as the Grecian border, &c. The front of *chemisette* is cut on the bias, so as to sit full over the top of skirt. This jacket will be very much worn this autumn, made in cashmere, and braided with a contrasting color.



DESIGNS FOR PATCHWORK.



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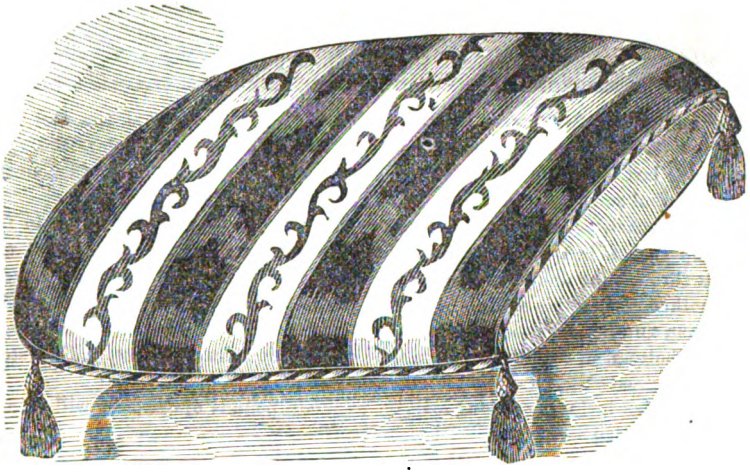
SOFA PILLOW IN LONG HOOK CROCHET.

BY MRS. WARREN.



THIS very pretty stitch is called by various names, as "Crochet a la Tricoter," "Oriental Crochet," &c , and when evenly done, can be worked upon in any Berlin designs. For Ottomans, Pillows, Tidies, and Mats, it is extremely appropriate. The design represented in the engraving, is composed of alternate stripes of velvet and crochet; this is excessively handsome, and the cost of the velvet will not much exceed that if all wool were used, provided the velvet is of the kind called *silk-faced*. A yard and ten inches of velvet is sufficient for one side; while the reverse of cushion can be worked in wool of the same color as the velvet. Respecting the tint of the latter, it will be desirable to have it of the prevailing color of the hangings of the room, and upon this must depend the hue of the wool to be used. If it be green or violet-colored velvet, the wool may be bright maize of the ordinary Berlin wool; the scrolls to be worked alternately, one of violet, the other green, with *shaded double* Berlin wool. If blue velvet of imperial blue, let the ground color wool be very pale maize, or pale rose-color, *not pink*—more of the salmon tint; the scrolls to be alternately scarlet and blue-shaded double Berlin. If crimson velvet, pale sea-green ground, worked upon with dark green scrolls and crimson-shaded wool, alternately. Observe that the grounding wool is the ordinary Berlin wool, and that for working the design in cross-stitch, must be the shaded double Berlin wool.

A bone crochet hook a quarter of a yard long, of one uniform thickness, and very even, is suitable, of the size that when a piece of tape is placed round the hook, it shall measure three-eighths of an inch.

EXPLANATION OF STITCH.—Make 22 chains as in ordinary crochet.

1st Row.—Miss the 1st chain; place the hook through the next; catch hold of the wool at the back, pull it through as a loop on the hook; keep this loop on the hook. Repeat the same to the end of the chains, still keeping all the loops on the hook, till there are 21 loops on the hook.

2nd Row.—Twist the wool over the hook, pull it through the two loops nearest the point of hook; twist the wool over again, pull it through the next two; and continue working backward, till there is only one loop on the hook.

3rd Row.—On examining the work, a row of long, untwisted loops will be found in front, not on the edge; miss the 1st long loop; place the hook through next, draw the wool as a loop on the back, still keep it there; and continue on, till there are 21 loops on the hook. Count this row every time, to see there is no decrease of stitches.

These two rows constitute the whole method

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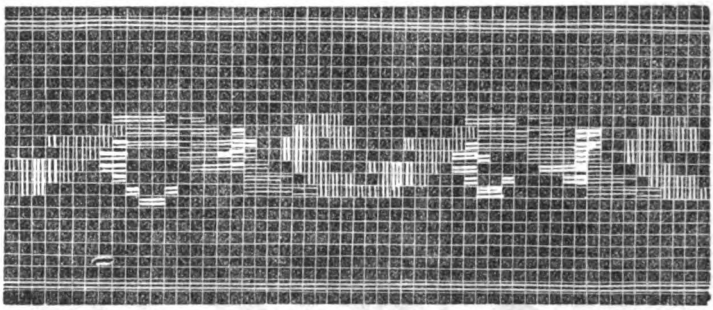


of working. Continue till 246 rows of long loops can be counted from end to end; then pull the wool through the last loop, and cut it off.

Now with the wool same color as velvet, work a row of single crochet, or what is termed muffatee stitch, up each side the maize; not into the loops, but through the double of the stitch; then work another row on this again.

To Embroider the Scrolls.—Commence the scroll from the bottom, in the 4th row from the bottom; work in cross-stitch, taking one stitch of the crochet, which includes *one* long loop.

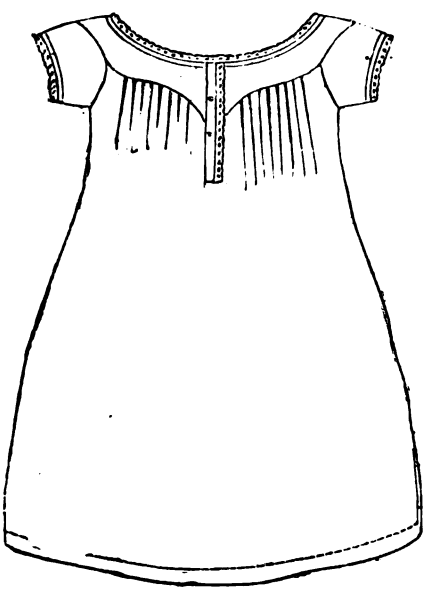
Work three long strips of crochet. In embroidering, observe that the first scroll being commenced with one color, the other strips which will come on each side, must be commenced with the reverse shade.

Cut or rend down the velvet in four strips, turn the edges down neatly, and tack them; then sew, with same color silk as velvet, on to the wool side, keeping the wool side in front.

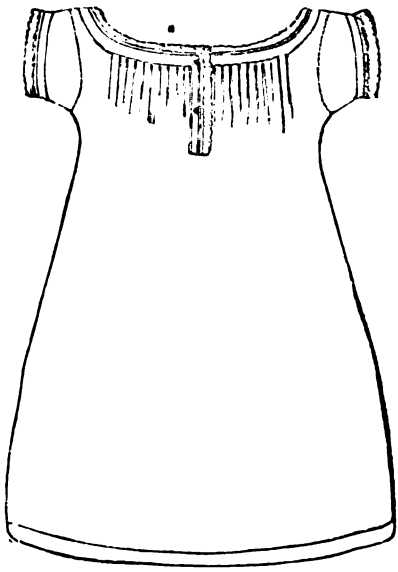
Trim round the cushion with large worsted cord, same color as velvet, and worsted and silk tassels.

Four pounds of feathers will fill a handsome cushion.

NEW STYLES OF CHEMISETTES.



CHEMISETTE.



CHEMISETTE.

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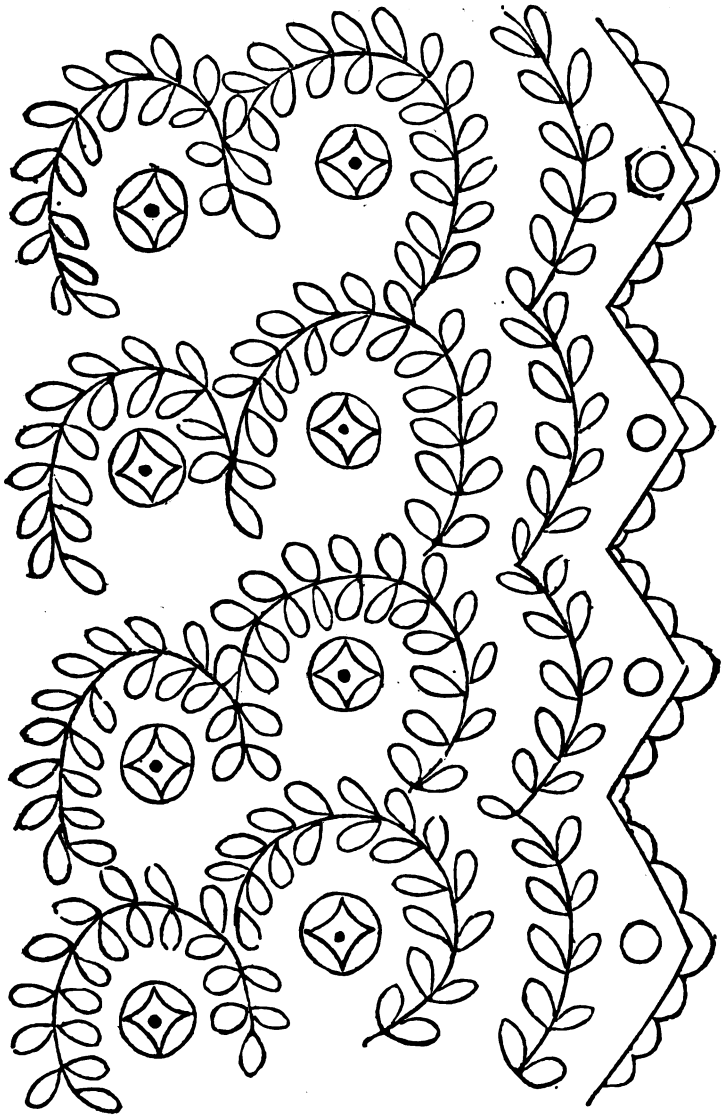
EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very pretty pattern for an embroidered skirt. Patterns of this kind may be worked to advantage, at odd hours, at comparatively little cost, so as to give the fair worker

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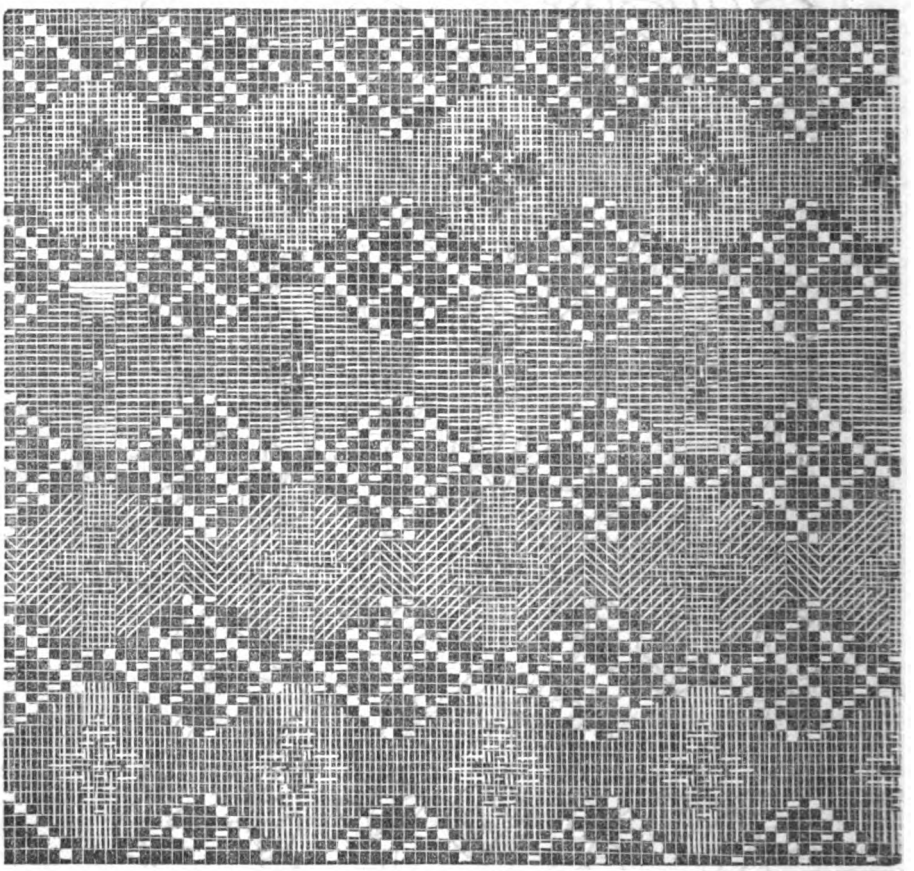
a very beautiful skirt. For ladies who have occasional hours to spare, that otherwise might be spent in comparative idleness, a large piece of work, like the bottom of a skirt, is very desirable. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing looks so high-bred, as a beautifully worked skirt, just revealed, by glimpses, as it were, as the gown is lifted, now and then, in walking.

PATTERN FOR OTTOMAN OR CUSHION.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



The pattern is extremely pretty when worked in the following colors. The large diamonds, which form the principal part of the pattern, are in four different colors—namely, oranges, crimsons, greens, and violets—each being in four shades of their respective colors, the lightest of which is in the centre of each diamond. Each shade has three rows of stitches, the centre stars of these diamonds are also in different colors; the orange has a blue star worked in two shades of the darkest, forming the cross of eight stitches with one light stitch for the centre stitch; the crimson diamond has a green centre in two shades; the green has a scarlet centre, and the violet has an orange one—all worked exactly in the same manner. The ground is filled up with lines worked in black, which form small diamonds, these again being filled in with a soft

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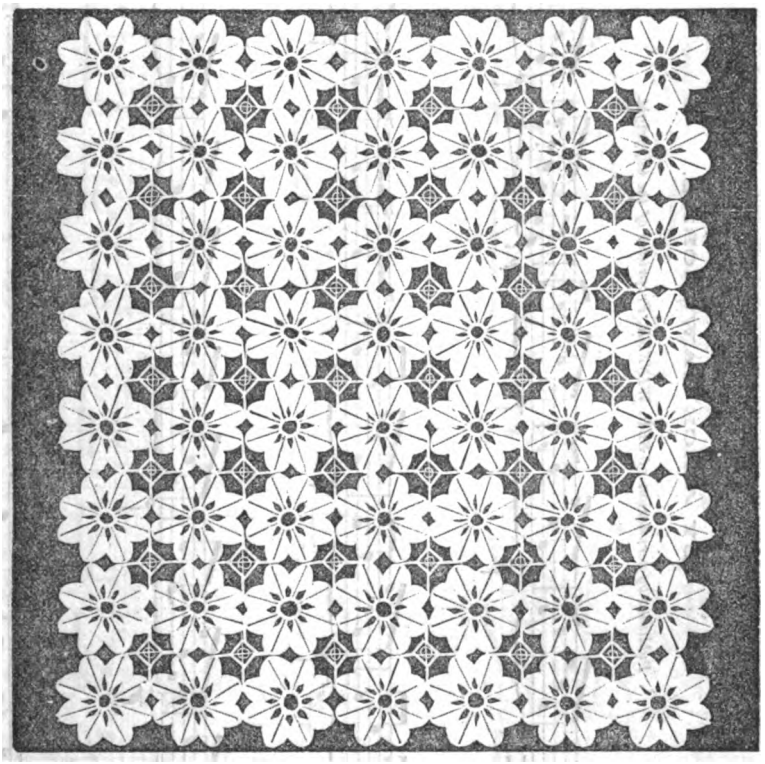
medium tint, either gray, drab, or dove-color, which throw out the bright colors to great advantage. If worked on a tinted canvas, the ground within the diamonds would not require any further filling in, as the shade of the canvas would be sufficient.

DAISY PATTERN FOR A SOFA TIDY.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 4, 6 reels. 1 reel, No. 20. No. 2 Penelope Hook.

17 ch unite in a circle; * 12 ch, work 11 dc down the 12 ch; 2 dc in 2 ch of circle. Repeat from * till 8 of these spikes are made. Now 5 dc up the 11 dc 6 L in next 6 loops. (A) 7 L in the one loop at the point; 6 L in next 6 loops; 5 dc in next 5; miss the 2 next loops; 5 dc up next spike; 1 ch, withdraw the hook from the loop, insert it in the loop of the last L stitch in right hand leaf; draw it through. Now 6 L up the 2nd spike. Repeat from (A). After the last leaf is finished, terminate with the 5 dc; draw the cotton through, and fasten off neatly at the back. Sew the first and last leaf together in the same place as the others are attached.

Make 8 of these daisies, and join them together lengthways; then another 8, and join together. Now join these two strips together, and to fill up the square between the joinings—dc into where the leaves are joined; make 10 ch 1 L in next joining; 7 ch 1 L in next; 7 ch 1 L in next; 7 ch 1 L in next; 7 ch dc in 3rd loop of the 10 ch. Now 7 dc in 7 loops, miss the L stitch. Repeat. Then fasten off; and fill up the centre of the diamond with simple buttonhole stitch in lace work.

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M E L A N G E.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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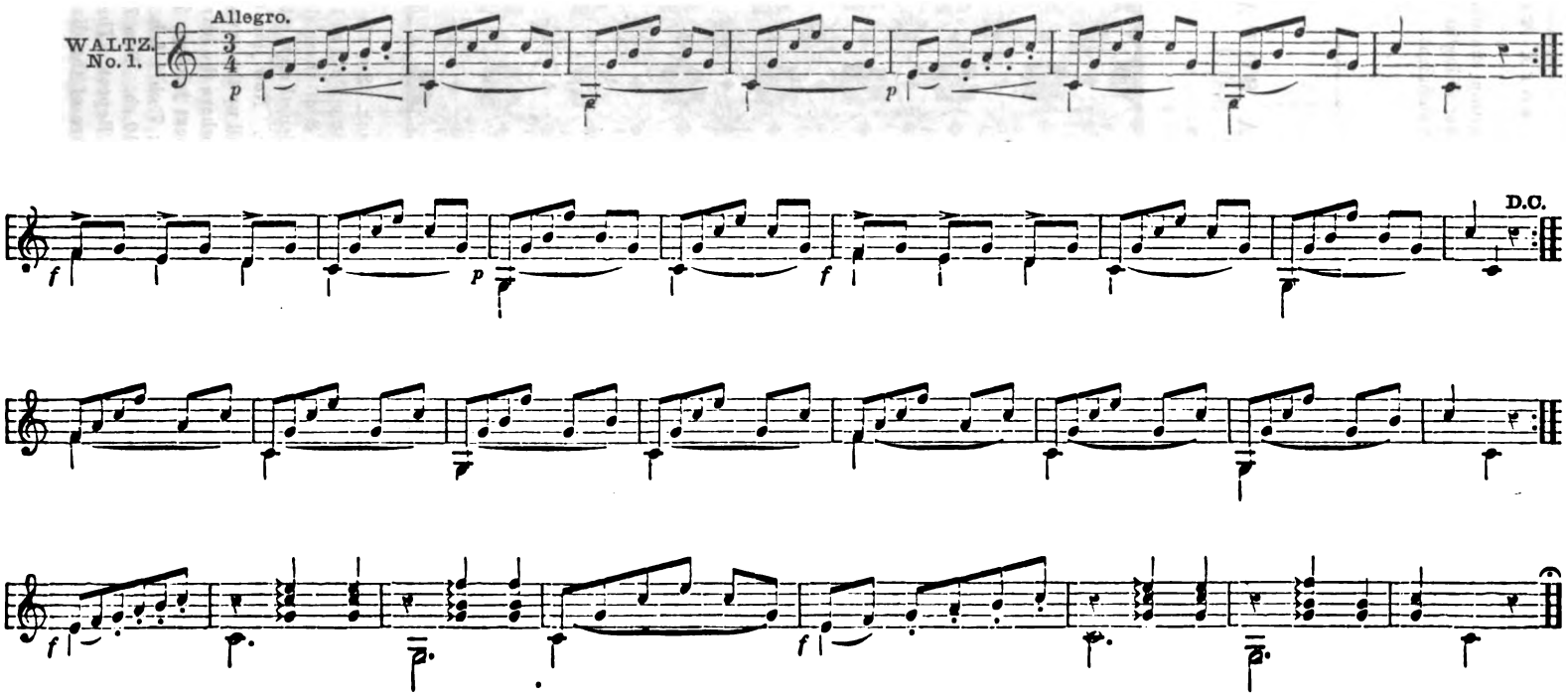

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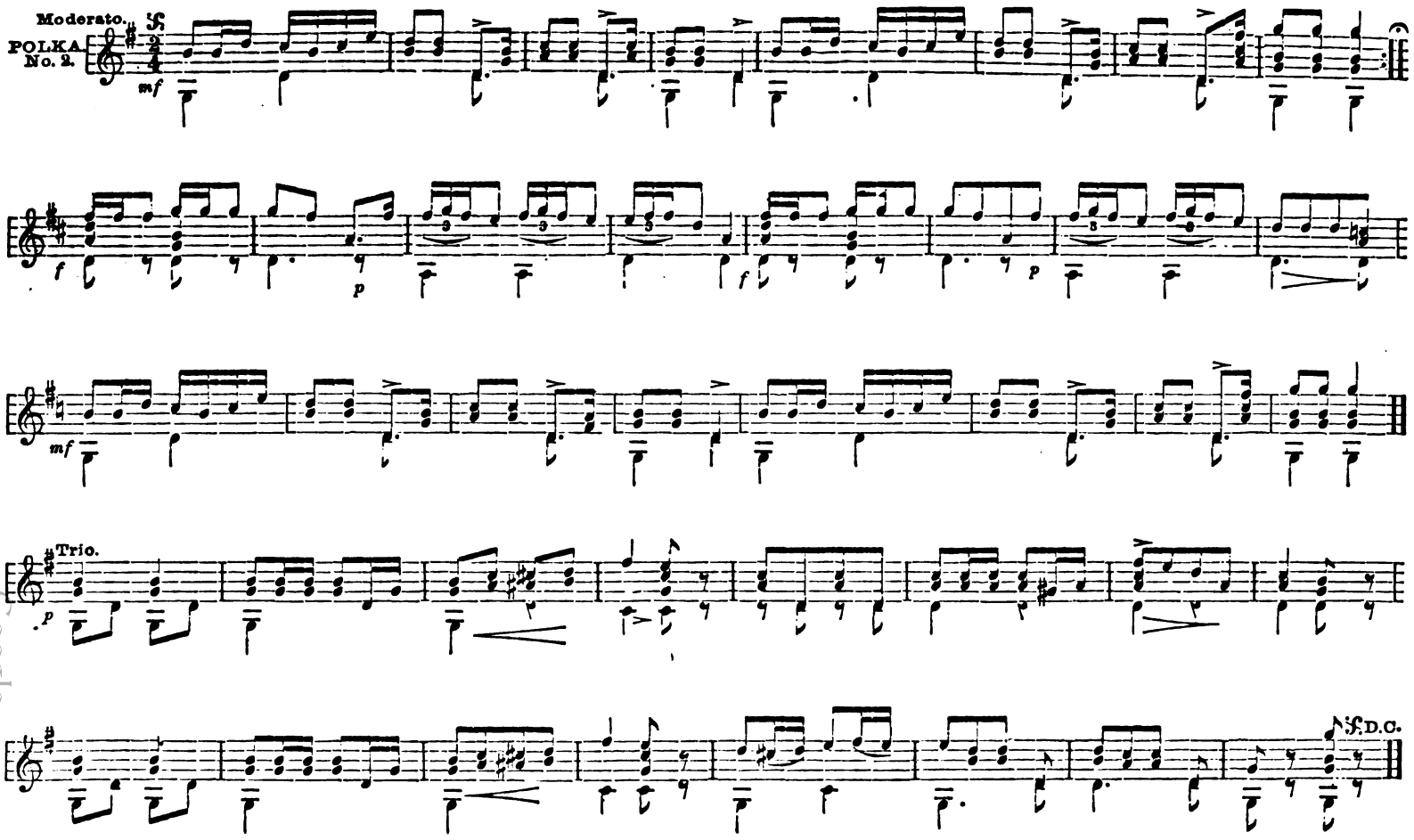

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ALWAYS FORWARD.—We never see man, woman, or child shrinking from duty, but we think of the heroic Col. Graham at the battle of Molino del Rey. At the crisis of that, the most desperate fight of the Mexican war, the eleventh regiment, which Graham commanded, was ordered up, from the reserves, to carry a battery, from which a column of American troops had already been repulsed. As the eleventh dashed along over the bodies of its fallen comrades, the batteries opened, tearing its ranks frightfully. "Forward, forward!" cried Col. Graham. Again the grape and cannister came crashing from the Mexican parapets. Six bullets struck the colonel. Yet still he shouted, "Forward." At last a seventh shot proved fatal. But as he fell, he waved his sword and cried again, "Forward, my word is always forward." His men swept onward like a torrent, carried the enemy's guns, and planted the stars and stripes on the disputed walls. It is possible that those gallant words, "Forward, always forward," saved the day.

No one knows what dangers can be passed, what difficulties overcome, what apparent impossibilities achieved, until he or she has thrown himself or herself, heart and soul, into the task, determined to succeed. Would Washington have conquered at Trenton if he had shrunk back at the wildly running ice in the Delaware? Would Napoleon have been victorious at Arcola if he had stopped, despairing, on the other side of that bridge? Would Wellington have won at Waterloo if he had not said, when the French cuirassiers swept around him like a whirlwind, so that he had to throw himself into a square for personal protection, "Hard pounding, this, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest?" A strong will is often better than intellect itself. There is a talisman in "Forward, always forward."

Often in life there occur crises when everything conspires to dishearten us. The nervous system itself becomes worn out by the severe tensions to which it has been subjected; a morbid state of feeling ensues; the poor half-drowned swimmer is about to give up in despair. That is just the time to say to one's self, "Forward, always forward." To triumph under smooth skies and when the wind is fair, is no honor. It is the tempest that proves who is strong-hearted! Had Col. Graham, in that terrific rush at Molino del Rey, thought only of the defeat which had preceded his attack, he would have failed in the assault; the works would have remained unconquered; Mexico, perhaps, would not have fallen. It was the "Forward, always forward," ringing in the soldiers' ears, that carried them on its hurricane of high-hearted courage up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, over the parapet, and triumphantly into the fort.

ADDITIONAL NEW PUBLICATIONS.—In addition to the works noticed this month, we have received "Coppee's Academic Speaker," "Poems by S. W. Hazeltine," "The Home-Book of Health and Medicine," "The Physiology of Common Life, Vol. II.," and other publications, which we shall endeavor to speak of more at large in our September number.

NEW SOUTHERN QUARTERLY.—We have received the first number of "The Plantation," a new Southern quarterly, edited and published by J. A. Turner, at Eatonton, Ga. We welcome it heartily to our sanctum, and hope it may long live and flourish. We have known Mr. Turner, for many years, as a writer of ability.

APPLAUSE.—Applause, if it is bestowed discriminately, is a great incentive to eloquence. It sharpens wit and begets a desire to excel. It often adds a crowning beauty to patient, plodding thought, that would otherwise have seemed but common-place utterance.

A sensitive speaker must, however, be extremely mortified, when in the midst of a declaration not remarkable for any subtle ingenuity, or great originality, he is applauded to the echo, and a thought that bears the stamp of sublimity, that has been carefully coined from the mint of his master mind, and is stamped with the brilliant impress of genius, he sees followed by an awkward silence and a vacant stare.

To many a new idea is incomprehensible, unless presented in a blunt, homely manner, rough-edged and unpolished. These are the utilitarians; men with whom fact and fancy are utterly at variance; men, the thermometer of whose imagination cannot be coaxed up to blood heat—men to whom a steeple is a piece of painted wood with a bell hanging in it, and never a symbolical finger pointing to the skies, and mutely telling why it towers above surrounding edifices—men to whom the vast ocean is only a grand highway for their ships of merchandise; and the sky a store-house of storms that may sink their winged treasures. Such seldom applaud, save when the speaker narrates a trick of Yankee speculation, by way of illustration or amusement, or unfolds some plan by which a cunning operator might make a few thousands.

Others applaud a sentence that is musically arranged, merely because it pleases the ear and tickles the fancy, even if they have no clear conception of what the author means; and many who have sensibilities, though sadly blunted, will burst out with immoderate applause, when an expressive silence would be much more grateful to the speaker, and more creditable to their own good taste. When, unfortunately, a heavy sole raps the floor, not with the delicate and subdued evidence of those ethereal knockers known so intimately to the present generation—but with a heavy rat, tat, tap, there are not wanting men of a very small growth to repeat and lengthen the vibrations of sound on every trivial occasion. This ill-timed manifestation so disgusts listeners of real sense and talent, that they forbear all expressions of delight or sympathy, because they feel that so few really appreciate the finest points or the most original ideas. How vastly better it would be to banish all expressions of pleasure, than by ill-timed praise to throw a chill upon the sensitive mind of one who has labored, with much pains-taking, to instruct the heart and gratify the intellect!

ORDER IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD.—Where there is disorder there is no tranquillity, no excellence, no happiness. Order in families is essential to their peace, elevation, and progress. In our households, everything should be done at the best time, as well as in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern, from which there should be no deviation, unless necessity compel. Disorderly habits, a constant want of arrangement, will entail nothing but loss and misery; and as the children grow up, these habits will be rendered fixed and permanent.

WEAVING AND PLAITING HAIR.—A subscriber, who asks for instruction on this subject, is informed that we will begin, in the September number, a series of illustrated articles on weaving and plaiting hair.

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KISSING AMONG LADIES.—A gentleman writes to us as follows:—"Dear Sir. As you are a public journalist, I hope you will permit me to speak of an obnoxious custom, to which our better halves are addicted, and with which the worser halves are disgusted. I mean the practice of ladies kissing on meeting. I was from home, last winter, visiting my wife's relations, and to see every old, ugly aunt kissing her, at meeting, was enough to disgust me with the idea of ever kissing her again. I think if you could state, in your Magazine, that the thing had exploded in Paris, it would soon be done away with in America. Do what you can for us in this matter. I should not object to young girls kissing my wife, but the idea of old wives and old aunts kissing her is horrible to think of. It should be done away with entirely, if possible." We can do nothing for this poor fellow but publish his letter.

LECTURES FOR 1860—1861.—Park Benjamin, Esq., the well known poet and lecturer, is now prepared to accept invitations, and make engagements to deliver lectures before Associations, Institutions, and Lyceums, or for the Proprietors of Public Halls, during the spring, summer, autumn of the present year, and the winter of 1860 and 1861. We understand he has prepared new lectures, on popular subjects, and altered and improved former discourses. Though partially engaged in another business, it is by no means his intention to relinquish his favorite profession of a public lecturer. His terms are always reasonable, and he will be as ready to accept invitations to speak in small places as in the larger towns and cities. His address is Park Benjamin, New York city. Many of our subscribers, interested in lectures, will thank us, we know, for this intelligence.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago; with other Things. By the author of "The New Priest of Conception Bay." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—About two years ago, a new novel, called "The New Priest of Conception Bay," was laid upon our table. As the work was anonymous, and our time was much occupied, months passed before we took it up. But when once we had begun to read it, we gave to it every spare moment we could command, until we had read it through. In our subsequent notice of it, we spoke quite highly of its merits, and added, in passing, that nobody had managed the Yankee dialect so well, unless, perhaps, Professor Lowell. We now hear, but scarcely with surprise, that a brother of the professor was the writer of the novel. That brother is here before us again, and this time as the author of a book of poems. Nor is he but little inferior, as a poet, to what he is as a novelist. We are especially pleased with his thorough conscientiousness as a workman. Instead of carelessly clothing his thoughts in any words that came to hand, he seeks the most fitting: instead of fancying that any management of his subject will do, he views it in all aspects and selects the most artistic. We instance, as illustrations, the first poem in the volume, "Fresh Hearts that Failed," and especially the last, "The Brave old Ship, the Orient." We regret that our limits, this month, will not permit us to copy this latter poem. No poet, not even Falconer, has described the sea more truly: and he describes it, too, as Kean played Shakspeare, "by flashes of lightning." The whole handling of this fine poem, from first to last, is in perfect keeping. It is impossible to say where a word could be altered. We are affected, as much by what is not said, as by what is. In spite of our crowded columns, we cannot resist copying the conclusion. See with what bold, free, dashes of the pencil, the pictures are brought out!

"So before the sunny town
Went our anchors splashing down;
Our sails we hung all out to the sun;
While airs from off the steep
Came playing at bo-peep
With our canvas, hour by hour, in their fun.
We leaned on boom and rail with many a lazy tale
Of the work of the storm that had died;
And watched, with idle eyes,
Our floats, like Summer flies,
Riding lazily about the ship's side.
Suddenly they cried, from the other deck,
That the Orient was gone to wreck!
That her hull lay high on a broken shore,
And the brave old ship would float no more.
But we heard a sadder tale, ere the night came on,
And a truer tale of the ship that was gone.
They had seen her from the height,
As she came from yester-night,
While the storm had not gone by, and the sea was running high,
A ship driving heavily to land;
A strange great ship (so she seemed to be
While she tumbled and rolled on the far-off sea,
And strange, when she toiled near at hand,)
But some ship of mark and fame,
Though crippled, then, and lame.
And that must have been gallantly manned.
So she came, driving fast;
They could tell her men, at last;
There were harbors down the coast on her lee;
When strangely, she broached to,
Then, with her gallant crew,
Went headlong down into the sea.

That was the Orient;
The brave old Orient:
Such a ship as never more will be."

The author, as we learn from several poems in the volume, is a clergyman. He never, however, obtrudes this fact ostentatiously. But neither does he conceal his sincere faith in Christianity. His religion seems to be a part of his being; it comes as natural to him as to breathe. When we consider that so many modern poets either ignore religion altogether, or are openly skeptical, we cannot but praise the manliness and wisdom of Mr. Lowell.

The Kellys and O'Kellys. By the author of "Doctor Thorne." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—This is one of young Trollope's best novels. The scene is laid in Ireland, and the characters and incidents are natural as well as racy. Mrs. Kelly particularly is capitally done. Why do not some of our publishers reprint all of this author's novels? Especially, why are not "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers" reprinted, for the same characters, generally, figure in these as in "Framley Parsonage," which is now running through the Cornhill Magazine, and which so many thousands, in the United States, are reading? We think, if Rudd & Carleton would follow up "The Kellys and O'Kellys," by reprinting these two novels, they would make a hit. What do they say?

Grasses and Forage Plants. By Charles L. Flint. With one hundred and seventy illustrations. Fifth edition. Revised and Enlarged. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Philada: G. G. Evans.*—We have found this work of the greatest advantage to us in farming the few acres where we spend our summers. It is a practical treatise on the natural history of grasses and forage plants; their comparative nutritive value; the methods of cultivating, cutting, and curing them; and the management of grass lands in the United States and British Provinces. The author is secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

A Public Address delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, March 8, 1860. *By F. D. Huntington.* 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Philada: G. G. Evans.*—The subject of this address is "Home and College," a capital theme, out of which the orator has made the most possible. Could we say more in praise of this little book?

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Lucile. By Owen Meredith. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The author of this new poem is the eldest son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who has been known, in literary circles, for some time, under the assumed name of Owen Meredith. "Lucile" is his most pretentious work, and is not without high merit; but it will never raise its author to the same level as Byron, Scott, or even Campbell. There are quite too many pages for the subject matter. When will young writers learn to condense? Even the diffuse Byron, when he had written a hundred lines, stopped and cut them down to twenty. Goldsmith was often a day in turning out five couplets. The comparative haste with which "Lucile" has been composed has crowded it with jingle, and so done serious injury to the author's reputation, for there are really fine bits scattered here and there through the poem, which show what young Bulwer might do with care.

Rutledge. A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Derby & Jackson. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is an American novel, by an anonymous author. There is considerable power in the book, some freshness, and generally just views of life. The story takes hold of the reader at once and maintains a breathless interest to the last. On the other hand, the style is often careless, the incidents strained, and the conduct of the heroine unnatural. The book, without actually being an imitation of "Jane Eyre," reminds the reader of that work continually. Such an estate as the hero is represented as possessing, hardly exists anywhere in America, at least in the Northern states, where the locality of the story is placed. To conclude, this new author writes from books, not from observation, and though she has talent, wants skill and experience.

Milch Cows and Dairy Farming. By Charles L. Flint. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Philada: G. G. Evans.*—We have no personal knowledge of dairy affairs, but those who have, tell us that this is an excellent treatise. The book discusses the breeds, breeding and management, in health and disease, of dairy and other stock; the selection of milch cows; the production of milk, butter, and cheese, &c., &c. A treatise on the dairy husbandry of Holland is added: also Horsfall's System of Dairy Management.

The Little Beauty. By Mrs. Grey. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of "The Young Duke" is one of the most popular of the female novelists of England. This, her latest work, has just been issued, from advance sheets. Those who wish to read a good, old-fashioned love story, should lose no time in purchasing this new novel. The volume is printed and bound quite handsomely.

Hawksview. By the author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new novel by a well known English author. "Hawksview," however, is not so good as its predecessors: nevertheless, it is a well-told story, and its republication comes opportunely for summer reading.

A Mother's Trials. By the author of "My Lady." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the best novels of the season. The character of Gerty, whom we may almost consider the heroine, is admirably drawn.

Text-Book in Intellectual Philosophy for Schools and Colleges. By J. T. Champlin, D. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.*—This is a very excellent work, which we take pleasure in recommending. It is neatly printed.

Church Choral Book: containing tunes and hymns for congregational singing; and adapted to choirs and social worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. 1 *vol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.*—This will be found a useful work of its class.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

☞ *Though not strictly belonging to a cook-book, good medical receipts are so invaluable, and so necessary in a family, that we have thought it best to add a few reliable ones here.*

MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

Wagner Salve—For Tetter, Ringworm, &c.—Take equal quantities of the inside bark of elder, sharp-pointed dock root, and green chamomile. Bruise them well in a mortar, and place them in a vessel over a slow fire, with a sufficient quantity of fresh lard, or butter, (free from salt). After the substance is well extracted from the ingredients, put in a small tablespoonful of soot, and stir the whole well together. Then strain off the liquor, and stir into it a tablespoonful of tar, and the same quantity of sulphur, stirring it until it grows cold. If the weather be cold, rub the part affected before the heat entirely leaves the salve.

Syrup of Rhubarb.—Take a quarter of an ounce of sliced rhubarb, a quarter of an ounce each of mace and nutmeg, a tablespoonful of anise seed, and a little saffron. Put all the ingredients into a pint of water, and let it stew until the rhubarb is quite soft; then add a pound of loaf sugar—let it stew a little longer, and then put in two spoonfuls of spirits. This may be given to children for vomiting, or a bad bowel complaint. The dose is a teaspoonful every half hour, or every hour, according to the symptoms.

Spice Plaster.—The ingredients are: Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, two teaspoonfuls of ground allspice, and two teaspoonfuls of cloves. Mix the ingredients thoroughly together, and make the mixture into a poultice by means of some hot spirits; brandy, or whisky. Apply the plaster to the region of the stomach, as warm as can be borne; it is best to place some gauze over the plaster, in order to prevent the mixture from falling off.

Wash for Sore Nipples.—The ingredients are: Powdered gum arabic, eighth of an ounce, rose-water, one ounce. Mix the preceding ingredients together, and then add the following articles when they are thoroughly dissolved: Powdered borax, eighth of an ounce, rose-water, one ounce. After both the mixtures are well incorporated, add tincture of myrrh, quarter of an ounce.

Wine Bitters—No. 1.—Take four ounces of gentian root, eight ounces of orange, or lemon peel, dried, and half an ounce of coriander seed; pound them well, and put them into a gallon of brandy, adding two drachms of cochineal, rubbed to a powder. Stand it in a warm place, and shake it frequently. It will be fit for use in a few days.

Wine Bitters—No. 2.—The ingredients are: Gentian root, one pound, orange peel, half a pound, coriander seed, two ounces, cardamom seed, two ounces, red sanders, one ounce, whisky, two gallons.

Tar Ointment.—Take the suet out of one quarter of mutton; roast it before the fire, and whilst roasting, baste it with three tablespoonfuls of tar. When the fat is fully extracted, mix it well with the tar, and when nearly cold, stir in one tablespoonful of sulphur. A cure for ringworms, &c.

Stoughton's Bitters.—Six ounces of orange peel, four ounces gentian root, eighth of an ounce of snake root, eighth of an ounce of English saffron, half an ounce of Columbo root, half a gallon of best brandy.

Chilblains.—Dissolve one ounce of white vitriol in a pint of water. Bathe the parts affected, very often.

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Pulmonary Complaints.—When an effusion of blood from the lungs takes place, a prompt, an infallible resource might readily be provided, so as to meet the occasion with a safe and decided effect. From twenty to thirty-five drops of the spirits of turpentine in a glass of water, will produce an instantaneous collapse of the mouth of the blood vessel. It is also asserted, that, in the above case, a tumblerful of strong gin-toddy, or gin and water will have the same effect.

Cholera Morbus.—(Said to be a certain cure.)—The ingredients are: One glassful of West India rum, one glassful of molasses, one glassful of spring water, and three tablespoonfuls of ginger. Mix them all together, and take it. It is said to afford immediate relief.

For Piles.—The ingredients are: Two tablespoonfuls of tar, eight tablespoonfuls of lard, not heaped. First wash the parts affected with Castile soap and water, and then apply the ointment. The ointment should be used once or twice each day.

For Diarrhœa.—The ingredients are: Sulphate of morphia, one grain, Glauber salts, quarter of an ounce, water, two ounces. Dose: A teaspoonful twice a day. If attended with much pain and looseness, administer this medicine every two hours.

For Dyspepsia.—Powdered rhubarb, sixty grains, bi. carb. of soda, half an ounce, powdered ginger, sixty grains, oil of anise seed, twenty drops. Make up these ingredients into twelve powders. Take a powder morning, and evening.

Pills for Costiveness.—Powdered ipecac., twenty grains, mercury with chalk, twenty grains, extract of Colocynth comp., forty grains. Make the whole into twenty pills. Take one pill in the morning.

For Sick Stomach.—Salts of tartar, thirty grains, oil of mint, six drops, powdered gum arabic, eighth of an ounce, powdered loaf sugar, eighth of an ounce, water, six ounces. A tablespoonful of this mixture is a dose.

Cure for Chapped Lips.—Dissolve a lump of bees-wax in a small quantity of sweet oil—over a candle—let it cool, and it will be ready for use. Rubbing it warm on the lips two or three times, will effect a cure.

Cure for Frozen Limbs.—Dissolve from one quarter to half a pound of alum in a gallon of warm water, and immerse the feet or hands in it when frozen, for ten or fifteen minutes, and a cure will be effected.

Tetter Lotion.—The ingredients are: Ammoniated copper, twenty grains, milk of sulphur, forty grains, sugar of lead, forty grains, corrosive sublimate, six grains, water, one pint.

For Sore Throat.—The ingredients are: Bi. carb. of soda, quarter of an ounce, chlorate of potash, eighth of an ounce, water, six ounces. A tablespoonful of this mixture is a dose.

For Dropsy.—The ingredients are: Acetate of squills, one ounce, nitrate of potash, sixty grains, water, five ounces. Dose: A tablespoonful every two hours.

Eye Water.—Ingredients: One grain of white vitriol, half a grain of dry opium, one ounce of rain water. Filter the whole through blotting paper.

Number Six.—(Thomsonian.) Ingredients: Best gum myrrh, two ounces, African pepper, quarter of an ounce, brandy, one pint.

For Frosted Feet.—Mix together one ounce of turpentine, and three-eighths of an ounce of oil of sassafras. Apply the solution morning, and evening.

Simple Cerate.—The ingredients are: Lard, eight ounces, white wax, four ounces, spermaceti, one and a half ounce.

Eye Wash.—The ingredients are: White vitriol, sixteen grains, sugar of lead, sixteen grains, water, one pint.

Worm Tea.—The ingredients are: Senna, quarter of an ounce, manna, quarter of an ounce, pink root, six drachms.

Cure for the Sting of a Wasp.—Apply an onion to the part affected, and the cure will be instantaneous.

Deshler's Salve.—This is a valuable preventative for gathered breasts; apply it when the least hardness appears, or there is any tendency to a gathering. Spread the salve on soft linen; apply it about three times a day. The breast should not be kept too warm. The ingredients are: Resin, one pound, fresh, sweet tallow, one pound, turpentine, half a pint, linseed oil, one pint, bees-wax, one pound.

Disordered Bowels—For Children.—Take two teaspoonfuls of anise seed, and as much grated rhubarb as will more than completely cover a ten cent piece, and stew them in half a pint of water; when cold, add one teaspoonful of magnesia. When settled, strain it, and add to it some loaf sugar. Dose: One teaspoonful every hour.

A Cure for the too great use of Cold Water, by persons when Overheated.—This recipe is by one of the most eminent physicians of Philadelphia. Add half an ounce of camphor to a gill of brandy. Divide it into three portions, and administer one portion each minute, until the patient is relieved.

Gargle for Sore Throat—No. 1.—One ounce of best Peruvian bark, two wineglassesful of honey, burnt alum the size of two walnuts, borax the size of a shellbark. Mix these ingredients in a quart of water, and then stew them until reduced to a pint. Shake the mixture previous to using it.

Soap Liniment.—The ingredients are: Castile soap, four ounces, camphor, two ounces, oil of rosemary, half an ounce, water four ounces, alcohol, one quart. Mix the alcohol and water; digest the soap with the mixture in hot water till dissolved, and then add the camphor and oil of rosemary.

Dewees' Carminative—For Colic.—(A remedy for infants only.)—Magnesia, thirty grains, tincture of assafœtida, forty drops, laudanum, twenty drops, water, one ounce. Dose: Twenty-five drops—and if not relieved in the course of half an hour, give ten or twelve drops more.

Dysentery.—Take one pint of best wine vinegar, and add half a pound of best loaf sugar. Simmer them together in a pewter vessel, with a pewter top. Let the patient drink this during the day—a small quantity at a time—either clear, or diluted with water.

Cure for the Tetter.—Procure some strawberry leaves, and lay the outside, or woolly side of the leaf on the parts affected. They must be laid on very thick, and be changed occasionally. They will draw out inflammation, and cure the disease.

Gargle for Sore Throat—No. 2.—The ingredients are: quarter of an ounce of alum, quarter of an ounce of borax, one gill of water, one tablespoonful of honey, quarter of an ounce of tincture of myrrh.

Diarrhœa Mixture.—The ingredients are: Camphor water, one pint, spirits of lavender compound, six ounces, sugar, one ounce and a half. Dose: A tablespoonful three times a day.

Dinner Pills.—The ingredients are: Aloes six-eighth of an ounce, mastich, quarter of an ounce, rose leaves, quarter of an ounce. Make it up into three grain pills.

Goulard's Cerate—For Healing Blisters, &c.—The ingredients are: Lard, twelve ounces, white wax, two and a half ounces, extract of lead, two and a half ounces.

Cough Mixture.—Paregoric, one ounce, tincture of tolu, one ounce, spirits of nitre, one ounce, antimonial wine, eighth of an ounce. A teaspoonful of this mixture is a dose.

A Prompt Emetic.—The ingredients are: Tartar emetic, one grain, powdered ipecac., twenty grains. Take the above in a wineglassful of sweetened water.

Charcoal Dentifrice.—Ingredients: Powdered charcoal, four ounces, powdered yellow bark, two ounces, powdered myrrh, one ounce, orris root, half an ounce.

Cure for a Burn.—Kreosote, six drops, simple cerate, one ounce. Apply the salve twice a day.

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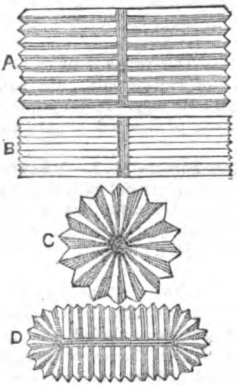
ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

TROUBLE-WIT.—Take a sheet of stiff paper, fold it down the middle of the sheet, longways; then turn down the edge of each fold outward, the breadth of a penny; measure it as it is folded, into three equal parts, with compasses, which make six divisions in the sheet; let each third part be turned outward, and the other, of course, will fall right; then pinch it a quarter of an inch deep, in plaits, like a ruff, so that, when the paper lies pinched in its form, it is in the fashion represented by A; when closed together, it will be like B; unclose it again, shuffle it with each hand,



and it will resemble the shuffling of a pack of cards; close it, and turn each corner inward with your fore-finger and thumb, it will appear as a rosette for a lady's shoe, as C; stretch it forth, and it will resemble a cover for an Italian couch, as D; let go your fore-finger at the lower end, and it will resemble a wicket, as E; close it again, and pinch it at the bottom, spreading the top, and it will represent a fan, as F; pinch it half-way, and open the top, and it will appear in the form shown by G; hold it in that form, and with the thumb of your left hand turn out the next fold, and it will be as H.

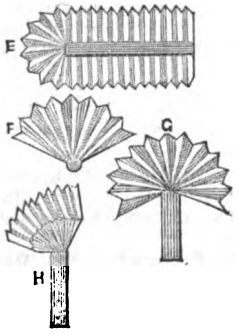


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TABLE RECEIPTS.

Roly-Poly Pudding.—Make a rich pudding-paste with flour and butter, without suet, but as light as possible. Roll it out thin, and cut it to the breadth of eight or ten inches, making it at the same time as long as you please; but half pound of flour and five ounces of butter, wetted with water, will probably be sufficient when rolled out quite smooth; then spread upon it a thick layer of raspberry, currant, or any other sort of jam, but leave about an inch of all the edges bare. That done, roll it round; the roll of paste will secure the fruit, and the ends must be twisted together for the same purpose. Wrap it in a nicely floured cloth, and boil it for two to three hours according to size. Take it up quite hot, and when served cut it crosswise. It may appear homely, but it is an excellent and much-admired pudding.

Sponge Cake.—Half pound of Brown & Polson's corn flour, quarter or half pound of butter, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, to be very well mixed together. Take three eggs, and beat the yolks and whites separately for fifteen minutes, then add to them quarter pound bruised white sugar; mix all together, flavor to taste, and beat for fifteen minutes; put it into a well-buttered tin, papered all round two inches deeper than the tin, and bake in a quick oven for one hour.

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To Make a Cabinet Pudding.—Butter a pudding basin, and line the inside with a layer of raisins that have been previously stoned. Then cut some thin bread and butter, taking off the crust, and fill the basin with it; in another basin beat three eggs, and add to them a pint of milk, with sugar and spice. Mix all well together, and pour the whole into the first basin with the bread and butter. Let it stand half an hour, and then tie a floured cloth over it in the usual manner, taking care that the basin is quite full. This is a most delicious pudding; and when turned out of the basin it has a singular appearance, the outside being quite covered with raisins.

Cold Fish.—By the following plan a good dish may be made from any kind of cold fish. Free the fish from the bone, and cut into small pieces. Season this with onions and parsley chopped, and salt and pepper. Beat two eggs well with a tablespoonful of ketchup. Mix the whole together with the fish, and put it in a baking dish with two or three small slices of bacon over it. Bake before the fire in a Dutch oven. Serve with melted butter or oyster sauce.

To Make Capillaire.—Mix six eggs well beat up, with fourteen pounds of loaf sugar and three pounds of coarse sugar. Put them into three quarts of water, boil it twice, skim it well, and add a quarter of a pint of orange-flower water; strain it through a jelly-bag, and put it into bottles for use. A spoonful or two of this syrup put into a draught of either cold or warm water, makes it drink exceedingly pleasant.

A Cheshire Pudding.—Make a crust as for a fruit pudding, roll it out to fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and eight or nine in width; spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserve of a similar kind, and roll it up in the manner of a collared eel. Wrap a cloth round it two or three times, and tie it tight at each end. Two hours and a quarter will boil it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Receipt for Soft Corns.—Soak the feet well in hot water before going to bed, then pare down the corn, and, after having just moistened it, rub a little lunar caustic on the corn and just around the edge, till it turns light gray. By the next morning it will be black, and when the burnt skin peels off it will leave no vestige of the corn underneath. Of course, the corn is liable to return, but not for some length of time. *Or*—Scrape a bit of common chalk, and put a pinch of the powder on the corn at night, binding a piece of linen round. Repeat this for a few days, when the corn will come off in little scales.

To Restore Faded Writing.—The writing should be lightly once brushed over with diluted muriatic acid, the strength as sold as such at all chemists' shops. As soon as the paper is thoroughly damped, it must be again brushed over with a saturated solution of yellow ferruginate of potash, when immediately the writing appears in Prussian blue. In this latter operation plenty of the liquid should be employed, and care should be taken that the brush be not used so roughly as to tear the surface of the paper.

A Useful Embrocation for Rheumatism, Lumbago, or Strains.—Half oz. of strongest camphorated spirit, one oz. spirits of turpentine, one raw egg, half-pint best vinegar. Well mix the whole, and keep it closely corked. To be rubbed in three or four times a day. For rheumatism in the head, or face-ache, rub all over the back of the head and neck, as well as the part which is the immediate seat of pain.

Excellent Eye-Wash.—Three or five grains of alum dissolved in half a pint of water, and applied to the eyes whenever they are weak or inflamed.

Hair of Children.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their root by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted.

Relief for Quinsey.—A teacupful of red sage leaves to one quart of water, boil ten minutes, add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and sweeten with honey. In the first stage of the disease, it might be used as a gargle, and then to rinse the mouth; it should be used warm. It will be found invaluable.

Deficiency of Wax in the Ear.—Deafness is sometimes the consequence of a morbidly dry state of the inner passages of the ear. In such cases, introduce a bit of cotton wool dipped in an equal mixture of oil of turpentine and oil of almonds, or in the liniment of carbonate of ammonia.

Hair Wash.—One drachm of tincture of lytta, half an ounce of spirits of wine, half an ounce of spirits of rosemary. Put these into a bottle, and add half a pint of cold water.

TOILET RECEIPTS.

To Keep Your Hands Nice.—Wash them with sand-soap, and immediately afterward with fresh water. Then, while they are wet, put into the palm of each hand a very small portion of rose-cream or almond cream, (such as gentlemen use for shaving, and is to be had of all the perfumers), and rub the cream all over them. hard and thoroughly. It forms a strong lather, which will render your hands very soft and smooth; the pores having first been well opened by the friction of the sand-soap. In some very fair and delicate skins, the sand-soap may, at first, leave an uncomfortable irritation, which, however, is generally removed, by the immediate application of the rose-cream. Otherwise, use the rose-cream without the soap.

Honey Soap.—Make it in this manner:—Cut thin two pounds of yellow soap, into a double saucepan, occasionally stirring it till it is melted, which will be in a few minutes if the water is kept boiling around it; then add quarter of a pound of palm oil, quarter of a pound of honey, three pennyworth of true oil of cinnamon; let all boil together another six or eight minutes; pour out and stand it by till next day, it is then fit for immediate use.

Lemon Pomatum.—Best lard, two pounds; suet, half a pound; dissolve with a gentle heat, and mix them well together. Then add four ounces of orange-flower water, and four ounces of rose-water, and mix them well together before adding, or they will separate. Having done this, add a quarter of an ounce of essence of lemon; half a drachm of musk, and half a drachm of oil of thyme.

Superior Lip Salve.—White wax, two and a half ounces; spermaceti, three-quarters of an ounce; oil of almonds, four ounces. Mix well together, and apply a little to the lips at night. *Another.*—A dessert spoonful of salad oil in a saucer, hold it over a candle, and drop melted wax over it till the oil is thinly covered; when they are incorporated, pour it into boxes. (Wax taper will do.)

Invaluable Dentifrice.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold, add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor; bottle the mixture for use. One wineglassful of this solution, added to a half pint of tepid water, is sufficient for each application.

To Color Pomatum.—Yellow, by palm oil or annato; red, by alkanet root; and green by guaiacum, or the green leaves of parsley.

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Soft Hands.—Many ladies occupy an hour or two daily in the kitchen. This is no improvement to the hands, which, another part of the day, may be desirous of taking up fancy work. Old kid gloves may be worn, in many domestic pursuits, with great advantage. One of the secrets of keeping the hands in good condition, is to dry them *thoroughly* after wetting them. At the end of the morning's work, wash them in hot water, with the best soap, and apply milk of roses. Always wash your hands in cold water before going to bed, apply the milk of roses, rub perfectly dry, and sleep for a few nights wearing a pair of old kid gloves. In a short time your hands will be in a soft and smooth condition.

PARLOR GAMES.

My Lady's Toilet.—The name of an article of dress, is given to each one of the company; chairs are placed for all the party but one, so as to leave one chair too few.

They all seat themselves but one, who is called the Lady's Maid, and stands in the centre. When the maid calls for any article of dress, the one who has that name instantly rises, repeats the word and seats herself again directly; for instance the maid says,

"My lady's up and wants her dress."

"Dress!" says the one who has that name, rising at the same time she speaks, and sitting down again as quickly.

"My lady's up and wants her brush."

"Brush!" says Brush, jumping up and repeating her name.

"My lady's up and wants her handkerchief, watch and chain."

"Handkerchief!" "Watch!" and "Chain!" says each one of the three, rising together.

"My lady's up and wants her whole toilet." When this is said, then every one must jump up and change chairs, and as there is a chair too few, of course it occasions a scramble, and whoever is left standing must be Lady's Maid and call to the others as before.

FIRESIDE MAGIC.

To cause Wine and Water to Change Places.—Fill a small narrow-necked bulb with port wine, or with water and colored spirit of wine, and put the bulb into a tall, narrow glass jar, which is then to be filled up with cold water: immediately, the colored fluid will issue from the bulb, and accumulate on the surface of the water in the jar, while colorless water will be seen accumulating at the bottom of the bulb. By close inspection, the descending current of the water may also be observed, and the colored and the colorless liquids be seen to pass each other in the narrow neck of the bulb without mixing. The whole of the colored fluid will shortly have ascended, and the bulb will be entirely filled with clear water.

More than Full.—Fill a glass to the brim with water, and you may add to it spirit of wine without causing the water to overflow, as the spirit will enter into the pores of the water.

The Water-proof Sieve.—Fill a very fine wire-gauze sieve with water, and it will not run through the interstices, but be retained among them by capillary attraction and its own cohesive power.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Fig. I.—Dinner Dress of thin white Muslin for a watering-place. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with seven embroidered ruffles. The body is made high, slightly full at the waist before and behind, and finished with a narrow frill. The sleeves are large, and are trimmed with pink ribbon and points of embroidery. Over the body is worn a Zouave jacket of thin white muslin, and ornamented to correspond with the rest of the dress. Broad, Leghorn flat.

Fig. II.—Dinner Dress of Pearl-colored Grenadine, figured in green.—The skirt is trimmed with seven flounces of the same material as the dress, the top one being finished with a puff. Corsage high and slightly full at the waist. Pagoda sleeves trimmed with two ruffles and a puff. Head-dress of black lace.

Fig. III.—Sea-Shore Costume.—The sacque may be made of gray flannel, cashmere, or silk, according to the fancy of the wearer, and it may be braided in colors like the material, or of some pretty contrasting color. It is finished with a hood, which can be worn or not, according to the wish of the wearer.

Fig. IV.—Sea-Shore Dress for a little Girl.—The dress, basque, cape, and hood are all composed of stone-colored cashmere. The bottom of the basque, the sleeves, cape, and hood are trimmed with a quilling of the material of which they are composed.

Fig. V.—Breakfast Dress of white Marseilles.—This very beautiful dress may be made into a walking costume at a watering-place, with the addition of a hat, and a deep cape of the material of the dress. The dress is made in the Imperatrice style, that is, like a deep basque, with the body and skirt cut in one piece. It is trimmed down the front, around the bottom of the skirt, and around the sleeves and cape, with a band of corn-colored Marseilles. The large mould buttons are also covered with corn-colored Marseilles.

General Remarks.—The two most fashionable colors are known by the titles of the Magenta and the Solferino. The first of these is an extremely agreeable and refreshing green, with a tinge of blue in its shade, the second a sort of intense, deep-toned, brilliant peach, inclining to what is understood by the dahlia color. It is not necessary to say that both of these have received their names in France. Gray, however, is the fashionable color for traveling-dresses, or ordinary walking-dresses. It has the advantage of not being conspicuous on the street, and of not showing dust. The material for these dresses is very varied, nearly all, however, having a little wool and silk in it, and ranging in price from twelve and a half cents, up to one dollar and a quarter. A very excellent and pretty dress may be bought for from twelve and a half to twenty-five cents a yard.

Small Ruffles are still very much worn on nearly all kinds of dresses, but they do not generally extend much higher than the knee.

Zouave Jackets of black silk or cashmere, embroidered in either black, crimson, or gold, are very much worn over light summer dresses, as well as those of thin white muslin.

Ball Dresses are of extreme elegance; rich white satin trimmed in various ways, either with *tulle* and flowers, or rich lace flounces looped with bouquets, are in favor. Light colored *tulles* and silk gauze are also much worn; emerald green, pink, and pale blue, being the favorite colors: white *tulle* with gold or silver stars or spots has a charming effect: the bodies have the waists round with broad sashes; the fronts crossed by draperies or folds, and the sleeves full.

Bonnets this season are extremely elegant; white chip mixed with crape, *tulle*, or blonde for dress bonnets; while for morning wear there is soft Leghorn, and those fine straws which have always so fresh and charming an appearance, particularly for young ladies.

Mantillas are generally made to fall loosely over the figure, and are composed of black silk, or lace, or white muslin. The tight basques are much less seen during the warm weather.

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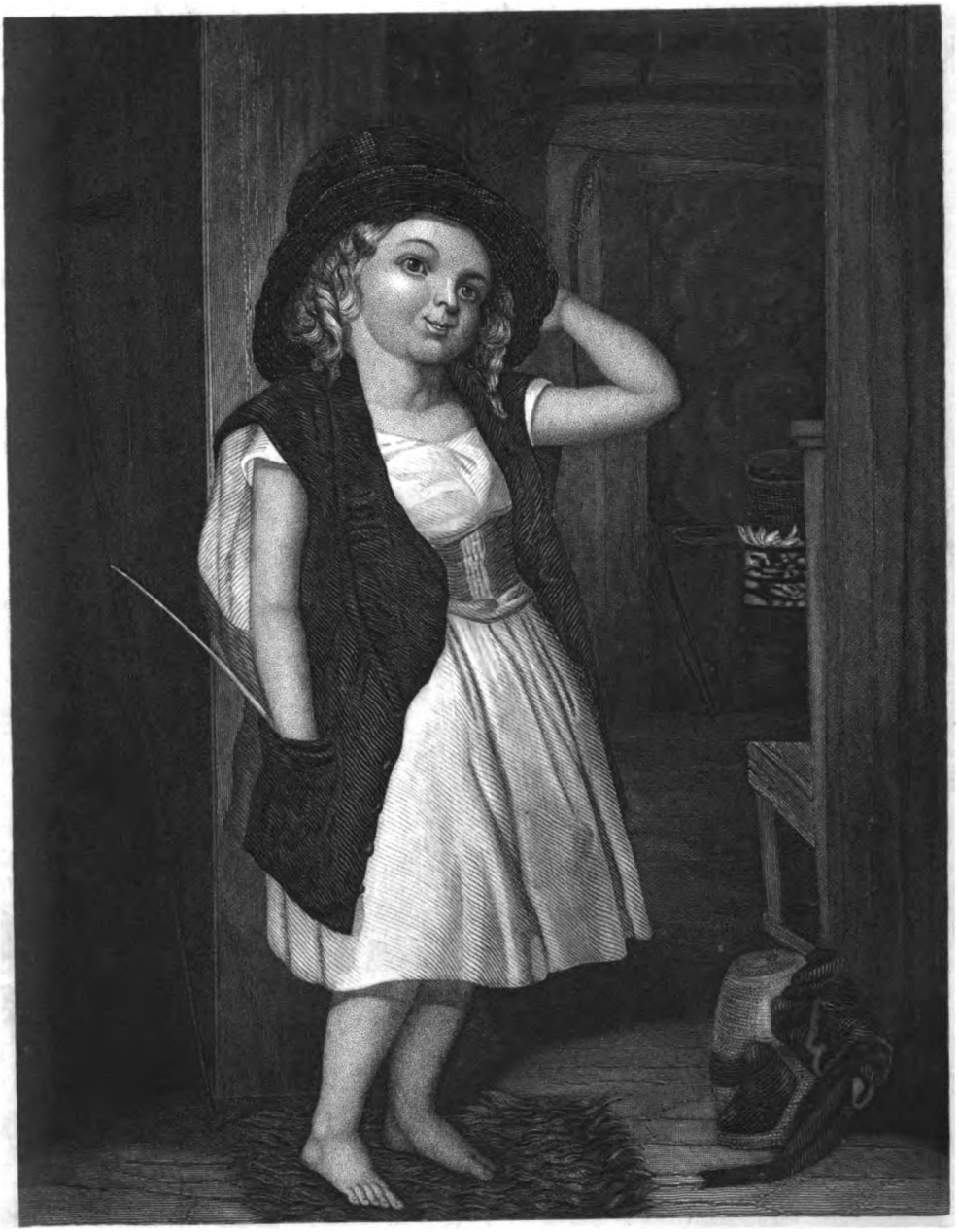

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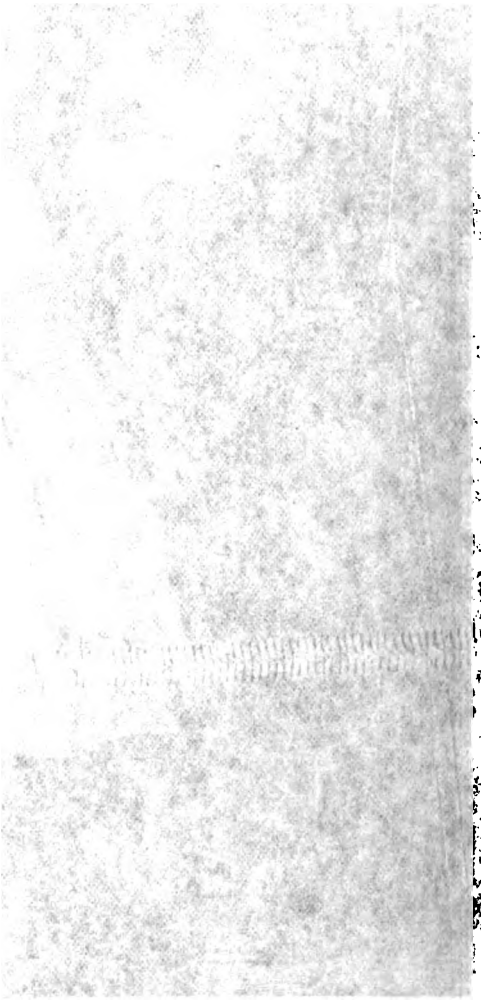

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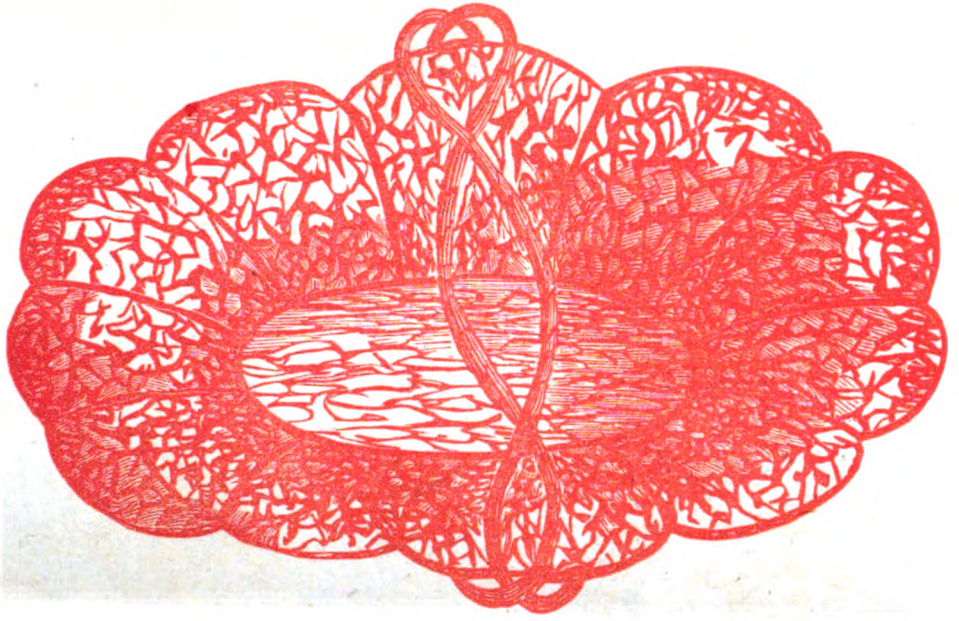

CARD-BASKET: IMITATION CORAL

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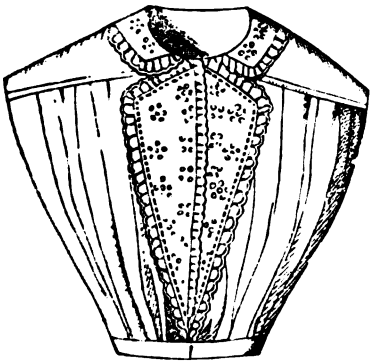
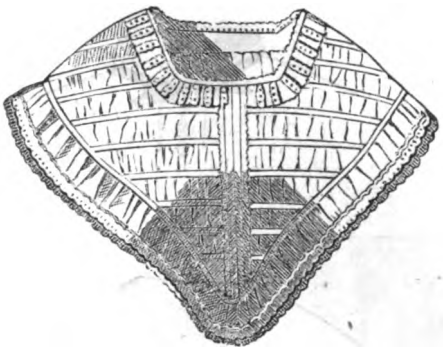


CHEMISETTE.



CAPE.

THE ARAB BOURNOUS.

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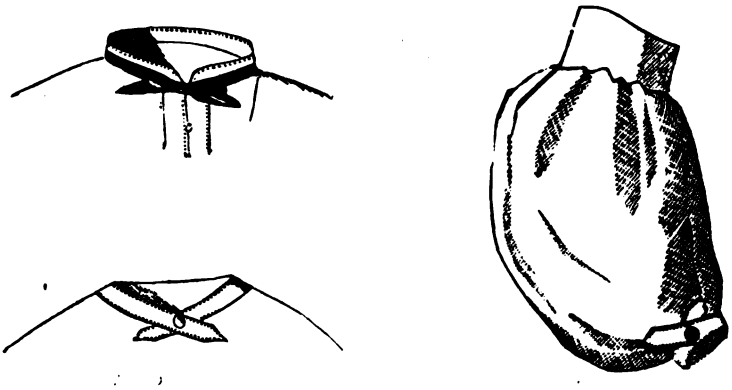

COLLARS AND SLEEVE.

THE TARTAN FALL MANTLE.

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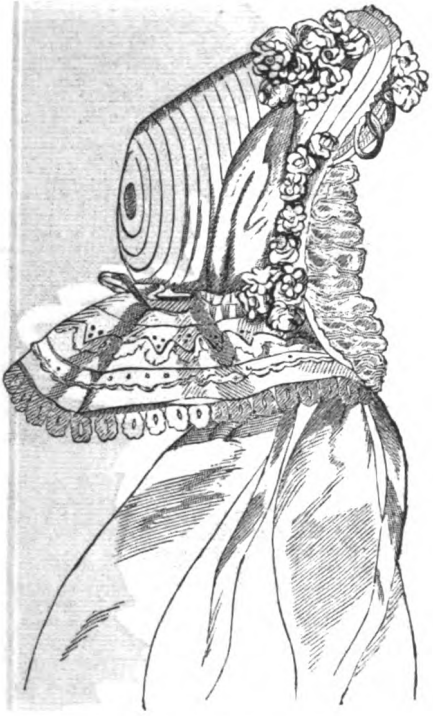
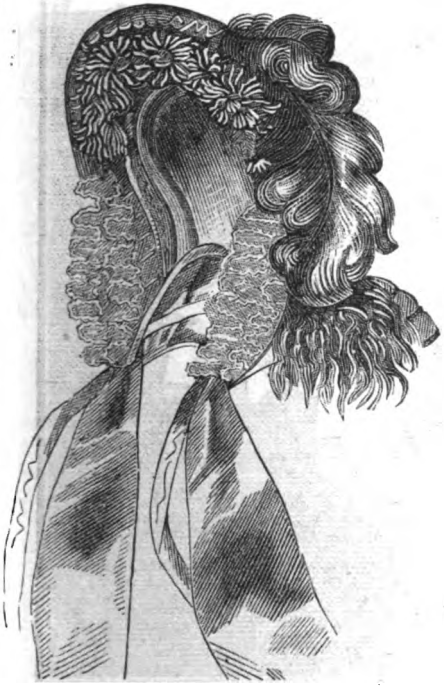


STRAW BONNET.

HEAD-DRESS.



PLUMED BONNET.

HEAD-DRESS.

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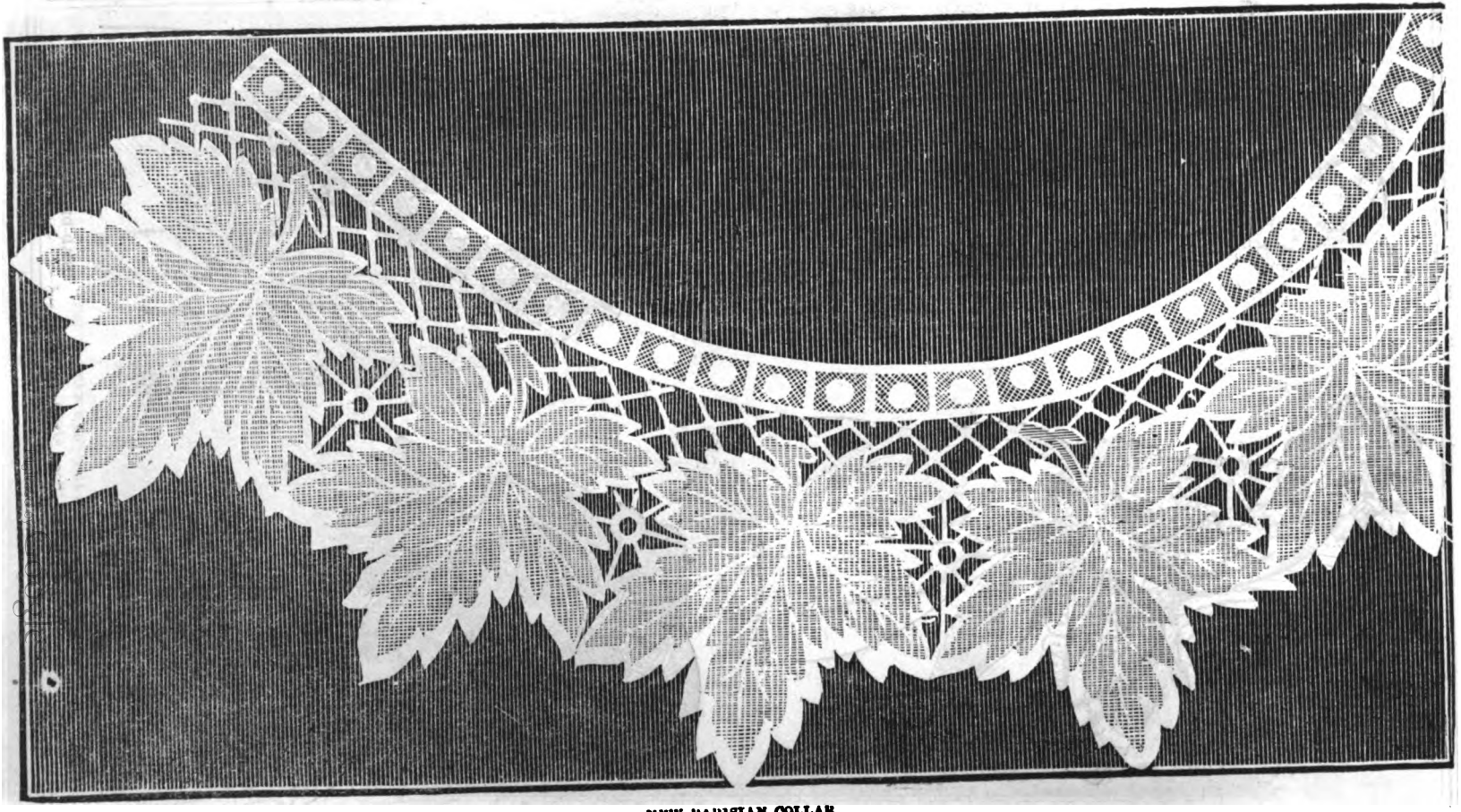
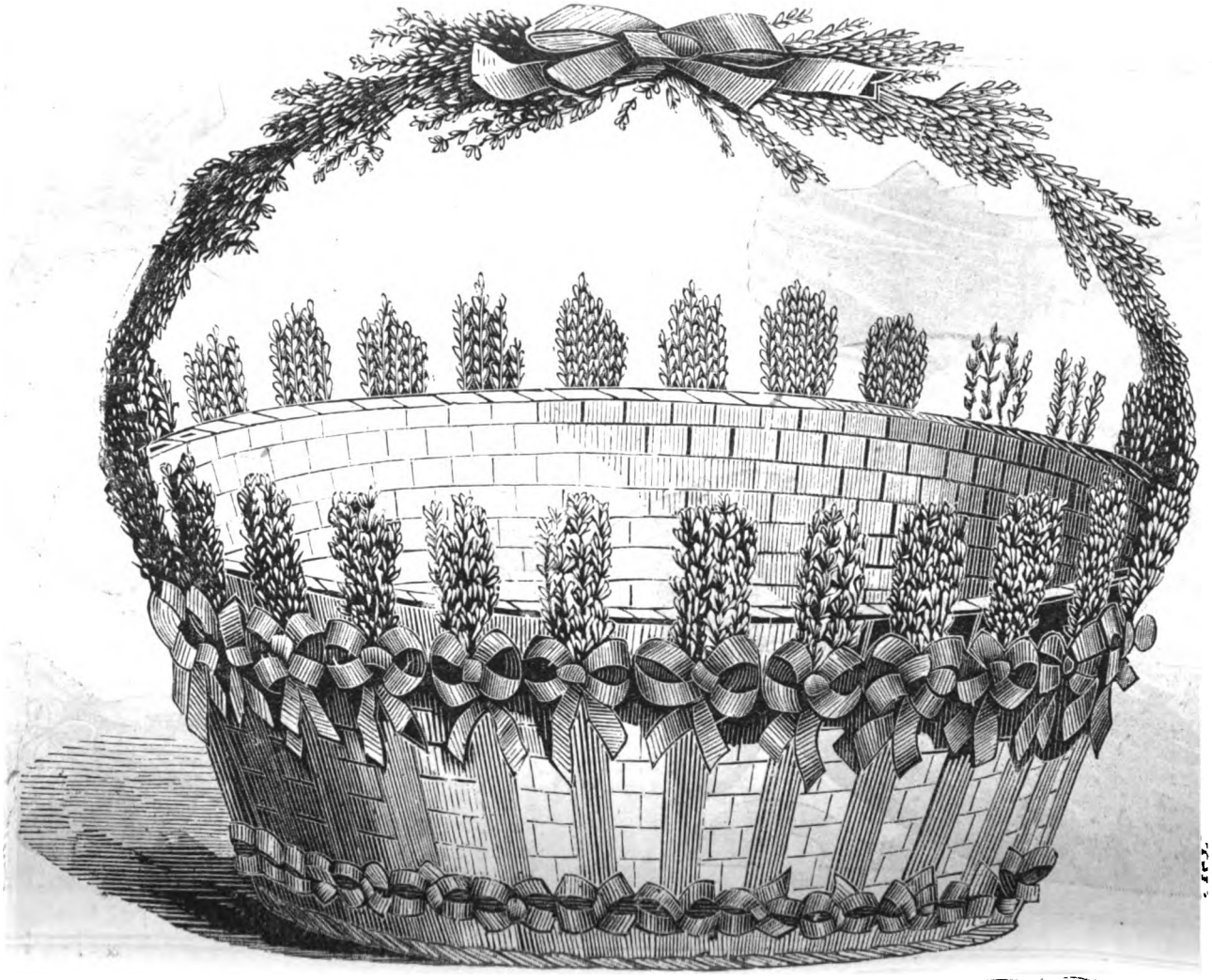


NEW PARISIAN COLLAR.



LAVENDER BASKET.

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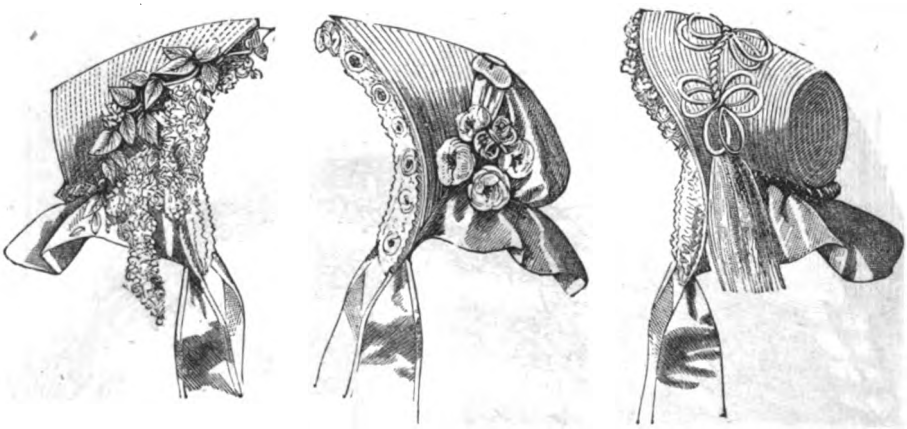

NEW STYLES FOR FALL BONNETS.

NEW STYLE BODY.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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AUNT POLLY'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I'M left all alone in the world, and why shouldn't I seek my fortune? I tell you what, Delia, I'm going to California."

So spake a pleasant faced woman. She was neatly dressed and thirty. She had never had an offer of marriage, and, what was more, she said she never desired one. Everybody believed up to that time that Miss Polly Saunders meant what she said, though it did seem strange.

Polly and Delia were sisters. The latter was the youngest, and had married a pleasant, but somewhat shiftless fellow; or, as he called himself, "one of the unlucky sort." Delia loved him, and was willing to be poor with him. They had one child, Neddy, his mother called him; and, as the sisters talked together, Neddy sat playing with blocks upon the floor.

"You don't mean what you say!" exclaimed Delia, stopping her ironing.

"I do mean what I say though."

"But how in the world are you going?"

"To work my way out, to be sure; do you suppose I'm too proud? No—no."

"I wouldn't," said Delia, reflectively.

"I will," cried Polly, decisively.

And the will carried it. Delia went, the next day, to see the steamer in which Polly had engaged to go as stewardess. It was a brave vessel, glittering from stem to stern. Polly took her sister into the great cabin. On one of the sofas sat a nursery maid with a child in her arms.

"Look! Oh! isn't she beautiful?" exclaimed Delia, her motherly heart all alive.

"Yes, the child is a pretty one," said her sister, carelessly.

"Pretty! it's a beautiful creature—it's as handsome as Neddy—sister, they look alike."

"Nonsense," replied Polly; but the bright blue eyes turning to her smiled in her face. "She has got lovely eyes," she said, softly. "Who is it? What's her name, nurse?"

"Minnie Osgood," replied the young woman: "her father is a great man; you've heard of Mr. Osgood, the lawyer."

Yes, they had heard of him, and they turned away lingeringly.

"Oh! I wish!" exclaimed Delia, fervently.

"Well, what?"

"That they two might grow up for each other—might marry."

"What a ridiculous idea!" cried the unromantic Polly—"just as if it could be possible! Those babies!"

"It might, for all," muttered the ambitious mother.

"It might, but likely never will," was the rejoinder.

The good steamship sailed, and Polly was lost to her sister. Over the blue sea she went, undaunted by storms, unaffected by gales—a lone, but brave woman going to seek her fortune. She had no misgivings. There were her two hands—there was her stout heart—conquer adversity she would—her head should be above water.

Three, four years passed, and a correspondence was regularly kept up. Oh! those homely, illy-spelt, illy-constructed letters, how much pleasure they gave! From the "I take my pen in hand," to the "affeckshantely youres," they were pored over with single-hearted interest. The mother listened to them over her knitting, and, when they were finished, invariably put her handkerchief to her eyes with a "There! I declare—I do wish I could see Polly!" Meanwhile Neddy was growing more beautiful, more intelligent. His father was an honest, pious soul, and brought him up in the fear of God.

Ten years had gone by, and a letter came saying that Polly was married to a Judge Norris. What could it mean? Their Polly, a hard-working woman, marry a judge, and be rich, too?

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Well, aunt Polly was pretty, there was no denying that. That letter, however, was followed by no more; aunt Polly must have fallen a prey to avarice or the fashions.

Neddy was seventeen when they heard of Judge Norris' death. The news was brought by young Osgood, the elder brother of the child, whom, sixteen years before, Delia had seen in the arms of her nurse. The family had returned to their native state. For the first time Neddy Stanton and young Harry Osgood met, the poor boy and the rich. It was decidedly a case of love at first sight. From Harry Neddy learned that his aunt lived in style—was portly, handsome, and very rich. But she had doubtless forgotten her poor relations.

Three years passed. Neddy, a handsome, splendid fellow, began to have the blues. The fact is, Harry had got him into trouble by making him acquainted with beautiful little Minnie Osgood. He loved her, she loved him, but the proud family (all but Harry) said "Nay." Indeed, they took the trouble to be scornful about it.

"Dear, blessed Harry!" little Minnie used to say, when he took that particular note and conveyed it faithfully.

"Hold up your head—don't despair yet," was Harry's motto to his friend, but Neddy came pretty near it.

Neddy was twenty-three—his blues had deepened awfully, for Harry had gone into business on South, and he could not hear from Minnie. One evening, he sat disconsolately thinking desperate things. Somehow life wasn't worth having, after all, in his estimation, at least. The postman called at the door, leaving a large package, for which he asked a large price. It was opened in wondering silence. Alas! poor aunt Polly was dead; but—Neddy Stanton was her heir to the tune of seventy thousand dollars. Poor Neddy looked stupid over it for a long time, he couldn't realize it. Seventy thousand! why that was about enough to set a man up, wasn't it? Buy father a good house—get sis a piano—make mother comfortable for life—and, yes, marry Minnie Osgood!

It proved to be. The prophetic wish of Delia came about all in good time. Seen through golden spectacles, Neddy Stanton was pronounced "good." There was a grand wedding, and Neddy Stanton isn't very far from the top of the ladder of fame. Aunt Polly's fortune did not come amiss.

MY LADY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I sit and ponder hours away
  These peaceful Winter nights;
My cheek upon my jeweled hand,
  My thought in fancy flights.
The dim red firelight blazes up
  The wall in fervid streams,
And gives a rosy touch of hope
  Unto my restless dreams.

I am the Lady of Lochfern,
  Unto the manor born—
An hundred servants till my lands,
  And reap my fields of corn;
And I sit down in royal state
  To meat in plates of gold;
And costly purple wraps me up
  From every breath of cold.

The nimble deer in yonder park,
  The horses in the stalls,
The broad, brave country from the manse
  Unto stern Thunder Falls—
The hill, and dale, the mountain steep,
  The grand old wilderness—
Of all this wealth I am the queen,
  The sole proprietress!

This castle built in times of old,
  In feudal wars, I ken,
Might well resist the bold attacks
  Of scores of mounted men;
And here, in stately pomp, I dwell,
  Taking my high-bred rest;
And yet a heavy thing my heart
  Lies in my stormy breast.

My love hath brought me no return—
  A happy peasant's wife
Clings to the breast of him who might
  Have made existence life!
She brings her children to the door
  When I ride by that way,
And cries, with many a modest blush,
  "God keep our Lady May!"

Ah! much I wonder if the path
  Will always be so drear—
If ne'er a ray of Heavenly joy
  Will reach me even here?
Gold cannot feed a hungry heart,
  Nor diamonds ease a pain!
To-morrow night, 'mid flash of lamps,
  I wed Duke Castlerainc!

And on my brow—my pale white brow—
  Where care a seal has set,
Shall press, like heavy, stinging pain,
  A royal coronet!
Weary of struggling with my fate,
  An audience with despair
I've gi'en at last—and cast myself
  Into the fatal snare!

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OUR ORGAN.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

We were very poor. All Saints' Church was situated in a suburban village, and its nearness to a great city had taken off many wealthy parishioners, who loved to roll in to church in their carriages, and worship in some gorgeous temple, where the choir was presided over by a fashionable prima donna.

Our little church was pretty and rural-looking; it had originally been built upon a very small scale, and had additions made from time to time as affairs prospered with the parish—so that it was quite a standing joke among outsiders that the condition of the treasury was to be ascertained by a glance at the church edifice, if money was rather easy, a new wing was sure to be under way. But we did not care, we loved every stone in the irregular building, for we had all helped to place them there; and we had plenty of ground, and flowering vines that mingled with the ivy on the brown walls, and gave it a beautifully picturesque appearance.

We were old-fashioned people, too, and did not believe in new-fangled ways; and dear old Dr. Rubric had as great a horror of modern innovations as most people have of rattlesnakes. The good man *was* rather absent-minded, sometimes, but we were used to his ways and got on admirably together. He never made much of a figure at conventions, and never enjoyed the *eclat* of newspaper controversy, but was content to stay at home and fulfill the duties of his parish.

What he would have been, though, without *Mrs.* Rubric it is impossible to tell, and painful to contemplate; for that excellent woman was the doctor's right-hand man, and, being continually on the alert, she managed to keep him straight. Dr. Rubric was not young, but Mrs. Rubric defied all surmises on the subject of age. "The oldest inhabitants" said that she had looked just so ever since she came to All Saints' parish; and she was a remarkably active little woman, whose chief characteristic was a peculiarly wide-awake expression, that contrasted so strongly with the doctor's dreamy look as to be almost ridiculous.

But if ever woman had need to keep her wits about her, that woman was Mrs. Rubric during the whole period of her married life. The doctor's turn of mind was meditative and argumentative; and he looked as though he was always solving some internal problem.

Not unfrequently, during the reading of the prayers, or, in the course of the sermon, there would come an awful pause; and, to those unaccustomed to it, the suspense was painful, for strangers were very apt to fancy that the doctor would not be able to go on again. But, after awhile, he would awake with a start, and proceed as though no such break had occurred.

Notices suffered dreadfully in Dr. Rubric's hands; he made all sorts of mistakes in reading them, and generally gave the wrong time at which anything was to take place. Mrs. Rubric, who sat close to the chancel, corrected him with frowns, and words, and whispers; and once she was heard audibly to say, "*Three* o'clock," when the doctor was likely to make considerable trouble by insisting on half-past three. A wag had declared that Dr. Rubric once baptized a child in the name of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but this was mere outside slander, which should not be listened to for a moment.

These were the doctor's failings; but who could estimate the self-denials, the watchings, the fastings, the loving-kindness, and forbearance with which he inlaid his daily life? Of the little that he received, and it was a very small salary, with a large family to support upon it, much, very much went to the poor and needy; and he never complained that his means were insufficient.

The doctor's sermons might have been more *interesting;* but their orthodoxy was sound, and only those who listened in a merely critical spirit could fail to obtain benefit from them. But there are restless people everywhere; and once it was delicately insinuated to Dr. Rubric that a little variety would be an agreeable thing; if the pulpit, for instance, should be now and then filled with different preachers, his people might be able to appreciate *him* better. To which Dr. Rubric mildly replied that he did not wish his people to appreciate him better, as it was not his desire to preach *himself;* but he promised to comply with the request which had been insinuated.

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On the very next Sunday, they had a change, and *such* a change! Dr. Rubric had sent for the son of an old friend of his, the Rev. Nehemiah Newboy; who, although young in years, was a giant in form, and considered himself equal to any undertaking. This gentleman was particularly interested in the subject of reform, and rarely visited any country parish, whose members were humbly walking in the good old paths, without disturbing their serenity before he left.

Dr. Rubric's spare figure scarcely filled the snowy surplice, but the massive proportions of the young deacon puffed it out to an unheard-of extent; and he strode into the chancel with a quick step, and an air that seemed to say that he was not to be trifled with. He *dispatched* the service, for that is the only appropriate term, at a rate that left the congregation almost breathless in their efforts to keep up with him—slammed the vestry door after him—rushed into his black gown—and then, as if he had been wasting much precious time, he ascended into the pulpit, and began as though he was now going to work in good earnest.

He shouted out his text, "Awake, thou that sleepest," in a manner that startled the congregation in general, and almost overwhelmed two or three hard-working, old creatures, who, arraigned at the tribunal of conscience, pleaded guilty to a few surreptitious winks, indulged in while Dr. Rubric was toiling to prove to them the truth of principles which they had held from childhood.

It was truly a thundering discourse which fell from the lips of the Rev. Nehemiah Newboy, and accompanied by appropriate violence of gesture. He spoke familiarly of "John" and "Peter," and elegantly observed of the great Apostle, that "he was scared by a waiting-maid." The copy of the Holy Scriptures which reposed upon the velvet cushion, had never met with such irreverent treatment before; and if the parish of All Saints had been satisfied with such qualifications as those of the Scottish preacher who wore out several Bibles, and beat the pulpit cushion to rags, the Rev. Mr. Newboy would have received an unanimous call thither.

During all this excitement, Dr. Rubric sat, perfectly unmoved, in the chancel—his eyes wearing the far-off, dreamy expression that usually characterized them, and his thoughts probably engaged upon some knotty point in theology that was to form the basis of a future sermon. He took no part whatever in the services, but left the field to Mr. Newboy; and many eyes gazed wistfully at him, the owners thereof wondering that they could ever have wanted a change.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when Mr. Newboy vanished from the scene, it was forever.

It was a bright morning in autumn, and I sat in Mrs. Rubric's parlor, awaiting the appearance of that lady, and the arrival of other womenkind, who were coming to work for the parish school. This institution at present consisted of a little boy who had been run over by an omnibus, which operation had by no means crushed the hereditary evil out of him—a young lady, sister to the aforesaid, who was afflicted with a propensity to appropriate the property of others, and who gave considerable trouble in consequence—two or three other boys whose decent conduct rendered them quite obscure—and several little dumplings of girls. In order in some way to remunerate the parents of this interesting progeny, for permitting them to come to school, we were obliged to keep them in clothes; and we assembled once a week to work for this purpose.

But another and more exciting subject was to occupy our thoughts this morning, and that was the raising of an organ for All Saints' Church. This work had been commenced chiefly through the spirit and energy of May Lovel and her mother. It was always "May Lovel and her mother," instead of "Mrs. Lovel and May"—for the daughter, who was the belle and beauty of the parish, was one of those active spirits who are always foremost either for good or evil; while gentle Mrs. Lovel, although she did more work than any half dozen women in the parish, loved to keep in the background. May, too, kept her good deeds in the background; but she could not keep her own pretty self, for she was the universal pet and favorite.

It had long been a crying shame that All Saints' Church had no organ. The usual quarrels of the choir had been aggravated by the vain attempt to draw impressive sounds from an infirm melodeon; and it was at last seriously resolved to take the matter in hand. All the church people were interested in it; but organs cost money, and there was not much wealth among us. Several hundred dollars would be required, and how was this to be raised?

This question had been vigorously discussed at the last "Dorcas," and it was then determined to see what we could do. I felt somewhat like an alien, having only recently risen to the honor of being a parishioner of Dr. Rubric's; and I was exceedingly anxious to distinguish myself in this good work.

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While awaiting the other arrivals, I took a survey of the rectory parlor; and the first thing that I noticed was an immense number of portraits, engravings, and daguerreotypes. As these all had a clerical appearance, I concluded to take a closer survey in the hope of being made familiar with the features of all the prominent clergy of the state.

The first portrait was that of a very young man, in a surplice and spectacles—the features and expression were evidently those of Dr. Rubric at an early age, probably before he had become accustomed to the surplice, or thought that he could possibly have his portrait taken without it. A little farther on, was a face in water colors, probably the performance of some accomplished female of the family; and, somewhat to my surprise, the features of Dr. Rubric again beamed upon me. I turned to a daguerreotype—his reverence looked forth stern and dignified, and I flew for refuge to another portrait; but it was Dr. Rubric at a more advanced stage, and my eyes were weary.

It was a relief to rest them upon the faces of a fair, smiling lady, of middle-age, who looked pleased at having her portrait taken—and a dark, scowling man, companion to the above, who seemed uncomfortable in the position in which he was placed, and out of sorts with himself and every one else. Whether these two opposite individuals were the maternal and paternal relatives of Dr. or Mrs. Rubric, I could not tell; but they certainly belonged to one or the other, or they would not have been there.

Then came Dr. Rubric again, with his hand on his chair, instead of his cheek, by way of variety; and then a magnificent bishop, in full regalia, who looked as though he must have been, in his day, a perfect sledge-hammer to those who scouted the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession.

My eyes were resting upon Dr. Rubric in the act of writing a sermon, when the door opened, and Mrs. Rubric entered, carrying a baby, a basket the size of an ordinary clothes-basket, and filled with heterogenous articles of domestic manufacture, a large account-book, and inkstand, and various implements for sewing. I never saw such a human baggage-wagon before, and the number of articles transported at once by that one little woman was perfectly marvelous. The baby, who was all eyes, gave forth no sound whatever; and the basket being emptied for its accommodation, it was unceremoniously deposited therein, and took the arrangement as a matter of course.

The ladies now began to arrive; and there immediately ensued such a clatter of tongues, that it was equal to finding a four-leaved clover to discover any listener in the party. Finally, Mrs. Rubric knocked on the table with a pencil-case, and prepared to make a speech. The pile of articles before her, which had been emptied out of the basket, consisted of pin-cushions, pen-wipers, sachets, cravats, and various other things that are generally unsaleable; and observing that these were all contributions from the ladies of the parish, she proceeded to say, that, although faultless as to execution, they appeared to her rather an insecure foundation for the organ, and something practical would doubtless receive more favor in the market. Mrs. Rubric was eminently "practical," and it would not have surprised us had she proposed the manufacture of brown soap, or calico gowns, as a sensible substitute for the staple articles of fancy fairs.

"The doctor does not approve of fairs," continued Mrs. Rubric, "nor did he at all enter into the spirit of a bag, which I proposed, to contain a variety of articles, none under the value of two shillings, and every person, who paid two shillings, to have a chance at the bag."

"Fancy fairs!" muttered Miss Breadcombe, who generally made a running commentary on whatever was said, "no more do *I* approve of them—'fancy man-traps' they had better be called! Only a few evenings ago, was I inveigled to a 'fair' by that goose, Sam—although he *is* my brother, he's as foolish as most men—and recovering a little from the blaze of light, and the chattering and confusion around, the first person that I spied was my old friend, Susan Armlet, presiding at a table with a great deal of dignity and propriety—so different from the flippant chits at the other tables!—and right before her was a perfectly-dressed Quakeress, that you could use as a pin-cushion. Now, I had made up mind that, if Sam *would* spend his money, he should spend it sensibly, and he really needed the Quaker woman on his bureau; but when I whispered to him to buy it, he read me quite a lecture upon the folly of wasting a whole dollar on a pin-cushion, and talked so sensibly that I felt quite comforted to think he would depart pocket whole. I stopped to speak to Susan, for I thought she looked a little hurt that Sam did not patronize her table—but when I turned to introduce Sam, he had disappeared. The next glimpse that I caught of him, he was being chattered at by one of the prettiest girls and greatest flirts in the room, who shook her curls and rolled up her eyes at him, until I could have boxed her ears with a right good

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will—especially as I saw that she was making him pay well for the privilege of approaching her. Now, Sam is no chicken—his first gray hair has been succeeded by a numerous family—and when I saw him deliberately laying down his money, and receiving a handful of trash in exchange, I said to myself, 'Samuel Breadcombe, you are an old fool! and fancy fairs are a swindling institution!' What do you suppose this precious brother of mine had to show for a five dollar bill? A negro doll—(I only wish the abolitionists had run away with it before *he* got hold of it!) a raisin with eight cloves stuck in it, which that minx called 'a turtle,' and charged him half a dollar for it—and a ridiculous baby's shoe, which she declared was a nice pin-cushion! Don't talk to *me* of 'fancy fairs!'"

Now, no one *was* talking to Miss Breadcombe of fancy fairs; but while Mrs. Rubric was holding forth, she said all this, in an undertone, to May Lovel, who happened to be next to her.

Mrs. Rubric thought that the ladies had better manufacture various articles of daily use, and endeavor to dispose of them.

"For instance," she continued, producing two neat little jars, "here is some genuine ox-marrow which I have just manufactured, myself, and as most of our friends use pomatum, I apprehend very little difficulty in disposing of it. We may realize quite a sum, toward the organ, by the sale of this article."

Here I spoke up; for, having before me the glossy tresses of many of my fair friends, not to speak of the well-oiled locks of their husbands and brothers, I boldly ordered a dozen jars of the pomatum; and so sanguine was I as to the result, that I saw in imagination a stately organ erected upon a foundation of grease. I longed to be at work dispensing my jars, and receiving the money for them, there would be something so exciting in it; but there was other business to be attended to first.

One of the ladies professed her readiness to engage in the manufacture of indelible ink, a branch of art in which she was considered to excel, and every one was quite sure that people could not possibly exist without indelible ink; another suggested infants' socks, which was also received with much applause, for little feet were continually turning into the path of life, and those little feet would just as surely need covering.

We all had wealthy friends in town, for whose comfort we became suddenly considerate; and I determined that until the organ was accomplished, none of mine should ever want for pomatum.

May Lovel was in close confab with Miss Breadcombe, at whom, I am sorry to say, she very often laughed. This respectable lady was one of the pillars of the church; and although she had not a great deal to give, herself, she contrived to get considerable out of others. She could not possibly be quiet, except when she would outrage all established rules of decency by talking; and even in church, she often looked as though she longed to break in upon Dr. Rubric.

Her discourse was not always quite connected, so anxious was she to talk as much as possible in the shortest given space of time; and she was now saying to May, "Did I not see you, last Sunday, sitting in a black bonnet on the other side of the church?"

"I never sat in a black bonnet in my life," replied May, quite gravely.

Miss Breadcombe looked puzzled for a moment, but she could not afford to waste her time; so, leaving the black bonnet, she remarked, with much animation, "I wish that I could get my cousin Edgeworth to help us—*his* help would be worth having!"

"Why do you not go to him, then," said May, who believed in straightforward measures, "and ask him for a subscription?"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Breadcombe, "go to a man who has just built a church?"

May was awed. She had the greatest admiration for people who built churches, and ventured to suggest that Mr. Edgeworth must be a very interesting character.

"He was," replied Miss Breadcombe, "before he lost his front teeth, but that has made a great change in him."

May should think it would; and, reserving her enthusiasm for another occasion, she turned aside to conceal her laughter.

The next moment, Miss Breadcombe was eagerly discussing the manufacture of some surplices that were to be sent among the Lawalla Indians; and it was *her* opinion that every button, which fastened the clerical garments, should be marked with a cross in French working cotton, and otherwise arranged in a manner calculated to be impressive to Indians.

Having finished the interesting garment of lead-colored Canton flannel upon which I had been engaged, my conscience would now allow me to leave the meeting, and begin the exciting business to which I had been looking forward. I carried off the dozen jars of pomatum, thinking it a pity that I could not accommodate fifty, as anything so universally used would be seized upon with eagerness; and, full of hope, I started on my rounds.

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Those friends upon whose glossy heads was written "pomatum," in characters not to be mistaken, received the preference; and those who were known to be possessed of golden charms also rose in the scale. Mrs. Wigham White had both recommendations; and at her imposing residence I made the first stop.

"She was *so* sorry," when I mentioned the pomatum business, and I made it *apropos* to very discordant subjects, "so *very* sorry, but she had just supplied herself with pomatum enough to last a year."

The idea of taking an extra jar or two, merely to contribute to the organ fund, did not seem to occur to her; but when I modestly made the suggestion, she received it with a burst of laughter.

"I wish that you could see my drawer of curiosities!" said she, "things that I have bought for no earthly object but to help some society, or poor person—the sight would appal you! I shall never have any use for them, and I really do not feel disposed to add to the stock."

She said all this very pleasantly, dwelling at some length upon the annoyances of this kind, to which people who were supposed to be rich were subjected; and I left her in a fit of virtuous indignation.

I next tried a fashionable lady, whose locks were fairly saturated with some greasy substance, but she smilingly assured me that "she never used pomatum." I found *some* comfort in cherishing the idea that she patronized candle ends; but this did not sell the pomatum.

Then I attempted a young dandy, whom I encountered in my rounds; but he was perfectly devoted to "Pewick's Coralicum," an oily compound, whose virtues were blazoned forth on every spare fence and post in town and country. Mentally anathematizing this quack preparation as the enemy of our organ, I returned home perfectly disgusted with the discovery that a more perverse set of creatures than one's friends and acquaintances, when one has any loaves to dispose of, cannot possibly be imagined.

I arranged the jars on a mantle, and charged every one to let me know of any fellow creature who was pomatum-ly inclined. My first customer speedily appeared—the very last person whom I should have expected.

Biddy, the cook, put her head in at the door with the announcement, that "as she haird that I had grase to sell that made the hair look mighty nate, she'd like to take some, if I plazed, mum." Biddy examined the jars with the eye of a connoisseur, approved of the gilding, and the picture of an ox on the outside, and evidently influenced by these external considerations, she laid down the money with an independent air, and walked off with a couple of pomatum jars in her hands. I trusted that Biddy would be restrained by prudential considerations from using her newly-acquired property in the cooking.

The next day I tried again; and a dear old lady, who probably had no sort of use for it, took two more jars of the pomatum. I feared to mention indelible ink, lest people should hazard their souls by assuring me that they never marked their clothes.

I encountered Miss Breadcombe employed upon the same errand. She was flushed with success and full of triumph; somehow, people didn't dare to refuse *her*, and she had gotten rid of innumerable jars of pomatum, indelible ink by the wholesale, and pen-wipers, &c., *ad infinitum*. Her purse was well filled with cash for the organ; and I rejoiced that there was *one* resolute spirit among us to make these provoking people empty their pockets.

"*She* never minded their telling her they didn't want things," she said, "she just told *them* that nobody cared a straw whether they wanted things or not—the church wanted money, and they had got to give *so* much—if they chose to take her articles in exchange, well and good—if not, there would be more left to sell to others. People always concluded that they *did* want them, when they found that they had to pay the money, whether they took them or not—and treading on egg-shells was no way to go about a business like that."

I supposed that this was intended as a reproach for me; but I received it with meekness, for I never could hope to emulate Miss Breadcombe's highwayman-like manner.

Scarcely had I left her, when I encountered May Lovel, who had a tired, discouraged look that quite touched one's heart.

"It is of no use," said she, mournfully, "I may as well give up trying—people are so accustomed to seeing mother and me come in with our pockets full of trash to dispose of, for some institution or other, that they listen to our stories perfectly unmoved."

In spite of this unpromising account, I had a prophetical feeling that May Lovel, either directly or indirectly, would be the principal means of procuring the organ, and I told her so; but she shook her head sadly, and went on her way.

The fund swelled to fifty dollars, which was put out at interest, and we began to talk loftily

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of "the treasury." Another fifty followed, and another, and then we despaired of nothing.

Lent was upon us; and few superfluous luxuries were consumed in the parish *that* season. Several thrifty housewives made the discovery that beans were very nourishing; but they were generally informed by their lords and masters that they did not desire to be nourished—especially that portion of them who felt no particular interest in the organ.

Mrs. Lovel's means were limited, but she had very refined tastes, and contrived to give to the cottage home over which she presided a most attractive air of comfort. The house had a different look from the homes around; it stood farther back from the road, and had more shrubbery and vines about it; and, although not so grand-looking as many of its neighbors, it was always noticed and admired by strangers.

May and her mother had a long walk to church, and, during this Lent, they looked more exhausted than usual. Just before Easter, Mrs. Lovel sent in a donation of fifty dollars toward the organ, and none of us knew exactly how it was obtained; although it was generally understood that Mrs. Lovel's means were very disproportioned to her charities. May had no Easter bonnet, this year; but this prolific subject was speedily swallowed up in wondering admiration of the Easter flowers.

Where did they come from? Who had given them? Nothing like them had ever been seen in the parish before, and their delicious fragrance filled the whole church. Miss Breadcombe did not rest until she had thoroughly sifted the whole matter, and chiefly to her exertions were we indebted for the information that was obtained.

A gentleman of very striking appearance had been seen at All Saints' Church for several Sundays in succession, a stranger to every one in the parish; but all had noticed him, and found various surmises as to the reason of his coming. He had been pointed out to Dr. Rubric, who looked benignly upon him as a person of much discernment, who had been attracted there by his (the doctor's) eloquence—he had been inwardly appropriated by Miss Breadcombe as a wealthy enthusiast, who had, doubtless, heard of the many alms-deeds which *she* had done, and the wonderful things she had accomplished in the parish, and had come hither to help her—he had been rejoiced over by the vestrymen as an acquisition in the way of pew-rent—and it had been generally determined to waylay and welcome him to the parish, when lo and behold: it was discovered that he was the donor of the Easter flowers.

On the very next Sunday after this discovery, the stranger was seen to add a bill of almost fabulous amount to the collection that was taken up for the organ. As I said before, we were poor; and such a prize as this must be secured without loss of time. He was surrounded and detained, as, quite unconscious of the sensation he had created, he was peacefully leaving the church after service; and so many hands were put out all at once for him to shake, that he did not seem to know which to take, nor why he should take any.

The ladies speedily made the discovery that he was the handsomest man they had ever seen, and that he was about thirty-five years old. He was very tall and large, had a piercing eye, and a ruddy English complexion. His name was Norval, Clarence Norval; and Miss Breadcombe, who was apt to get things twisted, reported him to be afflicted with the cognomen of "Grampian Hills." He was generally thanked for the disinterestedness which had brought him to All Saints' parish, (for he had, doubtless, come because he knew it to be in need of aid,) and even Dr. Rubric, himself, by dint of being prompted and called to order by Mrs. Rubric, delivered a speech to the same effect.

Mr. Norval turned a deeper color than ever, and was visibly embarrassed; but his eyes were evidently wandering elsewhere, and extricating himself from his admirers as speedily as possible, he walked rapidly off.

May and her mother, who had not remained to pay adulation to the stranger, were just entering their cottage gate as Mr. Norval approached, and it appeared to me that he looked after them with considerable interest.

The new parishioner was called upon by the church dignitaries, and welcomed, and complimented; and after acquainting himself with the state of affairs, he very liberally supplied what was lacking of the requisite sum for the organ. The parish went into ecstasies over this generosity; but such is the fickleness of human nature, that, before long, they began to doubt Mr. Norval's disinterestedness.

It was very plain that neither Dr. Rubric's eloquence, nor Miss Breadcombe's fame, nor even the necessities of the parish, had drawn him hither—but simply the sweet face of May Lovel. She had passed disconsolately from the door of a fashionable acquaintance, on that day when we met in the city, just as Mr. Norval was going in; and he obtained all desired information respecting her during his visit.

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"It must be May Lovel," replied the lady to whom he described her, "she is always abroad on some Quixotic expedition, and she was in here, just now, trying to sell me a lot of trash to get an organ, I believe, or something of the kind. As to her residence, I had better give you the direction of All Saints' Church, for she spends most of her time there."

This was uttered with a light laugh, for the lady who gave this account of May was not pleased at the idea of his being so impressed; but it had quite a different effect from what she intended. Mr. Norval had wealth and leisure, was a good Churchman, and quite willing to attend our little rural place of worship for the chance of becoming acquainted with May Lovel.

May was very much surprised when she heard all this; and she did not become Mrs. Norval without careful inquiries on the part of the mother, who was called upon to give up an only child; but every investigation redounded so much to Mr. Norval's credit, that no objection could possibly be urged.

Miss Breadcombe seemed rather disappointed at the turn which affairs had taken, for, after all, *she* had not procured the organ; but, as I prophesied, May Lovel had been the real means of bringing it about. But those whose faith and self-denial had gathered together the *first* little shining heap were not forgotten; and sweet to them were the strains that ascended, with lofty words of praise, on the day when first we heard OUR ORGAN.

TO A STREAM.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

To thy voice, bright stream, I am listening now,
While the breath of evening that fans my brow
Lightly bears on its wings, as it floats along,
The silvery sound of thy murmured song.
And this song, bright stream, thou hast ever sung
Since into existence the young earth sprung,
With its towering hills, and waving woods,
Its foaming torrents and deep-rolling floods;
When the "stars of the morning" so joyfully sung
That Heaven's high dome with the echoes rung,
And mountain, and forest, and valley, and stream
Rejoiced in the sun's first glorious beam,
Thy voice began—and though ages have flown
Since then, thou still art murmuring on.
Through ages untold thy dark course has been
'Mid forests untracked by civilized men,
Where the red-man's war-whoop, his bow-string's twang,
And the panther's cry through the forests rang,
But the pale-face came, and with ruthless hand
Despoiled the brave of his native land.
Like snow when the warm breath of Spring fills the gale,
They have melted away from mountain and vale;
Where once rose the forest, dark, gloomy, and dread,
Stretch meadows and pastures with verdure o'erspread;
Where chiefs have convened by the council fire's glare
Are seen noble mansions and cottages fair;
And mansion and cottage shall sink in decay,
And their dwellers from earth pass forever away,
And still thou to be singing that same pleasant song,
Unheeding the changes thy margin along,
Nor cease till old Time shall have finished his reign,
And chaos resumed his dominions again.

ALPINE HEART-REGIONS.

BY LILIAS M———.

ALP-LIKE glaciers in the heart
Gleam, with icy jewels bound,
Trembling, at a breath they start,
Crashing with a mighty sound;
Lightly tread! a feeble shock
May the giant glacier rock!

Frozen there are founts of feeling,
Memories coldly chilled to snow,
Love-tossed spray, to frost congealing
All the hopes of "long ago;"
Only ice-fed torrents roll
O'er the Winter-fettered soul!

When the fitful tempests sweep,
Wild winds moan with fearful sound;
Mighty avalanches leap,
Death and ruin hurling round;
Well the shrinking soul may quail
When is heard that tempest-wail!

Yet, amid the ice and snow,
In the rock-cleft—tempest riven,
Fairy Alpine flowers grow,
Sending perfume up to Heaven;
Thus, round the heart, where ice-bonds cling,
Lovely, fragrant flowers may spring.

Lofty, everlasting hills
Ceaseless rear each ice-gemmed crown,
Yet fair, limpid, sparkling rills
To the base oft trickle down;
So God's sunlight yet may start
Fountains from the frozen heart!

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"THE HEAVY WEIGHT."

BY CATHARINE R. PROCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

It has rained and snowed over her; the winds of winter and the breezes of summer have rustled the boughs above her; the birds have sung, and the bees hummed around, and she has not known it—she has not heard; yet she loved them all. Her heart beat as warmly, and thrilled as buoyantly at sight of sky, or tree, or flower, as do the hearts of birds, and her voice could outrival them. She could sing like a meadow-lark when it springs aloft to the summer heaven, or purely as a bobolink, dropping into the dewy grass from excess of rapture. She rests; everything beautiful and life-loving must rest in the same wakeless, silent sleep. While she was here my life was serene, peaceful; since she has gone it has been embittered, hurried, and almost frenzied; thank God she escaped!

I am sitting by my sister's grave. The sun is going down, red and rayless, in the smoky, November sky. The air is mild; and brown, stiff leaves fall from the dark limbs interlaced above my head and rustle over the dried grass. I am not sorrowful, only oppressively tranquil and undisturbed; this mood with me is more unusual than one of excited grief or joy. I am accustomed to being swayed to and fro by every outward influence, as well as by inner passions and impulses, and seldom know the relief, or rather pressure, of serenity. Old memories are thronging in upon me, they banish every present interest, every petty, selfish thought. I am face to face with my dead joys and griefs; they are resurrectionized, and crowd upon me in vast troops, as grim and weird as the army of scarred veterans and brave young soldiers that assembled at the "Midnight Review of Napoleon," of which the German poet tells us.

Things which in childhood gave me happiness now cause me acute pain, because they are irretrievable, vanished forever. Things that then gave me sorrow now seem trivial, and as mere shadows in comparison to the tangible, dark griefs that have since beset me.

The mound is grass-grown; the stone gray; the sleeper underneath, I know, peaceful. Little without me seems changed since she died, but all, all is changed within!

Will you listen, dear reader, while I tell you the story?

Philip Washburne was our nearest neighbor's son. He spent his vacations at home while in college. I had always known him—never quite liked him, for as a boy he was grave, stern, and studious, and there was consequently distance and restraint between us. I was careless, impetuous, and unstudious, and after he had gone to college, he always called me Miss Margaret—never Madge, Midget, Puss, or any of my many endearing diminutives—and I was incensed at it.

He once brought a friend, Henry Seaman, with him to spend the summer holidays. I will pass by first acquaintanceship, the pic-nic parties, fishing excursions, horseback rides, and other amusements with which we beguiled the long days, and tell the main events of my story briefly.

Fanny and I sat in our cool parlor one afternoon, both silent. There were numerous vases of flowers in the room that filled it with odor. Fanny was leaning her cheek on one hand and listlessly twisting a curl with the other. I was dreaming—pondering on the influence a certain pair of eyes had on my pulses and nerves; on the electric thrills and blushes, accompanied with diffidence and embarrassment, that came over me whenever I felt the glances of the dark orbs, laughing but steady, turned to my face. I was thinking of the voice; of the broad shouldered, erect figure; of the closely-curling hair like grape-vine rings; of the careless ringing laugh.

A step entered the hall; I knew whose it was, for I expected it, and stood up waiting. A slight tap at the parlor door, and he entered. No! it was not Henry, but Philip. Fanny, who had remained seated, rose quickly. He saluted us gracefully and gravely, and said, "My friend Henry told me he had made an engagement to practice a new ballad with you this afternoon, and wished me to say he would be unable to do so, as he met with an accident this morning."

"How?" I said, not quietly, but eagerly.

"Oh! he is not injured; he was fishing, and the boat being unsteady and unlike the one he usually takes, he was upset, and became entangled in some fishing tackle; it was with difficulty that he extricated himself, and, as the sun was shining very hot, he was quite exhausted.

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He had a serious headache, and begged me to excuse him until another day."

"But you sing?" said Fanny, softly.

"Yes; I am not considered a musical prodigy, however."

"It was Margaret who was to sing: will you try?"

"If she wishes; but, Miss Margaret, I forewarn you of a trial of your patience. I do not know your temper: are you hasty? I dread incurring your disapprobation."

He laughed, and I blushed; incensed, yet not wholly wroth, that it was not Henry.

We did tolerably well together, but as he said, he was not a wonderful singer. We sang the ballad only once.

"Please, Philip, sing that little boat song you sang, the other evening, as we were rowing on the lake."

"What, Fanny, to piano music?—that needs the rippling of water and the dip of oars; it needs moonlight and a lady's voice in the chorus."

She came to the piano, and saying she could trust to our vivid imaginations for the moonlight, played a soft gurgle of notes, and Philip smiling began. It was admirable, and Fanny chimed in with the free, bold, bass in clear, gentle tones when he reached the chorus.

"Bravo! Fanny, *mia*, you excel——" I thought he was about to say my name; but after a brief hesitation, he said, "in music, I believe."

He began turning over some music and talking meanwhile. His ease and simplicity quite removed, for the time, my awe of him, which I had always termed dislike. He staid until evening, and, after expressing a wish that he might be permitted to see us often at our home, left us.

The next day I walked to the river for water-lilies. I was used to long rambles alone, and enjoyed them. It was exceedingly hot, and I rested a long time on the bank. Before I was aware a thunder-cloud darkened the sky and rose rapidly. I had a horror of thunder-showers; I was timid, even to childishness, whenever it lightened. I hurried, with my bonnet off, to the road, looking every few moments at the portentous sky. A carriage was coming close behind me, but I did not know whose it was.

"Miss Margaret, I can carry you home much quicker than you can walk. You will surely get wet if you undertake that long mile across the fields; will you ride?"

"Yea," I said, laughing "gladly." He reached his hand and I sprang in. It was more than three miles home by way of the road. I felt sheltered in a covered carriage with the storm at my back. The horse was shy and startled at the bright flashes of lightning. I had my bonnet in my hand, and Philip looked at me, seemingly amused, for I was so excited that I talked and laughed rapidly.

A low, red gleam, quickly followed by a crash, brought the horse to a dead stop, just as we were opposite the little church; then with a sudden, terrified leap he sprang forward, and I saw Philip was using his whole strength to control him. He was intractable from fright, and threw up his head with his nostrils and eyes widely distended. With an energetic effort, Philip succeeded in reining him up under the shed, built for a shelter to teams during church service. "Margaret, we shall have to stop here," he said, "for Robespierre is vicious, and if curbed when frightened kicks destructively. The shower, I think, will soon be over; we will go into the porch which is a sheltered place."

He lifted me out and said, "Run, so as not to get wet!" I did, and he disengaged the horse from the carriage and tied him to a post. He then joined me, but great, preluding drops had begun to patter, and he was glistening with wet; he shook his bare head and laughed.

I was almost torpid from terror. He remarked my paleness, and said he had thought me a very Spartan for courage. In my fear I forgot everything; as the rain began to pour in rushing torrents, and the flash and roar became incessant, I buried my face in my hands. Once I looked up, and Philip stood with folded arms and awed and serious face, gazing calmly out upon the white, wild masses of rain, the swaying and writhing trees, the black, illuminated sky.

The wind shifted and occasionally drove the rain on us; he stood between me and the wet.

A long, dazzling flood of light, with the loudest, nearest report I ever heard—a boom like a thousand combined cannon—made me start; in my terror I had been almost immovable. I heard a shrill, terrified neigh, and then a quick clattering of hoofs as Robespierre rushed frantically down the road.

"Margaret, don't be so nervous and alarmed!" and he put both arms round me, and I hid my head on his breast. He was justified in shielding me so, for I should have fled, like Robespierre in desperation, and perhaps he saw in my face my mortal alarm. I could feel the quick, though steady beating of his heart; I had no thought of impropriety; I crept closely to him and was calmed. Gradually the lightning grew less frequent, and though the rain had abated, it had by no means ceased. I looked up at him,

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and could not help smiling at the concern with which he regarded me.

"You are all wet, Philip."

"A little wet, Margaret; don't move or you will no longer keep dry." Though his arms still encircled me, I no longer hid my face.

"What shall we do, Philip? Robespierre has gone, and the rain does not stop, how can we get home?"

"Wait until the rain does stop; but really, Margaret, I don't know how you will get along unless I carry you; you are farther from home than when I so magnanimously offered you a ride. Have you quite got over your fear?"

"Yes, indeed." Just then, as if to show my childish, unaccountable weakness, another terrible bolt stunned me. Down went my head again, and his arms held me closely. He waited until some moments had elapsed, and then laughing bent close to me and said,

"Ah! you imperious, independent women are the very ones that need closest shielding! Two hours ago, Margaret, and you would have scorned to touch even the tips of my fingers; now I hold you unresistingly." There was no arrogance in the tone, but I tried to free myself. All my habitual obstinacy and freezing indifference to him, or his wishes, stung me, and I made an energetic attempt to loosen his arms; I would not be reliant a moment on his protection; but no; he was strong as a giant, and I could not unlock one tithe of his hold.

"Hush, Margaret; you know I tell the truth. Listen!"

I would not listen; I was exasperated and blindly angry. At once he undid his arms; I had not expected release without a struggle, and I looked involuntarily in his face; never, never had I seen it so pale, and his eyes were on me fixedly. I underwent a quick revulsion of feeling, and, instead of a defiant spirit encountering opposition, mine was an awed one, shocked at the submission of its ruler. I would have given anything to have been sheltered by him—dependent on him—rather than have him stand so before me; rather than have stood myself, awed and trembling before the magnetism of his steady eyes. A motion to recall me, even to his arms, I would have obeyed to have escaped the awful sense of seeming independence, when I was really in absolute and unresisting submission.

The rain was still falling fast, but gentler, and the sun was half coming out. There was a splashing of hoofs and wheels in the road, and a buggy came on in front of the church. Philip turned and hailed the driver, who was none other than Henry Seaman. "Well done, renegades!" he laughed. "Robespierre came dashing home—Miss Margaret was missing, (I knew all the time it was a concerted plot,) and I am a foraging party appointed to bring in what I can find; who will ride?" Philip turned, with a motion of his hand, toward me, and, without looking at me, said, "Miss Margaret."

"Yes, Washburne, you are wet, and need violent exercise to keep you from taking cold. Walk home the two miles after your horse, and then come back for your buggy, and, as a person of considerable medical experience and great reliability, I will promise you shall have nothing worse than the whooping-cough. Good-by!"

While he was talking, Philip was helping me in, and we drove off without a word from him. "Margaret, you are pale as a willow in a mist; has Philip been telling you ghost stories—talking psychology, or scaring you with Greek?"

"Henry, you know that I am so afraid of lightning that it drives me distracted; please do hurry home!"

He suspected the lightning was not wholly to blame, and, laughing, declared the road was exceedingly bad, and that it was dreadful work for a small horse to draw a carriage and two people. He studied my face until I was aware of the greatest confusion. Finally he became serious. "You seem averse to talking, Margaret: when may I see you to have a long conversation? I have much to say to you."

"Any time but now!" I said; and he left me at the gate without another word, and with a pressure of my hand.

I found Fanny in a fearful state of excitement concerning Philip, as she had seen Robespierre go by, and in some alarm about myself. I quieted her and related all the adventure, only omitting the scene in the church porch. The next day I was unable, from the effects of my excitement, to see either Philip or Henry, though both called to inquire for me.

CHAPTER II.

Fanny, who was usually very well, was stricken with a fever which was prevalent, and caused from malarious exhalations in the atmosphere. I watched and tended her through two long weeks of suffering and delirium. Her fair, sweet face grew sunken; her lips parched; and her eyes wild and glassy; but the most painful thing to me was listening to the words she uttered unconsciously.

She was of a timid, reserved nature, and never confided, even to me, her deepest feelings; but now she bared her heart, and I read the start-

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ling and unthought-of story of her love—her wild, devoted, idolizing love for Philip Washburne. I could not tell from her fragmentary and delirious words whether he knew of it, but I inferred from the hopeful tone and the absence of all distrust, that he had sought and won her heart. She never raved like a despairing, discarded worshiper; but her intense and vehement prayers to him, to let her see him and not to miss the hold of her hand, lest she sank in the darkness she felt over her eyes and around her heart, were all trusting prayers. Our mother had been dead for years, and I was her chief watcher. Every day Philip came to ask for her, and every day I thought he grew paler. Only once he spoke to me of myself. "Margaret, you will kill yourself; for my sake have some mercy on yourself!"

"For your sake," I said, "I will bring her back to life and will *not* spare myself!" He looked vacant and sorrowful, but did not say another word.

She died with his name on her lips!

I was sisterless, alone in the great house. The summer vacation was nearly done. I sat down one chilly, rainy afternoon in the parlor. Before me was a sheet, closely written, in a fine, bold hand, full of the most passionate declarations of love—of the wildest, tenderest words of affection. It was signed, "Henry." I wrote in reply only a few words; there was none of the warmth and eagerness in them that made his whole letter glow, but I accepted him.

The night was wild and stormy; the shutters shook, and the rain beat in torrents. I was sitting with my face in my hands in a vague, listless stupor; not thinking, but suffering. Before I was aware of the opening of a door, steps crossed the room and stopped before me. I looked up; it was Philip. His hair was wet and tossed back from the palest face, the most fiercely burning eyes I ever saw; his arms were folded as usual when he was excited; he looked fully at me, and said slowly, in a low voice,

"Margaret, you have broken my heart!"

I could only listen to him, I could not answer, as he went on rapidly telling me tenderly, then fiercely, that I *knew* he loved me, questioning me, and then, on his knees before me, telling me sternly not to lie to him, but swear whether or not I *loved* Henry Seaman! I left my hands passively in his iron pressure; I was too stricken to struggle; the cry of my heart was, in anguish, too late! too late! but my lips were dumb!

"Margaret, Margaret! you love *me!*" he sprang up exultingly and was going—"he shall know it—he shall know it!"

Then the thought came to me lightning-like, clear, bright, that but a few weeks ago my dead sister, Fanny, had listened to words of love from those same lips; he was not true; he was not honorable! "Philip, you dare not do it!" I almost shrieked, as I caught his arm. He turned my face to the light. "You are false—fickle, a traitor! you loved Fanny; she is not six weeks dead, and yet is forgotten! Go!"

"Margaret, listen! listen!"

"Go!" I said—"go!"

He pleaded, "Margaret, Margaret, listen!" I drew away from him, "I am Henry Seaman's promised wife; an angel from heaven could not make me break that promise, much less you, Philip! Will you leave me?"

"Never! I did not love Fanny—I never spoke one word of love to her; let her name rest! You, Margaret, are the only woman I ever held close to my heart—the only woman I ever loved! I will not leave you!"

I saw my peril, for he was strong of will, and could control me as a magnet can a needle. My plighted love was a fabrication; I had no love to give to Henry; and the promise rose between me and my life's happiness like a shadow of death. Had Philip been calm I should have yielded, nor attempted to be true to my troth, but he was a very tiger, and I could not free myself from his gaze. He read me clearly; he knew my heart, but I left him before he could intercept me, and I never saw him again!

Reader, you know now why, though I am a worldly woman, with every worldly blessing, I bear a heavy weight which burdens me more than years. You can see now the shadow that darkens every light—the wound that, though hidden, prostrates me with unrest. I leave my city home often to stay near this grave, and the sad, holy feelings this quietude awakens have kept me, thank God, from evil.

"FEAR NOT."

"FEAR not" when the way of thy present existence
Is fettered by breakers and shrouded in gloom;
When tempests are howling around in the distance,
And night in her mantle of darkness has come.

Look out for the light that's unceasingly shining
To guide through the gloom to the "haven of rest,"
Steer hopefully for it and banish repining,
You'll anchor at last on the "Isle of the blest." H. A. S.

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REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120.

CHAPTER VI.

I saw Alice sitting at the foot of the fall, looking pale and thoughtful. The persecution which she had endured for the past weeks was telling upon her health and spirits. I went quietly toward her, with that one great hope stronger in my heart than it had ever been before. The smile with which she greeted me was sad even to painfulness, but she made room for me on the rock beside her with her customary frank courtesy.

"No," I said, "please walk with me; the fall roars so one cannot even think."

"And that is pleasant sometimes," she answered, wearily; but took the hand I had extended, and allowed me to lead her along the path which reached the height above the fall, by an easier ascent than the cliff that we had clambered up the morning after her arrival.

"It is a lovely day," she said, "and these old woods are very pleasant."

"It is my favorite season—far more beautiful to me than spring."

"And always was to me; but nothing looks as pleasant as it did once."

"You are more out of spirits than usual to-day," I said.

She shook her head sadly, but made no reply. I saw the heavy tears gather under her eyelids, but she did not allow them to fall.

We walked on along the summit of the hill, which was covered with hemlock woods. The roar of the torrent had died into a pleasant murmur, and the waning sunlight shot through the arches of the old trees like light through the stained windows of a cathedral.

"Shall we sit down?" I said. "You look very tired."

"I am," she replied, "very."

"Your mother has not been well to-day?"

"No; one of her wretched nervous headaches. She had gone to sleep before I came out, and will wake quite well again."

A long silence stole over us. My heart was so full that I had forgotten I was not speaking, and Alice sat quite near me, her eyes cast down with a mournful expression, which had grown upon her during the past weeks.

Then all at once the concealed passion, the great love, which had absorbed my whole being, found relief in speech. What I said I know not, but my words must have been burning and abrupt. Alice shrunk farther away until a wild fear shot across my heart, which deprived me of all strength.

"Alice!" I cried, "have I deceived myself? Do you not love me?"

She covered her face with her hands, and the great tears streamed from between the delicate fingers. I caught her to my breast with passionate adjurations.

"Only tell me that I am not mistaken—tell me that it is not all a vain dream?"

She grew calmer, and her head, with its weight of golden curls, drooped upon my shoulder.

"It is not a dream," she whispered; "you are not deceived."

I was silent from excess of feeling! Alice's tears were falling gently still, and there we stood, so young, so helpless, but strong in the love, which, with either, was no passing dream, no idle passion of youth, but the true love which comes once in a life time to every human heart, knows neither change nor diminution, and is as enduring as life itself.

Suddenly Alice disengaged herself from my arms.

"My father, Mr. Redman!" she exclaimed; "I had forgotten them. Oh! Paul, Paul!"

"Do you fear them?" I asked. "You are strong, and brave, why do you tremble so?"

"It is not for myself; but my courage gives way when I think of my poor mother."

"She cannot suffer more than she has already done."

"You know—she has told you."

"Not all, but I could easily imagine the rest."

Alice sank down upon the bank again; now that her first agitation was over she began to tremble.

"You can advise me now, and you will, Paul? I can talk to you—oh! my heart has been so

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full these past weeks, and not a soul to whom I could unburthen it, for I have to strengthen my poor mother instead of receiving encouragement from her."

"Why did you not talk with me?"

"You know I could not—you know——"

"Did you not feel that I loved you?"

"You seemed so cold and self-possessed, I did not dare to think! Then my mother told me how pale you were that morning, and——"

She did not finish her sentence, but the glow on her cheek was clearer than words.

"And did you hope that I would speak?"

"I don't know—I can't tell! Sometimes there seemed no escape, and I wondered if it would not be better for me to go away from here, to give myself up to my father's plans."

"And now?"

"Ah! now, you will advise me—I can trust to you!"

I was not a youth in her eyes—I was the lover to whom she could freely confide her happiness!

"Tell me everything that has passed, Alice, that I may judge."

"There is little that you did not hear from my mother. You know how my acquaintance with your cousin began—oh! Paul, he has given me no peace since. Now, he and my father profess to think there is a tacit engagement between us—they even ask me to name the day when I will become his wife."

"And what have you said?"

"I have repulsed him, pleaded with my father, refused, but they go on just as before."

"Does my cousin understand how averse you are to this marriage?"

"He knows it well—I have told him that I did not care for him."

"You can only persist in your refusal. In this country girls are not dragged to the altar."

"You smile, you almost give me hope. But what can I do?"

"Refuse Maurice peremptorily—insist upon your father's taking you away from here."

"But my mother? Oh! he will make her suffer so—he is my father, and I love him; but she has been a passive slave so long that she does not think it possible to oppose him in anything. Then he says that your uncle has some hold upon him. What can it be?"

I hesitated a little, I did not like to pain the daughter's heart by my suspicions.

"Tell me," she urged; "do tell me, Paul!"

"You have a fortune independent of your father?"

"Ah! your cousin knows that well!"

"It is possible that in some transaction with my uncle, your father has made use of your money and hesitates to have you know it."

"Is that all? Why, I would give him the whole, if it would procure him a moment's happiness—I hate the very thought of my money."

"And I have none," I said; "I am very poor, Alice."

"Oh! I am glad," she exclaimed, "so glad! Then this fortune will procure me a little satisfaction!"

I shook my head—I was more worldly wise than she, and the thought of deriving a fortune from my wife was not pleasant to me. But the feeling was only a momentary one, and we both forgot the troubles which surrounded us in the happiness that had unfolded in our hearts.

I need not describe that day, I have no reader who cannot picture its delight; but when the sunset came on, and it was time for us to return, the miserable present stared us again in the face. I had told Alice all my plans, and found in them new pleasure from her sympathy; we had talked blithely of the future, and it was hard to come back to the dreary reality.

"I almost fear," Alice whispered; "I have so much to lose now that I tremble for myself."

"Only be firm and true to yourself!"

"I shall not falter, Paul; indeed you may trust me."

"Then comes this long, dreary winter, when I shall be alone."

"Not so far away but you can sometimes see me; after that you will be in the city."

"If you have not forgotten me."

"He begins to mock me already," she said, laughingly, but more serious thoughts checked her gaiety. "We must go back to the house, it is growing late."

"Shall we tell your mother at once of our conversation?"

"Immediately, Paul; I never had a secret from her in my life. Perhaps that will make her stronger—my poor, poor mother!"

We went back to the house, and, finding that Mr. Morgan had not returned, Alice bade me go with her to her mother's room.

Mrs. Morgan was sitting in an arm-chair, still languid from pain, looking even more wearied and worn-out than usual. She started nervously, as was her habit, when the door opened; but when she saw us standing there, radiant with happiness, a strange mingling of joy and terror swept over her face.

"What is it?" she asked, brokenly. "What has happened?"

Alice stole to her side and whispered some-

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thing in her ear; while I took her hand with the tender affection I might have felt for my own mother.

"We are very happy," I said; "Alice——"

"Don't tell me!" she interrupted, with frightened haste, while the tremor which shook her frame at the slightest agitation seized her with unusual violence. "Don't tell me, Paul, I cannot hear a word."

"Oh! mother!" Alice exclaimed, in a grieved tone.

"I know, darling," she said, with a passion of love very touching; "I love you so much, my child, but you must not tell me any secret."

"But we wish to talk with you," I said, "to ask your advice."

"I am not fit—a child could guide you better than I! You do not know how weak I am, what a terrible coward—spare me, do spare me."

Alice flung her arms about the poor woman's neck with a gush of pitying tears.

"Don't cry, my daughter," she said, in a troubled voice; "it is very hard for you to bear, but you do not know what I suffer! I lie night after night without closing my eyes; and every hour in the day I am tortured by plans, which are to make you as wretched as myself."

"Mother," Alice replied, firmly, "you shall not be tortured any more—there must be an end to all this! Either my father shall leave you in peace, or we will go away, you and I—let him keep my fortune. Paul and I——"

A maidenly blush completed her sentence, and oh! how beautiful she was in the courage inspired by affection.

"Can always care for you," I said, supplying the words she had checked herself in saying, "I am young and strong—we will be happy, nobody shall hinder us!"

The poor woman looked from one to another, weeping a little and trembling still, but with a more hopeful, courageous feeling than she had known for years.

"Could we do this?" she asked, wonderingly; "could we indeed?"

"And we will, mother," Alice replied; "you have suffered enough—the rest of your life shall not be made a season of torture through your love for me."

"If I could only save you," she cried, in her mother's anguish, "I would endure anything; but live and see you suffer—I cannot, cannot bear it!"

"All that is over now; I see my duty clearly, mother, and I shall perform it."

"What will you do?" she asked, beginning to tremble anew. "You will be rash—oh! Alice, take care."

"Have no fear, mother! I want you to lie down now—do not open your bed-room door, even if my father commands you—I will come to you when all is settled."

"What shall you do, Alice?" she questioned, in a sort of frightened wonder.

"We are going away from Redman's Run to-night, mother."

The poor lady gave a cry of joy and sank back in her chair, weeping convulsively.

"If we could, if we only could!"

"We shall, mother! If you and I go on foot, we leave this place to-night."

"Oh! Paul," faltered Mrs. Morgan. "She will ruin herself—her father will shut her up—will bring a minister here and force her to marry that man!"

"Not while there is a law in the land," I replied; "you are weak, and have suffered so much you cannot reason clearly about it. I have advised Alice what to do—if she is firm, and you will only second her, she is saved."

"I will," Mrs. Morgan exclaimed, with more energy than I had ever seen her exhibit; "God help me, I will! I have been weak, wicked, but I will make myself strong."

"Go to bed now, mother," Alice said, "and try to sleep."

"I will go and pray," she replied, very pale still, but tearless and calm; "God will tell me what to do! May He bless you, my children, as your poor, weak mother does—my two dear children!"

She kissed us both tenderly and went away to her bed-room. We heard the key turn slowly in the lock—she was safe, at least, for a time.

"I will go to my chamber," Alice said, "and wait for my father."

"Are you frightened?" I asked.

"No, Paul; I am calmer than I have been for weeks! You have shown me my duty, I shall not falter! My mother shall not be sacrificed: I might bear much myself, but she must have peace."

I pressed my lips to her forehead with a feeling of reverence. It was wonderful to see that timid girl so suddenly transformed into a strong, courageous woman.

"This may be our only farewell," she said.

For a little time we were both overpowered by the pain of this separation, but it did not weaken either.

"I shall write to you," I said. "I would send the letters to your mother, but they will only bring some new suffering upon her."

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"Don't do that—she must be spared."

"Send for me if any new difficulty arises, I will come to you at once. Promise, Alice."

"I will, indeed I will!"

There were more farewells, many parting words; and when I felt upon my cheek not only Alice's tears but my own, I could not deem them any stain upon my manhood.

CHAPTER VII.

I WENT down stairs, and very soon I heard the carriage drive up to the door. Then came Maurice's voice in the hall, gay and exulting—I knew that he had persuaded Mr. Morgan into some decisive measure.

The pompous man went on up stairs, and Maurice hurried into the library where I was standing.

"Where is my uncle?" he asked, insolently.

"Here I am," Mr. Redman called from his study, before I could answer.

Maurice strode to the door which led from the library to my uncle's study, exclaiming in a triumphant tone,

"It is all settled! Morgan has really come to the point at last—we are to be married in a month."

"I congratulate you," my uncle replied; "you have won a charming bride."

"Yes; but I don't think I shall put up very patiently with the airs and graces I have endured for some time past."

"Paul is there," I heard my uncle say, in a tone of caution.

"The deuce take Paul!" he retorted, angrily. "Go to your own room," he said, turning around to me, "you've no business here!"

"Nevertheless it is my pleasure to stay," I replied. "My uncle has bid me make this house my home until spring. I intend to do so, nor shall I permit you to insult me by word or look."

He muttered an oath, but I heard my uncle check him, and, with another fearful execration, he closed the door violently between the two rooms.

I went up stairs again. As I passed Alice's room, I heard her father's voice loud in anger, then hers in reply, calm and respectful, but unchangeably firm.

I stood by a window in the farther end of the hall waiting for what would follow. At last, the door of Alice's room opened, and her father rushed out, exclaiming,

"I *will* see your mother, at least she shall not brave me!"

"If you speak harshly to her," Alice replied, "just so surely will I take her and go away! Be firm, father—the worst is over—I know your secret, and do not care for it."

"Settle it your own way!" he exclaimed, violently; "I wash my hands of the whole matter! You are an ungrateful daughter."

"Father," was her answer, "please go down stairs and tell Mr. Redman—I will follow in an instant. Remember, I leave this house to-night, if I go on foot and lead my mother by the hand! I will be no longer in the power of that bad man—I would not trust my life in his reach."

Mr. Morgan went down stairs muttering, but fairly conquered. Like all petty tyrants he was a coward, and Alice's determined manner had subdued him at once.

"Alice," I whispered, when he had gone.

She hurried toward me with a low cry, and I drew her into her mother's room.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It was as you thought—all is settled! I must go at once—I dare not give myself time to think. Oh! Paul, am I doing right? Will you love me?"

"You need no answer—Alice—darling! But go, I cannot bear to see you lose a moment."

Alice went to her mother's door and knocked.

"It is I, mamma. Open, please."

Mrs. Morgan obeyed, and came out white and wan.

"Is it over?" she gasped.

"Everything! Ring for your maid—have the trunks packed at once—we are going away."

"Is it true, Alice, can it be?"

"It is indeed! Only have courage—dear, dear mother!"

She drew me out of the room. Only once, when we reached the head of the stairs, did she begin to tremble, but a single word reassured her.

"Yes, I will go," she said; "it is for you, Paul, and for my mother! Be where you can hear everything—do, do, Paul, I shall have no courage else."

She sped lightly down the stairs, and I saw her enter the study.

I descended into the library—it was all dark there—the door that led into the study was ajar, and I sat quietly down to await the end of that conversation.

"There's Alice!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan, in an agitated, fidgety way; "she must explain for herself—I believe the devil has helped her."

"Here I am, father," Alice replied, calmly, advancing.

"This is very strange, Miss Morgan," my

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uncle said, in a tone through which pierced his baffled rage.

"In your heart you cannot think so, Mr. Redman."

"Let me speak with you alone, Miss Alice," pleaded Maurice.

"Yes," said my uncle, "let us leave these young people, Morgan; they will settle their little difficulty better without us."

"It is useless," Alice replied; "there is no difficulty, Mr. Redman, between your nephew and myself; but I have made my decision, and I wish you all to hear it."

"After a little," my uncle said, affably; "do not be rash, my dear young lady—talk awhile with Maurice."

I heard him draw Mr. Morgan out of the room and close the door.

"Alice!" Maurice exclaimed, passionately.

She made no answer. I could fancy her standing there, pale and trembling, but determined still.

"Do you mean to drive me to despair, Alice? Have you no pity on me?"

"You have had none for me," she replied; "none for my poor mother, who has been driven nearly mad during the past months."

"But I love you," he exclaimed, "I love you, Alice!"

There was an accent of truth in his words. I felt it wrong to listen longer, and would have stolen out of the room, but I remembered his violent temper, my promise to Alice, and remained.

"Do not say that," she exclaimed; "do not dignify a selfish passion by that name! All this is useless, Mr. Redman—let me go away at once."

"You have trifled with me, Alice; you have played the coquette as no true woman would have done."

"I will not hear another word—it is false, Mr. Redman! I never gave you any encouragement from the first, and you know it. You have persecuted me beyond endurance; your uncle has worked on my father's fears until he was ready to sacrifice his child. The plot is cleared up—you are powerless."

"By heaven, I am not, and you shall learn it!"

"Threats, to a woman! Go on, sir, I cannot strike you! I know you to be a bad man, nothing that you can say or do will astonish me."

"I have been a bad man," he exclaimed, his voice changing to a low, pleading tone, "but you have changed my whole nature—you can make of me what you will. Only try, Alice, let this engagement go on——"

"There has been none, sir; I told you from the first that I did not consider myself in any way bound to you. I did not love you, so I said, and I repeat it now. Let me go away, Mr. Redman; all this is very painful, but you cannot change me."

"At least I have had your father's promise."

"Wrung from him through fear—I know the whole. You cannot persecute me any longer! If I am not safe under his care I shall choose a guardian, as the terms of my aunt's will give me a right to do. You can see that I have fully considered the matter; I will not submit to the treatment I have undergone, nor shall my mother be made wretched on my account."

"You love some one else!" he exclaimed, as if a sudden light had broke upon him. "Some of those fools I saw round you last spring."

"You have nothing to do with my feelings, Mr. Redman, and you are forgetting that you profess to be a gentleman, that you address a lady."

"Let me discover who it is," he continued, "and my vengeance shall be quick and certain."

Alice did not even deign a reply. She opened the door and called to the two men who had been walking up and down the hall.

"Father," she said, "Mr. Maurice Redman knows how useless it is to prolong this scene—for all our sakes let it end here."

"I've nothing to do with it," said Mr. Morgan, nervously, his pomposity quite subdued; "nothing at all."

I heard my uncle say something to him in a threatening tone.

"Mr. Redman," said Alice, calmly, "I did not hear what you said to my father—repeat it, if you please."

"It was addressed only to him, my dear child," he replied, gently.

"And was a threat—like those before it will be idle. I know the truth—you drew my father into some money transaction; he spent a portion of my property, to hide the affair he consented that I should marry your nephew. My father did not tell me this till he found that I was not ignorant of it. Oh! sir, neither you nor he knew Alice Morgan! I would give the last penny I had in the world to afford him a moment's gratification."

Mr. Morgan sniffed and moved about uneasily.

"My dear young lady," said my uncle, "let us reserve this business until to-morrow."

"Sir!" replied Alice, "it is ended—I leave your house at once."

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"She shall not!" muttered Maurice.

"Hush!" said my uncle, sternly; "you forget yourself. You will know how to excuse a lover's passion, Miss Morgan."

"I do not, sir! I have only to say that if you cannot furnish a carriage, my mother and I will walk."

"Oh! my dear young lady!"

"Mr. Redman, I have been badly treated, and I am indignant at the wrong."

"You have misunderstood——"

"Not in the least, sir—I understand only too well. Father, are you ready?"

"My dear," he said, not authoritatively, but with an attempt at fondness, "only consider."

"I have done so, sir, and I must go."

Maurice tried to expostulate, but my uncle checked him.

"Miss Morgan must have her way," he said; "she seems laboring under a strange delusion! We are not acting a play—young ladies are not made wives against their wills! But candor compels me to say, that until to-night I had supposed Miss Alice viewed the contemplated marriage with satisfaction—she should have expressed her real sentiments sooner—it does not become a woman to trifle."

"Nor have I," she said, indignantly.

"Oh! Miss Alice!" Maurice exclaimed.

"My dear," added her father, nervously; "you knew that even I——"

"Do not say it, father, you know I told you that I disliked that man. Mr. Redman, will you order a carriage, or must I walk?"

Maurice burst into a torrent of passionate reproaches: but she did not heed him.

I heard my uncle give a servant orders to bring round the carriage at once.

"Now, sir, farewell!" Alice said; "for your nephew I have no adieu—he is the best judge as to whether I have been well treated."

She left the room and went up stairs.

There was a low consultation between the three men.

"You must not blame me, Redman," Mr. Morgan said, "it was not my fault; how she knew of that affair I cannot say."

"Tell me, Morgan," said my uncle, "do you still wish this marriage to take place?"

"You know I do."

"Then let matters rest. Go away with them—be gentle to your wife, there is no other way of reaching Alice—and leave the rest to me."

"But, sir," Maurice began, angrily.

"Patience, patience!" said my uncle. "You can do nothing now."

At that moment the carriage drove round; I left the library and went into the dining-room. When I heard them all in the hall, I returned thither. By the time I reached the outer door, my uncle was assisting Mrs. Morgan into the carriage with his accustomed suavity. The poor woman was weeping still, she had been so long a slave that she could not comprehend that her chains were broken.

I went up and bade them all farewell; the look I received from Alice repaid me for all my pain. Mr. Morgan scarcely spoke to me, he was so much irritated that it was necessary for him to vent his spite upon somebody.

Before any of us could collect our senses, the carriage drove away—Alice was gone.

My uncle led Maurice into his study without a word; Prudence joined me upon the verandah.

"Wal, if I ever!" she exclaimed. "What could have sent 'em off in this way, and there was a boiled fruit puddin' for dinner, just what Mr. Morgan asked to have?"

"We shall be obliged to eat it ourselves," I replied, laughing.

"And don't you know nothing what has happened?"

"Nothing more than you knew about the mad woman, my good Prudence."

"Oh! don't mention her, Paul! You'll frighten me to death as sure as the world."

She ran off into the dining-room; and in a few moments Maurice came out of the study livid with rage. I heard my uncle call after him, but he paid no attention.

"So you are here," he said, as he came toward me, with an oath.

"You seem irritated," I replied, quietly.

"Look out for yourself, that's all! Hang me, if I don't believe you've something to do with this business. Have you, say?"

He made a motion to strike me, but I warded off the blow.

"If you do that again," I said, "it will be the worse for you."

He uttered an oath and struck again. I dealt him a blow, in return, which sent him staggering against the wall.

He glared wildly at me, but did not offer to repeat his insult. An instant after, he dashed off toward the stables, and soon rode past on his black horse toward the gate.

"Who is that?" called my uncle, coming out into the hall.

"Maurice, sir—he is riding away."

My uncle rushed after him, shouting his name, but Maurice only flung a curse back and rode on.

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My uncle returned to the verandah and stood leaning against a pillar, taking no notice of me, or I of him, and there we both remained, listening to the gallop of Maurice's horse as he rode furiously away through the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE VILLAGE BARBER'S CHAIR.

BY JAMES W. M'DERMOTT.

THE wandering vine-leaves peep within
The little room so gay and bright,
Where many very curious things
Are glowing in the mellow light;
And gayly 'mid those curious things,
As if rejoicing at the store,
A small canary sweetly sings
And hops upon his sandy floor.
And opposite the merry bird,
With open arms and easy air,
Upon the smoothly polished floor,
Stands the village barber's chair.

I ween it is a chair of state,
Although not decked with gems or gold,
Where many a trembling nation's fate
Hath been by many a one foretold.
There many a lordly one of earth
Hath been condemned, or loudly praised;
And those who sit on high o'erthrown!
And those who lowly sit upraised.
There patriot sons have oft been bless'd,
And tyrants bidden to beware,
By many an honest one reclined
Upon the village barber's chair.

The village doctor oft hath come,
With portly mien and stately tread,
And sat within its welcome arms,
And gravely shook his laden head.
The village lawyer, young and smart,
With very knowing mien and look,
Hath there discoursed to the crowd
With all the knowledge of a book.
And e'en the fervent one, whose soul
On Sabbath morn goes forth in prayer,
Hath kindly smiled, and laughed, and spoke,
Within the village barber's chair.

And many a one whose steps now roam,
Hath told, with all-important air,
His many travels o'er again
While sitting in that easy-chair.
And oh! its cushioned arms hath press'd
Those for whom we sigh and weep—
Those who gently passed away,
And 'neath the church-yard willow sleep.
We never more shall see their forms
As we have often seen them there!
Thus mem'ry's fondest spell is cast
Around the village barber's chair.

OH! SING TO ME!

BY ERNST CLAIRE.

OH! sing to me!
My heart is sad to-night;
Is sad, but not with sorrow;
So the shades of dawning light
Are neither night nor morrow;
Oh! sing to me to-night!

Oh! sing to me!
My heart is filled to-night
With memories flitting fleetly;
Shadows—but oh! so bright;
Mournful—but oh! so sweetly;
Oh! sing to me to-night!

Oh! sing to me!
My heart is dark to-night;
'Tis sad, 'tis full, 'tis lonely;
Music will make it bright,
Music and thy voice only;
Oh! sing to me to-night!

Oh! sing to me!
Twere doubly sweet to-night!
Sing—sing, but not of sorrow!
Low—lest my heart grow light
Too soon—and that were—sorrow;
Oh! sing to me to-night!

Oh! sing to me;
Sing soft to me to-night,
And the moonbeams on the billow,
Making the black waves bright,
Shall dim beside my pillow:
Oh! sing to me to-night!

Oh! sing to me;
Sing low to me to-night;
Sweet as the dew on flowers,
Gentle as dawning light!
To soothe my soul's sad hours:
Oh! sing to me to-night!

Oh! sing to me!
For the visions of to-night
Will tune to music's chiming;
And all my heart grow bright,
My soul to thine entwining;
Oh! sing to me to-night!

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LILIAN EARLE'S BELLESHIP.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

LILIAN EARLE was the orphan ward of Mr. Elliott. She had been domesticated in her new home, about six months, when, one morning, as she was gathering flowers in the conservatory, her guardian's only son entered. Jerome Elliott was now about thirty. He was tall, deep-chested, and powerful in frame; with quite a distinguished air: the ideal of an accomplished gentleman. He stood, for some time, regarding her, as if he was getting her "off by heart;" and at last said, "Do you know, Lilian, I think ambition is a decided trait of yours?" "Well, what then?" returned Lilian, coloring slightly. "Only in that case I should like to know in what direction your ambition soars. Come now, tell me." Lilian looked at him with a frank, clear gaze, then said, simply, "I have thought, ever since I can remember, that I should like to be beautiful and admired." "But you are not beautiful," said Jerome, decisively. Lilian, appearing nowise disconcerted at this remark, inclined her head on one side to inspect the bouquet she had finished arranging, and rejoined, quietly, "I know very well I am not." "But," continued the gentleman, "that doesn't prevent you from obtaining admiration." Lilian raised her head in expectation of further information. "Yes," repeated her companion, "that is no reason why you should not be admired. In fact," he continued, with sudden energy, "I am determined that, this coming winter, you shall be the belle of the season." Lilian laughed merrily, as if utterly repudiating the idea. "Indeed," said Jerome, slightly piqued, yet with an air of conscious power, "it would be a pity if, with my experience of the world, I should not be able to make a little girl like you the fashion, if I like." The young girl bit her lip, as if she scarcely enjoyed this cavalier way of being placed in the position of a puppet. After a pause, Jerome remarked meditatively, "I suppose there is very little society in Monmouth?" "Oh! dear me!" said Lilian, brightening up, and raising her eye-brows expressively, "I should think not. About once a fortnight or so, my aunt gave tea-parties, the solemnest affairs you can conceive of. Almost all the people who came to them were ever so old; and if there happened to be two or three young people, we scarcely dared say anything for fear of being frowned down. There were two maiden ladies who were my especial horror. They always wore black worsted mits, and talked principally about recipes for puddings and cakes, and funerals; and if one of us youngsters happened to introduce a bit of gaiety they'd shake their heads mournfully, and say, 'Poor young things! what do they know about the uncertainties of life?'" Jerome laughed heartily at this account; Lilian joined in a moment, then went in with increased animation, "I often used to wonder what a real party was like, and think how nice it would be to go to one in a ball dress, and dance ever so much to fine music, and be——" Lilian stopped herself, but Jerome finished her sentence by adding, "Very much admired by every one." Lilian's blush showed her sentence had been finished correctly, and her companion, looking at her kindly, said, "Never mind, child, you shall see what will happen this winter."

Some months afterward, when Lilian, with a young girl's obliviousness, had almost forgotten this conversation, she received her first invitation to a "real party." She attired herself for the evening with a fluttering heart; then went down stairs where Jerome was waiting to accompany her. He scrutinized her dress of rich gray silk; then, turning to his mother, remarked, in a disappointed tone, "Lilian's dress is very well; but is it not rather dull for the evening?" "But you know," rejoined Mrs. Elliott, apologetically, "she is just out of mourning." "True," responded her son, only half-contented. Lilian felt her companion did not entirely approve of her appearance, and her buoyant spirits were dashed. Now Jerome Elliott had "brought out" several young ladies, and his method of conducting the campaign was this: He was well aware that nothing was so sure to attract attention to a woman as the circumstance of her possessing one persistant admirer, especially if the latter were known to be a man of taste. As he himself had once remarked, in explaining his tactics, "When society sees a man very devoted, and all that, to a woman, it naturally wonders what there can be attractive about her, and

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insists upon an introduction to find out, and so, with a little good management, the whole thing is accomplished." This was the course our manœuvrer had determined to pursue in regard to Lilian; but, as far as success was concerned, the first appearance of the latter in society was a decided failure. Jerome was a model of attention, introduced several gentlemen to his charge, who invited her to dance, as in duty bound; but, somehow, the invitation was not repeated, and if anybody inquired who Lilian might be, it was simply because the well known Jerome Elliott was her escort. "Well?" said Jerome, interrogatively, after they had returned home. "Oh! I have enjoyed myself beyond everything," responded Lilian, clasping her hands; "the music and flowers were such delightful novelties." "And how about being a belle?" "Oh! me," replied Lilian, with a little sigh, "I wondered how I could ever have dreamed of such a thing even, particularly when I saw the ladies come into the dressing-room, and step out of their wraps in lovely floating dresses, like princesses in a fairy tale, seeming so easy and self-assured. I forgot everything in admiring them." "You simple little thing!" said Jerome, somewhat vexed, yet pleased withal with the young girl's frankness and simplicity. "Never mind, your turn will come yet." But Lilian shook her head gravely, bade him good night, and left him.

The "gay season" was commencing, and the universal esteem in which the Elliotts were held was shown by the numerous invitations poured in upon them. As Mrs. Elliott declared herself too much of a "home body" to undertake the duties of a *chaperone*, her son continued to accompany Lilian. The second and third appearance of our heroine attracted but little more attention than the first: she was simply "Miss Earle, who had been left as a legacy to the guardianship of Mr. Elliott." "Not remarkable in any way," would generally be the comment appended by the informant. This judgment, however, as all superficial judgments are apt to be, was altogether incorrect. Lilian was a girl of unusually keen perceptions, and in a short time she had learned what duller comprehensions would have taken years to have acquired, and, in any case, her nature was such that it was almost impossible that she should be otherwise than easy and natural under all circumstances. One morning Jerome said, as she took her place at the breakfast-table, "Lilian, we have a famous invitation for a week from to-night. Mrs. Granville, an especial friend of mine by-the-way, is to give what Brown, of New York, would term the 'finest blow-out of the season.'" After breakfast, Jerome lingered about Lilian's chair a little, then said, hesitatingly, "It is not, perhaps, quite legitimate for a man to interfere with the delicate mysteries of a lady's toilet; but, Lilian, could you not contrive to get up something a little more fanciful than you have hitherto worn? Something in blue, for instance. You are fair, and I know enough of the subject to be certain that blue would be becoming to you." "Well," replied Lilian, half-sighing, "I'll try. I think I can guess what you mean." For the rest of the week Lilian remained in strict seclusion, Mrs. Elliott's seamstress, whose services she had borrowed, being almost her sole companion. A day or so before the evening for which Mrs. Granville's invitation had been issued, Jerome captured Lilian on the stairs, and laughingly asked, "Well, am I not to have a glimpse of this wonderful costume you are getting in readiness?" Lilian, shaking her head saucily, replied, "Not till the time comes." "Oh! you wicked little mystery, am I not even to know the color?" Lilian leaned her head on one side meditatively, then replied, "Yes, I'll tell you that. Who suggested blue? Well, it's sapphire blue, the queen of colors." Jerome looked undisguisedly pleased at this deference to his taste, and allowed Lilian to escape. "See here, maman," said the former, entering his mother's sitting-room, "there is something about that little girl after all, isn't there?" It is just possible that Lilian's deference to his taste might have had something to do with this conclusion. "The men are so stupid, they won't find it out. If she were one of your giggling chatterers now, she'd be all the toast." Mrs. Elliott looked rather surprised at this outbreak, and replied, gently, that Lilian was a "good girl," and quoted, "Handsome is that handsome does." The lady's son appeared to be rather incredulous of this statement, and, murmuring something about a business engagement, went to keep it. He had just gone when the object of this conversation came dancing into the room, saying, "Come, *maman*," (she had taken a fancy to Jerome's pet name for his mother, and would use no other,) "come. I have something to show you," and, leading Mrs. Elliott into her room, displayed the cause of her seclusion in triumph. "Why, Lilian, this is pretty," said the elder lady, contemplating the dress laid out in state upon the bed. It was of a gauzy silken material, with numerous flounces daintily embroidered in medallions of silver. "Do you think Jerome will like it?"

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asked Lilian. "Why, of course, child. How could he help it?" "And will you assist me to dress when the time comes?" "That I will," said Mrs. Elliott, fondly.

The latter kept her word, and when the looked-for evening came would scarcely allow Lilian to do anything for herself, calling to mind various reminiscences of her own party-going days in order to assist Lilian in determining some nice question of attire. At length the young girl's toilet was completed, and in answer to her modest "Will I do, maman?" received delighted assurances from this lady that, beyond a doubt, she would look as well as the best, and added, "But let Jerome see you before you put on your wraps." Lilian went down stairs, and, opening the door half-timidly, stood before Jerome with a demure, "Your mother thought before starting that you would, perhaps, like to see if I was quite *comme il faut.*" The gentleman contemplated the young girl's attire from head to foot, looked closely at the deep mechlin lace falling in delicate folds from the shoulder; then smiling, well pleased, said, "You want but one thing to make your attire complete," and handed her a box. Lilian opened it, and drew forth a necklace of sapphires, with bracelets to match. She gazed upon them, dumb with delight, for it was the first present of the kind she had ever received. The stones were as rare as they were beautiful, the settings of that deep yellow gold that shines itself almost like a gem. The jewels altogether reminded one of nothing so much as bits of Italian sky enshrined in a setting of sunbeams. "Oh! may I keep them?" asked Lilian, turning to Mrs. Elliott, who had just entered. "Of course, you foolish child," said the lady, clasping them on, and telling the two the sooner they were off the better, as they were already late. Lilian, having reached the place of their destination, first disencumbering herself of numerous wrappings, gave one long, admiring look in the mirror at her new possessions; then, drawing on her delicate kid gloves, stepped out of the dressing-room, and found Jerome waiting for her. He smiled approval; and the knowledge that her fastidious critic was pleased made her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle. "Are we to go to the room now?" she asked, her breath coming and going a little hurriedly. Jerome leaned over the balustrade, and listening a moment, said, "They are just finishing a quadrille; let us wait." This discriminating gentleman was well aware that the most favorable opportunity for entering a room is when the dance is over, for that no longer occupying the attention of those assembled, they are at liberty to observe more closely the new arrivals. He was not disappointed in the success of his stratagem, for when Lilian entered the crowded apartment, leaning upon his arm, all eyes were leveled at the new-comers, as they passed on to greet the hostess. "How exceedingly well Miss Earle is looking to-night!" said those who had met her before. "Who is that unique-looking girl?" inquired a man, whose critical taste in matters of the kind was indisputable. The phrase "took" immediately. Miss Earle was "unique." Miss Earle was a young lady "out of the common run." "Sapphires—something new," suggested one lady to another. "And that lace is ravishing," ejaculated her companion, adjusting her eye-glass to make "assurance doubly sure" that it was real mechlin. "There must be something fascinating about her," was the final masculine verdict, "or Elliott would not display such continuous devotion."

Half an hour after her entrance, Miss Earle was secured for every dance during the remainder of the evening. Jerome looked on, serene and satisfied. He had accomplished his object, and thus began Lilian Earle's belleship. As the evening passed on, however, this gentleman grew somewhat discontented: older, and somewhat worn by contact with the world, he was scarcely able to understand how Lilian could yield herself entirely to the pleasure of being admired. "How pleased she looks to hear those fools compliment her!" he muttered to himself, thus designating some young men surrounding her, whose modicum of brains was not above the average. The evening Lilian found so delightful came to a close; and, as Jerome drew her wrappings more closely about her before stepping into the open air, he said, his cynicisms having, by this time, been replaced by feelings of pleasure at her success, "Well, little one, you have been happy for one night, at least?" Lilian, yielding with girlish *abandon* to the impulse of the moment, passed her arm through his, and replied, with a smile and blush it was pretty to see, "And I owe it all to you." As they drove homeward, that smile and blush occurred to Jerome only to give him dissatisfaction. His idea of the susceptibility of young girls was, perhaps, somewhat overstrained; besides, this experience had taught him no mean opinion of his own power of fascination, and he reflected, "What if Lilian has misunderstood the character of my attentions! Suppose she should have a deeper feeling than that of friendly liking toward me!"

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It was the habit of these two, when they reached home, to discuss for awhile the events of the evening; but, to-night, neither seemed disposed for conversation. Lilian, disencumbering herself of her wrappings, sank into a large arm-chair beside the fire, whose clear, warm brightness amply atoned for the dimness of the room. This evening had witnessed Lilian's first triumph, and it was very sweet. She sat with head slightly bent, and hands folded on her knee, a smile just parting her lips. Her dress fell in blue floating waves about her, its silver medallions gleaming softly like moonlight, while lambent azure flames shot out from the sapphires she wore upon her arms and breast. Whatever else was lacking, the charm of youth and grace were in her aspect and attitude. Jerome walked slowly up and down the room for a time, wishing to say, delicately and kindly, what it was difficult to say at all. He called to mind several instances he had known where misconstrued attentions had disturbed the peace of women whose only fault had been a credulity too entire; then, glancing at Lilian, thought silently, "The girl reminds one of a night in June—all moonlight and azure." Finally he said, aloud, "Lilian!" "Well?" came the answer, in a dreamy, lingering tone. Jerome paused a moment, then went on, the very effort he was making giving a hardness to his tones that would not otherwise have been there. "It is important, Lilian, we should thoroughly comprehend one another. You will, of course, understand my conduct, from the first, has been founded upon sentiments such as a brother might possess for a favorite sister." No sooner had he thus spoken than he repented his words. For Lilian, allowing him no time for explanation, rose with delicate eyes, cheek, and neck stained with sudden flashes of color, and, passionately, retorted, "You must have thought me dull, indeed, to have misinterpreted the attention you have shown me. I entirely appreciated your motives. In fact, you are the last man in the world I would have chosen——" She stopped abruptly, as if remembering that the piece of information she intended dispensing was not entirely called for; then, hastily gathering up the articles of attire scattered about, with head erect and haughty, left the room. No sooner had she retired than Jerome finished the sentence she had left incomplete. "The last man in the world." An unaccountable feeling here arrested the speaker, and he abruptly substituted, "I hate to see a woman show temper." Could he have witnessed Lilian's conduct upon reaching her room, this prejudice would have been still further shocked; for, unclasping the jewels he had given her, she threw them indignantly away, to bury her face in her hands, and sob as if her heart would break. The triumphs of the evening were more than outweighed by the thought, so bitter to a woman's pride, that any man should dare to suppose she had given him her love unsought. Had Lilian completed her unfinished sentence, she would only have spoken the truth. Marriage had found but a small place in her thoughts, and if she possessed an ideal at all, she had not realized it as Jerome. He was to be looked up to as her senior, and his opinions carefully consulted, nothing more. Lilian, however, was not one to cherish resentment. The next morning found her remorsefully calling to mind Jerome's kindness and constant interest in her welfare. She waited till she heard him pass her door on his way to the breakfast-room; then, slipping softly after him, held out her hand with a simple "Please let us be friends, Jerome." The hand was taken, the gentleman bowing a little stiffly, and a peace thus concluded. After this the two were capital friends. The night at Mrs. Granville's had decided Lilian's success as probable. Rare and unusual attributes possessed by her rendered it certain. A fine tact in discerning character, and a nice art in adapting herself to its intricacies, made her sought after wherever she came. The women wondered at toilets which could be so simple and at the same time so exquisite, forgetting that an artistic arrangement of color and harmony of form will give a greater pleasure to the eye than the most elaborate elegance, where these are lacking. Jerome watched Lilian's star rising toward the zenith with a feeling of quiet satisfaction; for he felt, and rightly, its ascent was owing, in a measure, to his successful generalship. It was not long before Lilian quietly and gracefully glided into her place as one of "society's queens," and it was almost sad to watch those whose hands had, until now, wielded the sceptre, endeavor to increase their waning charms by striving to attain the delicious archness of Lilian's manner, in which effort they succeeded, as well as does the perfumer when he endeavors to distill into an essence the inimitable fragrance of the violet.

So the weeks passed on, and Jerome watched the still increasing train of admirers that came to bend before the young girl, whom, not long since, he had thought it worth while to patronize, and wondered at the dewy freshness of soul, the feverish breath of admiration could not destroy.

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What thoughts slid into his mind during this time became evident one day. Lilian had been ill all the morning, and came down stairs bearing on her face that sweet, child-like expression, that suffering, patiently endured, sometimes bestows. Jerome drew forward the arm-chair, placed cushions for her head and feet, then sat down beside her. Presently, without any warning, he said abruptly, "Lilian, are you still of the same mind as on the evening my unmanly impertinence provoked you into intimating that I was the last man in the world you would choose for a husband?" Lilian rose quickly and answered almost sternly, "I certainly have seen no reason to change my opinion," and so saying, withdrew. In the solitude of her own room, should you ask me if a secret exultation filled her heart at the unconditional surrender of the man who had given such a cruel blow to her girlish pride, I should not dare deny it, for she was nothing more than woman. A few weeks afterward, Jerome recovered sufficiently from this last rebuff to return to his amicable relations, by inviting Lilian to drive out with him. "Thank you, but I have an engagement," returned Lilian, briefly. Jerome's face grew pale and angry; and afterward Lilian, looking out, saw the large piebald horse he was apt to ride when disturbed or impatient, standing at the door. "I wish I had gone with him," she said, half-aloud, "then he would have used the coupe; I don't at all like the appearance of that animal to-day."

Lilian had, indeed, reason to repent her refusal; for, when she returned from keeping her "engagement," she found an anxious and terrified household, for Jerome had been violently thrown from his horse, and lay insensible. "A compound fracture of the leg," said the physician, meditatively. "But he will recover?" inquired Lilian, with a white, horror-stricken face. "If God wills," was the grave reply; and she who asked pondered the answer in her heart, repeating it wearily to herself, and wondering if she had not forgotten, for a long time back, that there is an absolute Guide and Disposer over the affairs of men. With wistful, anxious eyes she watched beside the helpless sufferer, who but a little while since had been so vigorous and full of the confidence of strong manhood, watched him wandering in the weary paths of sickness and delirium, calling out often in a tone of sad reproach, "Lilian, why are you so cold? I was never unkind to you but once," and she who listened could not but remorsefully acknowledge that the sick man spoke the truth.

But it was not yet Jerome's time to die, and, after weeks of illness, he recovered sufficiently to make his appearance in the family sitting-room, where Lilian found him seated gloomily, the crutches by whose instrumentality he had accomplished the labor, resting beside him. She came forward with a smile, saying, "I am so glad you are well again." "I had better have died, I am lame for life; this limb will never be fit for anything again," he replied, bitterly striking the offending member. Lilian laid her hand on his with a soft "Hush, dear Jerome. It is God's will, and He does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men." Jerome had never heard Lilian speak so before, had never witnessed such tender womanliness in her aspect, and he became quiet as a little child, repeating to himself often through the day, "She called me dear Jerome." "I am invited to a grand affair to-night, a wedding party," said Lilian, with sparkling eyes, for she had been closely confined to the house during Jerome's illness. "Are you?" returned the latter with an effort at his old lightness of tone, "you must let me see you in your evening attire." "Only when I am in evening attire?" asked Lilian, playfully. Jerome made no reply, but his silence abashed his companion more than any words could have done. Through the day Lilian could not resist thinking often of the contrast between Jerome of a short time since—so vigorous in health, petted by society, and accomplished in every art that could give pleasure—and the Jerome of now, when all these things had receded from his grasp. And thus holding the dangerous "child pity" against her heart, how could she have guessed it would turn to love within her arms?

When Lilian came down that evening, it was in a simple home toilet, and carrying a hood in her hand. "I thought you were going out," remarked Jerome, in a surprised tone. "Not to-night; you promised to teach me German some time, I would like to begin now," and, sitting down in a low chair beside him, she opened the book, saying with pouting grace, "Come, begin." "But how is this?" persisted Jerome, "I thought you were so fond of gaiety. Why do you not go?" "Because," said Lilian, blushing deeply, "I would rather stay with you." Jerome looked searchingly into the face beside him, and certainly found something there that had never met his gaze before. "Oh! Lilian, Lilian!" he exclaimed, almost with a groan, "if I were not a miserable cripple, I might stand a chance with you yet." Lilian drooped her head, and answered with a smile that matched her voice in softness. "If it were

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not for that, you would stand no chance at all." The inference was obvious. What had been denied him in the arrogance of his strength, was now accorded him to be the consolation of his misfortune. They sat in silence for a long time, until at length Jerome said reverently, "You were right, Lilian, He doth not willingly afflict us. On losing the use of my limb I have found you."

Having told how Lilian's belleship began, I have only to add here it ended. From henceforth she relinquished the admiration of the many, to find abundant compensation in the love of one.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

'Tis a lonely sight, on a clear, cold night,
That desolate house by the river—
And the wild winds sigh as they whistle by
Of the days that are gone forever.

The night-shades fall like a funeral pall,
When the dews of Heaven are weeping;
And the solemn tone of the river's moan
A ceaseless dirge is keeping.

The forest trees that waved in the breeze
In the days that are gone forever—
All leafless and dry, look up to the sky
That is bending above them ever.

Here and there a pale flower in the once loved bower
Looks mournfully up from the ground;
And the vine is untwined from the lattice-work blind
That swings with a desolate sound.

And they say, at night, 'neath the silvery light,
White figures in silence come
From the silent graves—where the willow waves—
And glide to the old, old home.

They enter once more at the old house door,
And move with a silent tread—
From room to room through the midnight gloom,
That household of the dead.

For a sister fair, with her golden hair,
Went out from her childhood's home—
But she never returned, and they never learned
The sorrowful tale of her doom.

So every night by the moon's pale light
They glide from the dreamless shore,
Lest she should come to her childhood's home.
And meet with a welcome no more.

But round and round, though it gives no sound,
On rolleth Time's wheel forever:
And she cometh not to that cherished spot
She left, to return—oh! never!

For the deep blue sea in its wrathful glee
Is rolling above her pillow—
And they wait in vain for her smile again,
The sleepers beneath the willow.

And the blast still sighs, and the night-bird cries
In the leafless old elm trees;
And the solemn tone of the river's moan
Is blent with the cold night breeze.

THE SEVERING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The hour has come—our dim life-paths
Lie broad in different ways;
Diverging now, they'll cross no more
Throughout our length of days!
The mountain crags will wound thy feet,
The valley nettles mine—
Violets will fill my peaceful hands,
And mountain cedars thine!
And while I drink from lowly springs
Thou'lt bathe in seas divine!

Fate has decreed—I bid thee go!
I scorn a coward heart!
Nor will I weep, though this decree
Should rend my life apart!
So sure I am that God is wise,
And knoweth what is best—
So sure am I that He will give
Unto my toiling rest;
And so I fold my patient hands
Upon my patient breast.

No more beneath the soft, fair sky
Shall I look in thine eyes—
No more thine earthly voice shall tinge
My cheek with crimson dyes—
No more thy footsteps wake a thrill,
Thy touch a Heavenly glow—
I walk the desert's fiery sand,
And thou the polar snow;
And yet toward the same fell bourne
We both are doomed to go!

No more below! I say the words
With lips like marble calm;
And I will teach those lips to sing
The conquering victor's psalm!
But—life's dear hope!—the by-and-by
Holds not the power to sever
Hearts that have wandered from their faith,
And tender trusting, never!
And we shall live in that sweet time,
Loved, and beloved, forever!

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A BARBER-OUS EXPERIENCE.

BY KATE VAN TASSELL.

You know, Mr. Peterson, what a rage all the girls have had for cutting off their hair. Well, would you believe it? I actually took the infection, and had all my "glorious curls" cut off "at one fell swoop." You can't divine the reason, of course: and, what is more, you can't divine the consequences. Such a pickle as it brought me into! But that is just what I'm going to tell you about.

You must know I'm a homely, pug-nosed little imp, without one single attraction, except a saucy tongue, (?) and—six months ago—a semi-circular sweep of heavy, black curls, "raven," my devoted admirers used to call them; and I declare to gracious, I've had more verses of Byron, Moore, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and even Shakspeare, quoted at me, on account of those same curls, than would fill two ordinary common-place books: to say nothing of the thousand and one "original" scribblings leveled at my devoted head. This last was the climax of injuries. Selections, if they are in good taste—which, I am sorry to say, mine seldom were—I can abide; indeed they are rather convenient, as they can be used a second time when one wants to seem literary; but, of *all* bores, deliver me from the "original" scribblings of an addle-brained man of fashion I have a way of turning things to account, and have laughed off many a fit of vapors over those unfortunate poems.

As spring came on, however, I began, as usual, to find my curls burdensome, and tried at first to confine them with a comb, or a net, but combs were constantly falling out, to my vexation and dismay, and nets broke, besides being almost as uncomfortable, in the way of heat, as the curls.

At last, one warm evening, that insipid fop, Frank Vincent, began in his usual strain,

"Ah! Mith Kate, if you but knew the anguith I thuffer for one of thethe bewitching curlth, you couldn't refuthe me, I am thure."

"My dear fellow," said I, "I beg you'll console yourself, you shall have a half-bushel of them to-morrow."

He rolled up the whites of his eyes at me in the most distressing manner, and declared that I was "thuch a madcap."

However, a sudden resolve flashed upon my mind, and I determined—regarding him as the representative man of my "dear five hundred" masculines—to be as good as my word.

That night I sat before the mirror in my wrapper, and my faithful Lucy, with many protestations and shruggings of the shoulders, yielded to my commands, and severed all the "fatal" curls. The next morning I rose, and, looking in the mirror, beheld myself shorn of all my charms.

With that sight came remorse. "Lucy," I said, "this will never do, I'm as ugly as a hobgoblin. Bring me my breakfast, and then go straight to some hair-dresser's, and find me a set of false curls. I can't annihilate myself for the sake of that Frank Vincent's nonsense, and annihilated I might as well be as to appear in society in this guise. Give orders to admit no one; say I'm sick and can't be seen. I must have leisure to meditate revenge."

Lucy went out, and, after a moment's reflection, I seated myself at my writing-desk, and armed with twenty sheets of prepared note-paper, twenty tiny envelopes, and a stick of sealing-wax, commenced the work of making "overpoweringly happy" twenty different young men. I wrote thus, and copied it upon each sheet of note-paper:

"DEAR ——:—(Each blank was filled with the name of one of my most humble adorers.)—I'm going into the country, not to Newport or Saratoga, or any other of those captivating places, but away up to a forlorn old place they call B——, in Vermont. It is the decree of fate, not my own choice. Of course I'm inconsolable, have really not the slightest idea of surviving the summer. I'm too despondent to bid anybody farewell: but I couldn't bear to go without giving *you* a hint of my doom. Enclosed I send, as a souvenir, the gift you have so many times besought. Many have begged vainly for the favor: but I am persuaded *you* are sincere.

KATE."

From the mass of curls, of which I had been so ruthlessly relieved, I singled out twenty soft silken tresses, and enclosed one in each note, folded and directed, and sealed them all. By

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that time Lucy had returned with the false curls. They were splendid, not, of course, as heavy as my own, but much lighter and more comfortable, and quite presentable withal. They were arranged on a comb, and by a little art could be made to defy the penetration of the keenest observer.

A week later, found me nicely ensconced in a fine old mansion in B——, where resided my aunt Danforth and her three pretty daughters, Hetty, Helen, and Sophia, as intelligent, and, withal, as sprightly girls as one often sees. I had scarcely been there a day, when the results of my practical joking began to be apparent. Letters came from first one, and then another of my victims, announcing their delight at the reception of my note; and describing, or rather attempting to describe, their intense and overpowering emotions on finding that they, of all others, had been singled out to be the happy recipients of such a favor.

We laughed ourselves nearly into hysteric fits over these letters; and I began to anticipate what the consequences would probably be if ever an *eclaircissement* should arrive. However, my fears on this account were not sufficient to keep me awake nights; and having extracted all the amusement possible from the notes, we set ourselves at work to devise other diversions.

At last somebody proposed private theatricals, on a scale, of course, suited to our limited resources.

"Capital!" said Helen, who was the ruling spirit in all our sports; "and since Kate has short hair, and is so nearly the height of brother Will"—'brother Will' was away at college—"we can dress her in man's clothes, and she will make a capital hero."

I ought before to have informed the reader, that having become long ago disgusted with my false curls, I had laid them aside, and, in the simplicity of this rural retreat, luxuriated in short hair. It was charming. Helen's proposition met with decided favor, and that very afternoon we went on an exploring expedition to the garret, and exhumed from sundry bales of rubbish, not only a complete suit of man's apparel, in a very good state of preservation, but also an immense and formidable frill beard, which had been fashioned a year or two previous for some tableaux.

"Behold the Bandit of the Appennines!" exclaimed Sophia, as she drew it forth from its hiding-place. "Why, Kate, when you get this on, I shall be positively afraid of you. Oh! isn't it splendid?" she exclaimed, as having fastened it to my face, she drew back to witness the effect. "What a magnificent Claude Melnotte you will make! I've positively a mind to fall in love with you."

The smooth barn floor was to be the scene of our dramatic representations; and on the following day we were there congregated, myself arrayed very presentably as Claude Melnotte.

Shouts of laughter greeted my appearance upon the stage, and it was nearly fifteen minutes before the *dramatis personæ* had sufficiently regained their composure to be able to proceed.

Madam Deschappelles had just withdrawn, silencing her scruples in regard to propriety with the consoling ejaculation, "But then a *Prince*, you know;" and Claude was just recounting most eloquently to Pauline the beauties of his imaginary home, when the sudden whirl of carriage wheels fell on our ears, and Pauline, *alias* Helen Danforth, exclaimed most irreverently,

"What on earth is that?" and, peeping out at a crack in the barn, continued, "Two young men, as I live, and they've stopped here. City fellows, too. I'll wager, from their style, some of your devoted knights of the ringlet, Kate. I'll venture my engagement ring."

I peeped, and shrieked, "Paul Havens and Tom Warren! Oh! my prophetic soul! What shall I do? They've found me out, and have come for their revenge. I ought not to have hoaxed them, for they are the sharpest fellows in our set, and will be bound to pay me off. What shall I do?"

"What will you do, indeed?" said Hetty; "for here comes Lucy to call us, and you can't get into the house without going directly in front of the parlor windows."

"And my pantaloons! What *is* to be done?"

"Why," said Helen, "it is the easiest thing in the world, and a good joke, too. Go in with us, just as you are. I'll introduce you as my cousin, Dick Walton, and make some excuse for the absence of the veritable Kate. They won't stay long, of course, and you can keep in a dark corner."

It was not without some hesitation that I suffered myself to be beguiled into this bold manœuvre, but finally I assented, upon the girls promising to make themselves so agreeable as completely to absorb the attention of the gentlemen. I had little fear of being betrayed, at any rate, for my disguise was complete, and the braid around my mouth changed the intonations of my voice a good deal.

Helen played her part admirably; and, after being introduced, I walked quietly along the

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room, while Helen, complaining of the heat, lowered the curtains, and toned down the light to perfect duskiness.

"Cousin Kate will be so sorry not to have seen you," said Helen. "I hope you will call again when she is at home."

"Undoubtedly we shall," said Paul. "We like the place so well, and hear the trout-fishing is so excellent, that we have taken board at the village for a few weeks, and hope to enjoy the society of Miss Kate and her fair cousins very frequently."

I could scarcely repress an exclamation. Indeed, as the conversation deepened in interest, I was two or three times obliged to bite my lips to keep from betraying myself. So great was the restraint that I began, at last, to long for their departure. But the fates were against me. So quickly sped the time that, before we were aware of it, a terrible shower had arisen, and we were compelled by all the laws of hospitality to give shelter to our guests until after dinner.

"What shall I do?" I asked Helen, in a whisper, as we passed into the dining-room. "They will certainly recognize me in that strong light."

"Nonsense!" said Helen. "Talk a little more, put on a few more killing airs, and your own mother wouldn't suspect you. As it is, your very stillness attracts attention. I've seen Havens looking at you keenly, but I don't think he suspects yet."

At that hint I grew desperate. Uncle was absent, and I was obliged to take the head of the table. Dinner passed cheerily enough. Obliged by circumstances to take the lead in conversation, my spirits rose with every fresh occasion, and I grew brilliant in spite of myself. In fact, so perfect was my burlesque of the killing ladies' man, that the girls were obliged to use their napkins constantly to conceal the convulsive movements of their risible muscles.

Dinner over, the ladies retired to their rooms, whither I was about unceremoniously to follow them, when it occurred to me that it might be a breach of propriety under present circumstances, and, with a patronizing air, I conducted the gentlemen to the piazza for a smoke!

Mr. Peterson, imagine my sensations during that lounge on the piazza.

Paul produced his cigar-case, and, unwilling to decline, I *nonchalantly* accepted a cigar. I had experimented with cigarettes before now, but the remembrance of the result did not, in the least, tend to inspire me with confidence. However, I lighted my cigar with a pretty good grace, and endeavored, by keeping up a constant flow of talk, to divert the attention of my companions from my very abortive attempts to smoke it.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Tom Warren, at last, "I'm sorry Kate isn't at home. She *is* the deuce, but one can't help liking her."

"We shall see enough of her before we leave, I fancy," said Paul, coolly, puffing away at his cigar.

Now, be it known to you that Paul Havens had been my especial liking for at least six weeks before I had left town; and fancy my feelings as I heard him chat thus cavalierly about me. However, it was no time to indulge in indignation.

"I should like to know," said I, "if Kate is a specimen of your New York girls. I think she is a good deal wilder, more untamed, than some of our country-bred damsels."

"I tell you she's the deuce!" said Tom Warren, whose vocabulary was not extensive. "Did you ever hear her tell what a joke she served a dozen of us fellows just before she left town?"

"I've heard her laughing about it amongst the girls," said I, "but I don't know the whole story. How was it?"

Tom gave a highly exaggerated and whimsical account of the affair, adding,

"A good many of the boys felt amazingly set up, till, one day, Frank Vincent, silly fellow! must needs take offence at something one of us said about her, and, with that pompous air of his, declared that, as Miss Kate's *particular friend*, he felt obliged to resent such remarks. Upon that Ed Sarrater denied Frank's claim to the distinction, and offered to bet a supper for the party that he could prove himself the better entitled of the two to that distinction. Frank accepted the bet, and, with an air of triumph, displayed the note and the enclosure. Ed produced its fellow, and then, by George, every man in the crowd exhibited a fac-simile."

"The deuce!" I ejaculated. What is the use in being a man if we can't use big words?

"You'd better believe," said Tom, "that there was some laughing and swearing, and some tall walking among that crowd presently."

"But she'll get her pay," he continued; "I ain't very cute myself, but I know a fellow that will show her a trick worth two of that. I like Kate, but I'll be hanged if I like to see a girl have things *all* her own way. Wait till Count comes, we'll see then who's who. He's coming up here on purpose to take the airs out of her."

All this time Paul hadn't spoken. At last he daintily removed his cigar from his lips, leaned

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back his head, and, sending up two or three smoke wreaths, said, lazily,

"I wonder if they were her own curls, or some bought for the occasion?"

"Oh! they were false, of course," I replied. "She wears curls now."

"Well," said Paul, springing up hastily, "we must go, Mr. Walton. I'd thank you to order the horses."

Thankful for my relief, I excused myself, and rushed to my own room, sending Helen down to give the necessary orders, and bid the gentlemen adieu. I dared not shake hands with them lest I might be betrayed, and preferred seeming rude to having a discovery.

The next day they came again, and you may be sure Dick Walton was missing, and Miss Kate on hand for sport.

"Did you have a pleasant ride yesterday?" asked Paul.

"Yes, but I was caught in that terrible shower, and had a very romantic time."

"Indeed!" he replied, demurely. "I hope you experienced no inconvenience from it."

"Well, yes; a little, but nothing serious. I'm none the worse for it to-day."

"By-the-way, Miss Kate," said Tom, "there's a new celebrity in town since you left: a young millionaire from New Orleans. All the girls are dying for him. You lost a great deal by leaving quite so soon."

"Indeed," said I, "it is a pity. Can't you induce him to come up here? It would be splendid if he would join our party. I suppose, though, he will go to Saratoga?"

"Yes, he's been there, and going to Lake George next.. By George, I'll write to him and invite him here. I'd like to see you two flirt. He's a match for you, Kate. He's splendid, I tell you. The girls call him the Count, he's so stylish."

I saw Paul looking at me, and, determined to be revenged for the way in which he had permitted me to be talked about yesterday, I said,

"Do bring him here. That would be perfectly charming. Forewarned, forearmed, you know."

I felt a little uneasy, I confess; for these wild fellows have strange acquaintances sometimes; and I was sure, from Tom's tone yesterday, that he was prepared to go any length to be even with me.

Before many days it was announced that "the Count" was really coming. The night before his expected arrival, Paul came to take me out for a drive. It was a charming evening, and I anticipated a nice time; though, to tell the truth, there had been something about Paul's manner, for some time past, that puzzled me a good deal, and vexed me quite as much.

We talked for some time quite at random; after that he said the most vexatious things imaginable, and, I was fast losing my temper, when, at last, he turned to me abruptly and said, with a look of amusement,

"Kate, what has become of Dick Walton?"

I blushed, and looked embarrassed.

"He has left the country, I think," I replied.

He took my hand, which was gloveless, and, holding up an emerald ring which he had given me some weeks before as a philopena, said,

"He wore just such a ring as that, Kate."

I caught my breath and answered,

"Yes. I lent him this one that day."

"Yes, and you lent him your eyes, and your nose, and your voice, too. He had a way of laughing very like you, too."

I was so vexed; but what could I say?

"Kate," continued Paul, "it was well done, but it must have been a far more perfect disguise to have deceived me."

I was crying, and he put his arm around me. "How did it happen," he said, "for I could see that it was scarcely a voluntary performance?"

I explained, in pouting tones, adding, "I never was so frightened in my life, Paul; but, once in the scrape, I couldn't get out of it."

I was vexed that he had seen me in that odious suit, and I would not have his arm around me. I knew he hated hoydens, and what must he think of me?

"Kate," he said, holding me still close, instead of withdrawing the arm as I bade him, "you are a good child, but a little wild; you need somebody to take care of you. Will you let me be that somebody? Will you be my wife?"

As if I wanted to marry a man to tyrannize over me. No, I wouldn't do anything of the sort, I told him.

"I think you will, Kate," he said, calmly. "I love you very much, and wouldn't be very cruel."

I looked into his eyes to see if he really meant it; and—well, I didn't make a fuss about the arm any more.

The next evening, Tom came over to introduce "the Count;" but, when I entered the room, I brought in my hand the false whiskers, and said to Tom that my cousin, Dick Walton, sent them, with his kind regards. He looked at them, and then at me, and, a sudden gleam of intelligence breaking slowly into his mind, said,

"Kate, I always said you were the deuce!"

I heard no more of "the Count." Paul had a

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great deal of influence over Tom, and I believe he kept the secret of my masquerading; but, whenever I attempt any of my old games with Paul, he always calls me "Dick" to bring me to my senses.

Tom said to me, the other day,

"Kate, you made a wise choice at last. I don't know any other man who would have wit enough to keep you steady. I shall always keep my curl, though."

CHARLIE.

BY MAUD IRVING.

'Tis many years ago, dear one,
Since you and I were young;
When all our dreams of future life
With rosy hues were hung!
We lived in sweet, celestial hope,
And longed for that glad time
When I would be a woman proud,
And thou in manhood's prime!
And, blushingly, I listed oft
To words poured in my ear,
That not for all the wealth of worlds
I'd have one mortal hear!

Oh! Charlie, often when I think
Of those endearing hours,
Ere sorrow's thorns had come to dwell
On life's odorate flowers,
I kneel and plead, in fell despair,
That God will please to send,
Back from the land beyond the seas,
My childhood's gentle friend!
How can I move with agile step
Around my lonely home,
When watching vainly, vainly e'er,
For the beloved to come?

Let me not speak of those dark days
When Hope itself expired,
In watching vainly for the face
So ardently desired;
They tell me that thou'st proven false,
But that can never be!
I'll not believe deception dark
E'er dwelt in one like thee;
And others say thou'rt pale and dead,
Laid in a stranger grave;
Or, hid fore'er from human eye
In the Atlantic's wave!

But no! that cannot, cannot be;
I know thou art not gone,
And yet, why wrong my grieving heart
By lingering so long?
I go each day to watch for thee
On ocean's pebbly shore—
The very foam that bears thy ship
I've learned to adore.
Ah! well, I'd fain press on thy brow
The reuniting kiss,
And tune my sorrowing lyre fore'er
In strains of glowing bliss!

THE WIND.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

The Wind is a bold musician,
And many a martial air
He plays, when his wrecking forces
From their unseen tents repair,

Ere forth to the conflict wending,
And the maple tree doth wave
His boughs, as a blood-red banner
O'er his fallen brethren's grave.

The Wind is a sweet musician,
When, soft as the love-bird's coo,
His voice is heard to wander
The garden of roses through.

And when, to his fond caressing,
Doth the queen of the garden bend
His tones o'er her heart come stealing
Like the voice of a cherished friend.

The Wind is a sad musician,
When heard in the sad midnight,
The witching hour when spirits
The watcher pale affright.

The Wind is a sad musician
Who will not let us rest,
But sweeps like a dark foreboding
Through the worn and feverish breast.

The Wind is a true musician,
A prophet invisible,
Who the deep things of the spirit
To the listener rapt doth tell.

Like the Master of Life he speaketh
In the red man's untaught ear,
And he boweth in lowly reverence,
Albeit but doom he hear.

The Wind is a strange musician,
Like the maniac's frenzied yell—
Like the idiot laugh of madness,
Or the toll of the solemn bell.

And when to the might of Autumn
Doth the Summer yield her towers,
He plays in her shattered fortress
A death-march for the flowers.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE minister's spinning bee created a world of wholesome excitement in Norwich; every household was awake and in action. Men and women who had half grudgingly laid out a portion of their goods in the beginning, grew more and more liberal as the general enthusiasm increased, and doubled their gifts cheerfully when the time for decision came.

Up to the last day, and late at night, spinning-wheels were in full run, and the buzz of spindles and whir of flyers, filled the calm stillness long after the neighborhood was usually in bed.

There was something refreshing and genial in all this stir of benevolence, which we of the nineteenth century can never know; for that excitement which springs from good hearts, and looks to heaven for its fruition, has sunk into a dull leaden sort of duty in these days. Men would smile were we to speak of them in connection with recreation and amusement. But in the old times when going out to tea, once a month, was considered relaxation enough for a respectable family, and a quilting frolic partook of dissipation, this church gathering had all the zest of a great festival—a festival in which all shared as guests, and all figured as hosts and hostesses.

In a neighborhood where respectable people went to bed, with religious punctuality, at nine o'clock, and children were invariably housed at sunset, a festival of this importance must commence in the afternoon; for it was an unusual approach toward dissipation when the solemn hilarity extended into the dark hours.

Thus, directly after the general twelve o'clock dinner, preparations commenced in each household for the minister's gathering. Wagons, wheeled from under their sheds, were filled with splint-bottomed chairs for the elders, and milking-stools for the little folks. In some instances plain boards were passed from one side of the conveyance to the other, forming rude benches, on which whole families were to be crowded in rows and jolted cosily to town.

In-doors there was a general commotion—a rushing to and fro for Sunday clothes. Combs and brushes flew from hand to hand; there was a continual splash of water in the back porches; while two or three laid claim to each wash-bowl at once; and every crash towel in the neighborhood made constant evolutions on their rollers behind the door, as newly-washed claimants seized upon them. Children forgot to cry when the tangles were combed out of their elf locks; and pretty girls plumed themselves like birds before the tiny looking-glasses, garlanded with birds' eggs, which hung in the best room, or best corner of every dwelling.

An hour later, and you could scarcely see a wreath of smoke from any chimney within sight of Norwich. Ashes were raked over the embers of every hearth; the latch-string was drawn in at the cabin doors: and the hush of still life hung around each farm and homestead.

But there was bustle and clatter enough along the roads leading townward. Cheerful voices, free ringing mirth, and sometimes shouts of laughter, resounded from wagon to wagon as one passed another, or struggled to keep up. This innocent riot came from the rear of each wagon, where the youngsters were located. Sometimes it was sternly checked by the head of the concern, who could not help being impressed by this rare holiday as if it had been the Sabbath; but the mirth was sure to break out again in titters and gurgling bursts of laughter, at which the grim father would half-smile as it gradually dawned upon him that mirth, on this occasion, was seemly, and, in due bounds, to be forgiven.

Thus the bright day was cheerful with rattling wheels, tramping horses, and human joyousness, as the church members gathered around their minister. For that one day the minister could hardly be considered as the master of his own house, but rather as an honored guest, in whom each member held a certain amount of very precious property. His wife, a fair and faded woman, who reverenced her husband as a saint, and loved her children with more of

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devotion than her strict ideas of worship should have permitted, for this one day shared his glory without stint. The throng of active, listening women that filled her house, persisted in lifting her on the same pedestal with her helpmate, there to be caressed and ministered to. For one day that dwelling was in the hands of the church; the walls of each room were draped with evergreens and blossoming branches; the white curtains were garlanded back from the windows; the beams that ran heavily across each ceiling became massive wreaths glowing with flowers. Back of the house, a fine apple orchard covered one of those natural terraces which make the city of Norwich so beautiful. Here the birds were singing vigorously, and hopping from limb to limb in a state of melodious excitement. They seemed to understand that a scene of that kind was not to be witnessed every day of the year, and resolved to make the most of it.

Wagon after wagon unloaded itself before the minister's dwelling for an hour or so after the committee of females had taken possession. First the living occupants descended, or were lifted to the ground; then baskets were dragged out from under the seats and handed carefully to the deacons, who muttered deep thanksgiving for each gift as it came. It was wonderful, the variety of offerings presented at that door: masses of broadside pork, dripping with the brine from which they had been taken; sacks of potatoes, pots of butter, and fine round cheeses; jars of preserves, rich with a taste of maple sugar; young chickens, with their legs tied together, and struggling to be free; sucking pigs shackled in like manner, but taking their thraldom philosophically, rooting in the bottom of the wagon when let alone, and only giving out a shrill squeal or two when in a state of active transmigration, to the minister's pig-pen, under the deacon's arm.

Before sunset the minister was indeed blessed "in his casket and his store." His cellar was teeming with provisions; quantities of yarn lay heaped in the garret; strange hens cackled around the house, calling for mates that remained in the distant barn-yards; a roll of new rag carpet stood on end in the passage: indeed the kind hearts of his brethren were visible everywhere.

Among the last that drove up that day was Leonard and his family. Two milk-pails covered with homespun napkins white as snow were lifted from the wagon; then came a little bundle of yarn, such as the delicate fingers of Amy alone could spin; and at last appeared from under the front seat a bright, new milk-pan, from which the contents rounded up like an Indian mound, but could only be guessed at from under the glossy linen pinned smoothly over it.

When all these valuables were lifted to the ground, Mrs. Leonard shook out the skirt of her chintz dress, and cast a look of righteous deference around as she followed her husband into the house. She had seen the pails carried in, and stood waiting till the milk-pan was circled by his arms, and then she took her line of march into the room in which the supper-table was laid out.

The women, who composed the committee of arrangements, were busy about the table arranging the various dishes, and scattering glasses-ful of flowers among them. There was a slight bustle among them when Mrs. Leonard came in, with her face in a glow, and her vigilant eyes searching the glances that invariably recoiled from hers.

"Here," she said, unpinning the napkin, and lifting it between her thumb and finger, while an enormous chicken-pie was revealed swelling up from the pan—"here is a little of something for the table, sisters. Perhaps I expected that some of you might have given me an idea of what would be wanted most; you may have a dozen nicer pies than this, but it ain't my fault, any how."

As she spoke, Mrs. Leonard gave a triumphant glance over the table. Two or three pies were certainly there, but none with that faultless curve of crust, or the delicate bordering of keywork on the edge. In their flatter foundations they looked mean and common-place by the side of her portly offering.

"It isn't anything to boast of, I own that," she said, glowing all over with her triumph, "but perhaps they'll manage to worry it down if they get right hungry. Then you'll find some doughnuts and what not in the pails, but that's of no consequence," she added, giving her plump hand a magnificent wave toward the milk-pails, "when one isn't consulted about things it's difficult knowing what to fix up. When we had a bee in this house before, I reckon folks knew what was wanted without being left to guess at it."

The sisters of the committee looked askance at the mammoth pie and at each other. There was evidently something wrong about Mrs. Leonard or her contribution, which they did not feel quite capable of managing—her own self-praise took them by surprise.

Finally a gentle voiced woman came forward, and removed the pie to the head of the table,

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where the minister was to preside. Then, with a quiet glance at the sisters, she gathered up the glasses and broken mugs filled with flowers, and placed them around it, forming a pavilion of flowers, under which the mammoth pastry swelled up with luscious richness.

This took Mrs. Leonard by surprise; the color mounted to her forehead, and her plump lips began to quiver.

"Amy has a little present, too," she said, striving to hide the gentle emotion that was sending tears close to her eyes. "There may be finer yarn than she has spun for the minister brought in, but I can't quite believe it without seeing. You'll find the bundle marked A. L. in the entry way; but, Amy, daughter Amy, jest bring the diaper in here, won't you, Amy?"

She waited a little with her eyes on the door; but it was some minutes before Amy Leonard came in with a parcel in her hand.

"Here," said Mrs. Leonard, "here is something that I defy anybody to say isn't worth while. If I was on the committee, as I was years and years before this, my opinion'd be worth something, maybe; but as it is, I reckon you'll find it tough work to match this ere piece of diaper in all Norwich, to say nothing of the hull state of Connecticut. Look a here now, if you please, every inch of it spun, and wove, and hetcheled, and corded by Amy's own hands. There!"

Mrs. Leonard had broken off now and then, to bite at the string which held the parcel that she took eagerly from her daughter and began to unfold. When the last emphatic word left her lips, a square of pure linen fluttered out from her two hands and fell over the back of a chair, white and glossy as crusted snow.

"Yes, ladies, look, it'll bear examining, the pattern is 'doors and winders;' the linen—but then you have eyes and can see what that is for yourselves. The flax was raised in our home lot at the back door. When it was all in bloom, Amy used to look out and watch it a bending under the wind, while the blue flowers went twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, in the sunshine, and the long, green stalks bent altogether in waves just as the water sweeps over a mill-dam. You never did see such flax! some of it was a full yard and a quarter long, and *so* thick. Well, that sort of put the idea in my head, the blue flowers always brought up Amy's eyes when she said her prayers at my knee, they looked up to heaven in the same innocent way; the poor girl has been a good deal out of sorts since then. I took an idea that she should weave some of that flax for the sarvice of the Lord; she shirked up when I mentioned it; and when Leonard got in the flax, the choice handfuls were laid aside for Amy. I raly think the child hasn't smiled right heartily since last fall, except when she was doing this work. And now that it's all spread out 'afore you, ain't this a cloth that will set out the table on communion days with edification to the members?"

Mrs. Leonard had capped the climax of her triumph here, and stood holding up a corner of the cloth daintily between her thumb and finger, challenging the whole society with her eyes to produce anything like that. Amy had shrunk back, blushing painfully as the ladies of the committee turned their eyes from her mother to her, uncertain how to act or what to say. But at last the housewifely love of good linen overcame all other feelings They gathered around the table-cloth, examined its texture, its whiteness, and its fringed edges, headed with triple rows of hem-stitch, which made it the most perfect specimen of "home-made" that they had ever seen.

"It's a lovely piece of work, Mrs. Leonard, no wonder you are proud of it," said the gentle sister, who had taken such generous charge of the pie.

"Proud! me proud! Oh! nothing like it," cried Mrs. Leonard, smoothing down her dress as if it had been plumage on which too much sunshine was falling "It's only a humble offering, with good wishes wove in like a pattern, and whitened with dew, which, as the minister said, 'falls like charity, and works, you can't see how, but like a blessing in the end.' When that 'ere cloth is spread out on the communion table, sisters, and the unleavened bread is set out on it, with pure wine in the silver tankard, then, sisters, perhaps you'll be called on to remember one as has stood amongst you breast to breast, and working hand to hand in every committee till this, when she's forgotten and left out; not knowing why, and—and——"

Here the good woman broke down, for her eyes and voice were so full of tears that she could not utter another word.

The women who were examining the communion cloth looked at each other perplexed, and a little conscience-stricken; while Amy drew close to her mother, and stood with one hand slightly grasping the skirt of her dress as if wishing to draw her away. Without looking directly at her, the women knew that she was pale, and that her hand trembled like a leaf in its hold on the dress.

"Mother, oh! mother!" whispered the poor girl.

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"Never mind," cried Mrs. Leonard, winking the tears away with a quick motion of the eyelids, and lifting her head with a prompt resumption of dignity—"never mind, daughter, it isn't no shame to have feelings—quite the contrary; but those as hasn't any to be troubled with mayn't understand 'em: so you're right. Perhaps the committee will tell us if your humble present'll be acceptable?"

The women laid down the table-cloth at this, and looked at one another without speaking a word.

Then the same gentle Christian who had twice before shed her grace upon the scene, came forward, and, taking the cloth, began to fold it.

"It is a free gift to the Lord," she said, looking upon her sisters with sweet gravity; "pure and beautiful, as sister Leonard says. It reminds us of old ties, and that all our acts should be done mercifully and in charity to each other. Amy Leonard, we thank you for this proof that you have not forsaken the society."

"I!" gasped Amy, "I! No, no."

She was so white, and the look in her eyes so appealing, that a sentiment of womanly compassion arose in the hearts of the committee. Then they murmured the thanks that had been withheld so long for what was certainly the most beautiful gift brought to the gathering that day.

Amy heard them with a crimson cheek and drooping eyes; while Mrs. Leonard, ashamed of that outbreak of tears which had revealed the mortification at her heart, turned away, and went in search of some one whom she knew outside of the committee, whose demeanor was, on second thought, both strange and unsatisfactory to her frank nature. The looks they had cast at, rather than upon, Amy; the sort of compassionate way in which her gifts had been received, had a meaning which she could not fathom. She felt like an alien in the society of which she had been a leading member for years.

Amy followed her mother in silence. Not a vestige of color was left on her face; and she looked drearily around upon her old playmates and friends, as if afraid of them.

The house being small, most of the minister's guests made their way into the orchard, where a carpet of the freshest grass lay invitingly beneath the tent-like trees. It was a lovely night, the thick, green foliage, through which glimpses of the sky broke in gleams of azure and sunshine; the fruit, just out of blossom, studding the leaves; and the riot of bird-songs trembling up through the branches. Through all this men, women, and children wandered pleasantly to and fro, carrying their innocent enjoyment everywhere, as the sons of Adam might have thronged Eden had no sin driven them forth to work and suffer. Here and there whole families were grouped beneath the branches: the women, in their scarlet short cloaks and gorgeous dresses, forming pictures all unconsciously from the natural grouping into which they fell, and from a strong contrast of colors; the men filling up each idea with their picturesque strength.

As Mrs. Leonard and her daughter descended into the orchard, they saw nothing but old friends and neighbors, passing them, or grouped under the trees; yet no one came near them, and, instead of the eager gestures by which others were invited to join this group or another, they were permitted to walk down the footpath to its termination without being addressed by more than a distant inquiry after their health.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Leonard, leaning against the rail fence as they reached the foot of the orchard, "I wonder where Mrs. Arnold can be? Have you seen Hannah anywhere about, Amy?"

"No, mother," answered Amy, in a very low voice.

"Nor any of the Arnolds? That's strange. I wish we could find some of the old friends. Oh! here comes Hagar!"

Amy lifted her heavy eyes and saw Hagar in the next field, coming toward the orchard, with a heavy basket on her arm. She saw Mrs. Leonard and Amy by the fence, and made toward them.

"So here you is, Miss Leonard, 'joying yourself like the rest on 'em. Sakes alive! what a heap of people! Well, how do ye do to hum?"

Hagar made these inquiries while she lifted a basket, which she had carried on her arm, to the fence, where she balanced it before attempting to mount the rails.

"Now," she said, descending on the other side, and setting her basket on the grass, "I'm just tired out a-worrying along with this basket all the way from hum. If it hadn't been for the credit of the family I wouldn't a come, no how."

"But isn't Miss Arnold a-coming?" questioned Mrs. Leonard.

Hagar drew close to her, and answered, in a low, confidential voice,

"I know you're a friend to the family, Miss Leonard, and so I can speak out, for once. Miss

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Arnold, nor Hannah, nor the old man, nor nobody, is coming here 'cept myself; and I got away supersticiously. There they are, working away for dear life, just as if nothing was going on. Don't say a word 'bout it, Miss Leonard, but the goings-on at the farm is enough to break yer heart, and nobody seems ter mind it but me. Not a hank of yarn nor a yard of cloth went out of that house for the minister's bee; no butter, no nothing. Gracious knows what has come over the folks! everything sold that can be raked and scraped; scrimping here, scrimping there, and all coming on at once. It's no use. I can't understand it."

"Then Mrs. Arnold isn't coming, Hagar?"

"No, she's setting there in the house, meek as Moses, allowing the hull family to be disgraced, as it would be but for me, but all along I've kinder 'spected what ed come and took steps agin it; so when the eggs came in from the barn, and the butter was put away to sell, I've kinder took a little and hid away for this 'casion. Last night I sot up and had a baking all to myself, and the colored pusson as thinks it a privilege to help me 'stain the character of the family. So here's a few biscuit and a crock of butter, with a dozen eggs, and a little jar of peach presarves, which the committee will just take in and save us from 'tarnal disgrace. I didn't say nothing 'bout it to Miss Arnold, only asked to come over and see how things went on; but she 'spected, I reckon, for ses she, 'Yes, Hagar, and give the minister's family my best love, and tell 'em that our hearts are with the society if we ain't there in pusson.' Then Hannah, she run up stairs, and came down with some yarn socks as she'd been a knitting with these ere piller-cases, and towels, and ses she, 'Hagar,' ses she, 'these is mine, and there can't be no harm in giving 'em to the minister: it seems hard not to send anything.' Then I jest lifted the kiver from this 'ere basket and gave her a peep, at which she shook her head, blushing up, and says she, 'Oh! Hagar!' and says I, 'Trust one pusson to take care of the reportation of this old homestead. It aint't a-going to sink no lower now, I tell you.'"

"But what is it all about?" inquired Mrs. Leonard, surprised by this insight into the management of her neighbor's household. "What has happened? Mr. Arnold is well to do in the world. Why shouldn't he——"

"Oh! don't ask nothing of me," cried Hagar, breaking in with a wave of the hand. "My 'pinion is, that when you choke off one wickedness, something mean and sneaking is sartin to creep into its place. I say nothing: but if a man must either drink or scrimp, let him drink —let him drink."

"But you have done pretty well, Hagar," said Amy, putting in her gentle voice, and lifting her sweet eyes to the face of her old friend. "Nobody can complain that you have not brought enough, especially with dear Hannah's linen."

"Yes, young Missus, there it is. But why should that chile be 'bliged to give up them beautiful piller-cases as was sot aside for her setting out, only because everything is sold out of the house afore it comes in? Miss Arnold was rally cut up about it, and ses she, 'Hannah, that linen has been in the family so long, hadn't you better think it over a little?' I rally felt sorry for the Missus when she said this, she seemed so down-hearted; but, Hannah, she blushed like a rosy, and says she,

"'Never mind, mother, it won't be of much consequence, you know. Any setting out I can have isn't likely to count with him.'

"I 'clare, Miss Leonard, you never saw a face so red as hers was when she gave her mother this answer; a hollyhock's nothing to it."

"But who did she mean, Hagar? Who could she mean by *he?*" cried Mrs. Leonard, eagerly, plunging with all her soul into the gossip of which the slave was ripe.

"Who! why goodness gracious! Who but he that is riding along the road yonder as independent as a wood-sawyer. Did you ever! Speak ob de debble, and he's sartin to come—that's a Scripter saying and de truf, if truf ever was preached. Yes, there he turns up the road to the humstead—yes, yes, he's beginning to canter now, in a mighty hurry to get there; and she with nothing but her ruffled short-gown and blue petticoat on. Oh! massy, what a fuss there will be!"

As Mrs. Leonard and Amy turned their look down the road where a horseman was riding, full gallop, toward the Arnold farm, Hagar gathered up her basket and marched off toward the house, muttering,

"What a fix they will be in! nothing ready, and Hagar gone. Well, I'll just 'deem de character ob de family as I 'longs to, and go hum. Sure enough, she looks purty as a pink in that white short-gown; and mebby she'll see him a-coming time enough to slick up in her best; but when dis chile is away from hum, there's no calkerlating what may turn up."

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Leonard, following the horseman with her eyes. "Who can it be? Not Benedict!"

A scream almost broke from Amy's lips. She

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clung to the fence, pulling herself up by both hands, and searching the road with her great, wild eyes.

"No!" she said, dropping down to the grass again with a sigh that was half a moan. "It—it is the French gentleman."

"Now!" exclaimed Mrs. Leonard, glowing all over with a new discovery—"now I'll bet two cookies that I understand the whole thing. The Frenchman is arter Hannah Arnold, and that's what kept him and his sister so long at the farm last winter; I knew from the fust there was nothing between him and the gal, or her feathers. What fools we have been not to think of this long ago!"

"Do you think so, mother?" said Amy, with a wild light in her eyes.

"Do I think so! Why, isn't it as clear as crystal? The Frenchman is rich as all outdoors, and that would be enough for Ben, who loves money better than his life; besides, that accounts for all the pinching and saving that Hagar tells about. The Arnolds want to give their only daughter a setting out worth while, and I like 'em for it; these French people shouldn't have all the glory on their side."

"Mother, this man will have seen Benedict. He—he can tell us something," said Amy, grasping nervously at her mother's dress. "We shall hear—we shall be sure to hear."

"Yes, yes; we'll ride round that way and have a chat with the Arnolds."

"You and father; yes, that will be best. But I will walk toward home."

"No. What would be the use? You that can't walk a rod without getting out of breath."

"But, mother, I cannot go to the farm!"

"Well, well, your father will manage it in the morning for us, there's no hurry."

Amy gasped for breath, evidently unable to utter the wishes that struggled in her bosom.

"Come, come, don't look so down-hearted," said the mother, cheerfully; "perhaps we'll all go over to tea while he's here."

A low moan broke from Amy's lips, but she did not speak again; and her mother moved on quite unconscious of the agitation that shook that young frame and blanched her face, till it was sad to look upon.

They went into the house again, where the minister met them with his grave and pleasant welcome. Mrs. Leonard was not gifted with the keen sensibility which would have discovered something unusual in his manner; and Amy was too much occupied with the wild thoughts crowding upon her to heed anything that required close observation. While her mother was talking with the minister, and giving side thrusts at the committee after her prompt fashion, Amy stole away, and searched the gay company till she found herself in the kitchen, to which Hagar had betaken herself.

Several of the committee were busy in this wing of the house; and Hagar, after depositing her donation, was engaged in explaining why no other member of the Arnold family was present.

"Yer see, our folks has been 'specting company ebber so long, and dere's been no end ter de baking, and scrubbing, and sich like, as has been undertook on dat account. De little offering, as I has de pleasure to descent, is jest what we could pick up in a hurry from de 'bundance ob de 'casion. As for de piller-cases and sich like, my young Missus jest sent 'em to satisfy de sisters dat dey wasn't forgot, and never would be in any grand fortune dat might fall upon her; but circumstances ob a delicate natur, which nobody was to speak ob on no account, had kept her away from de spinning-wheel and loom, so she only sent what was handy in order to 'spress her good will."

Those who listened to Hagar, had no idea that her grandiloquence was assumed in order to cover what she keenly felt to be the poverty of her donation; and they were a good deal impressed by the hints of present abundance and coming greatness, which she threw out on the strength of her own vague conjectures alone. But all this gave Amy a gleam of comfort, as it went to prove the truth of her mother's belief regarding the young Frenchman and Hannah Arnold. She stole timidly behind Hagar, and whispering that she wished to speak with her in the orchard, went away and waited by the path till her humble friend should come out. She had no inclination to join any of the young people who were roaming under the trees, but walked along the outskirts of the orchard, peering anxiously through the branches in fear that Hagar might pass without seeing her.

After a little, she saw the slave, with her empty basket, coming through the back door of the house and descending the footpath. With a quickened breath, the young creature glided along the fence, and stood in the path just where it crossed into the neighboring lot.

"Hagar!"

"Wal, what am it, young Missus? Jest speak out, for I'se in a hurry to get hum."

"Hagar!"

"Wal, agin; what am it?"

This time Hagar spoke a little impatiently, and cast eager glances at the fence as if she longed to be over.

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"Nothing, Hagar; don't be impatient. Only I—I should like to hear from the people in New Haven."

"What, yer cousin?"

"No, she is well enough; but this French gentleman. Is he really going to marry Hannah? You can trust me, Hagar, I won't breathe it to a mortal soul."

"Why, how arnest you seem about it. Yes, remember I don't speak from a dead sartinty, but it's my belief that it'll be a match, and that 'fore long, too; why this is the fourth time he's been here since Christmas."

"The fourth time! Ah! me, and I never knew it—never dreamed that there was any chance of hearing from him!" murmured Amy, with tears in her voice.

"Hearing from *him!* What does yer mean by *him?*"

"Benedict, you know, Hagar, I haven't heard a syllable about him for months; and—and we used to go to school together. Don't you remember it, Hagar, Benedict, and Hannah, and I?"

"Yes," said Hagar, looking hard at the fence, and pressing her thick lips together, "yes, I remember 'bout it, sure enough."

"Ah! I knew you would, good Hagar; and how we all went blackberrying together, ever so long ago; you went to take care of us."

"Yes, I remember 'bout that, too, and how when Ben had eat up his berries—he was an orful greedy critter, our Ben—you'd go and pour the blackberries out of yer own basket and fill his'n up ter the brim; many a scolding you've got for coming hum short, when that big boy got credit for yer work! Yes, yes, I remember more'en people think, perhaps."

"Then you remember that I always loved you, Hagar?"

"Yes, yes, I don't deny nothing ob that," answered the slave, casting tender glances at the agitated girl.

"And how I flung a big stone at the snake that wanted to bite you?" pleaded Amy.

"Wal, it olers kinder seemed ter me as if that snake would a made for our Ben if he'd been let alone, but the way yer went at him was clear grit, any how. Yes, yes, one don't forget a thing like that in a hurry!"

"Well, then, Hagar, you know one never forgets an old school-fellow; and I've a great favor to ask, Hagar, you won't refuse it, promise that?" persisted the poor young thing, all in a shiver of excitement.

"Wal, now I don't know 'bout that, jest give an idee of what it is," said Hagar, pursing up her mouth, and turning her head on one side.

Amy grew desperate. She clasped her hands hard together under her short cloak, and spoke out rapidly as one speaks in a fever,

"I want to hear from him, my old school-fellow, Benedict Arnold, and nobody tells me a word. This young Frenchman has seen him, I am sure, perhaps he brings a letter, or something; he would think it strange if I asked, but you can find out what I want to know—all about him, Hagar—if he is well. What he is doing—if he ever talks of his old friends in Norwich; and ask, dear, dear Hagar, if he—that is, if this young French gentleman's sister is in New Haven yet? Perhaps she's married to some great nobleman by this time; I hope so, don't you, Hagar? Nothing but a grand, rich man would be a match for her, you know. Will you ask these questions now, just as if you wanted to know about him for your own self? I wouldn't ask it, but I haven't another friend in the wide, wide world that can help me; only you, Hagar—only you."

There was something so pathetic in the girl's voice, and in the pleading of her look, that Hagar began to sniff the air and wink her eyelids violently, a sure sign that she would have liked to cry, but had resolved to maintain herself against every attack of weakness.

"You'll do this for me, Hagar?"

"Why, of course, I will; what's the use of making sich a touze all 'bout nothing! I thought you was a-going ter ask me to take some trouble. Wal, now, don't go to crying; next time I come across you, see if I don't tell all 'bout them New Haven folks."

"Oh! not till then? Ask the moment you get home. Come back here and tell me—I cannot wait."

"What, here! me come back? What on arth has got into the gal?"

"Oh! Hagar, I am so anxious, my heart aches so—dear soul go—go quick! Who knows what good news you will bring?—don't look at me so—but have a little pity!"

"But I can't do it, there! The tea has to be got."

"Ah! now you are cross, Hagar; you are like all the rest, and want to put me away."

"No, I don't!"

"But you see how anxious I am, and won't come back to help me. Look here, old friend, I've got four silver shillings in this purse, only find out what I want and come right back; you shall take them now, I can trust you"

"No, I won't! Put the puss back into yer

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bosom, Amy; I ain't so white as some folks, but—wal, never mind—good-by! 'Fore sunset you'll find me here in the crook of this fence as large as life."

Amy smiled one of her old sunny smiles, that gave back the lost beauty to her face. As Hagar was mounting the fence, she seized her by the dress.

"Oh! Hagar, you are so kind! Perhaps it will be good news that you bring. If Hannah is married soon, *he* may come to the wedding! If he does—if they tell you that, Hagar, I'll give you the gold ear-rings grandmother left me, all pure gold, and as large round as a crown piece; don't shake your head, oh! I shall be so glad to give them to you. But do hurry back!"

"Well, well, let me go then, I'll be back sure enough; not for the ear-rings, but—but——"

Amy did not hear the rest, for the negress walked off with long strides till the trees hid her from sight. Twice she looked back, but only to see those wild, mournful eyes following her, oh! so anxiously.

After she got out of sight, Hagar began to walk more heavily; then she stood still, as if struck by some overpowering thought, staggered with the pain of it for a moment, and set down on a stump by the way side, where she burst into a hearty cry. At last she got up, wiped her face with a corner of her cotton shawl and went toward home.

"Yes," she muttered, "I'll stand by her through thick and thin, and so shall every colored pusson as wants the honor ob my 'quaintance. Let de white folks peck her to death if they've a mind to, but as for me—well, it's wicked to cuss anybody; but de blood riles up from de bottom ob my berry heart when I think that young feller was broughten up under the same ruff wid a 'spectable pusson like me, nussed at his mother's bussum like any odder baby."

Thus muttering to herself, Hagar went on her way home. Amy watched by the fence so long as a glimpse could be caught of her gorgeous calico dress; then she went back to the house with something of animation in her face. For two hours she could not expect Hagar back again, meantime she must hide herself in the orchard, or join with the crowd: the voice of her mother calling her decided the question. She went into the house with a faint glow on her cheek, for at her age hope is quick to revive, trample its bright blossoms down as you will.

"Yes, yes, he has been wanting for this to happen; at his sister's wedding all will be well." Thus she half-murmured, half-thought, on her way up the orchard.

Under one of the vast tent-like trees nearest the house, a rustic table was being spread for the young folks. Here a bevy of fair girls was busy, darting in and out under the branches and through the back door, eagerly spreading the feast. One of the girls called to Amy as she went up the footpath,

"Amy, Amy Leonard, you lazy thing! come and help set the table! What on earth are you about?"

A quick thrill ran through that young heart. She was not avoided, that was all a fancy, the girls loved her as well as ever. Amy turned, with the glow of these thoughts on her face, and joined the innocent revelers.

"I am sorry; true enough, why should one play, and the rest work? Thank you, Nancy Clark! Now what shall I set about first?"

"Go and coax your mother to send out some of her nice things for us, it isn't fair for them to take everything for the minister's table."

"Yes, yes, I'll do it," cried Amy, grateful for this cheering notice.

"Hunt up a pitcher, Amy, and hook some of their roses, if you get a chance; we'll have a flower-pot that'll take theirs down, mind that."

"I left some hemlock tops and lots of flowers in the wagon," said Amy, running off.

Directly she came back with her arms full of evergreens and branches of forest flowers, with garlands of ground pine trailing on the grass as she walked. The young girls set up a shout as she appeared half-buried in masses of green.

"Oh! come on, come on," cried Nancy Clark, flinging the branches, cast at her feet, right and left, "here's oceans of flowers! We'll have a border all round the table-cloth and flower-pots at both ends; work away—work away!"

There was instant and joyous obedience to this behest. Every hand was at work twining flowers among the green spray, and weaving garlands that, united together, soon formed a sumptuous wreath around the white drapery of the table.

"Now," cried Nancy Clark, crowding masses of flowers into a great stone pitcher half sunk in the grass, "some one come help me lift this to its place, and then we shall pull an even yoke with the best of 'em."

A dozen hands were ready to aid her, and directly a glowing bower of wild blossoms marked one end of the festal board.

"Now who is to ask a blessing? The minister says, we may choose any one we like.

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Which shall it be, Dr. Blake or Amy Leonard's father?"

"Oh! Mr. Leonard—Mr. Leonard, Amy's father! Didn't she bring the flowers?"

The tears sprang to Amy's eyes. It was sweet to be called out of her terrible depression by the warm-hearted clamor.

"Why, look at Amy—only think, she's crying!" said one of the girls.

"No, I'm not—it was because this kindness came so suddenly. Then there's Dr. Blake."

"Well, well," cried Nancy Clark, who was a charming leader in everything, "Mr. Leonard shall ask the blessing, and Dr. Blake can return thanks!"

"Yes, yes, Nancy's hit the mark this time! Now hurry up, hurry up, or the old folks'll get ahead of us!" was the general cry.

It was one of the prettiest sights in the world, that crowd of blooming girls, hurrying to and fro in eager haste to keep up with their elders. Now and then, a grave matron would step to the door-stone and take a survey of the scene, affecting a little jealousy, and venturing on a demure rebuke of so much mirth; but this only checked the laughter for a moment, and the noise went on again.

"There now, the young fellers are beginning to come!" cried Nancy, all in a flutter, and speaking below her breath. "I saw a hull wagon load get out as I stopped in the entry way. How they are all fixed up! Tim Johnson's got a red ribbon to his cue, and such bright buckles in his shoes. Oh! goodness!"

"Hush! hush! they're coming!" whispered half a dozen voices at once, and there was a general flutter of expectation, at which the birds overhead were entirely distanced. It was some minutes before the young men ventured to mingle freely with the girls; but their shyness soon wore off, and it was rather difficult to suppress them into decorous silence, when Mrs. Leonard and Dr. Blake came forward to preside at their portion of the festival. While Leonard, with his fine frank face beaming with tranquil happiness, was uttering his rather lengthy blessing in the orchard, the minister was equally sententious over the great pie in the best room within; and directly there was such a hum and clatter all around the minister's dwelling, such passing of dainties and interchange of smiles, that the birds gave up and stopped singing for the day, feeling themselves quite lost and overpowered in the general hilarity.

In the midst of this charming riot, Amy, who was thrown back into her anxiety the moment she had nothing to work at, began to cast furtive glances down the footpath. It was scarcely time for Hagar to come, but the sickness of suspense grew strong upon her, and, at last, she stole from the table and made her way down the orchard.

When she reached the fence, Hagar was in sight, walking rapidly. The kind slave checked her pace at the sight of Amy, and came heavily toward her.

"Oh! Hagar!"

It was all her white lips could utter. Hagar saw the anguish of expectation in her face and looked away.

"Have you nothing to tell me, Hagar?"

Oh! the heart-broken tone. It cut Hagar to the soul.

"No, Miss. Yer see I hadn't much chance to ask 'bout anything. Miss Hannah and her beau started right off, and I kinder walked along."

"Hannah and her beau! Are they here?"

"Yes. They came on ahead."

"And you have nothing to tell me?"

"No, I—I—in course Miss Hannah will have the news, so it wasn't worth while for me to wait."

"And I must ask for it there—among all those people. Oh! what can I do? How can I speak?"

She was looking in terror toward the house, afraid to go there, but unable to wait. A moment of keen struggle and she started away, clenching her hands and pressing her lips harder at each step.

"Amy! Miss Amy! come back! I'm a sneaking coward to let you go and hear it amongst 'em all. Amy Leonard, come back, I say!"

But Amy was too far off. Hagar's voice mingled with the noises that filled the orchard, and the poor child entered the house, wild and panting.

The supper-room was crowded. Mrs. Leonard stood near the minister, who had twice warmed her heart by praises of the chicken pie. Hannah Arnold stood near, looking flushed and anxious, like one who had just tasted something of bitterness dashed into a cup of joy while at her lips. She had looked around for Amy, on her first entrance to the room, and, with a sense of relief at finding her absent, was now talking in a low voice to the minister's wife. Amy struggled up to where they were standing; but they had drawn close to the table, and she only found a place between them and the wall. Thus they remained unconscious of her presence.

"Is not this unexpected news about your

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brother?" The minister's wife was half whispering. "We had no idea that he was paying serious attentions to the young lady. Indeed we thought——"

Hannah broke in upon the words before they were uttered. She could not endure to hear what was the general expectation. It was a wound to her delicate friendship for Amy to have her name mentioned in the conversation.

"Yes, it was sudden, but perhaps we ought not to be surprised at it. She is a very lovely person."

"When will the wedding come off?"

The minister's wife spoke in a low voice, and Hannah answered, still more subduedly,

"Next week. We are all going to New Haven, and, and you must not be surprised if I—that is, if it is a double wedding. *He* insists upon it."

"What! her brother? Oh! I understand."

That instant Hannah felt a hand grasp her arm—a hand so cold that it chilled her; and a whisper that made her breath come quick seemed to pass into her heart.

"Hannah, is it Benedict who is going to marry some one?"

For a moment Hannah's lips refused to move. Then she bent her head to the pale face looking over her shoulder, and answered,

"Yes, dear Amy."

A moment, and the cold hand clutched her arm like a vice; then a heavy weight fell against her, and, turning quickly, she caught Amy in her arms.

"Help me to get her out," she said, in a hoarse whisper, addressing the minister's wife. "Oh! what can I do?"

The good woman passed her arm around the sinking girl, and the two, without noise or outcry, bore Amy into the passage; but the movement could not be altogether concealed. Some one who saw the white face drooping on Hannah's shoulder called out,

"Doctor! Ho! Dr. Blake."

The sound ran through those chill veins like fire. Amy lifted her head, gave one wild look around, and sprang away.

A dusky sunset filled the orchard; but the young people enjoying themselves under the trees, saw a pale creature flitting through them so swiftly that no one, at first, recognized her; then a careless voice observed,

"It is Amy Leonard. How strangely she acts to day!" and she was forgotten again.

As Hagar stood by the fence, this white face came toward her, veered on one side, and, with the noise of a slight scramble, crossed the fence.

"Amy! Amy Leonard, it is only me, yer friend, yer best friend till death. Come to Hagar! Come to Hagar!"

But the figure darted on, faster and faster, and the darkness fell around it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"PATIENT IN TRIBULATION."

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

In the hour of tribulation,
  Mortal! calm, and patient be;
Strong in hopeful courage, ever
  Bid the darkest shadows flee.

Clouds may heavy hang above thee,
  Lightnings flash, and thunders roll;
Scathed may be thy inmost spirit;
  Tortured seem thy very soul.

Have thy riches, taking pinions,
  Flown away to come no more?
Has thy dearest friend departed
  To that brighter, better shore?

Or has coldness come between you,
  Blighting the sweet flower of Love?
Dire distrust, and sad suspicion?
  Yet be patient! Look above!

Oaks defy the blasts of Winter,
  With intense and vital power;
Barren cliffs resist the ocean
  In its wildest, darkest hour.

See the mountain, scarred, yet silent,
  Standing stern against the sky,
For long ages, boldly braving
  The fierce tempest rushing by.

Wilt thou not with patience, summon
  All thy force, to stem the tide,
Of the many tribulations
  Rushing in on every side!

Lo! In this way, chiefly, wilt thou
  Gain a guerdon rich, and high;
Luscious fruits from trials bitter,
  Will be ripened, by-and-by.

True nobility stamped clearly
  On thy brow with Heaven's own light,
Thou wilt, joyous, then acknowledge
  That, "Whatever is, is right."

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HELP HIM UP.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"HELP him up!"

It was but the exclamation of a child—a boy returning from school. A fine boy he was, too, with a bright and happy face that spoke of home-love and care worth having. A little fellow had been fighting, and, overpowered by superior strength, had fallen in the mud. Others stood by and saw the sport with laughter; for the conqueror defeated every attempt made by the prostrate struggler to rise, and it was then that the manly little fellow of whom I have spoken cried, "Help him up!"

His tones indignant, his brave, whole-hearted manner seemed to bring the others to reason, and more than one hand was held out to extricate the fallen. The thought was uppermost in our mind long after that, "Oh! that the spirit which animated that boy were but in constant exercise among men, what a golden world would ours be! If we, each one of us, in little matters in the narrow round of home, laying aside the selfishness and grossness of our natures, strive to help those who were fallen, to aid those who were suffering, to lighten the care of the toil-worn; bounding hearts, happy faces, good deeds, would whiten the fields of our souls with thick harvests. The spirit that, though it may not exult in the downfall of another, yet looks on with unsympathizing eye and hands shut so closely that the knuckles stand out like iron; that says, "Let him help himself. I have to help myself. Let him get out of it; he was a fool for getting in," seems to be almost universally that of mankind. It is seen not only in homes, but in society; in the circle of business; yes, it even invades the sacred precincts of Christ's church, where sometimes an unfortunate brother is shut up with bars more obdurate than those of a stone prison, and kept out. Christ provided liberally for these unfortunates. He left a mighty bequest in the treasury of His Word—gave it to us to keep and distribute, when he said, "Do ye even so to them." It seems such hard work to comprehend the height and depth, the exceeding beauty of that golden rule! Men crawl round it, and jump over it, and work themselves under it; do everything but take it up and make hearts glad with its priceless gold; do everything but warm one, and feed another, and shelter yet another; and give to some, gentle words of encouragement of more worth to them than worlds, if they only come at the right time, when they are most needed.

"But we helped him once, twice, yes, the third time—and see, he is down again."

"Forgive seventy and seven times," said Christ; if ye love your friends, what recompense have ye? Love your enemies. So if you wish your well-to-do brother good speed, because he has need neither of the help of your pocket or your brains, what merit have you? But help him up whom the world hath gone hard with; help him when you see men, strong in power and position, with their feet upon his neck. Help him up, even if the mire of adversity clings to his very garments, and he has lost all respectability of appearance.

There are so many close-fisted Christians who pray, and talk, and walk by rule (not Bible rule), that the faith of outsiders who judge of goodness merely by that little light within, is shaken in all profession; and the whole-hearted, money-giving, man-loving, church members, of whom there are a noble number, are judged by the narrow-minded whose pockets are not converted if their souls are. We have known such who refused even to say a good word for a sufferer, because he had, some time or another, a long way back, said some unpalatable word that they never could get out of their narrow-necked minds, but that like a cork had been bobbing there for years. Was the spirit of Christ in that satisfaction with which they paid up the old score? Was that spirit in the smooth refusal—in the eye that sparkled with gratified vengence?

We went, one Lord's day, to one of these small vials of sanctity, and asked for a donation—an order to get a bottle of medicine for a sick and dying man.

"I never do business on the Sabbath," was his cold reply. We leave comment to the reader.

"Help him up!" Yes, take the words of that pitying school-boy along with you to your shops, to your homes, your churches. Let your impulses go out like living tendrils, and

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not cling like moss, withered and dead, to the closed doors of your heart. Open your soul to the sunshine of charity—let the dews of heavenly pity drop within and wash away the black dust of selfishness. Be men, be women after God's own heart, and earn a right to that inheritance which fadeth not away.

NEW-YEAR'S GUESTS.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

I HAVE a song to sing to-night,
As, by our hearthstone, dark and lone,
I watch the New-Year wing its flight
From the eternal realms unknown.

A song for those whose love is mine,
Who, when they bow to-night to Thee
To yield the homage that is Thine,
Will sometimes pause to think of me.

Was theirs a love that still could last
Where'er their wandering steps might roam
Even to this hour, that binds the past
With all the years that are to come?

Through the long day my heart has been
A wanderer o'er the land and sea,
Till all the loved ones I have known
Are come, this New-Year's Eve, to me.

And they who faded from our sight,
Whose ties to earth we thought were riven,
Are come, my spirit-guests, to-night,
To lead our footsteps on to Heaven.

I am no longer lonely here,
Though voiceless every guest unseen,
For they of Heaven or earth most dear
Around my path to-night have been.

LIFE'S TREASURES.

BY LOUISE SMITH.

There's a brilliant glow in the pearls that lie
On a distant shore, 'neath an azure sky,
Where music soft of the murmuring sea
Greets the wanderer's ear, on the shell-decked lea;
But a brighter ray than of sunlit isle
Is the Heavenly light of a mother's smile!

There is music sweet on the zephyr's wing;
In the thrilling strains which the wild birds sing;
There is music clear in the babbling stream,
Unruffled and bright as an evening dream;
But the sweetest strains that Time o'er sung
Was the melting lay of a mother's tongue!

There is rapture strange in the midnight dream,
When angels turn from a Heavenly scene
To stoop o'er a slumberer's couch so low,
Where a mother's pure petitions flow;
Then bear away to that home more fair
The sacred words of a mother's prayer!

There is wealth untold 'neath the raging main,
And relics lie 'neath the sunlit plain;
'Mid dangers dark of a distant clime
Rubies unseen in their grandeur shine;
There's a lasting wealth in that home above;
But earth's purest wealth is a mother's love!

ABSENCE.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

If I have spent whole nights in pain
And lost the brightness of the day,
I've tasted bliss, and shall again,
When from thee I am far away.

'Tis mine, the clinging love you gave,
With all the blossoms it may bear,
To twine around my heart so brave,
Though lost the wreath it once did wear.

And yet I see no angel stand
Beside the shore of grief's dark sea,
To lead me with his magic hand
A Paradise to find with thee.

For, day by day, unyielding fate
Drives me but farther from the goal,
And I can find no opiate
To calm the fever of my soul.

Yet, while on life's dark ocean tost,
If thou shouldst die and tears be shed,
I could not think of thee as lost,
Though thou wert numbered with the dead.

Since that dread Power which gave us birth
Will keep the tie from being riven;
And, should I lose a friend on earth,
I yet have gained a friend in Heaven.

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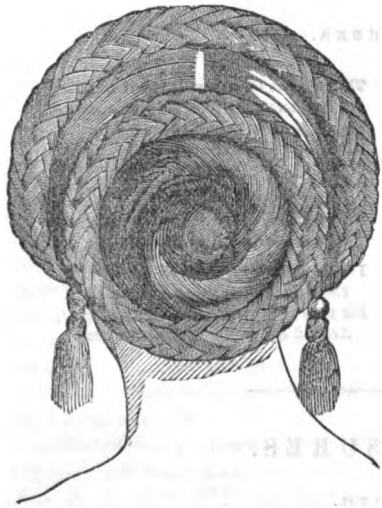
WEAVING OR PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.—NO. I.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



So many subscribers to "Peterson" have desired instructions on this subject, that we have compiled a series of four articles, beginning with this number.

We must commence our instructions by premising that on the length of the lock or tress of hair will depend the use which can be made of it. Hair from one inch to three in length is only adapted for devices. Hair of three to six inches in length may be used for chains, because a chain can be worked in any number of separate portions and united by gold slides; or for ear-rings, made of some very fine plait and worked in two parts. A ring or an ear-ring worked in one hoop requires a length of eight inches. Brooches may be made from hair of various lengths according to the pattern, and also to the size and kind of plait; devices are much used for brooches, and as we have already said, these can be made of quite short hair. A handsome, full-sized bracelet requires twenty or twenty-four inch hair. Of course bracelets can be worked in pieces and united by slides or by caps linked together, and then twelve inch hair will suffice; or they may be worked on smaller moulds, and several lengths braided or twisted together, in which case eighteen inch hair will often suffice. Joining hair is a very tedious operation, and, at best, unsatisfactory, for as each hair must be separately fastened on to the one which it is destined to lengthen, the smoothness and neat appearance of the fabric is not improved by the knots, however neat they may be made; while if the ends are cut off closely the knot is liable to give way, and if they are left, they give a bristly look to the plait, and totally mar its beauty.

In working hair the great thing to be observed is, that there shall be nothing to fray or roughen the strands; therefore it is always best to use the proper hair-work table. This may be made of stained wood or mahogany, and is very simple, consisting only of a circular top about fourteen inches in diameter, and four thin legs. The whole table should be turned and polished, so that it may be *perfectly smooth*. It should stand about three feet in height. In the centre of the top must be a circular hole about five inches in diameter, surrounded by a moulding, which, interiorly, rises about an inch, and exteriorly slopes down to the surface of the table. A small brass hook must be inserted in the inside of this hole just below the moulding.

About three dozen leaden weights, each weighing about three-quarters of an ounce, will be required; they must all be equally heavy, and shaped like the following diagram. A skein of strong silk or twist, a little shellac melted and rolled into a stick, and a brass tube or wire of the proper size for the pattern, will complete the list of requisites for the work. These tubes or wires may be obtained at any brass-founders; they should be about ten or twelve inches in length, and *must be perfectly smooth* and polished, both at the ends and over the whole surface.

We now come to the hair: The first thing to be done is to cleanse it, and for this purpose the ends must be evenly arranged and the lock or tress straightened smoothly out; then each extremity firmly bound with thread, care being taken that every hair is secured by the ligature. Dissolve a bit of soda, the size of a bean, in about a pint of water, immerse the hair fairly in it, and boil it for ten or twelve minutes; take it out, shake it, and hang it up to dry in the

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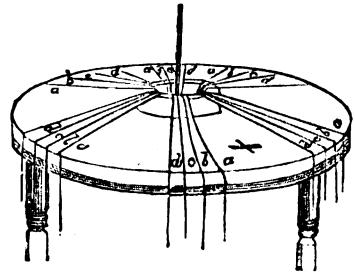
air. When quite dry it is ready for use. Now, take as many weights as there are strands in the pattern about to be worked; attach about twelve inches of twist to each weight, tying them round the neck, and lay them side by side round the table with the ends of twist hanging down. Take the tress, and without untying the threads which fasten the extremities, draw from it the number of hairs required for a strand; take each hair up separately, and arrange them between the finger and thumb so that all the ends shall be even, and then knot the strand thus formed on to one of the pieces of twist; repeat this until all the strands are formed and each attached to their separate weights, taking care not to disturb or roughen them during the process. Now, stoop down and carefully ascertain that all the hairs in each strand are of equal length; and if this is the case, gather up all the ends between the finger and thumb, bind them firmly together with strong thread, leaving a loop of thread about an inch long hanging, and cement the accumulated ends firmly with shellac.

The loop of thread is then to be put on the hook in the centre of the table, and the weights lifted off one by one and suffered to hang down. Each strand, as it hangs, must now be again examined to see that no hair in it is looser or tighter than the other, but that all are perfectly smooth and firm. If the weights hang more than ten or twelve inches below the top of the table, wind the twist round their necks and so shorten them, as long ends are apt to get entangled while the pattern is being worked; they can afterward be let down when requisite. Take now some spare weights, and tie them together to form a central balance weight—about one to every four or five strands is the ordinary proportion—for there must be enough to maintain the balance without straining or cracking the hair; attach this balance weight to the loop of thread, (which is now taken off the hook) and suffer it to hang down in the centre of the hole. Select a tube of the requisite size and put it in the hole, suffering one end to rest on the hook, and set to work. As the beauty of the work depends entirely upon the nicety of the primary proceedings, we have ventured, even at the risk of appearing tedious, to be thus minute in our directions.

Head-Dress.—The pattern, which is given at the head of this article, requires twenty-four strands, each containing about thirty or thirty-six hairs of eighteen or twenty-four inches in length—the number of hairs depends on their fineness, and the length requisite on the thickness of the *rouleau* they are to be woven on. The following cut will give an idea of the proper mode of arranging the strands on the table.



It will be perceived that they are placed in six groups of four each; each group being lettered *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, with chalk; and that there is a cross of chalk between two of the groups to mark the commencement of each round.

Instead of the tube ordinarily used for weaving the patterns on, a *rouleau* of satin is here substituted of about an inch and a half or two inches in circumference; the length being a matter regulated by taste and by the length of the hair at disposal. The satin should match the hair as nearly as may be. The *rouleau* must be evenly made, and should be stuffed with cotton wool, so as to be firm and not hard; a strong wire must be passed through the centre of it to keep it erect while it is being worked over, and to maintain it in shape afterward. Let the lower end rest on the hook, and, the strands being in due order, commence thus:—1st Round: Take strand *d*, the one immediately on the right of the cross, and carry it over strand *a* and *b* on the left of the cross, lay it down in the place of strand *c*, and move this latter on to the *d* next to it, while strand *d*, which before was lying there, is to be lifted and carried on to replace strand *c* in the second group to the left, that strand *c* moving into the place of strand *d* next to it, which latter is to be carried on to the third group in a similar manner: work thus through each group until the one immediately on the right of the cross is reached and filled up.

2nd Round: Take strand *a*, immediately on the left of the cross, and carry it over strands *d* and *c* in the group to the right of the cross; lay it down in the place of strand *b*, move this latter on to the *a* next to it, and lift the strand before lying there over *d* and *c* of the second group to the right, and put it down on *b*, removing the strand there already to the *a* next it, and carrying strand *a* on to the third group in a similar manner; so work all the groups round to the cross again.

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3rd Round is like the first, and worked toward the left.

4th Round is the same as the second, and worked toward the right.

Continue to work these two rounds alternately until the length required is completed. After about eight or ten rounds are worked, the *rouleau* will be sufficiently clasped by the plait to admit of the end being lifted off the hook; it will then maintain itself in the centre. Be careful to keep the strands smooth and in their proper places, as if they get at all out of order the evenness and beauty of the plait is destroyed.

When the requisite length is completed, take off the balance weight (which we omitted to say should always be attached to the loop by a doubly-hooked piece of wire); gather the other weights together on to the table, and cut off the hair close to the twist. Without loss of time bind all these ends of the strands neatly and firmly down to the *rouleau* with a few spare hairs, or with some fine silk exactly the color of the hair; then cut off the loop and cement from the other extremity, and fasten that off in like manner. Sew the two ends together very neatly, and finish off with a gold button and tassel, or one similar in shade to the hair. Where the double *rouleau* (as given in cut) is made, two tassels will be requisite; but a single *rouleau* for the back of the hair only requires one. Where the double *rouleau* is made, the ends of the longest one which are to meet underneath the smaller, or back *rouleau*, may be tapered off to a point.

A very pretty bracelet may be made with this pattern, by working it with sixteen or twenty strands, of about eighteen or twenty-four hairs each, and on a tube three-quarters of an inch in circumference. Three or four separate lengths of about nine inches each must be worked, and these when braided or twisted together make an effective bracelet. Eighteen inch hair will be requisite. When this pattern is woven upon a tube, we detach the balance weight; after the completion of the length, cut off the pieces of twist, and bind the extremities of the hair firmly down on to the tube with strong thread; then cut off the loop and cement from the other end, and bind down these hairs in a similar manner. The tube, hair, and all, must now be immersed in scalding water, and suffered to remain there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the water being kept up to the same heat all the time. When taken out it must be gently squeezed in a soft silk handkerchief, to remove the superfluous moisture, and then hung up to dry slowly.

The thread is detached from each end when the hair is perfectly dry, and the plait gently slid off the tube. A length of elastic wire (about eight and a half inches) must now be drawn through the centre of each plait, and the ends of hair gathered up at each extremity and cemented together to the elastic with shellac. The plaits must next be all cemented firmly together at one end, and braided, or twisted into a cable, and then the other extremities cemented together. It is now ready for the gold cups which are to connect it with the snap or clasp. These may be fixed on with melted cement, or sent to a jeweler to complete.

LAVENDER BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, is given an engraving of a lavender basket, for the design for which we are indebted to a late English periodical. A small wicker basket, at the price of a few cents, and a few yards of narrow ribbon, will be all that is necessary, supposing that the lavender is brought in from the garden. The basket may be of the slightest kind, the ribbon pink, blue, or violet, according to taste. Commence by forming the lavender into bunches, each containing six spikes, tied up with a thread round the middle. This being done, cut a sufficient number of lengths of ribbon; thread one of these either into a packing needle or a bodkin with a simple point, lay one of the bunches of lavender upon the basket, with its heads above the rim; pass the needle through the wickerwork a little below the rim, return it from behind, and tie with a bow of the ribbon exactly in front. Repeat the fastening down of the bunch of lavender near the bottom of the basket. Fasten each bunch separately on, exactly in the same way, at regular distances. When the whole basket is thus covered, cut off the ends of the stalk evenly round the bottom of the basket, cut away the threads with which they were first tied, and tie on the spikes which ornament the handle, twisting the ribbon round, and introducing bows at the top and at each side. Fill the basket with lavender, higher in the centre, but graduating downward toward the spikes which border the rim of the basket, and the whole will be complete.

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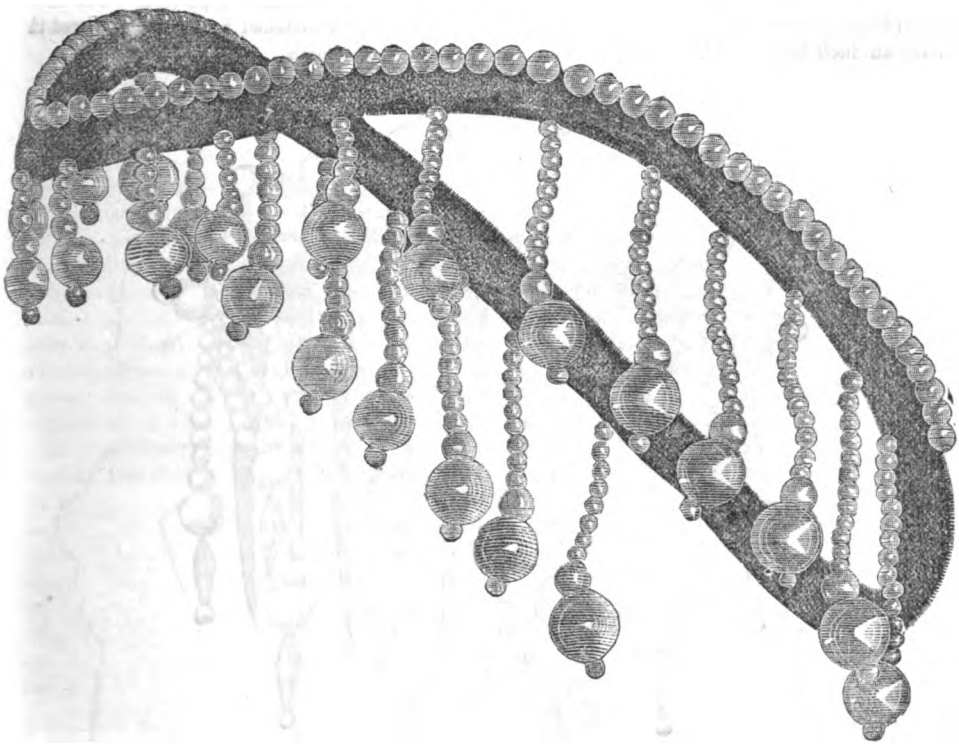
PEARL DIADEM AND COMB

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



MATERIALS FOR A PEARL DIADEM.—Pearl beads of three different sizes, black velvet, and ribbon wire.

The diadem is pointed in front of the forehead in the "Marie-Stuart" style. It forms an elegant and becoming coiffure for the theatre or concert room, and the addition of flowers renders it appropriate for a ball head-dress. It is very easily made, and by help of the following directions, any lady may undertake it without risk of failure.

To obtain the form of the diadem, cover a piece of ribbon wire with a strip of black velvet cut bias way. Bend the wire downward in a sharp point, precisely in the middle, then fit it to the head, and fasten the ends neatly together at the back. A row of pearl beads of medium size are then sewed at the top of the band in the manner shown in our illustration. To make the drops or pendents, begin at the point in the centre of the diadem. Pass a needle with very fine sewing silk through the velvet, then threadle four small pearls, then one of medium size, then one very large, and lastly, one small pearl. This being done, the needle must then be passed backward through all the beads, and through the velvet, and then leaving a space of about three-quarters of an inch, make the second pendent in the same manner. Three or four drops must be made of equal length on each side of the centre one. The drops then gradually increase in length at each side, until those at the ends contain eleven or twelve of the medium-sized beads. The drops may be carried entirely round the diadem, or there may be a space of a few inches left at the back. This space may be filled up by a *cache-peigne* of flowers, or bows of ribbon; or the plaits of back hair may be disposed so as to cover the velvet band at the back of the head.

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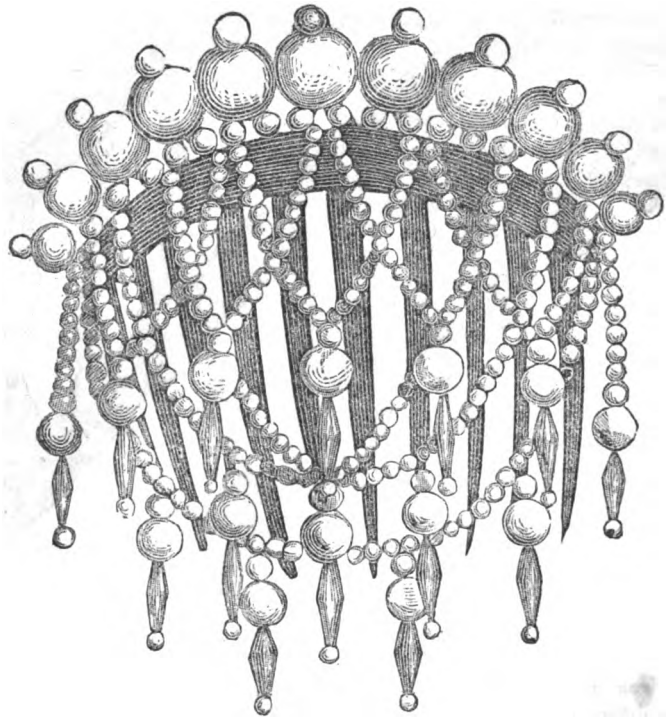
Materials for a Pearl Comb.—Round pearl beads of five different sizes, long pearls, and fine white wire.

The comb may be of horn or tortoise-shell. The former material will serve the purpose perfectly well, as the comb itself is entirely concealed by the ornaments. Any comb-maker will furnish the comb, which must be made according to direction. The top must be about half an inch high, and a row of small holes must be bored at the edge. The beads which form the top of the comb are fixed by fine white wire, which is inserted through these holes, and through the beads, which are arranged according to the design shown in the illustration. The elegant ornament which hangs at the back of the comb is made by stringing the pearls on silk, conformably with the pattern. The ends of the silk are fastened in the holes bored in the top of the comb.



PEARL COMB.

LOW SPENCER BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, the pattern for a new style of low spencer body for a young lady; and also a pattern of a new sleeve which is worn with it.

An engraving of the body and sleeve is given in the front of the number, and a diagram, by which to cut them out, are given on the next page, which see.

No. 1. Front of Spencer Body.

No. 2. Side-piece of Front; the vandykes should lap over on the front No. 1. These two patterns join at the corresponding letters.

No. 3. Back of Spencer Body.

No. 4. Side-piece of Back.

No. 5. Jockey, figuring the sleeve of the spencer body, to be added to the band, No. 5 *bis* forming the shoulder-piece.

No. 6. Sleeve puffed at bottom.

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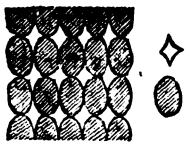
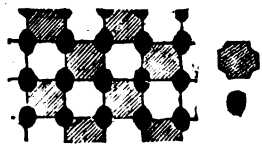
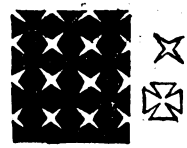
DIAGRAM OF LOW SPENCER BODY.

PATTERNS IN PATCHWORK.







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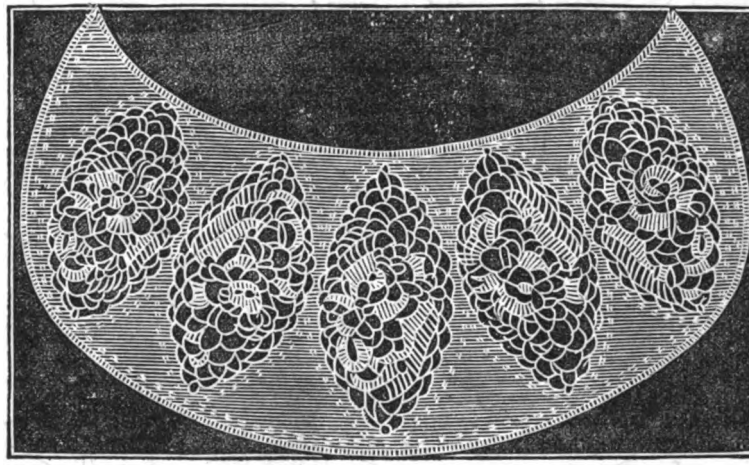
GAUNTLET CUFF IN CROCHET APPLIQUE

FOR PLAIN MUSLIN SLEEVE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, Nos. 30 and 40, and No. 10 Embroidery. A quarter of a yard of fine Scotch or French cambric, the latter is best.

9 ch unite in a circle, *u* (or under) this circle work 7 dc; 7 ch 5 more dc *u* same circle; 5 ch T (or turn on reverse side) 1 L *u* the 7 ch; 5 ch 7 dc *u* same chs; 7 dc on the dc; 7 ch dc *u* next chs; 9 ch T 9 dc on dc; 3 ch T 9 dc on dc; 3 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 5 ch 4 dc *u* same chs; 7 ch 5 dc *u* next; 3 ch 1 L *u* next; 7 ch 7 dc *u* same; 5 ch dc *u* 3 ch at the end of L stitches; 3 ch 1 L 1 ch in each alternate loop of the dc for 4 times; 3 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch 1 L on centre of the 5 dc; 7 ch 7 dc *u* next chs; 5 dc on dc; 3 ch 1 L *u* 2nd of the chs; 5 ch 1 L *u* same; 7 ch 5 dc on dc; 3 ch T 4 dc on dc; 5 ch 5 dc *u* next chs; 13 ch dc *u* same chs; 1 ch T 6 dc *u* chs; 2 ch T 1 L *u* next chs; 7 ch 1 L *u* next; 7 ch 5 dc on dc; 7 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 5 ch 1 L *u* same; 5 ch 7 dc *u* next chs; 5 ch T 5 dc on dc; 5 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 7 ch T dc *u* 5 ch at end of dc; 5 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 7 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch T 1 L *u* next chs; 5 ch T dc *u* 1st chs; 3 ch dc *u* each 1 ch 3 times; 3 ch dc *u* 3 ch; 3 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 3 ch dc *u* chs at the beginning of dc; 5 ch dc *u* next; 3 ch 3 dc on 3 dc; 3 ch 5 dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* 3 ch; 1 ch 1 L *u* next chs; 5 ch 3 dc *u* same; 5 ch 3 dc *u* next chs; 5 dc *u* next chs; 5 dc *u* next; 1 ch T, a row of dc on dc; 9 dc *u* next chs; 3 ch 1 L *u* next; 3 ch 1 L *u* same; 7 ch dc *u* 5 ch; 3 ch T 7 dc *u* next chs; 3 ch 1 L 1 ch in next chs for 4 times (that is, 4 long altogether); 3 ch a row of dc on all the dc; 3 ch T 1 L 1 ch in each alternate loop of the dc for 9 times; 1 ch 1 L 1 ch *u* each 3 ch, and 1 ch for 5 times (14 L in all); 5 ch dc on centre of dc; 5 ch T 1 L *u* 1st chs; 3 ch 1 L *u* chs between the L stitches; 3 ch 1 L 1 ch *u* same; 5 ch dc *u* 2nd 1 ch; 5 ch dc *u* next 2nd 1 ch again; 5 ch dc *u* every 3rd 1 ch for 3 times (5 chs of 5 from the L stitch); 5 ch dc *u* the chs at the end of L stitches; 4 ch 1 L *u* the 1 L; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* same; 5 ch 1 L *u* next; 3 ch 1 L *u* next between the 2 L stitches; 7 ch dc *u* next chs, 7 ch dc *u* the 5 ch; 6 ch dc *u* 3 ch; 3 ch 1 L *u* 1st 1 ch; 7 ch T dc *u* the 6 ch; 5 ch 1 L *u* the 7 ch; 3 ch 1 L *u* same, 3 ch 1 L *u* next; 5 ch T 1 L *u* chs between the L stitches; 5 ch 1 L *u* same; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* the 1 L stitch which goes across; 5 ch 1 L *u* 1st 1 ch; 5 ch dc *u* next 3 ch; 7 ch dc *u* 2nd of the chs; 7 ch dc *u* 7 ch, 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc in centre of the dc; 5 ch dc *u* next chs; 5 ch dc *u* next; 7 ch dc *u* next; 5 ch dc *u* next chs between the L stitches; 7 ch dc *u* same; 7 ch dc *u* each of next chs for 8 times; 7 ch dc *u* 2nd of the chs; 7 ch dc *u* 3 ch; 7 ch dc *u* L stitch; 7 ch dc *u* the chs between

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the 2 L at the point; 5 ch dc *u* same, and fasten off. Make 5 of these ovals in crochet, which must be the size of the blank oval engraved. Trace off the outline of shape of cuff, with pencil on to the muslin (this pencil outline is where the dots are worked). Now cut it an inch beyond this, and run another outline just outside, but nearly close to the first; this latter must be overcast with the embroidery cotton. Now double the cuff in the centre, double also in the long way one of the crochet ovals, and tack in the centre of the cuff; tack the other on each side, and with the 40 cotton overcast the crochet on to the muslin. Do not cut the muslin away at the back, till all are completed, otherwise it will pull out of place.

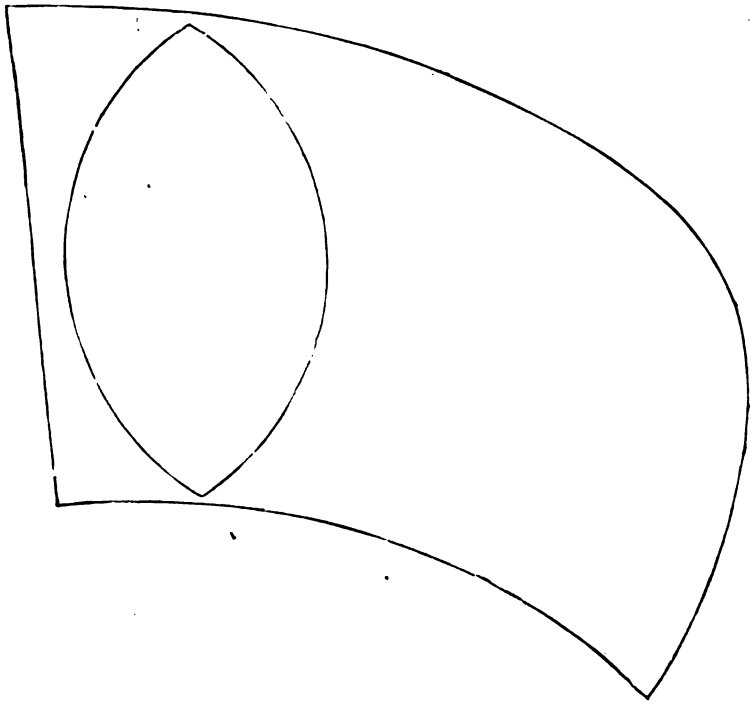

DIAGRAM OF SIZE AND SHAPE OF CUFF.

NEW PARISIAN COLLAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a new Parisian Collar. Its novelty consists in the pattern being worked in double cambric muslin, in white and scarlet cotton. The outer edges of the leaves are worked in a bold, well raised, buttonhole-stitch in white cotton, all the veins being sewn over in the scarlet cotton. The ground-work, which forms the remaining part of the collar, is filled in with guipure thread, with a spot at every point where they cross, the muslin being all cut away. The clear and well-defined leaves on the light ground have a very handsome effect, while the scarlet veins produce a peculiarity of style quite new and striking. Beyond the open part toward the neck, a little pattern is arranged with alternate holes and openings, for the introduction of a narrow scarlet velvet to match the red of the veins. The cuffs are worked to correspond in the thick double cambric muslin, to turn up over a full white sleeve: another very pretty novelty being that the sleeve itself is in clear muslin, showing the cuff off to great advantage. These clear muslin sleeves, made very wide, with the thick cuff turning over, are much in favor in Paris. The red cotton used must, of course, be the ingrain color, which is uninjured by the process of the laundry.

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THE RESILLA.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

FRONT VIEW OF THE RESILLA.

This is a new and beautiful head-dress, of which we give views of the front and back. On account of its lightness, it will advantageously supersede the wadded hoods worn in the carriage in going to and returning from the opera, evening parties, &c. The Resilla will also be

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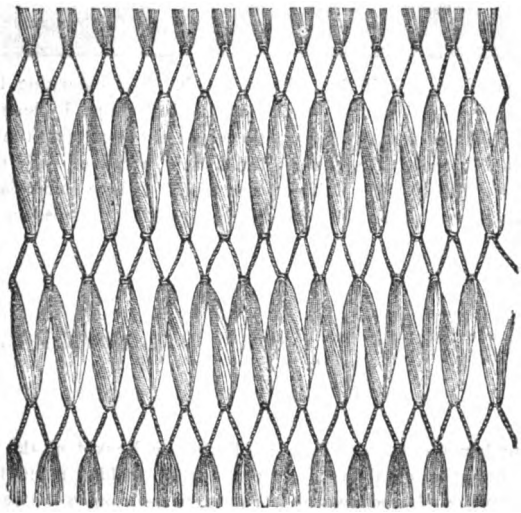
BACK VIEW OF THE RESILLA.

found very useful on those autumn evenings, when it is pleasant to sit in a balcony or verandah, and when it is especially necessary to protect the head by some light covering against the chilly dews which fall after sunset. For the latter purpose, nothing is more appropriate than the Resilla, which forms a light and graceful covering for the head, whilst, at the same time, it shades the neck.

MATERIALS.—Cerise-colored floss and twisted silk, and satin ribbon of the same color.

The Resilla consists of a net made of two kinds of cerise-colored silk, the twisted or the floss, or tapestry silk. If this last-mentioned silk cannot be procured of a sufficient degree of coarseness, it may be used double, or even triple. Each row of the netting is to be worked alternately with the different silks—that is to say, one row with twisted, and the other with floss silk, and the rows are to be worked on meshes of different breadths. Our last illustration shows the relative breadth of the two meshes, in their proper sizes. In working the net, it is best to use two netting-needles, to save the trouble of putting the silk on and off for the purpose of working the different rows. First throw on one hundred and eight stitches with twisted silk, and work alternately with the two different silks twenty-five rows. In working the twenty-sixth row pass the needle through two meshes of the row above, and draw them together. By this means the number of meshes will be diminished by one-half. The next row (the 27th) is worked with floss silk, and without taking up two meshes. In the 28th row, like the 26th, two meshes are taken on the needle. In this alternate way two additional rows are to be worked. At the side at which the netting is cast on, and also at the both ends, work two additional rows, one with floss silk on the broad mesh.

The netting being finished, the narrow side—viz: that contracted by taking up the double meshes, is drawn together and fastened by a bow of cerise-colored satin ribbon, as shown in the back view of the Resilla. A few rows of the front edge of the netting are drawn down over the forehead in the style of a veil, and a band of cerise-colored satin ribbon is passed across the upper part of the head. This ribbon is drawn together in the middle and at each side by a loop, and the ends are left to flow as strings.



SIZE OF MESHES FOR THE RESILLA.

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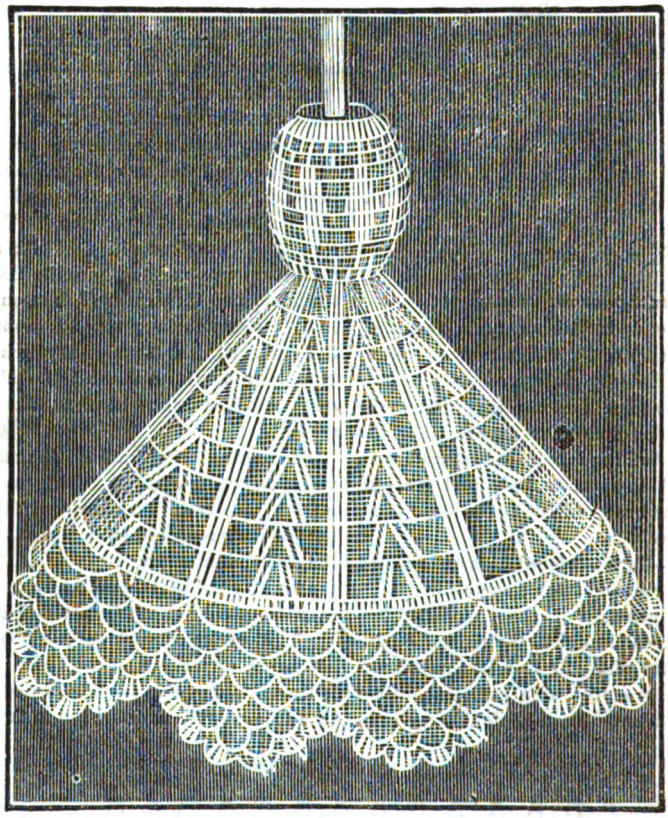
WINDOW-BLIND TASSEL IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This tassel is commenced on a chain formed into a ring about the size of a sixpence. On this is worked six solid diamonds with chains between, increasing the length of the chains until the circle is about the size of half a dollar. This forms the top of the tassel which contains the knob. The enlarging is then continued to form the bell shape, by lengthening the chains; there are six escallops, the edge of each being finished by a row of solid escallops. The pattern itself will be immediately understood by referring to the illustration.

IMITATION CORAL BASKET.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.*

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, of an imitation coral basket.

Materials.—Thick cardboard, red sealing-wax, rice.

Form the Basket of the desired shape from cardboard; scald a teacupful of rice, when it swells, paste it on to the Card Basket with gum arabic as irregularly as possible; break the

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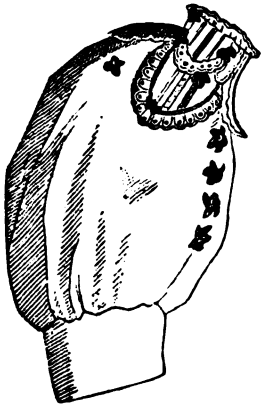
sealing-wax in small pieces, put it in a wide-mouthed bottle, cover with alcohol, and expose to a gentle heat, by placing the bottle inside of another vessel filled with hot water; when thoroughly dissolved, it will be of the consistence of oil paint. Apply it to the Basket with a pitch brush, cover every part, inside and out; it will require several coats of the sealing-wax. Be careful not to repeat the coats until the first is perfectly dry; the sealing-wax gives a very fine polish.

* Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 48 north Ninth street, Philadelphia, deals in materials, &c., for potichomanie, paper flowers, wax flowers, and all sorts of fancy work. Orders promptly attended to.

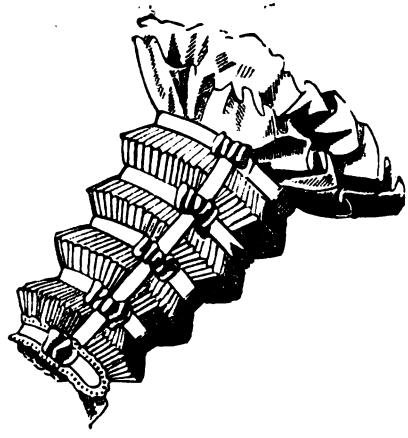
VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

CAP.

CAP.



COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.

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AS DEAR TO-DAY AS EVER.

A BALLAD. WORDS AND MUSIC

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE

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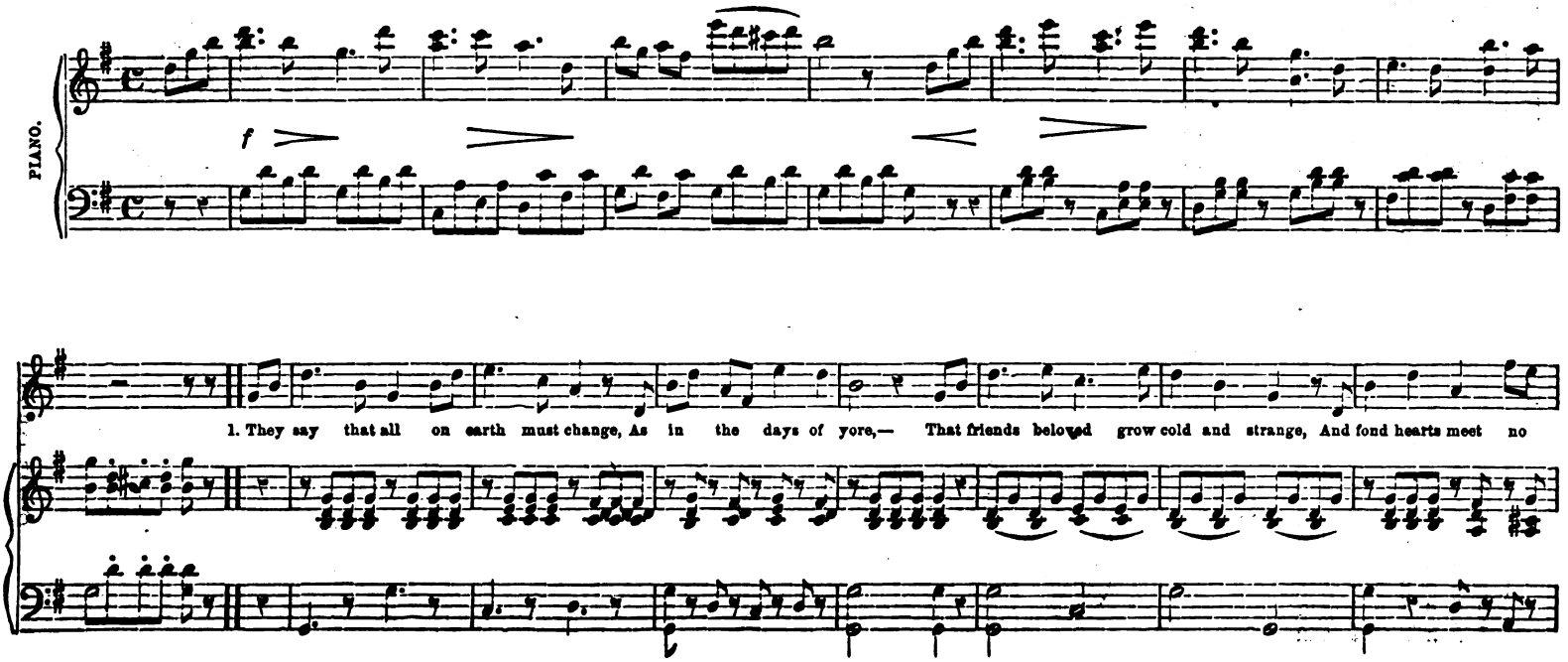

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more. If thus it is, one more fond kiss Be - fore that hour may be, For dear to - day as

p *cres.*

ev - er is thy kind em - brace to me, Thy kind em - brace, Thy kind em - brace to me. - - -

rau.

2.
The scenes of many days may fade,
Their forms may pass away,
But should the vows of friendship made
By thee sink to decay.
I ask when lonely hours present
The past, once dear to thee,
Thou would'st but give thy spirit vent
To rest one thought on me

3.
While ling'ring thro' this weary life,
If thou should'st feel undone,
Remember in the worldly strife
To love thee, there is one.
And if afar from friends to roam
Should be thy sad decree,
Think on the one whom thou didst love
And then remember me.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SENTIMENTALISM.—The pretty girl who cries over an exaggerated novel is not the only victim of false sentiment. He who glosses over a violation of truth—who calls crime error, who palliates a gross departure from rectitude by the terms "circumstances, peculiarities, and infirmities," is a sentimentalist as dangerous to the community as the murderer. The dissatisfied man finds his life "uncongenial." He reasons that God never meant the woman for him, and goes blindfolded with moral delusion, seeking some poor fool, whose passional attraction consists in being younger, newer, and perhaps prettier than the poor drudge at home.

The domestic sentimentalist is a most unhappy man. He expects perfection in all household matters. His home should be a cloud to shut him out to every other earthly object. If his wife is weary—if a washing day atmosphere pervade the kitchen—if there is a speck on the carpet, a black spot on the biscuit, too much water in the tea, a little dust on the shelf, a rumpled frock on the baby, the sunshine is gone; he is restless, dissatisfied, and unhappy. "Home," says he, "should be a little heaven, and I should be its centre. A woman should never get tired; it is her place to look charming and keep well, that she may adorn the fireside. She should be competent to superintend the household, dress herself handsomely, take care of the children, be a thorough cook, play the piano well, and do the family sewing. She ought to converse with ease, receive company with elegance, be always prepared for my friends, and defer to my opinion on all occasions." See what room there is for misery in the mind of such a man; for, as sometimes kingdoms are ruled wrong, and states fall into anarchy, so will madam be disposed to have her own way, and she will not at all periods feel competent to wield the broom-handle, or disposed to lay the dinner cloth straight.

The religious sentimentalist is a very queer character. He talks a great deal about right and wrong, but allows *himself* a most wonderful latitude. He attends church with punctilious zeal, but always where *his* idea of the Gospel is preached. He believes the smallest man of his acquaintance; but takes it upon himself to consider that God doesn't mean what he says. He thinks it no harm to cheat, if he don't cheat quite as much as his neighbor; and as long as he can point to somebody who is worse than himself, he is perfectly easy in his mind. He regards prayer as a good thing, in a prayer-book; and looks on church membership as a sort of salt to preserve his character from suspicion. In fact, his religion is all sentiment, fenced in with a few texts of Scripture, with which he causes some to put faith in his profession.

The charitable sentimentalist is shocked at the idea that vice is connected with cold potatoes and mouldy bread. He cannot see any connection between dirt and depravity. He has a very pretty rose-colored theory, that deserving poverty keeps itself neat, whole, and clean, even though it have neither hands nor feet; and an oath from a ragged, desponding man, or a pipe between pinched lips, drive all thoughts of charity out of his mind. He does not see that the vices of the rich, and the prosperity of the wicked are at the bottom of all this evil. He never thinks that if the bar-rooms were abolished, poverty would almost flee the city; that intemperance makes nearly all the ragged children, builds nearly all the houses of infamy, fills nearly all the jails. When he does, he will have more pity for the poor, debased, diseased creatures, who haunt great cities; then he will become less of a sentimentalist and more of a worker; he will not keep his sympathies poking about blindly in the darkest chamber of his own soul, but send them out of himself—enlist them in the cause of the world's right progress, and live for something else but his own selfish good, even if he should, at times, encounter filth, and suspicion, and infamy.

The social sentimentalist is the worst, most abandoned of all. It is his theory, unblushingly asserted, that in great cities there are certain evils which are necessary; certain abominations that ought to be sanctioned by law. Such a man is an animal, deficient in all the nicer instincts of the brute creation. He is swinish without even the decency of swine, and purity could not breathe in the atmosphere corrupted by his presence. He is a Mormon in heart, without the courage to carry out the principle. The social sentimentalist is thoroughly committed to the higher law, that makes him amenable neither to God nor man. He would abolish the institution of marriage, and set up reason for a deity. The devotion of husband and wife for each other he ridicules with the keenest satire, and many a man is corrupted by him before he is himself aware of his danger. He gets a stealthy foothold in families, and woe to the unsuspecting, they fall a prey to the "wolf in sheep's clothing." He chuckles if he can pass his arm through the broadcloth of a young man, and dresses his disgusting and transcendental theories in the very colors of heaven. You will know him by the cold sneer on his lip; by his underrating all the moral institutions of society; by his covert insinuations with reference to all the women of his acquaintance, by his denunciation of all religions, by his delight if any one who has sustained a high Christian reputation falls from his pure estate; by his never speaking good of any. Beware of him, young man, he is Satan's special agent, and delights to do the will of his master!

NEW MUSIC.—The "Starbeam Schottische" is one among the many pieces that deserves especial attention, the melody is charming, and the movement particularly adapted to the dance. The "Jovial Schottische" and the "Maiden's Prayer," are also just published by Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. Price twenty-five cents each. Copies will be sent (post-paid) to any one remitting the amount in stamps to Mr. Winner. The "Maiden's Prayer" is a very showy and popular Fantasia, arranged in an easy but effective manner.

AN OLD BARONIAL HALL.—This fine engraving will give our readers some idea of the state and splendor of the "good old times" of Queen Elizabeth. Some guests have just arrived, and as it is night, servitors hold lighted torches while the visitors ascend the grand staircase. Doubtless the "merry days of Queen Bess" were among the best days of the past; but we incline to think the present times, on the whole, as good as any that preceded them.

COSMETIC FOR THE CHEEKS.—Early rising, plentiful ablutions in cold water, temperance, a cheerful disposition, and freedom from late hours at night will prove a more harmless cosmetic than any you can purchase.

BABY'S SHOE.—In our last number, a pattern was given for a baby's shoe, which, by a mistake of the printer, was called a lady's shoe. We suppose, however, our subscribers saw the error.

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LET YOUR CHILDREN HAVE BOOKS.—The Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia, in a sensible article on bringing up boys, has the following:—"A great safeguard for boys," it says, "is a taste for reading. Parents sometimes make a very great mistake in prohibiting imaginative reading to their children. A boy ought to be allowed and encouraged to read Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor. Then he should have The Vicar of Wakefield and Miss Edgeworth's Tales. If he takes next to Dickens and Walter Scott, by all means allow him to do so. Let him pore over them until the twilight blurs the page. Tastes are mysterious things; they flow from the deepest part of our nature, and are not subject to the direct act of the will. But while they *flow out* from our nature, they can be *formed in it* by judicious culture. Where one boy has been ruined by poetry and romantic reading, a thousand have been destroyed by the bad company and low tastes which result from a vacant mind. Modern literature is full of thought and refinement, and the great want of the young men and women of our time is a taste for reading. It is this which makes our girls so silly, and our boys so rough and *rowdy*. The taste for imaginative reading will so deal with the mind—which is kept sound by good school studies—that it will grow up to history, biography, and the varied range of literature and science. But there must be a beginning. *Resist beginnings*, says the Latin proverb. To *cultivate beginnings*, too, is equally important."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Autobiographical Recollections of the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. Edited, with a prefatory essay on Leslie as an artist, and selections from his correspondence, by Tom Taylor. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—It would be difficult to execute a work of this kind better than Mr. Taylor has edited these recollections of Leslie. The book is not only an agreeable autobiography of the painter, but abounds with new and characteristic anecdotes of the most eminent British artists, poets, statesmen, &c., of this century. Leslie lived, during most of his early life, in Philadelphia: it was in this city his abilities were first recognized; and his sister, the late Miss Eliza Leslie, died here only a few years ago. But the manhood of Leslie was spent in London, in intimate relationship with all that was distinguished there, whether in arts or in letters; and, in that brilliant society, Leslie's amiable disposition, not less than his genius, made him, from the first, a favorite. Numerous letters from Washington Irving add to the interest of the volume.

The Mount Vernon Papers. By Edward Everett. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a series of articles which Mr. Everett contributed to the well known New York Ledger. As a writer, Mr. Everett is one of our most finished rhetoricians; but he has not the faculty, so necessary to a writer for the press, of compressing his thoughts into a small compass; hence these papers are comparative failures. They are elegant, they are lucid, they are always interesting; but they are not brisk; they are not epigrammatic; they are not "winged lightnings." Every man, says the old adage, to his trade. Mr. Everett has just delivered one of the best Fourth-of-July orations in the language: an oration worthy to stand, side by side, with those of the elder Adams, Webster, Fisher Ames, Clay, and Pinckney; but, as a newspaper writer, Legget, Henry Ward Beecher, the late Mr. Jarvis, and very many others, far excel him.

The Home Book of Health and Medicine. By W. A. Alcott, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: G. H. Evans.*—This is a book of considerable merit. It is illustrated thirty-one engravings.

Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors, during an eighteen years' residence in Eastern Africa. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The author of this book was, for many years, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, and, in that capacity, resided in Eastern Africa, visiting Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abyssinia, and Khartum, and making a coasting voyage from Mowbaz to Cape Delgado. The work is deeply interesting, as it describes regions and tribes but little known to the civilized world. A valuable appendix is added, by E. J. Ravenstein, respecting the sources of the Nile, the languages and literature of Eastern Africa, and a concise account of Dr. Livingstone's latest discoveries, up to September, 1859.

Castle Richmond. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We regard this as the least successful novel Mr. Trollope has yet written. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, but there is very little good Irish characterization: the work, in this respect, does not compare with "The Kellys and O'Kellys." Nor is the tale a pleasant one. The sympathies of the reader are with the unsuccessful, not with the successful, lover. More than this: if the Lady Clara had been such as she is described, she would not have thrown over Owen for Herbert. Still, the novel is much better than most works of its class, and will well repay a perusal.

Lovel, the Widower. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This story is reprinted from "The Cornhill Magazine," of which Thackeray is the editor. It is not near so good as "Framley Parsonage," which Mr. Trollope has been writing for the same magazine, and is quite inferior to anything which Thackeray has written since he has had any reputation at all. The story is comparatively short. This is a cheap edition: price twenty-five cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have the book for sale in Philadelphia.

The Select Academic Speaker. By Henry Coppee, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.*—The author of this work is a professor in the University of Philadelphia, and eminently qualified, in other respects also, to execute his task well. Accordingly this "Select Academic Speaker" may be regarded as the best compilation of its kind in America. The pieces selected are in both prose and poetry, and from the most eminent orators, dramatists, and other writers of the language. The publisher has printed the work in a neat and substantial manner.

The Sand Hills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is a collection of tales, most of them for children, and printed from early sheets for the author's benefit. The writings of Andersen are singularly original. They have a peculiar charm which is almost indescribable. "Waldemar Daae and his Daughters," "Something," and "The Sand Hills of Jutland," are, in different ways, three of the best of the stories. With persons of culture, this will be the favorite book of the summer.

The Physiology of Common Life. By George Henry Lewes. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We noticed, with warm praise, the first volume of this work, when it appeared some months ago. The present volume, which completes the work, is not less meritorious. There is more common sense in Mr. Lewes' notions of physiology than in those of any writer we have ever read. The book ought to be in every family.

Appletons' Companion Hand-Book of Travel. With colored Maps. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A very useful book for travelers, indeed one almost indispensable. It describes the principal cities, towns, and places of interest in the United States and Canadas, together with the hotels and routes of travel.

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ART RECREATIONS.

J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, publish, for Grecian and Antique Painting, the following elegant Pictures, which we send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. New Pictures constantly being published. Each are prepared on suitable paper, with tints, &c.; and full directions to paint, to mix each color, frame, &c., without extra charge. There are no other publishers of such pictures, nor can any other pictures be made to so fully resemble a canvas oil painting, or remain perfect as these. The coarse and cheap pictures are not suitable, and disgust people of taste with these beautiful arts.

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The work is elegantly illustrated, large 12 mo. Price $1,50. This and all our pictures and books sent, post-paid, by mail.

FAMILY PASTIMES.

The Selected Word.—The company must arrange themselves in a circle, and each player whispers to their right-hand neighbor any word that they may select, provided it is not a small word. It will render the game more troublesome, and therefore more amusing, if the words that are chosen are difficult to place in a sentence. When all have their words, the first one who spoke to his right-hand neighbor, asks a question of the person on his left-hand, who is obliged to place the word that was given him in his answer. The questioner must then guess the given word; if unable to do so, a forfeit can be demanded. We give an example:

Suppose one of the selected words was Connoisseur, and this is the question asked, "Have you been to the opera lately?" The answer might be, "Yes, frequently, and there may have been many faults in it, but as I am no Connoisseur, it pleased me very much." Suppose another one of the words selected was Pacify, and the following question given, "What do you think of Niagara Falls?" the one interrogated might reply, "I see that you are anxiously waiting for my answer, so, in order to Pacify you, I will say they were far beyond my imagination."

The replies should consist of more than one long word, so that they will be the more perplexing.

The Toilet of Flowers.—Each child present having selected a color, one of the party provided with a store of very small caraway seeds or grains of coffee or rice, says to the first child, "My sister wants flowers for a wreath today. How many can you furnish?"

The child replies by naming all the flowers it can remember of the color it had previously chosen, and receives a comfit for each. The purveyor then proceeds to the next child, who enumerates all the flowers it remembers of a different hue, and is also paid in the same manner. Whoever receives most is, of course, the winner.

PARLOR MAGIC.

The Wonderful Hat.—Place three pieces of bread, or any other eatable, at a little distance from each other on a table, and cover each with a hat; you then take up the first hat, and removing the bread, put it into your mouth, and let the company see that you swallow it; then raise the second hat, and eat the bread which was under that, and do your same with the third. Having eaten the three pieces, give any person in company liberty to choose under which hat he would wish those three pieces of bread to be; when he has made choice of one of the hats, put it on your head, and ask him if he does not think that they are under it.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Tomato Sauce for Winter Use.—One peck of tomatos, six onions, sliced, two heads of celery, a dozen shalots, one oz. of Cayenne pepper, half oz. of black pepper, one oz. of mace in powder. Slice them into a well-tinned saucepan, mixing the seasoning with them as they are cut up; boil, keeping them well stirred; when thoroughly soft, drain off the water, and rub through a hair sieve. Boil it again until it is as thick as apple-sauce. Put it into bottles, and cork close. Put the bottles into a stewpan, fill it with cold water, let it boil for twenty minutes. Keep in a cool place. Examine the bottles occasionally, and if there is the least indication of a change, turn it into the kettle again, boil, and scum it, keeping it well stirred from the bottom that it may not adhere, and put it into the bottles again. When required for use, warm what is wanted with a little gravy. It is as nice as when fresh done, and will be found excellent with calf's-head or brains, veal, beef, mutton, pork, or goose. An onion or a shalot, boiled in the gravy with which it is mixed, will be an improvement.

Beef Broth, or French Pot-au-feu.—It consists in a decoction of beef, leg of veal, an old hen, carrots, turnips, leeks, celery, cloves stuck in a burnt onion, water, and salt. This broth must be done gently for three hours, so that the water dissolves the mucous parts of the meat, and easily separates from the scum. It can be prepared in a *bain-marie*, and in this manner is more delicate.

Meagre Broth with Roots.—Young carrots and turnips, a bunch of each, a quarter of a bunch of leeks, as much onions, two heads of celery, two cloves, a little salt, very little pepper, in six quarts of water. This broth delights the stomach, but is rather exciting.

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A Shepherd's Pie.—Cut up your cold meat as for a hash. Season well. Make a nice gravy with the bones (it wants no gravy beef); flour your meat well; put a small quantity of water on your bones; season with salt, pepper, and a little Cayenne, a little ketchup, a pickled onion or two, or gherkin. Take out the bones, put your meat into this gravy, give it a boil up, just to warm it through; put your meat and gravy into a small, deep pie-dish (do not make more than can be consumed at dinner, as it will not be nice the next day, and will not warm up well); then mash as many potatoes as will cover your hash and fill up your dish. Put a knob or two of butter over your potatoes. Place it before a clear fire to brown well. Serve it up quite hot. This is a good and economical dish for a family, and generally liked by those who have tasted it.

How to Cook an Egg.—An egg should not be boiled; it should only be scalded—*vulg.*, coddled. Immerse your egg in, or, which is better, pour upon your egg boiling water. For time: proportion your time to the size and number of your eggs, and the collateral accidents. If you cook your eggs upon your breakfast-table more time will be required. But if you station your apparatus on a good wholesome hob, where there is a fire, and so the radiation of heat is less positive, less time will suffice. The latter way is mine, winter and summer, and the differences of the surrounding circumstances equalize, or nearly so, the time. I keep one egg under water nine minutes; two, nine and a half; three, ten; and four nearly eleven minutes. The yolk first owns the power of the caloric, and will be even firmly set, while the white will be milky, or at most tremulously gelatinous.

To make Homony Bread.—The homony having been properly soaked, drain off the water, and add of fresh water seven and a half pints for each pound and a half of homony, as weighed before soaking. Let this simmer for four hours—if boiled rapidly it will become hard and never swell—the homony will then be fit for stirabout or bread. For bread mix it gradually with the flour, making the dough in the ordinary way, and adding yeast in rather more than the usual proportion. This bread will keep moist and good for a longer time than if made entirely of wheaten flour.

Cabbage, to Boil.—Nick your cabbage in quarters at the stalk, wash it thoroughly clean, put it into boiling spring water, with a handful of salt, and a small piece of soda; boil it fast; when done strain it in a cullender, press it gently, cut it in halves and serve. Savoys and greens may be boiled in the same manner, but they should always be boiled by themselves. Should the cabbage be left it may be chopped, put into a saucepan, with a lump of butter, and pepper, and salt, then made hot, and sent to table.

Excellent Macaroni.—Soak the macaroni first in warm water for about half an hour; throw that water away, and boil it for a quarter of an hour in fresh water; throw that away also, and boil it in about half a pint of milk till quite tender. Be sure it does not burn. Take a silver spoon, and, while on the fire, keep lifting the macaroni, so that it does not stick to the bottom of your saucepan, which ought to be a china one. Do not break your macaroni more than you can help.

Solid Custard.—Boil three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass and a stick of cinnamon in a pint of new milk, until the isinglass is dissolved. Strain it, add a gill of cream, and let it stand till cold. Beat the yolks of six eggs; put all together, with sugar to your taste; set it on the fire till it thickens, stirring it all the time. Let it cool a little before it is put into the mould.

Herodotus Pudding.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of best figs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of brown sugar; mince the figs and suet very nicely, a little salt, two eggs, well beaten, nutmeg to your taste; boil in a mould four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

German Method of Keeping Cucumbers for Winter Use.—Pare and slice (as for table), sprinkle well with salt, in which leave the cucumbers twenty-four hours; strain the liquor well off, and pack in jars, a thick layer of cucumber and then salt, alternately; tie close, and when wanted for use, take out the quantity required. Rinse in fresh water, and dress as usual, pepper, vinegar, &c.

Veal Ragout.—Take a breast of veal, cut it into pieces, put it into a stewpan over the fire to brown, then pour in as much stock as will cover it, and an onion stuck with cloves, some salt, whole black pepper, and a bundle of sweet herbs, and let it stew till done. Then thicken some gravy, add a little ketchup, and serve over the veal.

Apple Cream.—Put into a pan twelve tablespoonfuls of the pulp of baked apples, the whiter the better, the same proportion of cream, beat well together with a pint and a quarter of lemon jelly, made with one ounce and a quarter of Nelson's gelatine. Lemon juice, peel, and sugar to taste. Clear the jelly with white of egg.

Baked Pudding.—Butter a suitable dish, then lay a slice of baker's bread, then shredded beef suet and a few currants, until you have sufficient. Then take three eggs, a pint of new milk, a little nutmeg, essence of lemon, and sugar, beat them well together, and an hour will bake it. Add a little pastry round the dish.

American Puffets for Tea or Breakfast.—One pint of cold milk (which has been boiled), one pint of home-made yeast, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and five eggs, to be mixed into a stiff paste, or rather batter, which must be put into the baking-tins to rise, and, without taking out, be baked in the usual manner.

Lemon Pudding.—Boil two lemon-peels in water till quite tender; beat them well; then melt (not oil) half a pound of fresh butter; in a basin before the fire, beat six eggs; mix well with loaf sugar, brandy, and the juice of a lemon. Put puff paste round your pie-dish, and bake half an hour.

Treacle Pudding.—Three tablespoonfuls of treacle, one of flour, and a little ground ginger, mix all together; line a basin with paste, spread some of the mixture on with a spoon, then put a layer of paste with the mixture spread over, until the basin is full. Either baked or boiled is very good.

FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Diarrhœa.—The first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels is absolute quietude on a bed. Nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice may be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step taken in diarrhœa, every spoonful of liquid, only aggravates the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woolen flannel, bound tightly around the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front, and kept well in its place. In the practice of many years we have never failed to notice a gratifying result to follow these observances.

Barley Water.—One ounce of pearl barley, half an ounce of white sugar, and the rind of a lemon; put it into a jug. Pour upon it one quart of boiling water, and let it stand for eight or ten hours; then strain off the liquor, adding a slice of lemon, if desirable. This infusion makes a most delicious and nutritious beverage, and will be grateful to persons who cannot drink the horrid decoction usually given. It is an admirable basis for lemonade, negus, or weak punch, a glass of rum being the proportion for a quart.

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For the Breath.—Persons who suffer from difficulty of breathing and oppression on the chest, will find great relief from the following simple contrivance. A tea-kettle is to be kept boiling, either over a fire, or over a common night-lamp or nursing-candlestick. A tin tube is to be fitted on to the spout of the tea-kettle, of such length and form as to throw the steam in front of the sick person, who will then breathe in it. This prevents the distressing sensation occasioned by inhaling the cold night air, which will be felt by persons suffering from asthma or water on the chest, and which is not obviated either by clothing or fire.

Rheumatism in the Hand.—One raw egg, well beaten up with half a pint of vinegar; one ounce of spirits of turpentine; quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine; and a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Beat these well together, and put it in a bottle and shake for ten minutes, then cork it down so as to exclude the air. In half an hour it will be fit for use, and should be rubbed in two, three, or four times during the day.

Coriander Cordial.—To half a gallon of spirits put half a pound of coriander seeds, quarter of a pound of caraway seeds, half a pound of sugar, and one drop of oil of orange Make it up to three quarts with water. The coriander seed must be bruised and steeped in the spirit for ten or twelve days, and well stirred two or three times a day.

Face-Ache.—The following receipt for the face-ache a friend of mine has found very effectual:—Take twelve grains of sulphate of quinine (cost, twelve cents), one ounce of white sugar (in lumps), and pound them well together in a mortar; then divide it into twelve portions, two of which should be taken each day in either wine or water.

A Cold in the Head.—Tie a handkerchief over the head at night going to bed, taking care to cover the ears, and an incipient cold will be gone in the morning; the first symptoms of cold should never be neglected, the simplest remedies have effect then which prove useless after.

Management of Blisters.—Spread the plaster thinly on paper or linen, and rub over it a few drops of olive oil. In this way the blister acts speedily, and with less irritation than usual.

Warts.—Get a piece of lunar caustic, dip the end of it into some water, and rub it over the warts. The caustic will burn them off in a very short time.

Weak Eyes.—Bathe the eyes wide open in cold water every morning, and in about a fortnight a material improvement will be palpable.

RECEIPTS FOR CAKES.

Rich Sweatmeat Gingerbread Nuts.—Put a pound of good treacle into a basin, and pour over it a quarter of a pound of clarified butter, or fresh butter, melted so as not to oil, and one pound of coarse brown sugar. Stir the whole well. While mixing, add an ounce each of candied orange-peel and candied angelica, and a quarter of an ounce of candied lemon-peel, cut into very minute pieces, but not bruised or pounded, with half an ounce of pounded coriander seeds, and half an ounce of caraway seeds. Having mixed them thoroughly together, break in an egg, and work the whole up with as much flour as may be necessary to form a fine paste, which is to be made into nuts of any size. Put on the bare tin plate and set in a rather brisk oven.

Cream a la Crook.—Take four sponge cakes, cut them thin and place preserve between, and cut them in strips, take three-quarters of a pint of cream, sweeten and flavor it, and put one ounce and a quarter of isinglass to the cream, beat it up well and place a little in the mould; when cold, stick the cakes in the cream. They must be well soaked with brandy and wine, then fill the mould up with cream. Add a little nutmeg to the wine.

A Plum Cake.—Take one pound of flour, rub in it half a pound of butter very small, and put in a nutmeg grated. Take half a gill of cream, and make it as warm as new milk. Put into your flour a quarter of an ounce of mace; lay it in a heap in the middle of your basin. Put in half a gill of yeast, the yolks of five eggs, with four spoonfuls of sack, then put in your cream. Have ready the whites of five eggs whipt up to a froth by degrees. Beat it till it looks very white. So set it before the fire to rise half an hour; then have ready one pound of currants, clean washed, a quarter of a pound of sugar, finely sifted, three ounces of candied lemon and orange-peel. Mix all together. Put it into a quick oven. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Receipt for Chocolate Drops.—Scrape the chocolate to powder, and put an ounce to each pound of sugar; moisten the paste with clear water, take a small pan with a lip, fill it three parts with paste, place it over a small stove, the heat hole being of the size of the pan, and stir it with a little bone or ivory handle; when it almost boils take it from the fire, and continue to stir it till it is of proper consistence. Have a tin plate, very clean and smooth, take the pan in the left hand, and hold in the right a bit of wire (a few inches long), to take off the drops from the lip of the pan, and let it fall regularly on the tin plate; two hours afterward take off the drops with a knife.

Portugal Cake.—Half a pound of butter, three eggs, leaving out one white, work it well with your hands for half an hour, till the eggs are smoothly mixed; add half a pound of sugar, sifted, half a pound of flour, dried, half a pound of currants; mix the above ingredients well together, butter the pans, which should be small, bake them in a quick oven.

To Make Almond Iceing for the Bride Cake.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth, beat a pound of Jordan almonds very fine with rose-water, mix them, with the eggs, lightly together; put in by degrees a pound of common loaf sugar in powder. When the cake is baked enough, take it out, and lay on the iceing, then put it in to brown.

A Good Cheap Cake.—A pound and a half of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sultana raisins, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and half a pint of milk. The milk to be made warm and the soda dissolved in it. Mix all well together, and bake in a slow oven.

Sugar Drops.—One pound of flour, one pound of raw sugar, five ounces of butter, melted, five eggs, well beat, and then mixed. Drop them with a teaspoon on the cake-tin, and bake in a moderate oven. A few seeds can be added, if preferred.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Wearing Flannel.—Flannel next the skin, is an important preservative against cold. It not merely acts as a non-conductor of heat, but gently stimulates the skin, and assists it in throwing off superfluous matters. Flannel is a most important article in the dress, both of infancy and age. The three rules given by the celebrated John Hunter, for the rearing of healthy children were, "Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and *plenty of flannel*." In addition to all the usual appliances, a band of fine flannel should be worn round the body of an infant, for at least six months, and will be found one of the most effectual preventives of bowel complaints. For adults, a broad band of flannel round the loins, or a long inner waistcoat of the same material, is found to be extremely serviceable as a preventive against epidemic complaints; and as many persons will remember, was strongly recommended for general adoption during the apprehended prevalence of cholera. Persons who have in any way to take violent exercise, so as to produce frequent and copious perspiration, should

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invariably wear flannel next the skin. So should those who are frequently troubled with cough, or tenderness of the chest, or who are liable to rheumatic attacks, or general debility. All elderly people require the warmth and nourishment which flannel affords. For wearing next the skin, thin flannel should be chosen. The real Welsh is the best for the purpose. A very delightful article may be substituted, viz: thin wool knitted. Berlin wool is the best. It is rather more expensive than flannel, but much more durable, and if properly washed, does not shrink or thicken. Flannel worn next the skin should be taken off for the night, and spread on a chair or horse, that the moisture may pass off. It was a notion formerly, that new flannel alone possessed any virtue, and people would wear an under waistcoat for weeks or months, without washing. This was a great mistake. Whatever is uncleanly, must be unwholesome. It is true, that woolen goods are impoverished by frequent washing, and it may be properly obviated by having two articles to wear on alternate days, on the intermediate days exposing the one laid aside in the open air, or in the influence of a fire. They may thus be kept fresh and sweet for many days; but when they begin to look soiled with perspiration, they should certainly be washed. Some persons who are very tender on the chest, find benefit from wearing a prepared hare skin. This requires frequent airing and brushing. Those who are liable to bowel complaints, should also wear flannel drawers. In general, it should be borne in mind, that a little flannel next the person, is of more avail in preserving health than a large quantity of outer furs and mufflings.

American women, in general, do not wear enough of woolen garments. The fashions just now happen to favor their making a somewhat more bulky appearance than was admissible a few years ago; but fashion is a fickle dame, and may quickly turn round and demand the scanty, flimsy vestures, which a few years back were, undoubtedly, the cause of many deaths by consumption; therefore it is well to take the opportunity of giving a word of caution. We sometimes laugh at the figures of Dutch women in pictures, and a clumsy American woman is often spoken of in ridicule as "square, Dutch built." But it is worth notice, that although the Dutch are no strangers either to damp situations or severe frosts, yet coughs, colds, and consumptions, are rare among them: alas! they are not rare in the United States. We cannot personally vouch for the fact, but have met with the statement in a medical work of some celebrity, that the Dutch women wear, at least, half a dozen full woolen petticoats, while many American women never think of exceeding one of flannel, and one of calico above it; and to this is, in a great measure, ascribed the difference in point of health. Certain it is, that plenty of warmth about the loins and limbs, is greatly conducive to health, and it is a pity that health should be sacrificed to the vanity of displaying a slim figure. We hope some of our female friends will take the hint, and furnish themselves with the additional petticoats, flannel, merino, or the lined skirt of an old silk or woolen dress, or lamb's wool knitted.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make Bead Scent Cases—Having decided upon the color of your beads—let us say blue and white—with a bead-needle and fine strong silk or cotton, commence by making a chain of two blue, one white—two blue, one white, till you have attained the length of an inch and a half or two inches, taking care to begin and end with a white bead. Then turning the chain, thread with two blue and place your needle through the first white (which, for convenience sake, should be of rather larger size than the blue), and thus form a small loop. Thread again with two blue, one white, two blue, miss the next white in chain, and place your needle in the one following, and so continue throughout the line forming a succession of small diamonds. Turn, as before, taking the middle white of each loop, and work as much as will form a complete square when doubled. Then with some blue sarsenet make a bag a size less than the square you have worked, fill with pot-pourri, or any other dry scent, and seam neatly up, pressing it at the same time as flat as possible. Cover this with your bead-work, and stretch it neatly and strongly all round, and your scent-bag is finished. For fringe, thread with blue beads, about an inch and a half in depth, previously fastening your needleful securely to the edge of the bag, and inserting the needle through the side; sew the loop firmly down, then thread again with white to the same depth; twist this twice within the blue, and sew down as before. Continue in alternate loops of blue and white until the fringe be completed all round, always taking care that the loops are of the same length. For Bead Purses commence precisely the same. Make a chain the requisite length, unite them, work round until you have it the desired depth. Draw one end quite close, fringe the other, and run a narrow cord, ribbon, or chain just below it. Then, with about a dozen loops to match fringe, form a tassel, which fasten securely at bottom of purse.

To Clean Paint that is not Varnished.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean, warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new; and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap; and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

To Scour Thick Cotton Counterpanes.—Cut a pound of mottled soap into thin slices, and put it into a pan with a quarter of an ounce of potash and an ounce of pearlash. Pour a pail of boiling water on it, and let it stand till dissolved. Then pour hot and cold water into a scouring tub, with a bowl of the solution. Put in the counterpane, beat it well, turn it often, and give it a second liquor as before, then rinse it in cold water. Now put three teaspoonfuls of liquid blue into a thin liquor; stir it, and put in the counterpane; beat it about five minutes, and dry it in the air.

To Clean and Polish Shells, wash them with soap and hot water; if very rough on the outside, scour them with a bit of flannel dipped in wet sand, and wash it well off. Then smear them over with muriatic acid, and rub them well with a small, hard brush, such as a nail brush. Throw them into a dish of hot water, dry them well, and polish by rubbing them with a bit of dry flannel. A few drops of sweet oil on the flannel will improve their appearance, but it must be well rubbed off. The fingers and dress must be well protected from the acid, as it is very powerful.

To Scour Carpets, Hearth-Rugs, &c.—Rub a piece of soap on every spot of grease or dirt; then take a hard brush dipped in boiling water, and rub the spots well. If very dirty, a solution of soap must be put into a tub, with hot water, and the carpet well beat in it, rinsing it in several clean waters, putting into the last water a tablespoonful of oil of vitriol, to brighten the colors.

Invisible Ink.—The most simple and easily attainable liquid for using as invisible ink is the juice of an onion: it is quite colorless when cold, but becomes a brownish yellow when held to the fire.

To Clean Sponges.—When sponges get greasy and dirty, put them into a jar and cover them with milk; let them stand for twelve hours, and then wash well in cold water.

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To Clean Tin, Brass, and Britannia Metal.—Take of powdered rottenstone and soft soap, each half a pound, four drops of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), a teaspoonful of sweet oil, and a tablespoonful of turpentine. Mix in a basin until quite smooth (use a wooden spoon or a stick to mix it), and keep it in a jar. Put this on the things with a piece of flannel, and while damp rub it off with a piece of soft linen, then polish with a leather dipped in fine dry whiting.

Mending Glass or China.—Mix the white of an egg, with flour, to form a thin paste; put it on the edges of the pieces, then join them, and leave till dry.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—IMPERATRICE DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—There is no joining at the waist of this dress, the skirt and body are cut in one piece. It is trimmed down the front with three rows of rosettes made of black lace. A row of rosettes also trim the wide sleeves.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF SILK.—This dress is made quite wide at the bottom, but is sloped toward the top, where it is put on the belt. There are four flounces with a row of plaiting around the bottom of the skirt. The body is high and plain, and trimmed with a double row of buttons down the front. Full sleeves, trimmed with a plaiting of silk.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN, with blue silk body. (See "New Style Body," with diagram.)

FIG. IV.—BOURNOUS CLOAK, a new and stylish pattern for fall wear.

FIG. V.—THE TARTAN CLOAK, a handsome style, which still maintains its hold.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, a very large assortment of patterns of the latest fashions for bonnets, capes, caps, collars and sleeves, head-dresses, &c.

Nearly all the new silk dresses are being made without a seam at the waist, trimmed down the front by rosettes of lace or *passementerie*. Some silk dresses are made open to the waist with lappels turned back: the sleeves tight, with large puffings at the top, and deep cuffs turned back. Other dresses have the bodies plain, fastened by buttons, and trimmed all down the front by a series of bows or gimp ornaments; sleeves wide, lined with white, and bordered just inside by a small white ruche; in some instances the sleeves are slashed and the bodies pointed. Even where the skirt is set on to the body, it is almost invariably gored, in order to have but little fullness at top. Flounces are only worn around the lower part of the skirt.

SLEEVES are still of the wide pagoda form, the *pagoda*, *Isabeau*, and *Mandarin* all being synonymous, and varying only in the degree of width given to them.

The combination of black and white in the toilet is still very prevalent. One of the prettiest dresses at a wedding party lately, was composed of white tarletane figured with black spots. The skirt was trimmed with three rather broad flounces, each headed by two narrow ones. All these flounces were edged with black lace. On one side of the skirt there were four bows of cherry-color velvet. The corsage had a berthe formed of three folds of tarletane, and was trimmed with black lace and bows of cherry velvet. The short sleeves were covered by pointed loose sleeves over them, and trimmed with black lace and cherry-colored velvet ribbon.

CASAQUES of black silk will be very much worn this fall. There are several varieties of this wrap, some closing in their entire length and fitting loose, but slightly defining the waist; others closing to the waist and fitting the figure perfectly; some fit in to the waist at the back, but fall loose in the front like a mantle; the skirts of these *casaques* should descend to either about ten or twelve inches of the bottom of the dress: the sleeves are always large, of the *Isabeau* form, either finished by quillings or plaitings, or have cuffs turned back or imitated by the trimming.

PALETOTS which fit close, or nearly close, to the figure, have generally a pelerine, which is small and pointed, and may be composed either of silk, trimmed with fringe, a plaiting of ribbon, or lace, or may be made entirely of guipure. We cut the following from the last Paris Moniteur:—"*Manteaux* for the present season are worn extremely large, many of them with very wide loose sleeves. *Pelisses* or *Casaques* are extremely fashionable, some of them being worn very long, although generally a medium length is preferred: in Paris, narrow straw trimmings are used to border either the hems of mantles and *casaques*; or where they are trimmed with frills or flounces, the edges are finished by a narrow band of straw." When straw is not liked, white silk is sometimes used, as we see by the following:—"A very narrow embroidery of white silk, or two or three rows of narrow white silk cord round these black silk *manteaux*, are a very *distinguee* trimming."

BONNETS are worn larger, more raised in the front, and still falling off at the sides. The mixture of black and white is in great favor. Field flowers are used in ornamenting straw bonnets. For white chip, *tulle*, and crape, feathers, black and white lace, and flowers, are all equally fashionable. One of the prettiest fall bonnets is of straw, and is trimmed with a quilling of black lace and a bow of red velvet in the centre of the front. The strings are of black ribbon, and a full quilling of black lace with a small bouquet of red corn flowers, form the under trimming. Trimming disposed in the same manner may be composed of blue corn flowers and blue velvet. Black ribbon and quillings and bows of black lace are much employed in trimming. Plain straws or Leghorn, are sometimes tastefully trimmed with a black and white aigrette, bows of ribbon and flowers, peacocks' or pheasants' feathers, or a cock's plume. Ornaments of straw may also be mentioned among the fashionable trimmings for bonnets. These ornaments consist of twists, tassels, small, light, curled ornaments, called *mouches*, and pompons, which are sometimes placed within the puff of tulle or lace, and sometimes are intermingled with ribbon. Even the black, brown, and gray straws are trimmed with a small bouquet of red or blue corn flowers; the strings and curtain of the same hue as the bonnet. A very small veil of black lace is frequently adopted with these bonnets.

THE NEW COLLARS, of linen or plain cambric muslin, are terminated in front by two embroidered ends crossing each other, and fastened together by a very large button of enameled gold, jasper, or amethyst. The cuffs to match, which serve as wristbands to very voluminous puff-sleeves of muslin or tarletane, are also fastened at the side by a large button, beyond which there is a small end embroidered like the extremity of a waistband. (We give patterns of these in the present number.)

KID GLOVES, or those of Saxon leather embroidered, may now, more easily than ever, be found to match the colors of the dress, for we see them of several new tints, such as gillyflower, deep green, and blue; but very light gloves, as straw or maize, will always be the most stylish, and the only ones that form a suitable complement to an elegant toilet.

As we have before said, black and white are blended in all parts of the toilet. It is found even in walking shoes, which are black kid stitched with white silk. Boots of satin delaine, or of silk, to match the prevailing color of the toilet, are also in good wear; likewise kid boots with coutil gaiters and a rosette in front, or bronze kid with silk gaiters. To our taste, however, nothing is so elegant as a plain black, elegantly fitting gaiter, or black kid slipper and open worked stockings.

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F. Wyburd. Pinx.

Capewell & Rimmel. S.

UNDINE DISCOVERING HERSELF TO THE KNIGHT HULDEBRAN.

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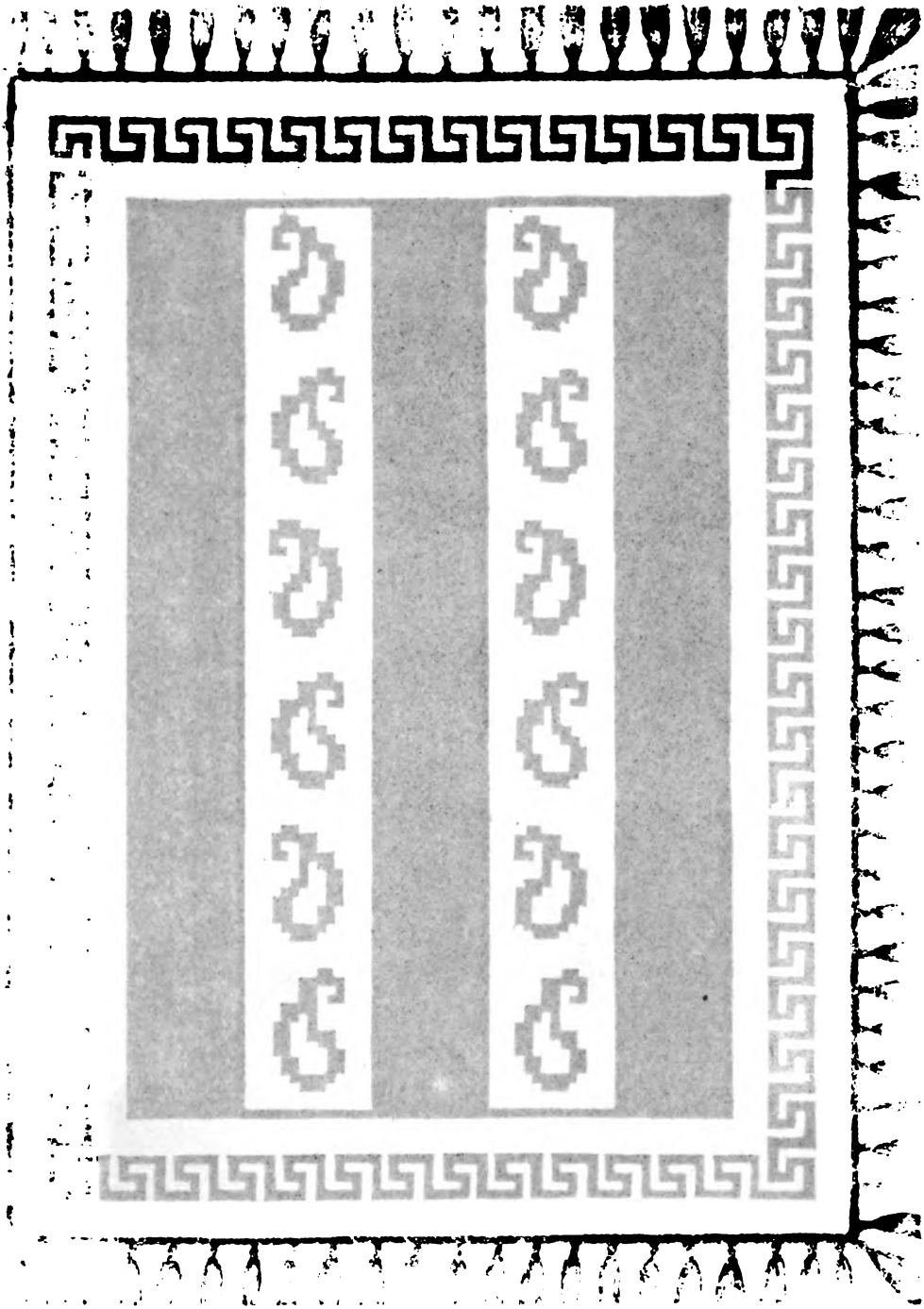

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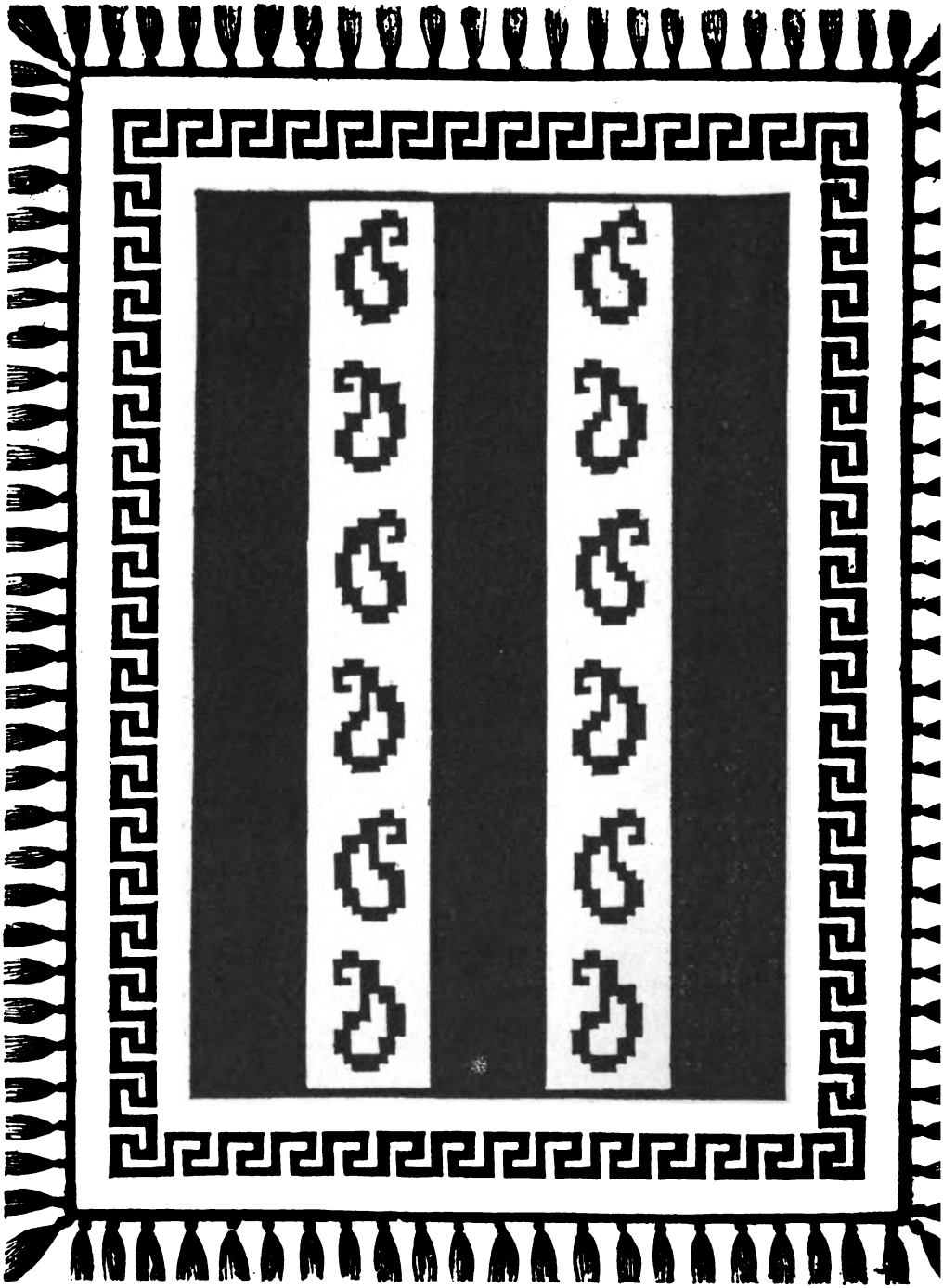

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THE COTTER'S FAMILY.

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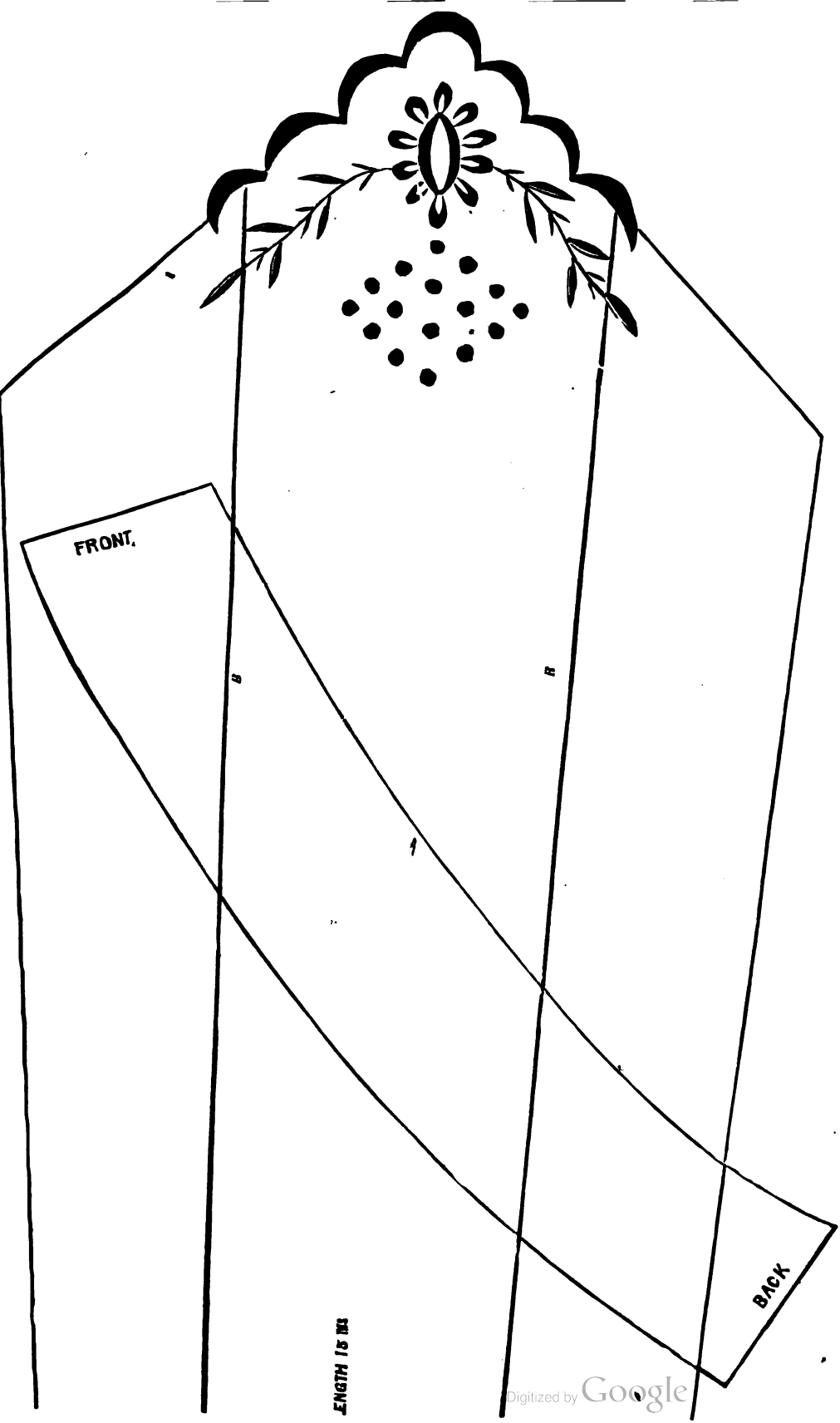

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LADIES' EMBROIDERED CRAVAT

THE BEATRICE.

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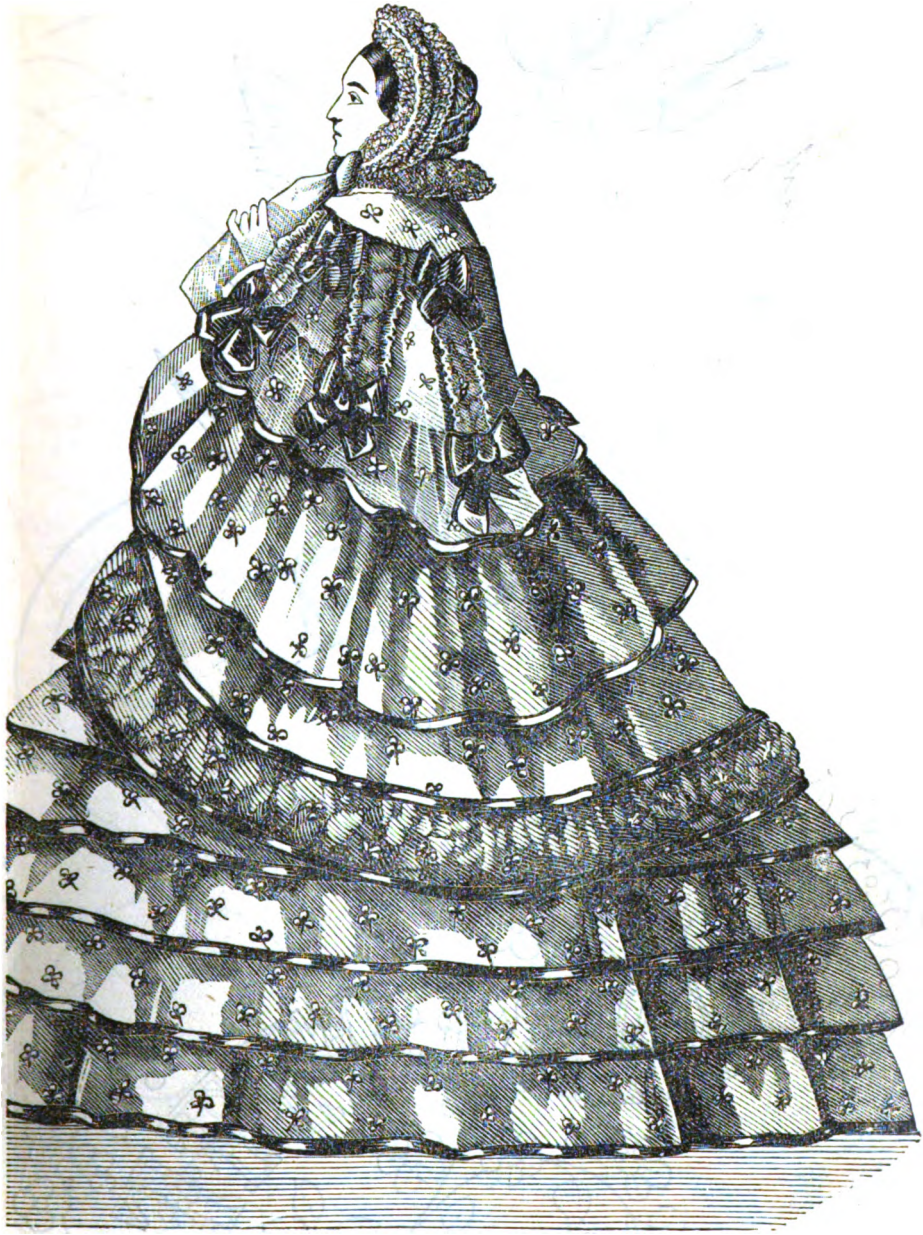

THE NEWPORT.

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SILK EMBROIDERY IN COLORS.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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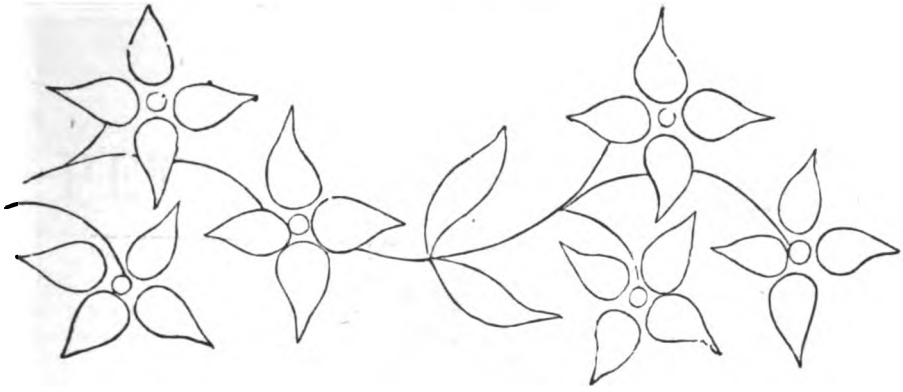

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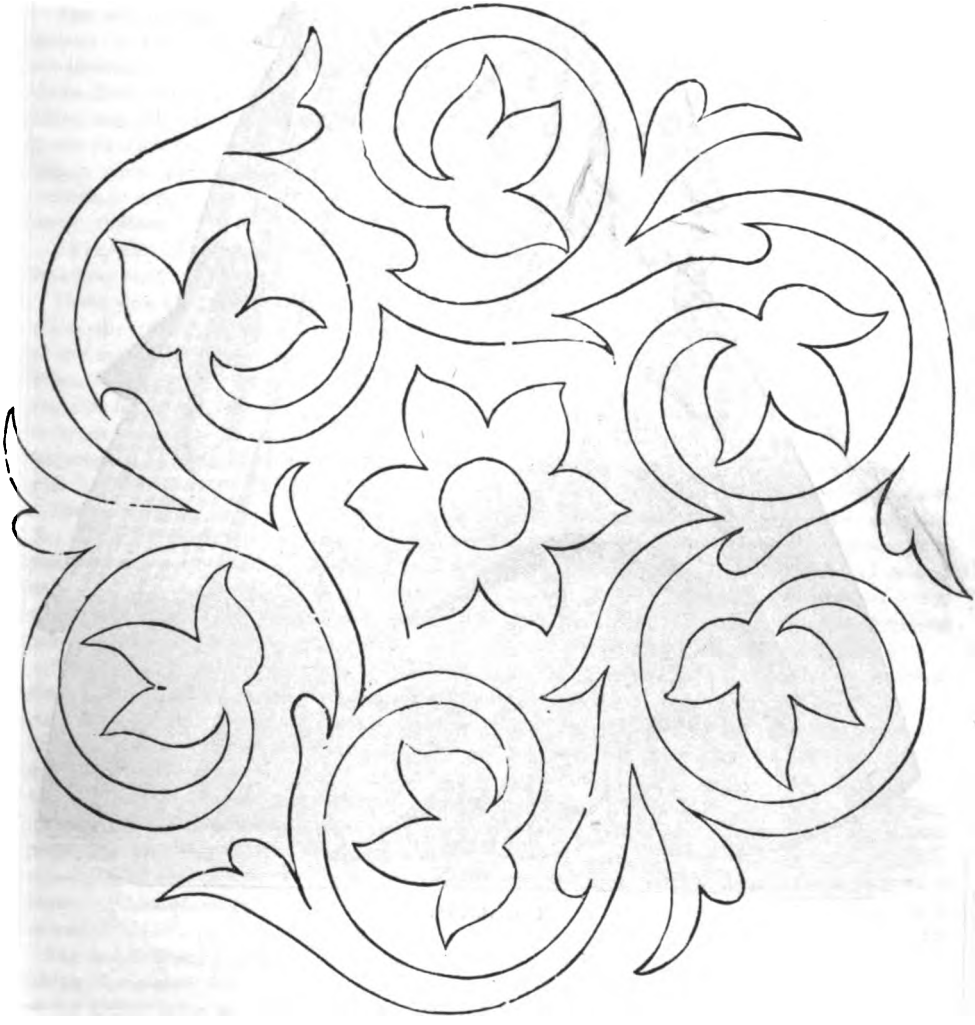

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THE ALPINE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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LINDENWALD.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE."

"You like the paintings, my little fellow?"

The words were uttered by a rich man—a patron of art—Judge Stuart, who stood in a studio where pictures eloquent in beauty leaned down from the dark draperied walls; and the little ragged, barefooted newsboy, who had come in thither and flung down the morning paper, then paused a moment to gaze with hushed breath upon the pictures ere he moved away, replied,

"Yes, sir. They seem, to me, like looking into heaven."

There was a kindling of the deep hazel eyes under the tanned forehead—a strange working of the mobile mouth—a reverent look upon the delicately moulded features; and, losing the consciousness of his bare feet in the light of those genius-enkindled eyes, you would have forgotten that a child of poverty stood before you.

The judge smiled, and looked down upon him. The boy's criticism had a freshness and originality about it that struck him. "We *do* get near heaven often, I think myself, through the open doors of art. How would you like to become a painter, my lad?"

"Oh! sir!" and the boy drew a deep inspiration. His hazel eyes were effulgent as blazing stars; his lips were all a-quiver with tremulous lines; his thin fingers clenched convulsively over the file of morning papers. No other word was spoken save that passionate exclamation.

"Do you think you could draw?" asked the judge, studying the lad's face. "Here—sketch something!" handing him a pencil and sheet of paper. "Almost every boy can draw a house or tree."

The lad dropped his file of newspapers, and, taking the pencil and paper, sat down at one of the little tables in the studio. It was early morning; there were but few visitors, and they stood with the artist at the farther end of the room before a painting on the easel; so the boy feared nothing, but was encouraged by the kindly tones of the judge, and sat down to do his bidding.

"Please, sir, I'd rather draw your *face!*" he said, looking up.

"My *portrait?* Ah, well! I'll sit for it!" said the judge, in amused tones, laughing and seating himself close by, for he had taken a fancy to be pleased at the boy's singular manner and words.

A few outlines—a few bold, free touches, and, strange to say, the likeness of the judge—his bold, massive features, his proud, stately head—grew beneath the lad's pencil. And the judge gazed on in quiet wonder.

"Ritie, come hither!"

A beautiful girl of eight summers—the patrician child of the patrician judge, with graceful form, rare face of girlish loveliness, and step light as the young gazelle's—left the side of a lady at the other end of the studio, and bounded toward her father, who sat leaning over the table, at which also sat the ragged, fourteen year old boy, his sketch finished.

"Ritie, look at this! And tell me if you know who it is."

"Why, papa, it is *you!* Did *you* do this?" and the girl turned to the boy artist.

"Yes, Miss."

A look of wonder stole into the girl's eyes, for she had scanned his rags, his bare feet, and then again looked up into his flashing hazel eyes, and upon the broad, high forehead shaded by masses of disordered chestnut hair. Then she again looked on the outlined portrait, and laughed.

"Why, papa, how funny! It is just *like* you! Your nose, and mouth, and the way you hold your head. How *could* he do it?"

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"That is nothing to what I have done, Miss," said the lad, quietly. "I have my little room full of them at home—pictures I have made—sketches I have drawn when I have been resting at the corners of the streets, of horses, drays, people. I draw every day."

"Where do you live? Don't your mother like to have you make pictures? Papa says I shall learn to draw when I am old enough," said Ritie Stuart, approaching the ragged newsboy, and laying her little white hand on his jacket sleeve.

"My mother and father are dead. I sleep, nights, in my little attic room in C—— street, and day times I sell papers."

There was a touching cadence in that reply, which told of loneliness and poverty that went to the heart of the judge's daughter. "I am *so* sorry!" she said, impulsively. "Papa, did you hear him say his mother and father were dead?"

"I did, my daughter!" and he turned away, for a mist was in his own eyes. Yes, the judge who daily sat on the bench, and condemned or acquitted men and women brought before the tribunal of justice, with as little outward manifestation of emotion as the stone pillars before the City Hall, was looking through a mist at the painting on the wall; while his only and petted daughter, in her rich frock and ermine-bordered hood, stood with her tiny hand nestled close in the thin one of the ragged newsboy.

"What should you like most in the world, if papa could give it to you?" she asked. "To dress well, and go to school, and ride in our carriage?"

"I should like to learn to paint pictures such as these," answered the lad, with flashing eyes. "Oh! if I could study *how* to paint!" and his breath came thick, and a faint crimson broke up through his thin cheeks.

The judge moved away; and, crossing the floor, drew aside the artist of the studio, and talked a few minutes earnestly with him. Then the two gentlemen came back to the spot where the newsboy and the judge's daughter stood together.

"This is the boy," said the judge. "And this the sketch," handing the artist the rough-drawn portrait.

The artist gazed upon it, then upon the lad. "What is your name?" he asked. "And what do you do?"

"Rupert Lindenwald, sir!" was the reply. "I sell papers."

"And you would like to learn to become an artist?"

"Yes, sir!" The boy's cheek was crimson now, and his lips parted.

"Then you shall. Judge Stuart has arranged it with me. To-morrow you may come and take your first lesson," and the artist went back to his easel again.

"Oh! sir!" began the lad; but was interrupted.

"No thanks, my boy; but study and learn all you can, and I shall be repaid. I like you; and mean that you shall have advantages. Here, pet, give him this, and tell him to buy a new suit," and the judge placed a golden double eagle in his daughter's hand. "After to-morrow, Rupert, your teacher will place you in a nice boarding-house, where all your wants will be attended to. Once in a while I shall want to see you, to ask you how you are getting along," and he placed his card in the boy's hand. "Come, now, pet! Go call Miss Grover, for we must leave," and presently the judge, his daughter, and the lady governess left the studio together.

And the lad, with his file of papers on his arm, stood many moments on the pavement, watching the span of splendid grays till out of sight, and smiled back upon the sweet face of little Ritie, the judge's daughter, as he looked after her through the carriage window.

Ten years have gone by.

The world of fashion are thronging up Beacon street, and pressing in through the noble vestibule of the Athenæum, for there is a great painting there on exhibition. The world of fashion, I said, because it is *le mode* for such to affect art, and, with raised *lorgnettes*, to criticise paintings, and talk of "light," and "shade," and "perspective," and "tone," and "coloring;" but not only were such entering in that temple where dwells imprisoned beauty and grace—for, among the many who bent their steps thitherward, were the *connoisseur*, the artist, and the lover of the beautiful, whether spell-bound in marble, or enwrought in canvas upon the gallery walls.

With hushed voices, and no sound save the rustling of some lady's rich silk, or the click of the spring of some opened opera-glass case, the group in the apartment devoted to the painting became denser. And all eyes were bent upon the rare creation which hung before them.

"Where is the artist? Brother said he arrived at the Winthrop, last night, and I thought we might see him here!" said one elegant, Beacon street belle to another. "Ah! *that* must be him, talking to Mrs. Delancey!" and her beautiful eyes rested on a tall, distinguished, noble-

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looking young man, in low conversation with the lady patroness of art in the leading circles of the Tri-mountain City. "She knows him then, and he will be at her reunion to-night!" and straightway, instead of the dream of beauty imprisoned on the canvas before her, there rose before the mental vision of the elegant belle a picture of crowded drawing-rooms, and the glitter of silks and jewels, and the flush of a new conquest.

"You see, Bella," she went on, in a low whisper, "it is worth one's while to have this new star in one's train—so young, so talented, and so famous. They say he took several prizes in the academy at New York—and that his pictures were among the works of the first artists in Rome. He *is* elegant-looking! Such a fine form! such eyes! and then so polished. Mrs. Delancey seems more than ordinarily pleased. But look, as I live, there is that governess, Miss Stuart! I wonder who took pity on her, and sent her a ticket? They say she is proud as Lucifer, and keeps up just as though her father had not died so involved; but she can't expect to keep her place in society long. Brother Ned is always prating about her beauty—calls her 'statuesque'—but I can't see that she is more than passable." And the haughty belle leveled her opera-glass full at a tall and beautiful girl clad in mourning, whose face, pale, but lit by eyes of deepest blue, was framed in a wealth of dark-brown hair, who just then had glided into the gallery.

"I wonder if Mrs. Delancey has invited *her?*" queried the companion of the Beacon street belle, the equally haughty, though chatty Miss Vernon.

"Possibly. You know she thinks a good deal of *family*, and Miss Stuart's father *was* a man of eminence when living. But, for my part, when people sink to the level of teachers and governesses, I think it best to drop them. Ned was lecturing me the other day about her 'spirit of independence,' in earning her own living rather than come on her friends; but, for my part, I can't see the harm of her accepting assistance from them. The Cheneys and Hobarts are connected with her, I believe; and they hold her up in society, I suppose. But do look! As I live, she is talking with Mrs. Delancey—and now with the *artist*, Lindenwald! And see! how self-assured, too! One would think she had known him all her life!" And the vexed and haughty Miss Livingston bit her lip with spirit, and turned her gaze resolutely upon the painting, though her thoughts wandered to the artist.

But, strange to say, the blue eyes of Miss Stuart—though long and appreciatingly had they lingered many a time before upon a kindred creation from artists' brushes—*now* were scarcely turned upon this one. In her delight at again meeting, in this honored and talented man, the boy of ten years before, who had been the grateful *protege* of her generous father, she quite ignored the object of her visit to the Athenæum Gallery—and so her hour of leisure was passed in conversation. There was much to say—many subjects to be touched upon which could not be mentioned amid that crowd, for, afar in the Old World, and busy with his works, the young painter had not learned the sad news of the sudden death of his early patron, nor the fact that out of his once noble fortune only a wreck had been preserved for his orphan child; but they parted with the promise to meet again before many hours had sped.

And no encomium from the crowd gathered there in the gallery—no praise fell half so sweetly upon his ear, as Miss Stuart's few words when they separated at the end of the hour, she to return to her pupils, and she said sweetly, "I must come again, Mr. Lindenwald, to see your painting; to-day I have only seen *you*. But I shall study it, some time, for I know you have painted your soul into it!"

"Not *wholly*. There is a portion left, of heart and soul to worship *you* with, Ritie Stuart!" was Lindenwald's mental response as he watched her tall, queenly, yet graceful figure gliding away.

The season was over. Opera, theatre, concert, ball, and reunion, and Athenæum exhibition, and musical *matinee*, were at an end; and the fashionable world of Trimount was in that quiescent, dormant state just preceding its summer flitting. For a few brief weeks jaded belles *must* pause to recuperate a little before again launching out into the round of gayety at watering-places; but, principally, must they forego morning visits, and afternoon rides, and evening *routs*, for long closetings with their dressmakers, regarding the brilliant gala attire in which they were to soon appear, like butterflies emerging from the chrysalis state.

Day by day, Hovey's, Chandler's, and Warren's were thronged with busy shoppers, while the spans and carriages waited outside the curbstone; and the sleek gloved drivers read the morning papers while their mistresses selected grenadines and "pine apple" silks within. Jones, Shreve & Brown, sent home incredible sets of jewelry; and Demarest's work-women were never busier than then.

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Summer hats and bathing suits were packed away in trunks, whose folded contents proclaimed the utter fallacy of a belief in that popular superstition of the day, viz: that a lady can be expected to visit a watering-place with less than the accredited thirty trunks, each crowded with "nothing to wear."

In her dressing-room, amid a bevy of sewing girls, sat Miss Livingstone, overturning piles of costly fabrics, and giving orders to the dress-maker regarding the make and trimmings of this or that robe, wrapper, or ball-dress. A shadow of discontent was on her white forehead, and her tone at times was sharper than the ordinary code of lady-like courtesy warranted; for unrest was at her heart.

The schemes of the admiration-loving belle had not wholly prospered as she would have desired them to. Really interested in, and as much in love with, the artist Lindenwald, as her haughty, cold nature was capable of loving any man, she had not been able to enchain him to her side. Her elegance, her acknowledged position as queen of fashion, had failed to win more than the ordinary courtesies which the true gentleman renders to all. In vain had he been an honored guest at select *soirees*, or musical *matinees*—in vain had a manœuvring mamma and willing brother invited him to their magnificent home, and brought him into contact with the elegant Florence; he had not surrendered.

Therefore was it, that, closeted with her dress-makers, and busy with her outfit for Newport, whither the world of "her set" were going, the belle and beauty was doubly anxious for the elegance of the wardrobe which was to act as a frame to the battery of charms, which she had determined to bring to bear upon the artist until he surrendered, fully and unconditionally, her captive.

"This grenadine must be made with the full overskirt—and the mull with the flounces trimmed with ruches—and the jaconets, and the wrappers, Miss Ellwell, you will trim those as you did Miss Vernon's last week; and the ball-dress must be trimmed also with that Valenciennes. That goat's hair—of course you know I want the shawl cape; and the others—well, I leave those to your taste and skill!" and, tossing the heap of dry-goods back upon the lounge and bed, she turned her attention to a casket of jewels just sent home.

"Miss Vernon is in the drawing-room!" said the servant, at the door; and, laying down the casket, Florence Livingstone descended to meet her friend.

"Why, Bella, what brings you out this morning? Haven't finished your shopping yet? I'm bored to death with dress-makers; but, thank fortune! it will be over soon—the fitting and directing—and I can leave then. My pearl set has just been sent up; and I am delighted with it. I like pearls. They suit my style, Bella."

"Yes, they *are* becoming to you, Flor; but do you want to know what I came in for? Only to tell you the news—I know it will surprise you as much as it did me, and all the rest of us—for I've just seen Mrs. Delancey, and she knew nothing of it. What do you think?—the artist has married Miss Stuart!"

"Lindenwald!"

Miss Livingstone's face was slightly pale; but she had strong command over her feelings, and did not betray them, save by her exclamation of surprise.

"Why, yes! And nobody knew of the engagement at all, unless it were the Hobarts and Cheneys, the bride's friends. They were married quietly last evening in St. Paul's, and go to New York, and perhaps by-and-by to Newport. We shall probably meet them there. They say that they sail for Europe in September. It was a brilliant match for that poor governess. I wonder how she managed to secure him? I date it, Flor, from the day we saw them at the Athenæum; and you remember how constantly he scanned her face as they stood conversing. Well, she's secured him, and there'll be one cavalier the less for us to frill our caps for. Who shall we see at Newport, I wonder? I'm dying for a new sensation—somebody *new*. *Artists* I never fancied—never could talk about 'the old masters,' and 'tone,' and 'coloring,' with you and Mrs. Delancey, you know, Flor. But I must hasten! Only stepped in a moment to give you the news. Will bid you good morning, and send you back to your dress-makers!" and the lively, chatty Miss Vernon hurried away, while Florence Livingstone went back to her fashions and jewels with a "broken dream, but not a broken heart," since every one knows that belles' hearts do not break so easily.

A month later, in the *salons* of Newport she met the artist Lindenwald and his lovely bride. Not attired in richest silks, or decked in flashing jewels, neither the cynosure of a crowd of fashionable admirers, walked the happy Ritie; but content to shine by the reflex of the light which encircled her talented husband, and made his converse sought by the highly cultivated group one may always meet mixed with the crowd of pleasure-seekers, the fine gold blended with the dross, she won golden opinions from all.

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Spite of her disappointment in losing Lindenwald, whom she had loved as her superficial nature was capable of, the wound was healed before Miss Livingstone left Newport, in the shape of a salve applied by a wealthy and titled European count, who surrendered to her queenly charms, and proffered to crown her regal head with a coronet. It is almost needless to add that Miss Florence Livingstone did not refuse; and to-day the quandom belle of the old Trimountain City shines in a foreign court as a Countess, and costlier jewels than pearls gleam from the rich folds of her banded hair.

Bella Vernon also "met her fate" at Newport in the person of a devoted lover, who bore her to a happy and elegant home in the brilliant city of Gotham, where she, too, shines the queen of gayety and fashion.

But, amid all the throng gathered there at that resort "beside the sounding sea," none were happier than the young artist and his gentle and lovely bride; none were destined to walk through life with a closer union of mind and heart than the judge's daughter, sweet Ritie Stuart, and him who had once—the ragged little newsboy—become the recipient of her father's bounty, the now talented and honored man and artist, Lindenwald.

THE LAST HYMN.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

"There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."
So sang she, one December night,
In this Wintry world of ours.

The lamp-light slumbered in the room;
Without, the storm beat cold;
Her rich voice melted through the gloom
Like waves of liquid gold.

As a proud eagle upward floats,
So rose the grand old hymn;
Yet somewhere in its triumph-notes
A retrospect lay dim.

Her words went up the shining track
Toward Heaven's resplendent bowers,
And yet they led my spirit back
To childhood's faded hours.

'Twas of the Future, calm and vast,
That melody profound;
Then why did all the buried Past
Rise, death-white, at the sound?

"There God the Son forever reigns,"
She sang with joyous trill;
Yet there was something in the strains
That made my heart stand still.

Heard by an inner sense alone,
Through all that hymn of faith
A low and solemn undertone,
Kept ever saying, "Death."

Now, for the fireside's flickering light,
We have the Summer moon,
And sad December, dreary white,
Has blossomed into June.

Now we can hear the robin's strain
And the soft sound of showers,
But she will never sing again
In this weary world of ours.

LYRICS.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

Thou'rt growing weary, heart!
Weary of all in life;
I feel a dull, dead pain
Piercing thee like a knife.

Only a score of years—
Only the early noon—
Still in thy red youth, heart,
Why faintest thou so soon?

Autumn has struck the leaves
Dead with his crimson dart;
All earth is fain to rest
Go to thy slumber, heart.

The mad storm beats the window-pane,
The night is black and wild;
The snow, upon the ghastly street,
In swelling drifts is piled.

We'll draw the curtain o'er the pane,
And stir the blazing coals,
And in the sunshine of our hearts
We'll bless each other's souls;

Thy calm blue eyes shall be my day—
Serene with love and light—
And in the music of thy voice,
I'll lose the stormy night.

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ANTECEDENTS.

BY MRS. H. M. L. WARNER.

"THERE goes that two shilling delaine again! I declare, the sight of it makes me nervous," exclaimed Sylvia Harrington, as a lithe, graceful figure, in a Shaker sun-bonnet, and dark delaine dress, passed up the street; the fair, refined face, and graceful carriage would have arrested the attention of a pre-occupied, or even vulgar beholder. "Is it the delaine dress, or the fine figure of the wearer that disturbs you, sis?" queried her brother, watching until the last glimpse of the anathematized garment disappeared around the corner. Sylvia colored to the temples, but replied deprecatingly, "I do not think her handsome at all, though I dare say many would, I have no fancy for such tiny folks myself," and she glanced complacently at the well-developed figure and really pretty face reflected in the mirror opposite. "You do very well, sis," said Charles, nodding his head approbatively, "very well for a Juno, but give me a Hebe; Slocum admires tiny, fairy folk too." Sylvia's face grew carnation now. "Yes," she replied, with marked emphasis, "no doubt that is why Nelly Stephens is his favorite; people say they are quite intimate." It went home. Each had coined a story to give the other uneasiness, and each had been favored with success.

"Good morning!" exclaimed, at this instant, a healthy, musical voice at the door. "Speak of angels, and one sees their wings," quoted Sylvia, hastening forward to welcome Nelly Stephens, while Charles stood biting his lip, and looking irresistibly comical.

After the usual host of nothings were exhausted, Sylvia suddenly demanded, "Are you going to the Gibsons' party?" "I mean *to try to get* to go," Nelly replied, assuming the manner and tone of the family alluded to, to the great amusement of her hearers. "Sally Ann declares she intends it to be the smartest chance of a party there has been this season." "Yes," chimed in Sylvia, "young Markham, from Philadelphia, is to be there; she has secured his presence through the influence of Mr. Godwin, (looking very conscious,) as they were fast friends, he tells me." "By-the-way," said Nelly, laughing, "Sally Ann has decided on trying the power of her charms on this same millionaire, as though he couldn't tell the difference between delf ware and porcelain. Speaking of porcelain, if little Mary Seaton isn't the real article, I never saw it." "Then you have called on her?" questioned Sylvia, hesitatingly. "Yes, indeed!" replied her vivacious visitor; "I did myself that pleasure at a very early day, and those who are tardy in cultivating her acquaintance will be losers, I assure you; her manners are so polished; her mind so well cultivated; and yet she is so unconscious of her own superiority, I think her an acquisition which our village decidedly needs." Sylvia listened to all this torrent of praise, without comment, a very praiseworthy thing inasmuch as her unruly member was burning to vent its spleen on this particular object of her dislike; but Sylvia was very politic, and knew that whatever she might say, the motive would be entirely transparent to Nelly Stephens, besides that young lady was a privileged person in Clintonville. Indeed Squire Stephens was the village autocrat, and all the Clintonians arose to do him honor, and not even one Mordecai sat at the king's gate. He was one of the few who dared to refer to their origin, and openly acknowledge, or, boasted rather, of having rung the bell, put the school room in order for his tuition, sawed wood for his board, and read Blackstone by firelight, until he had by sturdy perseverance grown to be one of the wealthiest, as well as most influential men in in this little village, where he came an early pioneer.

Clintonville was a type of most Western villages: having representatives from nearly every state north of Mason's and Dixon's line; containing some worth, and intelligence, with a shocking preponderance of ignorance and assumption.

The young lady whose apparel had so tried Miss Sylvia's delicate nerves, was a late arrival, having accompanied her brother (a practicing physician) and his wife from S——, in Massachusetts. Mary Seaton had shocked the fastidious Clintonians in many marvelous ways; but the most trying of all was her plain dress; absolutely she had not appeared in silk since her advent among them, therefore she was

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pronounced common by the mass on her first appearance at church, though the young ladies observed the bearded portion of the congregation stealing glances toward the choir, where the accession of a clear soprano voice added not a little to the erewhile inferior music.

Poor Miss Seaton was unmercifully dissected, every time she appeared in public, but she remained unruffled as a silver lake in moonlight, unconscious as a summer stream in a stilly afternoon. Perhaps the thought may have presented itself that the people were wanting in that cordiality and kindness due to strangers, and were at no pains to render her coming among them pleasant and agreeable. If such a thought was born in her mind it expired without utterance, and to all appearance she was tranquil and happy.

No doubt she felt this neglect, for society is particularly desirable to youth, and few are so exclusive as to wish to live entirely apart from the world. As yet none had called, except Nelly Stephens, and they were so mutually charmed with each other, that each looked for much enjoyment in future companionship.

It was late in October, and the first party of the season was about to come off. The Gibsons were a vulgar family, having grown suddenly rich from a rise in the market value of land. Of course their chief aim was to snub their less fortunate neighbors, and make a vulgar show.

They ignored all but the most fashionably dressed people, and had a most excruciating knack of murdering the king's English. There were three marriageable daughters, all possessing a certain puffy, blowzy sort of beauty, and they expanded their crinoline, and lifted their silk skirts after the most approved style, even at the risk of revealing number eight gaiters and appendages to match. The acme of all their petty hopes was to outrival Nelly Stephens. Now Nelly cared nothing about dress; she had been well dressed from a child. She could remember pitying the little Gibsons with their bare feet and unkemmed locks: but not so heartily as she pitied them now in their peacock dresses and rainbow bonnets; while they, poor things, imagined they were looking "right smart," and that the great world at Clintonville regarded them with enviously admiring eyes.

The night of the party arrived, and with it a bevy of curls, braids, and whiskers; every one invited came, for no none objected to the ices, confectionery, and good wines they were sure of tasting at the Gibsons; even if their tables were loaded with everything common, proper and improper.

"Oh! my!" exclaimed Sally Ann, running up to Nelly, "Mr. Markham has come, and he is the delightfullest man you ever seen. I seen him in the hall, and knowed him in a minute, he looks so extinguished. It isn't every one that has lived in Philadelphia." "Oh! no," replied Nelly, "Philadelphia would be obliged to extend its limits again if that were the case. But where is this lion?" "Mercy me!" ejaculated poor Sally Ann, "he isn't a lion, but a right smart-looking man. There he is talking with your father. I reckon your father don't have a chance to talk with such a man every day."

The assembly was getting mixed up and social, when Nelly ran up to Sylvia with an impetuous gesture, exclaiming, "Miss Gibson tells me that you declined attending the party, if Miss Seaton's name was among the invited. Please enlighten me as to why my favorite cannot be allowed to appear in your august presence?" "I decline mingling with people until I know something of their antecedents," Sylvia responded, with some hauteur. "Fudge!" ejaculated Nelly, contemptuously. "Antecedents indeed! What is our society made up of, with its odor of codfish, tallow, and candles? Antecedents indeed!" and Nelly shrugged her pretty shoulders with ineffable disgust.

"Are you so very exclusive, ladies?" questioned a voice at their elbow. "I am fortunate in having brought my credentials, for I should have regretted losing the pleasure this evening's reception has afforded me." "Gentlemen are never excluded, Mr. Markham," Nelly replied, with lingering scorn in her tone and manner, "all are admitted from a *ci devant* boot-black or barber up to the real gentleman. Mary Seaton has the effrontery to be intelligent, pretty, and well-bred, how then can we patronize her? We should organize a deputation and send to S——, to ascertain her real position, and whether she is entitled to our consideration." "Is it possible that the young lady, whose right to enter your society is questioned, can be Mary Seaton of Massachusetts?" exclaimed Mr. Markham. "Certainly," Nelly replied; "do you know her?" "I met her many times during last winter in Washington." "In Washington!" repeated Sylvia, aghast. "Her uncle is a member of Congress, and she is his favorite niece," continued Mr. Markham. "Miss Seaton's society was solicited by all the *elite:* she was the acknowledged belle in spite of her modest deportment and unaffected manners."

Nelly's eyes fairly danced with malicious pleasure as she turned them full upon Sylvia,

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"She dresses so plainly," deprecated that young lady, "and then she washes her own muslins." "Miss Seaton has a fine property in her own right," said Markham, "but the income is chiefly used in educating two orphan nephews now at Cambridge. If she washes her muslins well," he continued, after a pause, "I suppose that is laudable too."

Mr. Markham was marvelously abstracted the remainder of the evening, and retired early. "Here I had decided," he soliloquized, on his way to his hotel, "on transacting my business with as much dispatch as possible, and hurrying to Massachusetts to learn my fate from her own lips, and providentially I am in the same village with her, and my heart fails me. She was always so self-possessed, I have nothing to hope for. But be brave, foolish heart, there is nothing like effort."

Mary was startled next morning by a rap at a very unseasonable hour. She opened the door in the anathematized delaine, with her hair pushed smoothly off her brow, looking just the lady she always did. In half an hour there was a satisfactory understanding. It is quite superfluous to put the interview into words. It will answer our purpose to state that there were no protestations, no falling down on the knees, no tears shed: in fact, none of the proper and becoming things which are said to occur at this interesting period; but when they separated, an hour later, each looked pleased and happy. They were married unostentatiously, and the bride's attire was faultless at church the Sabbath before her departure; and many who had previously ignored her existence crowded around to receive introductions and offer congratulations.

In the closing paragraph of a letter addressed to Mrs. Mary Markham, Nelly chides her friend's husband in this wise:

"Why didn't that naughty worser half of yours reveal that Slocum Godwin was nothing but his barber in Philadelphia? The fact never reached Sylvia's ears until she had been Mrs. Godwin one week; then she did the tragic beautifully. I felt sorry for her; but father says they are equally yoked, why should not a barber consort with the daughter of a journeyman tailor? (low be it spoken, but that was Dr. Harrington's former employment.) So much for antecedents. Yours, NELLY STEPHENS.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Now in Life's bright, shining morning—
  Now in childhood's sunny hours,
When the vernal Spring's adorning
  Ev'ry pleasant way with flow'rs;
While the "evil days" are banished,
  While our hearts are free from cares,
And their tablets yet untarnished
  By the finger-marks of years.

While our skies are still unclouded,
  While our hopes are full of light,
Ere these pleasant paths are shrouded
  In the mystic veil of night;

Let us make a dedication
  Of our spirits to the Lord,
Through a daily meditation
  O'er the pages of "His Word."

Let us look to Him who proffers
  Daily messages of love,
Each accept His blessed offers
  Of an endless life above.
Now, in youth's bright, sunny morning—
  Now, when Spring is in her prime,
Spirit voices whisper warning,
  "Now is the accepted time!"

OUR OLD ROOF TREE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

DEAR hallowed shade! thy name recalls
  Sweet glimpses of the nameless charms
Of golden hours, when I reposed
  Beneath thy kindly sheltering arms.
A vision of a dear, soft hand
  Lain on my head in mute caress;
And loving eyes, whose depths revealed
  Such wells of holy tenderness.

Ah me! those loving eyes are dim
  Beneath the valley's drifting leaves;
And gloom and darkness fold their wings
  Around the mossy, brooding eaves.
Yet this still hour the light of years
  Gleams through the shadowy lens of even,
And gilds my dear old Eden home—
  Type of my fairer home in Heaven.

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TOO LATE.

BY CATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I CANNOT say I was exactly pleased when the rumor first reached me that my brother Frederic was attentive to Helen North. In the first place, I thought we were happy enough as we were; I could not see that the house wanted another mistress, or we another companion; and, in the second, she was not at all the girl I should have chosen for him. I knew no harm of her; she was a nice, pretty little thing enough, but the last person I should have thought likely to attract or interest him.

I was many years older than my brother; our parents were long dead, and I had filled toward him almost a mother's place. We lived about a mile from the little country town in which his "store" was situated, on a large farm, amply stocked and in admirable order. We were well-to-do in the world, and even considered rich in that simple neighborhood. Our house was better furnished than most of those about us; we had pictures, plenty of books, and a piano; also, we used silver forks, and I had a handsome diamond ring. Frederic was a man of leisure; his attendance at the store was merely nominal, as the excellent head clerk and his two subordinates were fully equal to the work of the establishment. Mr. Vincent's part of the labor constituted mostly in sitting two or three hours a day under the awning in summer, or near the stove in winter, reading such books and papers as suited him, or chatting with neighbors who dropped in about the news of the day. At home he worked a little in the garden, sawed wood for his health's sake; read to me, or listened to my music. More rarely he went out with gun or fishing-tackle for a day's sport. Once I had cherished high hopes of Frederic. His natural gifts were fine, and his youth gave promise of a useful and honored life. But a great disappointment early crushed his ambition: a beautiful, unscrupulous woman played with his heart to gratify her vanity, and cast him aside for a richer suitor. Most men would have risen superior to such a grief, but Frederic's character was wanting in strength and resolution. He made no complaint or comment, even to me, when the truth was forced upon him; but, from that hour, his spirit seemed to have lost all elasticity and joyousness. He gave up all care for his profession, became a country merchant, and settled down into a quiet, thoughtful, indolent man. There must have been a radical defect in him, I knew, or Adele Bonnevard's heartlessness could never have wrought such a change; but I did not love her any better for that. I grew used, in time, to the loss of all my brilliant hopes of him, and looked forward to our spending together a tranquil, yet not joyless, old-maid and bachelor existence. Upon this anticipation the news of his attachment broke, as I have said, unpleasantly. I saw, at once, a dozen excellent reasons why we were better off as we were, and felt almost vexed with Frederic for taking a step so entirely unnecessary and out-of-the-way. However, I am not quite destitute either of good feeling or common sense, so that after the first surprise was over, I began to see that it was not so very out-of-the-way; for he was but twenty-nine, after all, and if it would contribute to his happiness it was not unnecessary. After a time, I actually found myself taking considerable pleasure in the thought of it, and dropping little jesting hints to Frederic when he came home late of an evening. He commonly received them without much demonstration; but, one night, a beautiful moonlight night in September, I saw, as I opened the door, that he had news for me. I waited a few minutes and then opened the conference.

"Something has happened?" I asked.

"Yes, dear," he said, putting his arm around me, and kissing my forehead, kindly, "something *has* happened. My fate is decided, Margaret."

How short a distance we can see ahead! He had thought it decided when Adele rejected him; he was sure now that, as regarded the heart, all was settled, his life's work done. We were silent awhile; thoughts of the past made me serious, and little disposed for conversation, and he probably felt as I did.

"You don't congratulate me," he said, at length, with a smile. "Do you disapprove, Margaret?"

"Oh! no," I said, eagerly. "I am sorry, indeed, if my silence has led you to think so. Every one tells me she is a sweet girl, and I love her already for your sake. But this

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evening brought back so forcibly another time, seven years ago. Oh! how we were deceived in that woman!"

A moment's agitation crossed his face. "We have done with her," he said, quietly.

"You are sure, Fred; entirely sure? You so care for Helen that no remembrance of Adele will ever come to make the love you lost seem fairer and dearer than what you possess?"

"I think so, Margaret," he answered, speaking slowly; "I truly believe it. It were a sin otherwise to take Helen to my heart. The love I feel for her is unlike what I once felt; different as the cheerful fire, which men light on their hearths and sit around, is from the fierce conflagration bearing destruction in its path. She is good, Margaret, far better than I deserve. God grant I may make her happy."

"Amen!" I said. "And as your welfare is a little to be thought of, too, I say also, may she make *you* happy," and after that we sat up till one o'clock talking over the matter.

There was no great delay about the wedding. Helen was an orphan, and the relatives with whom she lived made no useless ceremony in parting with her. Three months from the night just mentioned they were married, in presence of the "assembled wealth and fashion" of the place, and, after the usual journey, returned home to me. I say to *me*, for I was still there, though feeling myself somewhat of a stranger and sojourner. When the marriage was first contemplated, I wished to take what was mine and retire to some small dwelling of my own, but Frederic and Helen strenuously opposed the plan. I was called strange, absurd, and finally unkind. What could induce me to such a step? Thus accused and urged I gave my reasons.

"I have been mistress here a long time, Nelly," I said; "and you might feel delicate about taking your rightful place if I remained; perhaps I might even be hurt at finding myself superseded. We have a real affection for each other now, or it seems so; but——"

"But you think we had not better put it to the test," she answered, laughing.

"Not quite that; but you know it is always said that it is not well for people to live together in the way you propose. It would be better for us to begin with having separate establishments than by-and-by to regret that we had not done so. If the experiment of living together failed, it would be awkward and painful to make a change. We had better not run the risk."

Against the decision Nelly protested eagerly, and after awhile I gave up my better judgment to please her. It was flattering, certainly, that such desire for my society was manifested. One precaution I took: knowing that the dislikes and disagreements of women often hinge on little trifles of domestic management, I withdrew from the housekeeper's realm, insisted on paying a certain sum for my board, and having no jurisdiction out of my own room. Moreover I decided with myself that, on the first symptoms of any coolness, anything that pointed toward future discord, I would go; not wait for open trouble, but just quietly withdraw, with some good excuse, to a home of my own.

It was almost a pity that so many wise plannings and cogitations were expended for nought. When we had been together six months I felt myself a thorough fixture, and thought no more of taking myself off than the barns or the fences would have done. I found life pleasanter than it had been since my first youth, for I had a constant companion, cheerful, gentle, and affectionate. We made cake together of mornings: she rubbing the butter and sugar; I beating the eggs. We sewed together in the afternoon, or read aloud, or took long, pleasant walks; and we interlarded these pursuits with talks on every imaginable subject: serious, pathetic, gay, profound. I took care to leave her plenty of time with Frederic. I did not wish her to feel me an interruption to the enjoyment of his society, and I don't think she ever did. All the little misgivings I had at first lest he did not love her well enough soon passed away. She was the light, the crown of his life, and I doubted not that the ghost of his dead attachment was finally laid.

I have said nothing, so far, of their appearance. Frederic was tall, and slight, with a pale face, and dark, clear eyes. His manners were singularly reserved, yet gentle; he said little in society, but was a charming companion in his own home. He had read a great deal, and all his tastes were studious and intellectual. The opposite of all this was Nelly. She did not care for reading, beyond an occasional poem or story, though she held Frederic's attainments in profoundest reverence. She was an exquisite little housekeeper, dressed herself to perfection, and had a temper bright and sweet as May sunshine. She was very pretty, too: fair, rose-cheeked, blue-eyed, short, plump; if she had a personal defect it might be in her shape: she was perhaps a trifle "dumpy." But this was rather a merit in my eyes, for I was very thin myself, and being frequently told of it, as all such people are, had come to regard lack of flesh as the one crying sin against beauty.

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It was about two years after their marriage that Adele Bonnevard—or Adele Fisher, as she was now, having taken that euphonious name at the same time with the old gentleman who bore it—came to live in our neighborhood. What brought them there I never could divine, unless it was our evil star, for there was no special attraction of scenery or society to account for it. However it was, they came, bought the handsomest place in the village, and altered, added, repaired, and refurnished it to an extent that made all Newton open its eyes with wonder. Mrs. Fisher was soon the great lady of the place, her dress the model of style, her entertainments the most elegant, her manners the most admired. Every one knows how it is when a rich, gay, beautiful woman comes into a quiet little country town. Her husband, of an age amply sufficient to have made him her grandfather, seemed to allow her perfect liberty, and to be very proud of her beauty and talents. She had both, and in no small degree. I expected to find her altered in the years since we had met; but, if there were a change, it was for the better, and added only to the dignity and grace which were her characteristics.

We had some consultation at home when the Fishers first came as to whether we should call or not. I considered Adele a heartless and wicked woman, for I have not the habit of regarding unprincipled coquetry as the delightful weakness some consider it; I gave my vote, therefore, for a system of non-intercourse. Frederic was indifferent, but Nelly, urged perhaps by a fatal curiosity to behold this early idol of her husband's heart, was much in favor of making the acquaintance. Calls were exchanged, then invitations, and by degrees Mrs. Fisher became our very frequent visitor. I liked to see her, spite of my knowledge of her previous history; she had a wonderful power of charming, when she chose. Nelly was all enthusiasm for her great beauty and rare accomplishments. I watched Frederic narrowly when they first met; he turned, I thought, a shade paler, but greeted her with his usual courteous, yet distant manner. It was not till we had known her some months, and she had become almost an intimate of the family, that his coldness thawed a little, and he began to treat her with something like friendliness. It was plain that the change gratified her, that she had felt piqued by his reserve. Well, that was natural enough, I thought; their early relation was a thing of the past and forgotten; a woman of her stamp, accustomed always to receive homage from the other sex, must have been mortified by his stiff demeanor. It must have seemed to her like an accusation on account of matters which she had ceased to consider of any import; no wonder she was glad to overcome such a foolish resentment. So I reasoned like an admirable judge of human nature as I was.

I had never seen Frederic in his best days more animated or brilliant than he now became under the potent charm of Adele's presence. The old fire flashed from his eyes, his conversation became again that mingling of wit, and playfulness, and feeling, which I used to think so unapproachable. If it had not been for Nelly's little form at hand, I could have fancied that the last eight or nine years were a dream. I sat and listened delightedly to their words; Adele knew so well how to draw him out, their minds were so congenial. It seemed they, too, had not so entirely forgotten the past; for by-and-by it was, "Do you remember?" and "I am sure you recollect," in reference to some old scene or association. I smiled to myself occasionally, amused to think of the contrast between then and now; the two lovers so little changed in mind or person, but so thoroughly altered at heart; Frederic reposing on the pure, sincere affection of our Nelly; Adele given up to the world and its vanities.

Perhaps these evening conversations took, sometimes, too much the form of a dialogue; but if ever I began to think so, Adele, with admirable tact, dispelled the feeling. She would come to where Nelly sat, interest herself in the child's work, tell her of pretty things she had seen, and offer her patterns. Sometimes she played for us; occasionally she sang. I don't know much of music, but I have heard those who did say she was a very accomplished performer. I know that when she played, the old piano became by turns warlike and fierce, tender and pathetic; its tones ran now liquid as some little brook; then they changed to sadness, wailing, entreaty. I could hear all those things while her white hands were flying over the keys. And when she sang, the rich velvety sound filled our little parlor like the perfume from a vase of flowers. You may guess such music was a treat to us, for I played only dancing tunes—Money Musk, Paddy Carey, Haste to the Wedding, and the like—while Nelly's songs were all of the simplest kind. I remember thinking, once or twice, that Nelly never appeared to so poor advantage as when Adele was by.

After awhile my little sister ceased to say as much in praise of Mrs. Fisher, was slower to

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return her visits, and not, I fancied, so very glad to see her at our own house. It puzzled me somewhat, but one day I thought I had got a clue. We were sitting together sewing; Adele had spent the previous evening with us, and Frederic and she had been reviving their old love of German, and recalling numerous passages from Schiller, Gœthe, Uhland, and a host of other writers. It was a feast they seemed to enjoy very much, but Nelly and I, entirely ignorant of those authors, hardly shared their delight. On this particular morning the young wife was very thoughtful; she sewed in silence for full half an hour.

"Margaret," said she, at last, "do you suppose I could learn German? Is it very hard?"

"Yes, pretty hard, I believe, dear, though I dare say you might learn if you really set about it. But why should you trouble yourself with such a study? Better leave it to Mrs. Fisher, who seems to know it thoroughly, and shows a familiar acquaintance with many books, which, judging by what I have heard of them, it would be much more to her credit to be ignorant of." Nelly made no reply. I thought, "Can she possibly be jealous of Adele? Foolish little thing!" I tried judiciously to ascertain this point, but Nelly was too deep for me. She betrayed nothing, and I believed there was nothing to betray. Idiot! as if she were likely to tell me "that her heart bled," just as frankly as she might say she had cut her finger!

I have forgotten to mention one thing about her; the very intense and absorbing affection she bore her husband. I have seen women who excelled my poor little sister in many things, but never one that equaled her in the power of loving. Perhaps it might be that she had no near relatives to divert or dilute her regard; I can't say. But she loved Frederic so much that he seemed truly a part of her being; his comfort, his wishes, were always uppermost in her thoughts. The feeling showed itself, I must admit, in a variety of ways that a true heroine would never dream of; in preparing dishes which he liked, keeping his clothes in the best possible order, and even—horrible to relate!—ironing his shirts and collars! She always did it, from a fancy that she made them look nicer than any one else could do. He had her whole heart; I could as soon have imagined Nelly dead at once as living apart from him.

The idea of the German lessons was not abandoned; she asked Frederic to teach her; a proposal which he received with undisguised astonishment.

"Why, kitten," said he, "what nonsense! What has put such a notion in your little head?"

"I am so ignorant of the things you care for," she answered. "I should be glad to learn something of them."

"If that is all," he said, carelessly, "there is enough for you in English; try Milton, Tennyson, Shakspeare; almost any one, in fact. You will find it much less troublesome," and he went on reading his newspaper. Nelly urged the matter no farther, but I saw she was hurt, and felt very sorry for her. I wondered at Frederic's manner; it was not like him; not like what he had been a month ago, at least. I hinted as much to him when we were alone a few minutes afterward. To my surprise he took the remonstrance in very bad part.

"It is very unpleasant, Margaret," he said, "to have every action watched, and to be called to account for every word I speak."

"Don't you exaggerate a little?" I asked.

"No," he answered, pettishly, "I am made to feel every day and every hour that people's eyes are upon me. As for Nelly, it is a very foolish whim; the absurdity of wanting to learn German when she knows nothing at all of our own literature!"

"It was not very kind of you to tell her so, however," I said.

"I can't help it. She ought to be contented with what I can give her. She ought not to expect to monopolize every movement of my mind, as well as every throb of my heart!"

"You are very unjust, Frederic."

"Just look at it candidly, Margaret, and you will see how it is. She cannot bear that I should have a little intelligent conversation now and then, and hence this scheme to take up my time and draw me away from Adele. The preposterousness—the utter preposterousness—of setting herself up as a rival to Adele!"

"I should be sorry indeed if she thought of such a thing," I said. "I should hope she had a truer sense of her own value than to institute any comparison."

"One would suppose so," he answered, taking my remark in a very different sense from what I intended. "But it seems she has not," he continued, after a moment's pause. "She is jealous of Adele—Adele is made to feel it when she comes here—the pleasure of her visits is destroyed."

"Let her stay away then," I said, shortly. "But how do you know that such are Mrs. Fisher's feelings?" No answer. "She has told you so?" Not a word. "Oh! Frederic, Frederic," I cried, "take care what you do.

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There is something wrong here. You are allowing an unprincipled woman too much influence over you."

"Margaret," he said, with more anger than I had ever seen him manifest, "remember you are in *my* house, and speaking of *my* friend. No one shall be allowed to mention her name otherwise than with respect. I will leave you now, and trust that by to-morrow you will have recovered your temper and your sense of propriety." He went to his own room, leaving me completely mystified. What had I said to cause such a burst of passion? What had come over Frederic? It couldn't be intoxication, for he never indulged in wine; nor sudden insanity; yet I knew not what else could account for his behavior. Perhaps Nelly *was* jealous; perhaps she had vexed him with complaints and reproaches; but that was no excuse. I turned the matter over and over in my own mind, and gained neither light nor comfort in doing so.

A few days went by, and Mrs. Fisher came to make us a parting call. She was going to New York to spend some weeks with a friend. I was so grateful to her for this timely absence, that I behaved with unusual cordiality, and even kissed her for good-by. After she went, things seemed to fall into much the old train; though Frederic still treated me with cool politeness. I began to fancy that he only resented my remarks as an interference in his private affairs, and mentally resolved to let the difficulties of my married friends alone in future.

One evening, he did not come home from the store as usual; a boy brought us a note, saying that sudden business called him away, and that he would return in a few days. We waited anxiously for farther news: but none came. You can guess what we heard next; Adele had disappeared from the residence of her friends. A little time of horrible, heart-sick suspense, and then the whole black truth came out. They had gone to France together.

Oh! but that was a blow! I never suspected it, never dreamed of it. I thought just as I said, that he was allowing her too much influence over him, and I dreaded lest Nelly were uneasy about it. But I thank heaven that the suspicion of such a cruel, treacherous crime never once entered my mind.

I can hardly describe to you how Nelly bore it. She was quiet, she made no outcry or lamentation; it was never her habit to parade her feelings. After a day or two, she went on with every household care as usual; but sometimes she let fall her sewing for a moment, and clasped her hands with such a look of anguish! Then she covered her face; I think she was praying.

In the first surprise and horror, when we spoke more freely than afterward, I learned that she had never reproached him, never made the least allusion to his interest in Adele. She had felt, indeed, a vague unhappiness, but that was all, and she was beginning, like me, to be at ease again when the shock came.

We stayed together, for each loved the other the best of any in the world now that he was gone. Our way of life was not much altered outwardly; we worked, and sewed, and walked as before; but the pleasant talks were over. Neither of us had spirits for much conversation.

One Sunday evening we went out in the orchard, and sat upon a grassy slope beneath the trees. There was a brook, a mere thread, running at the foot of the hill, and, in the stillness, its little tinkle was distinctly heard; the beds of peppermint that grew on the other side filled the air with their homely, yet pleasant fragrance. The sun was low, and all the heavens in a glory of rose and golden clouds. Nelly had been sitting quietly, apparently unmindful of the beauty of the evening; but presently she lifted her eyes to the sky above, and said, "It is very bright, Margaret; but how dark the whole world looks to me!"

"You must not feel in that way," I said, vehemently. "Oh! Nelly, it will never do! You must not let the sins of other people shadow all your life. You are innocent; there must be ways in which you can be happy. Throw off all thought of that false, cruel pain; try to take an interest in another sort of life than the one you have lost. You are young, you are capable of forming many new ties. Only cast behind you all thoughts of the past, and you may yet be happy."

She made no objection to my views; she only lookod at me with such a sad and gentle smile. "Margaret," she said, at length, "do you think he will ever come back?"

"I don't know," I answered, hastily. "I hope not. I hope he will never return to see the misery he has caused."

"Don't say so," she pleaded. "I think of it every moment when I am awake. If I see any one coming toward the house, or hear a footstep at the door, I start, fancying that he has come. Oh! he must, he will, I am sure; the feeling for her cannot last always; there *will* be a time when he will remember me, and how dearly I loved him!"

"Perhaps so; but, Nelly, you never would

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receive him? You would never even speak to a man who has used you so?"

"Dear Margaret," she said, tearfully, "how can you be so harsh? Haven't you a little love left for him when he used to be so dear to you? Oh! if he only came, how gladly I would receive him; then, indeed, I might forget the past as you wish me to. Don't be angry—he is my husband, you know—and—and—I don't know how to tell you, Margaret—but he will be my baby's father!"

Here was news indeed. I had congratulated myself hitherto, so far as one may use the word with reference to so sad a business, that there were no children to learn hereafter the story of their father's sin and their mother's suffering. Poor little Nelly had told no one. She could not bear to speak of it to Frederic while he seemed so occupied with Adele. She had waited in hope that the old confidence and affection would be restored. After his departure she had kept the secret, fearing to add to my troubles by the knowledge of it. I do not say that it affected me thus; I very soon perceived how fortunate a circumstance it was. It gave Nelly something to think about, something to do; it furnished her an interest in life, now that her first and greatest interest was withdrawn. Yet she did not tremble as I had hoped to see her; she worked diligently at the little frocks and skirts, but she seldom smiled or indulged in fond anticipation of the time when the baby would be with us. Once or twice she spoke of things she would like to have me do, in case she should not live. I could not bear to hear her talk in such a way.

"Is anything the matter?" I inquired, anxiously. "Do, Nelly, have Dr. Burroughs. Don't neglect any precaution you can possibly take."

"I have no ailment," she answered. "I only feel so weary and discouraged. I'm afraid I shall not live to see him, Margaret, unless he comes very soon."

I tried to cheer her, but her words made me uneasy. I knew it was the commonest thing in the world for people in such circumstances to presage a fatal result, and that she was not a whit more likely to die because she expected to; yet her pale cheek, her gentle, quiet manner distressed me almost beyond endurance. I called in Dr. Burroughs, but he found no bad symptoms, and when I spoke of her presentiment it only amused him. "That is nothing," he said. "She will live to laugh at it herself."

So time went on, and at last the day came—the fatal day for my poor Nelly. After hours of terrible suffering she gave birth to a dead infant, and a little after breathed her last. I could not believe it. She lay there so peaceful and smiling that I thought every moment she must open her eyes and speak to me; but no! she was gone. And though the doctor told me the cause of her death, and maintained that it was purely physical, and liable to have happened under any circumstances, in my heart I accused Frederic and Adele as her murderers.

The funeral took place the third day after her death. Every one came from miles around to pay the last tribute of regard, for she had been a favorite always. She was lovelier in death than life, if that were possible, as she lay there with the little baby in her arms. When, with many tears, we had looked our last, the coffin was borne to its final resting-place. None of our family was buried in the village churchyard: all were laid in a little enclosure on our own land. It was a pretty spot, upon a gently sloping hill. There were some large elm trees in it, and a few pines, dark and solemn. The little brook I told you of before made a pleasant murmur in the air. Whether it were the associations of the place, I know not, but it had always seemed to me that nowhere did the wind rustle so peacefully among the leaves as here; no sunshine was so bright and soft as that which fell across the graves. Nelly and I had spent many an hour here, busy with our sewing, and talking of such things as the scene around suggested to a thoughtful mind. Thither we now bore her. As the clods fell on her coffin, I heard all around me the sound of weeping. I was not alone in my grief. But the one who should have mourned most deeply, where was he? Did no pang of remorse break upon his guilty pleasures as the faithful heart that loved him so was laid in its last, long home?

At last all was over, and there was nothing for me to do but to go back to the deserted house and begin my lonely life. How lonely it was nobody can tell who has not gone through a like experience, missing every hour and everywhere a dear, familiar face. And mingled with my grief was the hard, bitter resentment against those who had darkened my Nelly's life with such a sorrow. All the consolation I found was in paying such marks of regard to her memory as affection could suggest. I had her portrait painted from a daguerreotype, and the artist, a skillful one, produced an admirable likeness. I placed a monument in the burying-ground, telling her name and age. I had a lock of her fair hair framed in a pin and wore it always. But how

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cold and empty was all the comfort I gained from these things! If the baby had but lived! That would have been a dear, perpetual remembrancer of her.

In looking through her drawers one day, preparatory to making some disposition of her clothing, as she had wished me to do in case she did not live, I came upon a letter addressed to me, and enclosing one for Frederic. It was written the week before she died, and spoke of her death as she had never done to me in person, knowing how it troubled me. She expressed her resignation, her unfaltering hope of another and a better life. She would have been glad, for her baby's sake, to remain on earth, but she felt it was not to be, and she confided the little one to my care, knowing that I would be a tender mother to it. The last words were of Frederic, begging me to forgive him, conjuring me to receive him kindly, if ever he should return. And she believed he would; she had too much faith in the mercy of God to believe it possible that he should not, some day. forsake the paths of sin and come back to his home and its duties.

I suppose it was very wrong, but when I read this letter, and remembered all the dear child had suffered, in finding herself deceived and deserted, I was farther than ever from forgiving the cause of it.

A year passed by in solitude and sadness. One day, late in October, I was sitting by the window sewing, as was my wont, when I heard a ring at the front door. I waited a moment for Annie to answer the summons; then thought I might as well go myself. I opened the door, expeeting to see some friend or neighbor, and Frederic stood before me!

I gazed at him a minute in a sort of stony surprise; then the habitual bitterness arose in my mind,

"So you have come at last!" I exclaimed, without moving, or making room for him to enter, and fixing my eyes upon him with reproachful sternness.

"Yes, I have come," he said. "It is late, I know. But where is Nelly? I cannot rest till I have seen her."

"Nelly!" At that name a vision rose before me of her patient life, her untimely death, and a hot, vindictive feeling filled my heart. "You want to see her?" I cried; "you have the courage to ask it of me after all you have done? Well, it is a pity you should be refused—come," and I passed swiftly from the house: he following. Through the orchard I led him, up the little slope to the burial-place; I flung open wide the gate, and, passing among the graves, stood by Nelly's tomb.

"There she is!" I said. "There, where your wickedness brought her! Say what you like, she cannot hear you now."

Was I cruel? Perhaps so—my thoughts were all of her. I did not stop to consider his feelings. But my heart softened to him when I beheld his terrible surprise, his overmastering sorrow. For he had never heard of her death, and when I bade him come, supposed he was to meet the living Nelly and plead his cause with her. Well I knew how she would have met him! But instead of the warm embrace, the ready pardon, he found only a green mound, through whose sods no voice of love or forgiveness could ever pierce.

I watched him awhile in the frantic outburst of his grief, and then returned to the house, leaving him alone with the dead. I sat down again by the window, mechanically taking up my work while I pondered what should be done. Gradually the hard, resentful feeling passed from my mind; I recalled Nelly's entreaty, and was willing, for her sake, to pardon the destroyer of her happiness. I went up stairs and and took the letters from the bureau-drawer; the day she had foreseen was come at last! He had returned; and, as I gave him her dying words, I endeavored to fulfill her prayers.

It was long ere Frederic was composed enough to give me the history of the past two years; then I learned that old story, old as our race, of temptation and crime, of disappointment and disgust. Very soon he had wearied of Adele, and longed for the pure love of his wife; yet he had remained, bound by a sentiment of pity for her, for whom he had destroyed the possibility of any honorable or happy future. Adele, without principle of any sort, exacting and fickle in her attachments, grew speedily weary of him; and her great beauty rendering her still attractive in the eyes of lawless love, she had captivated a man of rank and fortune, for whom she forsook him. Thus freed, his first thought was to fly to the home and the wife of whom he had heard no tidings since he abandoned them. He came in penitence, hoping much from Nelly's loving nature, yet feeling that he deserved the worst. Where he found her you already know.

What tears he shed over her letter, and my recital of her sorrow and her death! One mark of that love, shown a little earlier, would have brought such happiness to her poor heart! But it came, alas! *too late.*

Too late, I mean for this world. Frederic lived but a few years after his return, but those

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years were marked by the exercise of virtues to which he had once been a stranger. And when I laid him in the grave by Nelly's side, I dared to hope that he had met her in that world where the errors and the sufferings of this present life are remembered no more forever.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

SILENT she sits in her high-backed chair,
A grandame withered and old,
With faded eyes, and silvery hair,
And white lips thin and cold.

Her grandchild, fallen asleep at play,
Reposes beside her chair,
And the firelight falls with a crimson ray
On his golden curls, and her Wintry hair.

An ancient book, with silver clasp
And gilding, faded and worn,
Shakes like a leaf in her trembling grasp,
Like a sere leaf left unshorn.

And the faded eyes on the time-worn page
Gaze wistfully and long,
But its words not now her thoughts engage,
They to memory's store belong.

A faded rose in the ancient book,
A rose all withered and brown,
Is all she sees in that long, fond look
While the shadows gather round.

A tear swims awhile in the faded eye,
Then glides down the wrinkled cheek,
And the pale lips part in a gentle sigh
From a heart subdued and meek.

Not such quick tears as from young eyes gush,
Bright and fleeting as Summer rain,
Nor such tumultuous sighs as rush
From a heart unused to pain.

But the slowly gathering drop that wells
From a fountain almost dry,
And the patient sigh that the worn heart swells
At the thought of griefs gone by.

The falling tear caught a ruddy gleam
From the firelight's dancing ray,
And sparkling bright in the rosy beam,
On the withered rose it lay.

And the faded eyes, through the ruby tear,
In the twilight's gathering gloom,
Saw the floweret, withered many a year,
Once more resume its bloom.

And the shriveled petals their ashen hue
Exchange for the tint it wore,
When it blushed on the dear old bush that grew
By the side of her father's door.

From memory's grasp life's record slips,
The dame is a merry girl once more,
With the beaming eyes and rosy lips,
And the careless heart of yore.

And the love of her youth beside her stands,
As manly as she is fair,
And twines the rose with the silken bands
Of her glossy, dark-brown hair.

She sees him not, as she saw him last,
With death's seal on his marble brow,
While his children's tears with her own fell fast
For the honored one laid low.

The shades of night are falling fast
In the silent, lonely room,
And the flames their fitful glances cast
Through the swiftly gathering gloom;

When her grandchild starts from his rosy dreams,
And flings back his sunny hair,
And laughs that his dear grandmamma seems
Asleep in her high-backed chair.

She heeds not his voice, and a dimpled hand
On hers is vainly laid;
She has joined her loved ones in the land
Where the roses never fade.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE BURNHAMS OF BOSCAWEN PLAIN."

BY CLARA J. LEE.

THE tale is ended, and my thoughts fly onward,
Renewed and quickened, loving friend, to thee;
Serene and calm I seem to see thee moving,
A living, breathing lesson unto me.

As thine own pure and loving-hearted Anna
Wert to the soul bereaved, and sad, and lone,
So thou to me hast been in self-same sorrow,
Calming and soothing with thy gentle tone.

And when, as oft, the darkened clouds hang lowering,
And life a burden seemed too hard to bear,
Thy love and trust have pierced the gloomy shadows,
And showed me God's own bow still mirrored there.

Oh! friend, I cannot language forth the blessing,
In all my sorrows, thou hast been to me:
God has come nearer, and my soul been humbler,
For words of peace and love which came from thee.

If prayer of mine availeth aught in Heaven—
If prayers of all who love thee shall descend
Like gathering dews, then blessed shalt thou be
Forevermore. God keep thee to the end!

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MR. WASHINGTON'S STRAWBERRIES.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I HAD literally played out the end of fashionable life.

I had flirted a couple of months at Newport; ruralized through the sultry noons of August at Niagara; passed several weeks at Saratoga; and been two winters in New York "best society." And now, at the age of twenty, I was heartily *ennuied.*

If I had been blest with relatives it would have been different, but I had neither kith nor kin in the wide world, except some English cousins on the other side of the water. My father had died five years previously; and my mother's eyes had seen death at the hour of my birth. Therefore, was I alone in the land.

Wealth in large abundance was mine—wealth of stocks, houses, and real estate, but I do not think I was entirely content. I had friends by the score, but they were summer butterflies, and flattered me because I was the rich and beautiful Isabel Richmond—not because they esteemed and loved me.

If I might credit the assertions of my moustached admirers, I was a *rara avis* among women. I think, myself, that I was by no means as pretty as one might be, and yet not nearly as ugly as some persons whom I have seen.

In this, my twentieth summer, I took a new freak into my head. It was nothing more nor less than the determination to spend one season, at least, in quiet. There was a cottage *ornee,* situated several miles up the Hudson, for sale, and my mind was fixed on purchasing and fitting up that cottage for a country seat. My guardian, a clever old gentleman, and my dead father's best friend, had always indulged me in everything reasonable, and perhaps in some things unreasonable; for I was a little notional and erratic in my ideas.

At the first mention of my new project, he opened wide his eyes, and removed his spectacles to wipe away the imaginary moisture of astonishment. But I persevered; I called him "*dear* Mr. Gray"—and wondered what I should have done without his nice counsel; got out my embroidered handkerchief, and said some very sentimental things, which completely melted the nice old gentleman, and after that I had it all my own way.

On the following week, I had the title deeds of Sprucewood in my possession; and I was as busy as a bee selecting carpets, and furniture, for my little rural Eden. The very first day of June saw me domiciled at Sprucewood. Mrs. Johns, my faithful old housekeeper, went with me, and three of the servants, besides Rose, my own maid.

It was delightful at the cottage. So I continued to think for five whole days—while the excitement of looping up curtains and arranging the furniture lasted—and then time began to hang heavily on my hands. I wondered what I should do next. I knew nobody in the vicinity; nobody knew me. I had no one to talk to, except Mrs. Johns, or Rose; and my good housekeeper's conversation hinged on the best method of preparing currant jelly; and poor Rosy's whole stock of ideas related to the weather and the fashions.

I tried to read, but everything was insipid, and I wondered what people wrote such silly stuff for. I wouldn't confess that I was homesick; it was no such thing! homesick for the dust and smoke of New York! Humph!

But I was very lonesome. I would have given anybody a warm welcome to Sprucewood—even my *quondam* shadow, Adolph Merriam, who in the city was my *bete noir,* would have been graciously received. Poor Adolph had offered me his white hand, and ample fortune, six several times, and I could have listened to declaration No. 7 at this desolate epoch of my life, without losing my patience.

My neighbors were few and far between; but there was one residence—or princely affair of white stone—not more than the eighth of a mile from Sprucewood. I admired its situation exceedingly—it was on a bold bluff overhanging the river, and back of the mansion stretched a luxuriant forest of stately evergreens. There were wide, shady piazzas upheld by snowy pillars, which were twined by the sturdy creepers of the prairie rose—now in the full glory of crimson bloom—and the extensive grounds were well kept, and planted with choice fruit trees.

Insensibly, I fell to watching the movements of the people at the White Grange, and frequently I saw the handsome carriage, with its

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splendid pair of grays, driven up the long avenue to take the proprietor of all this grandeur out for an airing.

My curiosity was awakened, and a woman with her curiosity active is not likely to get very "blue." I soon learned the name of the gentleman at the Grange; and ere long I recognized him in the tall, dignified personage that walked past Sprucewood occasionally of pleasant mornings. That walked past without once lifting his eyes to the window, where I trifled away the time with my embroidery! Guy Washington was, undeniably, a handsome man. He had both grace and dignity of carriage—though the balance on the side of dignity was rather the heavier. I watched for him morning after morning, and every time that I saw his tall form glide by, the strange desire seized me to know how Mr. Washington would look "off his dignity"—if indeed he ever left the regal pedestal.

I wished, most devoutly, that he would trip his foot against a stone; or that the saucy wind would bear away his hat; or a snarling dog would give him a gratuitous serenade: in short, that anything might happen which would place this haughty Mr. Guy Washington in a ridiculous position.

I have told you that I was notional, and this was one of my notions.

From indulgence, this desire became irresistible. I could hardly sleep for insatiate longing to see this proud, handsome fellow reduced to the vulgarities of other men—carrying bundles, scolding office boys, and getting knocked into the gutter by passing omnibusses. But as if defying the common fate, Mr. Washington walked by every morning erect and dignified as ever.

Even a rapid shower failed to disconcert him. I saw him exposed to a perfect tempest of wind and rain; and I here assert that his linen coat and pants, so far from clinging to him like those of other men, when wetted, stood out glossy, elastic, and firm, as though nothing had happened!

Still I did not relinquish the faint hope which I had that something would turn up to satisfy my desire. And fortune favored me, as she ever does the brave and undespairing.

My gardener had occasionally employed a smart, mischievous little Irish lad, named Patrick Neale, to assist in the garden, and walking one day among my flower beds, I espied Patrick at work with his spade. I began a conversation with him, praising his diligence, and wondering why he did not apply to Mr. Washington for a permanent situation. I said this just to get the boy's opinion of my neighbor. Pat was indignant at the question, and directly proceeded to inform, in his rich Celtic brogue, that he and Mr. Washington had "fell out." It happened in this wise:

Mr. Washington particularly prided himself on his fine fruits and shrubbery. A little distance from the Grange was a valuable clover field, now in full blossom, and this same field was noted for the delicious strawberries which were hidden in the grass. Mr. Washington had never prohibited any one from gathering as many of the berries as they chose, though by his generosity he generally had his crop of hay ruined for the season. A week previously, Pat had gone to the field with his tin pail, and secured the best of the fruit for the nearest market. Mr. Washington had come that way while the lad was thus engaged, and had offered no objection to his proceedings, but had cautioned him against getting over the fence into the bed of fine berries which he had cultivated with great care and expense. But we all know that forbidden fruit is sweet, and Pat could not withstand the temptation which seized him to tickle his palate with some of the famous "seedlings." So seizing his opportunity while Mr. Washington had gone to ride, he scaled the paling, and commenced filling his pail with the fine fruit. The owner returned home before Pat had calculated he would, and, consequently, poor Pat was caught in the pilfering operation. Mr. Washington suffered him to depart unmolested; but he had abused his confidence, the gentleman said, and he could never trust him again. If he found him, after that, in his field, he should certainly force him to leave; and straightway he posted up a notice on the gate, forbidding all persons from gathering strawberries on his premises, under penalty of the law provided for such offenders!

Instantly a scheme was formed in my fertile brain.

"Pat!" I said, quickly, "lend me your jacket and hat for a couple of hours, and I will pay you well for the inconvenience of going bareheaded. And take this an evidence of my good intention"—I tossed him a bright silver dollar. His dull eyes flew wide open with astonishment.

"Never mind, Pat," said I, "it's all right—and keep it whist! mind you."

The hat and jacket were delivered over to me without a word of comment, and I ran up to my chamber particularly elated.

Forbidden to gather strawberries in Mr. Washington's field under the penalty of the law, indeed! We'd see!

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I arrayed myself in the bright blue jacket, and tucked my curls away under the tattered straw hat, and, having secured a basket, I left the cottage by a side door, and proceeded across the lots to Mr. Washington's clover field. I knew that the proprietor of the Grange was at home, for I had just seen him ride up the avenue on his black hunter.

And I should be mistaken for Pat, and the dignified gentleman would come forth to drive me from the field, and I should have the satisfaction of seeing him in a rage, and off his good behavior. I was fairly jubilant over the idea.

Creeping cautiously along behind fences, that my feminine skirts might be concealed, I, at length, reached the field, and, climbing the fence, I stood upon the prohibited territory. I made my way into the midst of the tall grass—shivering all the time for fear there were snakes there—and then kneeling down, I commenced gathering the crimson fruit with a will. I was in full view of the windows of the Grange, and should not, probably, remain there long without being discovered.

Absorbed in my congenial occupation, I half forgot the object for which I had come, until I heard a deep musical voice calling out at a little distance,

"Patrick! Patrick! quit the field, my lad! You know my orders!"

I gave my head a little defiant Irish bob, and never budged an inch. Very soon I heard the grass rustling by my side, and, glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mr. Washington coming up at a quick trot, with a willow twig in his hand.

"Patrick," he pursued, "I am exceedingly sorry that you should prove yourself so hardened, so disobedient! exceedingly sorry!" and he testified his regret by touching the supposed Patrick very lightly on the shoulder with the willow twig. Whether this action was intended or accidental, I do not know, but I sprang to my feet and confronted him. The wind, at that moment, came in an impudent puff and took my borrowed hat off—and there I stood, confused, with my curls tossing in rude disorder over my face. And if I wasn't satisfied with Mr. Washington's expression of amazement, then I was, certainly, the most exacting of women! He blushed, stammered, and broke down at every third word.

"Really, Miss, or madam—I—I—that is, I beg pardon——"

"I drew myself up haughtily. "I regret having put you to so much trouble, sir," I said, in a frigid voice; "I will leave your possessions immediately! These are your strawberries, and the basket also, which you will please accept for your politeness. I wish you a very good morning."

"Pray, keep the berries, I entreat! Remain here as long as you wish—I was mistaken—utterly mistaken! I thought——"

What Mr. Washington thought is lost to posterity, for I could contain my risibilities no longer in the face of that forlorn-looking gentleman; and, turning quickly, I sped for the fence, which I climbed with haste, and made the best of my way to Sprucewood.

The next morning, at as early an hour as was etiquette, Mr. Guy Washington called to apologize. He called and called again, and, in fact, became a constant visitor at Sprucewood. I never confided to him my reason for invading his strawberry field, however, until the evening that I promised to be his wife. Then, with his arm around me, and his clear eyes looking into mine, he said,

"And now, dear Isabel, why *did* you assume that disguise and steal my strawberries?"

"Guy," I replied, frankly, "I could not help it! I had watched your dignified lordship for some days—and I did so want to see you do something that would destroy your everlasting dignity! Indeed I could not help it, Guy!"

And—would you believe it? Mr. Washington a second time did a very unbecoming thing—he kissed me!

THE SUNLIGHT SOON WILL PIERCE THE CLOUDS.

BY LOUISE SMITH.

The sunlight soon will pierce the clouds
That round our dark horizon lowers,
And the wrung heart's deserted waste
Refresh with soul-reviving show'rs;
Hope's fading flow'rs that meekly bow
Beneath despair's relentless tread,
Shall open 'neath that cheering ray,
And through the heart their fragrance shed.

The darkest cloud will soon disperse,
The mutt'ring tempests shortly flee,
And lucid sunlight kiss the waves
That rudely rise on life's dark sea;
Then shrink not, though thy sky be drear,
And hopes once fond by grief be riv'n,
A brighter hour for thee is near
Illumined by the light of Heav'n!

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REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE weeks passed slowly on toward winter, and, for a time, I was quite alone at Redman's Run.

My uncle was in Washington, trying to procure an appointment which he had long wanted; and I was told by the old pastor that Maurice was in New York, giving himself more completely to dissipation than he had ever before done.

So Prudence and I were very quiet in the old house; I was engaged with my studies, and wrote diligently beside. I was not happy. It would have been difficult for any young man under similar circumstances to have found anything like rest; but I worked hard, and the hours that were not devoted to my books or papers were spent on horseback, galloping wildly over the hills to quiet the excitement which fevered my blood.

Letters reached me regularly from Alice—dear, sweet letters, that, by their presages for the future, almost consoled me for the wearing round of the present. All was going well with her; Mrs. Morgan's health was much better, and her husband treated her more kindly than he had done for years. Maurice visited her father occasionally, but she seldom saw him, nor had there been any further question concerning the marriage save her father's petulant expostulations, which she allowed to have no weight.

There is one peculiarity of a monotonous life: although the time seems endless when we recall the events, yet the weeks slip away in the most inexplicable manner. So that season glided from me, and I was astonished to find the winter half gone before I had ceased wondering if it would ever commence.

Toward the latter end of January my uncle returned, more dispirited and chagrined than I had ever seen him, for he had failed in his mission. He did not converse with me upon the subject, but I could see how much he suffered, and several journals opposed to him were unsparing in their ridicule, adding the severest censure upon his conduct, and hinting at dark secrets in his past life, which, they asserted, if clearly known, would blast his reputation for ever.

I read all these things before his arrival, so that I was quite prepared to see a change in him; but when I went out into the hall to greet him, upon his return, I was really shocked to find him looking so worn and ill.

"Is Maurice here?" was almost the first question he asked.

"No, sir; he has not been here since you went away."

"I know; but I saw him in town the day before yesterday, and he promised to reach here before I did."

"He has not come, sir."

My uncle turned impatiently away. I saw how much he was hurt by my cousin's neglect.

"You are looking very unwell," I said.

"Never mind my looks," he replied, abruptly, almost with harshness, then he added, more gently, "I want a little rest. Nothing ails me but fatigue."

Prudence came out to welcome him. She was much attached to my uncle, having lived in the family since he was a child, and I really believe would have sacrificed her life for him without the slightest hesitation.

She was a singular old woman, often crabbed and irritable, but for those whom she loved she had a depth of affection I have rarely seen equaled. There was no sacrifice too hard for her to make, no exaction to which she would not submit. She had never married; her home had been in that old house since my grandmother brought her there a young girl, and all her interests and affections had centered about the family.

"You want to be taken care of, master Charles," she said, calling him, as she often did even yet, by the familiar name of his youth; "you look as peaked as possible."

"A little of your attention will do that," he replied, kindly. Indeed, to Prudence, my uncle was rarely impatient or unjust. "How have things gone on since I went away?"

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"Wal, purty well; but Paul's a-moping himself to death."

"He must have patience a little longer," said my uncle, always gentler to me in the old lady's presence than at any other time; "it will be only two months before he can enter Mr. Lennox's office."

"So they all go away from the old woman," said Prudence, sadly. "Wal, wal, its hard to part with them I love; but there'll never be a parting for me like that with Miss Emily. It nearly broke my heart. I seemed to have a feeling I should never see her again, and I didn't! Nothing left of her but that boy there, and he grows more like her every day of his life."

My uncle gave me a strange look, such as I had often seen upon his face when my parents' names were mentioned: its language I could never understand; whether it expressed pain or hatred I did not know, and it was as unintelligible then.

"I'll go and see about dinner any how," Prudence said, moving toward the dining-room. "Tisn't no use to starve you out when you do come, which is seldom enough, goodness knows."

My uncle followed her hastily, and as they reached the door I heard him say,

"Has she been here again?"

"Who?"

"That woman."

"The crazy cretur? No; you don't say this out agin. Oh! massy sakes! Was I right, Master Charles? Was it Lucy?"

"No, no; I have told you she is dead! I know nothing about this woman, but if she comes here people may talk——"

"And oh! Master Charles, the old stories—"

"Hush, I say! Paul can hear you."

They entered the dining-room and closed the door.

There was some mystery to which I had never been able to obtain a clue. Upon many subjects, much as she loved me, Prudence was silent: my uncle's past was one, and no persuasions, no artifice, ever wheedled from her lips anything beyond the most commonplace details connected with his youth.

Maurice did not arrive until the next day. He came, so haggard and worn by bad passions and an evil life, that he was scarcely recognizable.

"I have come, you see," he said, staggering into the library where my uncle and I were writing. "I hope you will feel easier in your mind."

He was not actually intoxicated at the time, but he had evidently been drinking all the night before, and the excess had left him in a state of excitement bordering on insanity.

"You look as if you ought to be in bed," returned my uncle, evidently shocked by his condition. "Go and sleep awhile."

"Nonsense! something to drink will set me up much better," he said, flinging himself into a chair, without appearing even to notice that I was in the room.

"Why did you not come yesterday, as you promised?"

"Because it didn't happen to be convenient," replied Maurice, with more than his customary insolence. "But I am here now, and what is more, I want some money."

"Which I really cannot give you, Maurice. You have spent an incredible sum this winter."

"None went for suppers and fees in Washington, I suppose," he returned, with a sneer.

"I certainly used my best efforts to procure the appointment—your extravagance has so crippled me that I stood in need of the income it would have brought in."

"My extravagance! Don't you think we have had about enough of that humbug? It is very ridiculous between you and me."

"You forget that Paul is here!"

"Paul! The young rascal knows what I promised him, and it will come, never fear; it will come."

"Your threats are as despicable as your conduct," I replied.

"Stop!" said my uncle, sternly. "Not another word from either! I am master in this house, and, Maurice, I will teach you that I am."

"I have not disputed it. I asked you to give me some money."

"I cannot, and I will not!"

Maurice sprang to his feet, maddened by the refusal.

"I'll have two thousand dollars before tomorrow night," he exclaimed, "if I sell my soul and disgrace myself eternally to get it!"

With his usual weakness my uncle tried to soothe and argue with him, but it was no more possible than it would be with a lunatic.

"I tell you I must and will have it, so there is an end of the matter!"

My uncle turned to me and asked if I had taken my ride, giving me several little commissions in the village, which clearly showed he wished to be rid of me; so I went away.

I heard Maurice's voice, as I stood in the hall,

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loud in anger, and, wondering at my uncle's weakness, I went my way.

When I returned to the house, Maurice had gone—back to New York, Prudence believed.

"Such a dreadful quarrel as they had! I really was afraid Maurice would kill your uncle. I tell you, Paul, that man's temper'll get him into an awful scrape some day."

My uncle made no remark upon what had passed, but he looked pale and harassed. His manner to me was kind, but an added restraint seemed growing between us daily, the reason for which, on his part, I could not comprehend.

CHAPTER IX.

Spring was near; the last snows had melted from the hills; the maple buds began to swell and show their first tinge of red, and in the flower garden a bed of crocuses shot up which I watched blossoming with great solicitude.

My uncle joined me one morning as I was walking up and down the verandah, waiting impatiently for the hour which would bring me a letter from Alice.

"Paul," he said, "will you go to the city for me?"

He had given my most ardent wishes words. I had so longed for an opportunity to visit Alice, but there had been no reasonable excuse for going to town, and I feared to bring new trouble upon her or Mrs. Morgan, if I went without some ostensible business.

"Certainly, sir. When shall I go?"

"James can drive you over to the landing—you will just be in time for the boat, if you go at once."

The business was not difficult—only to get some papers of Mr. Lennox; but they were of too much importance to trust to the mail, and he was not well enough to go himself.

I started at once, and, on reaching town, performed my mission with all possible dispatch—I was free then to seek Alice.

I could not believe that I was so soon to see her—even when I reached the house and was told that she was in, it seemed quite impossible to realize that she was so near.

I walked round the darkened drawing-room, too impatient to be quiet, and reminded by a thousand trifling things of her: the flowers on the table, the music scattered over the piano, a snowy glove beside it!

Then the door opened, and, with a cry of delight, I felt Alice pressed close to my heart.

"I could not believe my own senses," she said, when we had both grown more calm; "you wrote me nothing about this visit."

"Which can only be for an hour; I did not myself know of it until this morning."

"Then you have not come to town to stay?"

"Not yet; still another month before that."

"Oh! I am so disappointed. But never mind, I will not be gloomy during the few moments you are here."

She sat down by me, and we were soon lost in a thousand pleasant projects, talking of the lonely weeks we had passed, of the nameless trifles which would seem insignificant to others, but which make the happiness of those who love.

"You must see mamma," she said, at last; "excuse me for a moment."

It was not long before she returned with Mrs. Morgan leaning on her arm. The little lady really looked younger and less worn down. I could see how faithfully Alice had protected her—she even smiled and spoke without trembling.

"I am very glad to see you," she said; "we have missed you so much. Dear me! Alice, he looks more like Emily every day."

There was an expression of tenderness on her pale face which touched me greatly. But after a little more conversation, she glided away like a ghost that felt she could have no part in our happiness, and would not trouble it by the chill of her presence.

"She is better; do you not think she is better?" Alice asked, anxiously, after her mother had disappeared.

"I do, indeed; but you look pale—have you been well?"

"Only lonely, Paul."

"Then you have found time to miss me?"

"You mean I have had time for nothing else! I wrote you how little we went out; I have had nothing to do but wonder if the winter would ever come to an end."

"Have you seen Maurice lately?"

"He was here two or three weeks ago; but don't speak of him, Paul, it brings me bad fortune even to hear his name."

"Are you grown superstitious?"

"Almost, where that man is concerned! Only the other day my father asked me if I had come to my senses, and was ready to reconsider my resolution?"

"What did you say?"

"That I would rather die than marry Maurice Redman!" she exclaimed, with energy; "and I would, Paul—death would be far preferable to calling that man husband."

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"Do not think of him, Alice; he is powerless as long as you continue firm."

"Which I can easily do while I have you to aid me."

Then we ceased talking or thinking of Maurice, remembered nothing but our own selfish plans, and the happiness of being, for a little time, united.

We were sitting in a small room off the parlors, and the draperies which divided it from them were partially flung down, so that any one might have entered the outer room unperceived. I was telling Alice of the project I had formed for the next year, one which I hoped would bring us nearer the happiness my heart desired, and she was sitting encircled by my arms, her head drooping upon my shoulder.

Suddenly she started from my side. I heard the sobbing breath which repressed a cry—looked up and saw Maurice standing at the entrance.

He was white with rage, his hands twisting the damask draperies, and upon his lips the terrible smile, which they often wore during one of his fiendish passions.

"I see now," he sneered, "who is my rival; I congratulate Miss Morgan upon her taste."

"The means you took to make the discovery are quite worthy of you," I replied, rising from my seat.

He made me no answer. His eyes burning with hate were fixed upon Alice's face.

"Do you love that boy?" he asked.

"One word of insolence to her," I exclaimed, "and I will throw you into the street," for my own temper was greatly excited by his manner.

"Don't, Paul!" whispered Alice, recovering from the alarm which his abrupt appearance had caused, and summoning her strong courage. "What did you ask, Mr. Redman?"

"Do you love him?—that boy, that baby?"

She put her hand in mine with a smile—flung back her head proudly and exclaimed,

"Yes; I do love him, with all my heart and soul."

His hand dropped to his side—his features were actually convulsed with evil passions.

"You are answered," I said; "now leave this room."

"Are you master here?"

"No; but at least I have the right to protect Miss Morgan from insult."

"Fool! I have but to call her father, and he would kick you into the street."

I sprang toward him. At that moment I was mad as he; but Alice stepped between us, and her voice brought my senses back.

"Paul, for my sake. Paul!"

I was calmed immediately; but the tender entreaty with which she pronounced my name only deepened Maurice's anger.

"You have the advantage," he exclaimed, "but you have not conquered yet! I swear that you shall both repent this! As for you, Paul Cheney——"

"No threats here, I will not endure them," I interrupted.

"Miss Morgan," he continued, "I bid you farewell; you have rejected my love, beware now of my hatred! I must have your father's opinion of this affair—I shall relate to him the touching scene I interrupted."

"Will you go away?" I cried; but again Alice stayed me.

"Paul Cheney," he replied, "before to-morrow night you shall be houseless, homeless, a more wretched beggar than you have yet been."

He left the room without another word, and when we heard the outer door close behind him, Alice's strength gave way—she sank upon the sofa, pale and trembling.

"Oh! Paul, we are lost!"

"What can he do, Alice?"

"My father—your uncle—he will go to both!"

"Let him! They may separate us for a time, years perhaps; but if you are only faithful to the love you have promised, we shall conquer all obstacles in the end."

"I will be, Paul—I swear it!"

"They will try you hardly, my poor Alice, but do not let them crush your spirit. Above all, protect your mother—even at the risk of being forced to choose a guardian—do not allow her to be any longer persecuted."

"I will not, indeed I will not! But you, Paul—what will happen to you?"

"Of whom should I stand in fear?" I said, proudly.

"Your uncle will be as much enraged as Maurice."

"Then I shall leave his house; I am grateful to him for such kindness as he has shown me, but, to gratify his favorite, I shall not give up my only hope of happiness."

"How will it all end?" sighed Alice. "Oh! how?"

"Well; if you are but courageous."

"Do not fear for me, Paul! When you are gone I shall be strong—I will not let them wrest this love from me."

"Then nothing can work harm between us! Remember, Alice, they will try every means—we shall each hear stories of the other's falsehood."

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"Nothing will convince me, Paul. And you?"

"I could as soon doubt myself!"

So, in our fancied strength, we were ready to confront any danger with which our enemy might threaten us, little dreaming of the black cloud that loomed nearer, bringing in its train desolation, disgrace, every ill that crushes out hope and life from the human heart.

I tore myself away at last. Sad as that parting was, one lay beyond so much more terrible, that it would never have entered the wildest imagination that such sorrow could fall upon us.

It was late in the evening before I reached Redman's Run. My uncle took the papers, asked me no questions, and very soon went away to his own room, leaving me to wear the night out as best I could, combating a feeling of dread, which, at times, stole over me, and nursing my dreams of hope to still fuller blossoming.

CHAPTER X.

The afternoon of the next day I was busy writing in my uncle's study, nothing having as yet transpired to disturb the tranquillity of the house. I had expected that Maurice would have arrived several hours before, and began to wonder in what way he would endeavor to gratify his malice and rage.

I had not much longer to wait. A carriage drove up to the house, and, looking into the hall, I saw Maurice and Mr. Morgan ascending the steps, while my uncle stood upon the verandah to welcome them.

I went quietly back to my work, smiling a little to myself at the approaching storm, but very indifferent as to its results. I had decided upon the course I should pursue, and it was not in human power wholly to thwart me.

It was a long time before my solitude was disturbed. I heard the three enter the drawing-room, and there they remained for more than an hour, doubtless in earnest consultation as to the most effectual means of separating Alice and myself, and bringing about the marriage which had been so long in contemplation.

At length, Maurice and my uncle passed into the library, but the door opening to the study was closed, so that only a confused murmur of voices reached me. Indeed, the whole affair interested me very little. I knew that whatever arose I could trust to Alice's promise, and, as far as I was concerned, it only lay in my uncle's power to drive me from his house, beyond that neither he nor any one could exercise any control over me. I would have followed his advice in any other affair, but where my happiness was so vitally concerned, I could only listen to the dictates of my heart.

I went calmly on with my occupation—that of copying and filing a package of papers—full of a strange exultation as I reflected how little, after all, our arch enemy could do to affect the destiny of either Alice or myself.

I became more engrossed in my employment, and ceased almost to hear their voices. At length, I came to a stand still—a paper of considerable importance was wanting, and I began searching about the cabinet for it.

I opened a narrow drawer, as I had often done before, thinking that my uncle might have accidentally placed it there. The drawer was full of rubbish, and I gave it an impatient pull, but it would not come entirely, so I struck violently against the side.

I must have touched some secret spring, for the drawer fell and would have been broken on the floor, but I caught it in my hand. The shock had forced open a little door in the cabinet, artfully concealed by the drawer, and of the existence of which no one would have dreamed.

I had no vulgar curiosity, nor do I believe there is a trace of meanness in my character; but, as I was trying to close the secret door, I saw a partially unfolded paper in the writing of my dead father.

Without pausing to reflect, I snatched it and read the first few lines. It was an old letter addressed to my uncle—it spoke of a large sum of money—something about retaining a portion for the use of his child Paul.

I sat stupidly staring at the paper, so overwhelmed by the half-understood treachery which it disclosed, that I could neither think nor stir.

The door opened. Before I could move, my uncle rushed across the room, snatched the paper from my hands, pushing me so violently that I staggered against the cabinet for support.

"Infamous beggar!" were the words that broke from his pale lips. "Thief, miserable thief! Maurice, look here!"

"He is searching your cabinet," returned my cousin. "No more than I should expect, sir—I always admired the weakness which made you place such implicit confidence in him. He is worthy of his parents—fit son of a mother like his!"

The stupefaction which had locked my faculties changed to a whirl of blind rage, that made me, for a moment, little better than a maniac. My blood was kindred to theirs, hot as their own, and it was fully roused.

I darted toward Maurice—seized him by the

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throat—I had opened a window a little time before to cool the room—and before he could resist, or my uncle could interfere, I flung him out of it into the garden.

I heard my uncle cry out in wrath and horror, I have a faint recollection of seeing several of the servants standing in the door-way, but I was too insane to heed them.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed my uncle.

"No," I shouted; "but I will—God forgive me, I will! It is the last insult his lips shall ever speak."

I sprang out of the window—it was near the ground, and the fall could only have shocked Maurice, for he rose to his feet when he saw me beside him.

With a fiendish cry he sprang at my throat, and I rushed as frantically toward him.

I do not like to think of that scene—I never dare reflect what its consequences might have been—but fortunately they separated us. My uncle and a servant dragged me up to my room, flung me upon the floor, and locked me in like a prisoner.

An hour must have passed before I recovered from that terrible paroxysm. When I came to myself it was twilight, and I was still lying upon the floor. I rose feebly, went to the window and opened it, leaning out in the gloom. The chill air was very pleasant to me, and I remained there until strength and calmness gradually returned.

I was shocked at all which had passed, but I never blamed myself. I had suffered every species of insult from that bad man, I had been wronged, trampled upon; but when he added that wrong to my mother's memory, it was not in human nature to restrain myself longer.

At last I began to think of the paper which my uncle had snatched from my grasp. I had not read enough to decide upon its contents, but I felt that a great injury had been done me, and, from that moment, I believed my uncle guilty of some wrong toward the orphan whom he had sworn to protect.

I heard the key turn in the lock, and my uncle entered, bearing a light. I sat perfectly still while he closed the door behind him, placed the lamp upon the table and seated himself near me.

"Are you sane enough now to talk?" he asked, coldly.

"I am, sir," I replied, with equal calmness.

"Did you intend to murder your cousin?"

"I meant to avenge my mother—he insulted her memory—I would have choked his heart out—I will yet, if he does not retract."

"The same hot blood," he said, shaking his head; "will it never cool in our veins?"

"Mine is not excited without just cause—you know that well, sir!"

"It is past, Paul; your cousin wishes me to apologize, he was mad, too, and he had reason."

"What, I ask, what?"

"We will come to that presently. First, answer me a few questions."

"Not when they are put in that tone! I will answer no man whose very tone is a threat!"

"Don't do the heroic, Paul, I am too old for that! You have lived always in my house, I have a right, at least, to your respect and candor."

"And you have had both!"

"Then let me continue to do so. What were you searching for in my cabinet?"

I told him the whole story, simply and truthfully—my eyes never fell beneath his keen gaze.

"Had you read that paper?"

"Only a few lines, although I had caught some words farther down the page."

He drew a deep breath; there was that in his face which showed he no longer feared me, and that he had decided upon his course.

"What was that paper?" I asked, haughtily, as he had questioned me. "It was my father's writing, and I have a right to know."

"This is gratitude," he said, not bitterly, but with an icy disdain in his voice, that stung me more deeply than any reproaches could have done.

I did not speak. After a little, still surveying me with that disdainful look, he added,

"What do you believe it to have been?"

"Something in relation to a sum of money which my father placed in your hands for my benefit."

"And what do you think I have done with it?"

"That you know best, sir!"

He rose from his seat, and walked slowly up and down the room for many moments.

"Paul," he said, at last, "you will live to repent those words! You have insulted the only friend you ever had—you have proved yourself a monster of ingratitude—if you have any claims to humanity, you must repent that."

A guilty pang shot across my heart. If I had indeed wronged him, I was the vilest wretch on earth.

"Tell me what it was then," I faltered.

"You shall know, though otherwise you would never have even suspected the secret. You have brought this suffering upon yourself—you shall

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hear your father's shame. He forged my name to a check—more than once—I found it out. He was my sister's husband, I could not disgrace him. He refunded a portion of the money—that was the letter you saw—he told me he was near his end, and prayed me to have mercy upon his child."

I fell back in my chair—there was a horrible oppression upon my heart—I could neither speak nor breathe, and in the dim light my uncle watched me like some marble form, pitiless, immovable, crushing me with the history of my father's shame.

"Are you satisfied now?" he asked, coldly.

I tried to rise, fell back again, cold and trembling, as if struck with death, and only able to gasp,

"It is not true, only tell me it is not true?"

"It is true, Paul," he said; "if you desire proofs, you shall have them to-morrow."

"No, no—have mercy!"

My suffering only made him more urgent.

"Perhaps it would be best," he continued, with the same terrible calmness; "you have doubted my word once—possibly you will again."

His manner roused my pride, even in the depth of degradation into which I had fallen.

"I will look at them, if you wish!"

He frowned slightly, but replied coldly as before.

"Certainly, let no doubt of your father's shame be left! You are courageous, you desire to know the worst; there are sons who would prefer to leave themselves a shadow of respect for a parent's memory."

"Let me see it!" I repeated.

"To-morrow, then. I will destroy them afterward, I do not wish this painful secret to be known to any other human being."

"You have a right to crush me," I moaned, "no one could blame you, no one."

"I have no desire to do it," he replied, more kindly; "my sister's son can never wholly alienate himself from my affections."

"I cannot thank you now," I said, "hereafter, perhaps——"

My uncle took my hand—I felt it tremble—it seemed to me that he shuddered to find himself in contact with one who had so injured him.

"Paul," he said, "let this subject rest forever! I will never think of it again, nor must you. We will not talk any more of it."

I did not speak, although a flood of questions struggled at my heart for utterance.

"Now, Paul, one thing more. Are you engaged to Alice Morgan?"

"I am," I replied, boldly, that name made me strong at once.

"And does she love you?"

"She has told me so."

"Don't you know that her father will never consent?"

"She will be her own mistress before many years."

"He desires her to marry your cousin."

"Maurice shall never have her—never!"

"We will not talk of it any more—I will see you to-morrow. Will you oblige me?"

"Anything that you ask, sir!"

"Do not leave your room to-night—I do not wish you and Maurice to meet again until you are both somewhat calmer."

I promised to do as he desired, and he left the chamber; but again the key was turned, I was treated as a culprit still.

There I sat, stunned by this terrible revelation, which he had so coldly flung in upon my suffering. How could I dare look forward to a future, a felon's son? Then a revulsion of feeling swept over me—it could not be true—it was some horrible plot against my happiness, and my whole life should be devoted to its unraveling.

Steps sounded outside the door, and I heard Prudence's voice choked by tears.

"Paul, Paul!"

"I am locked in," I said.

"Yes, I know; but I have brought your dinner."

She fumbled awhile at the key, but at length she opened the door, carrying a tray of food, which she placed hastily upon the table.

"Oh! my Paul, my Paul!" she sobbed, taking me in her arms, "I can't blame you; I know Maurice must have done something terrible, but you might have killed him."

"Still he is quite safe, I believe."

"Oh! he's well enough, but a body never knows what he may do—that man's a born devil, I know he is."

"What are they all doing?"

"They have just done dinner. I do believe something has happened; your uncle just got a letter, and he turned white as a sheet when he read it, then he gave it to Maurice with an awful look. They went away together, but there's some trouble, I'm certain—I hope Master Charles'll find that feller out. But do eat, Paul, you look so pale."

"I am not hungry, Prudence."

"But you must eat, human natur' needs feeding. Now do, Paul, just for old aunty's sake."

She caressed me, and wept over me, as she

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had so often done when I was a child; and, to gratify her, I ate a few mouthfuls, although each one seemed choking me.

At last she was forced to go away, bidding me farewell with a burst of tears, as if she thought we were never to meet again.

"I must lock you in, Paul," she said, "I promised your uncle I would. Try and sleep, I'm sure it will all be right in the morning; I only hope he's found Maurice out."

She went away after exerting all her efforts to soothe me, and I was alone again.

Then I sat by the window, looking out into the night, more hopeless and wretched than I had thought any misfortune could ever make me.

I heard the old clock in the hall toll out the hours, mournful and strong in the stillness as a funeral bell. Every sound in the house died away; a low wind sighed, for a time, among the trees, but even that ceased at length; the sluggish beating of my heart was the only sound I heard.

At last the clock struck twelve; the moon was up, but hazy clouds veiled her light, leaving all objects indistinct and dim.

Looking out, I saw my uncle leave the house and walk slowly down the path toward the Run.

I moved away from the window, the sight of him added a new pang to my suffering. Perhaps he was mourning over my ingratitude—it might have been that I had deceived myself—he had loved me in spite of the wrong which my father had done him, and now the son, by his suspicions, had renewed the bitter memories which he had allowed to slumber in his heart.

Half an hour might have passed. The agony in my heart was unendurable—I felt that I must go mad if I did not, on the instant, seek my uncle and ask his pardon for my crime.

I stepped out of the window upon the roof of a porch, and slid down one of the vine-wreathed pillars, as I had so often done for amusement in my childhood.

I ran down the path which my uncle had taken, passed through the grove, and stood upon the bank just above the fall, which thundered down, flashing out its spray like a sheet of jewels in the moonlight.

I looked eagerly round for my uncle; suddenly a cry rose above the din of the waterfall. I looked down, two men were struggling upon the grass, the one uppermost dealt heavy blows, flung his victim upon the ground, and ran off like the wind.

I tottered down the ascent. How I reached the spot I cannot tell—but there I was, and on the grass at my feet lay my uncle, dead—murdered!

I shook off the horror which unnerved me—bent over him—laid my hand upon his heart, no pulse beat, not a muscle quivered; still from his side oozed the sluggish crimson stream which had borne his life away.

"He is dead!" said a hollow voice; "quite dead!"

I looked up. Before me stood the mad woman so long unseen, her thin garments fluttering in the night wind, and her long auburn hair streaming about her form.

"He is dead," I repeated, mechanically, "dead, and he had not forgiven me!"

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "Voices, they come, they will take me—fly, fly!"

She disappeared from sight like a phantom; and at that moment I heard quick footsteps and loud voices, my cousin's sounding above all.

"This way," he cried, "I heard the shrieks distinctly, I know something terrible has happened."

Before I could move, the group sprang down the bank, Maurice and Mr. Morgan at their head.

"Good God!" the latter exclaimed. "He has murdered him."

I heard my cousin's cry of grief—heard the moans and execrations of the rest: but I could not speak.

They seized me—tied my hands, and led me toward the house, two men following with the body, and my cousin sobbing aloud.

Half way up the path, we were met by Prudence rushing frantically along; a single word made her comprehend the whole scene.

"It's a lie!" she shrieked. "Let him go, I say—let him go!"

She clutched Mr. Morgan in her grasp, but they forced her off.

"I tell you," said one of the men, "here's Paul's knife, I've seen him use it a hundred times."

"He never did it," shrieked Prudence—"he never did it! Let him go, I say!"

"Take hold of her, some one," said Mr. Morgan; "she is perfectly crazy."

"No, I am not," she replied; "I am sane enough yet; I will show you that I am! This is some plot, some scheme of the wicked folks that hate him! Speak up, Paul, speak up, my own lamb, tell 'em you never did it."

I did not speak, I had not the power.

They led me forward—I neither resisted nor looked up! I heard Prudence's cries but I could not speak or understand.

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Once in the house, they flung me into a dark closet, hand-cuffed and bound me. Then there came a blank which must have lasted for many terrible hours, neither madness nor insensibility, a sort of waking trance without either thought or consciousness.

It was morning when I came to myself. A faint gleam of light stole through a crack of the door. I could hear the steps of the man who guarded me, walking up and down through the hall. Several times there was the sound of other footsteps—persons speaking to him, questions and replies were exchanged, but all in the unnatural whisper which people employ in a sick-room. Finally, I heard a voice that I knew was Prudence's call out in bitter anguish,

"Paul, Paul!"

Then the man appeared to be expostulating with her, but she only beat more frantically on the door, crying,

"I will speak to him! I don't care what anybody says! I will speak to him! Paul, Paul, it is old Prudence—answer your aunty, do answer."

I struggled up from the floor and tried to collect my faculties sufficiently to respond, but I had no strength left, and could only fall back again with a dreary moan.

"He's dead!" shricked Prudence. "I believe they've killed him! Oh! my Paul, my Paul!"

Then there were more footsteps and other voices. I heard some one say,

"The officers have come."

Then Prudence groaned again, and called more despairingly than before,

"Oh! Paul, Paul!"

But I could not answer; every nerve appeared paralyzed. I seemed falling again into that strange trance—I struggled against it, but in vain. The voices from without appeared more distant, they sounded to me like the roaring of the fall! Then I seemed to see my uncle's ghastly face, he was trying to speak to me, then I knew nothing more for a time.

At last the door opened—I saw a throng in the hall, they called me by name. Some one raised me up, helped me out into the passage, and I walked mechanically along like a statue endowed with the power of motion, but perfectly incapable of thought or speech.

For a space I could not realize what they meant to do with me, or why they were here at all. I looked wonderingly around, searching for something which would bring my memory back, but there was only a leaden weight there which revealed nothing.

Suddenly there was a loud, sobbing voice at the farther end of the hall.

"Let me pass! Nobody shall keep me from him! Let me pass; stand back, every one of you."

Then I saw Prudence rush frantically toward me, pushing the crowd to the right and left. She threw her arms about me moaning,

"Oh! Paul, Paul!"

The agony of her voice restored my recollection! I understood everything in an instant—why I was there—the fearful deed of which I was accused; but in that first moment of horror I could only cling wildly to Prudence, as if feeling that in her eager embrace there was protection and rest.

She wept over me, calling me by every tender epithet which her strong love could suggest, breaking off abruptly to appeal to those around for sympathy, and upbraiding them for their cruelty and wickedness in placing me, even for a moment, in that frightful position.

"Oh! Paul, Paul!" was the only moan she could make at length.

I think even the excited throng around were moved by her anguish, and the pallid horror which my face must have revealed.

But the softening influence was only momentary. Stern voices broke the stillness, rude hands pushed poor, old Prudence aside, and they led me away, separated even from the one friend who would have clung to me in that fearful desolation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONSERVA ME, DOMINE!

BY LIBBIE D——.

I WALK in devious paths and stumble oft;
My strength is weakness, and my hopes betray;
Darker around me grows the clouded sky,
I tremble lest at last I lose my way.
The path I entered, trusting it would lead
To quiet meadows where clear streamlets flow,
But, lost in pleasant fancies, I have strayed,
And wake from dreamings to my doom of woe!
"My soul is among lions," doubt, and fear,
And bitterness are all that meets my view.
Doubting my wisdom, fearing coming ill,
And bitterly remembering what I rue;
Without, within, all speaks despair to me,
Preserve me, Lord! whom can I trust but Thee?

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HARRY AND I.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

It was the June of the year. Bright, beautiful June; that witching month when Dame Nature pours her richest treasures into the lap of mother Earth; paints the sky its most dazzling blue; dyes the grass with brightest green; hangs glorious festoons of blushing roses upon graceful vines and waving shrubs, and arrays every living thing in a garb of beauty.

One bright afternoon, I was standing upon the vine-wreathed porch of my father's house, tying up a refractory honeysuckle, when, raising my head, I met the mischievous glance of young Harry Lee, who had approached unperceived, and was waiting, hat in hand, upon the lower step until I should look up.

"A happy day to you, fair lady," he said, in a half-mock deferential tone.

I deigned him no reply, save a short, cold nod, and returned to my work again.

Now be it known that this same Harry Lee and I had quarreled sadly the previous evening, and parted in greater anger than we had ever before felt toward each other. Harry was the son of an old neighbor, the playmate of my childhood, the trusted companion of my youth, and, as years passed away, the ties that bound us together had strengthened until we were now betrothed lovers. It was one of those quiet loves, when every fibre of the heart has become unconsciously entwined about the life of another, and they have drawn freshness from the clear waters of that soul; when none dream of its strength until these fibres must be wrenched away. My whole being was enriched by the warmth and brightness of his; my faith in human nature was always greater after I had been with him; my heart and hands were stronger to do the work God had placed before me. So does a pure human love ennoble the spirits of earth-born mortals. But I thought not of this then. I was a wayward girl, prone to take offence, yet ready to forgive, save when the shafts of ridicule were leveled at me, and then I became exasperated beyond measure.

Harry had overtasked himself with study, and, as a consequence, had been compelled to return home from college and rest awhile. The days had been full of enjoyment to me, until a slight difference of opinion about some trivial matter had caused a quarrel.

Harry stood patiently until I had finished my task, and, then stooping, looked roguishly in my face.

"What, angry yet, Maggie?" he said. "I thought a night's sleep would certainly restore your good humor."

"You thought wrong then," I replied, tartly, giving the early rose-bush near which I stood a sudden jerk, which brought down a shower of leaves around us.

"Come, Maggie, let us take a walk down to our old trysting-place," he said, presently, taking no farther notice of my petulance. "You know I haven't been there since I came home."

"He wants to ask me to forgive him," thought I, exultingly, as I went into the house for my bonnet.

We took our way through the garden into the path spanning the meadows, now spangled with golden buttercups and mild-eyed daisies, while a few late, modest, blue-robed violets shrank away from my feet; took our way silently and thoughtfully along, till we reached a large, old tree bending over the mill stream, that told a thousand mysteries, if one would but stop and listen to its noisy murmurings.

It was, as Harry said, our old trysting-place. Here we had come together, in the spring, when the fruit trees were flinging down a thick spray of pearls and rubies upon the soft green grass; in the summer, when the golden grain rolled in billows where the breeze danced over it; and in the delicious autumn time, when the soft haze, as a misty veil, drooped over the landscape, and the gorgeous tree-drapery, like bright-winged birds, was falling, fluttering to the earth; in each and all of these seasons we had come thither, and there, within sound of the waterfall, had woven sweet dreams of the glorious, happy, and *good* lives we would live together, when the music of our earthly existence should be our good deeds. But no pleasant memories of those times thronged upon me now; there was only the feeling of vexation that Harry's next words did not tend to decrease.

"Maggie," and there was laughter in the very tones of his voice. "Now tell me in right down good earnest, are you really angry with me—and does it hurt your feelings much—and don't you ever mean to get over it?"

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"Yes, Harry Lee," I almost snapped in reply, as I turned toward him, "yes, I *am* angry with you, and it don't hurt me at all, and I don't mean to get over it, for I do believe I *hate you*, Harry Lee."

"Oh! that's foolish," he laughed, in reply. "You know you couldn't possibly do that, for you love me so much, little gipsy. You've told me so a thousand times," and again the merry brown eyes peeped saucily under my bonnet.

This was too much. He had insulted me, I felt, had made light of the holiest feelings of my heart, and I would punish him. But now I was too deeply incensed to speak, so I sprang away from him with a quick bound, and ran with all my might, unheeding his calls to me to return, until I reached the edge of the orchard, a short distance from the house. Here I paused and looked around, but Harry was not in sight, though I knew that he was following me by the sound of his clear, rich voice singing, "Oh! whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass." It was very evident that he did not yet believe I was so deeply offended, and I resolved that he should realize it to his sorrow. I looked hastily around for a good hiding-place till he had passed. A maple tree, whose branches came very near to the ground, and whose thick, green foliage had often screened me when a child, stood near. As my eye fell upon it, quick as the lightning's flash came the thought, "I'll climb it. What if I am eighteen and engaged? Who cares? besides no one will see me." No sooner said than done. Up I went like a cat, and was just snugly ensconced upon one of the lower limbs, when Harry appeared slowly sauntering along. What was my consternation to see, that, instead of taking the path to the house, he was coming directly to the very tree in which I was perched! He soon reached its broad shade, and, throwing himself carelessly upon the grass without a single upward glance, took a book from his pocket, and went to reading as coolly as if there was no such distressed young damsel as I in the world. I was fairly *treed*. I was puzzled to know whether he was aware of my whereabouts, and was determined to keep me there awhile, or, being resolved to show his indifference, had thrown himself there to pass away the time. "I can stay here as long as you," I thought, defiantly.

Well, we *did* stay. I would not stir a muscle for fear he might hear me, and oh! how wearily dragged the hours, as, in my uncomfortable seat, I watched the shadows lengthen, and the sun sink away to rest in the purple canopied West. At last, overcome by fatigue and the utter stillness around me, I fell asleep, my hands loosed their hold, and, horror of horrors! down I came, with a crashing of the boughs, plump upon the turf, catching convulsively at Harry's head, and, finally, sprawling in a collapsed state at his feet. Here was a pretty *contretemps;* and although I was not hurt, only stunned for a moment, yet, overcome by chagrin and mortification, I remained perfectly motionless, with closed eyes where I had fallen.

As Harry saw this, he paused in the merry laugh with which, after the first start, he had greeted me, and came hastily to my side. I fancied I could see the pained, anxious look upon his face, as he bent over me, saying, "Maggie, darling Maggie, are you hurt? Oh! God, if my folly *should* have killed her," and the hand which took mine trembled violently.

He turned away to go, as I knew, to the spring after some water to bathe my face. I waited until he was at a little distance, then springing to my feet, hastened rapidly toward the house. He saw my flight, and a few rapid footsteps brought him to my side.

"Playing possum, were you, Maggie?" he queried. "But you don't know," he continued, in a grave tone, "how you frightened me. I thought perhaps you were dead, Maggie, and then oh! life would have been so desolate for me, darling!" There was a few moments' silence, and then he spoke again, and the old mischievous tones had returned.

"Maggie, next time you hide, look out for those flowing skirts. The cloven foot will peep out, Mag."

So he had known of my presence all those long hours, and had purposed to weary me. My heart, which his tender words had thrilled with joy, grew hard again. I would make him suffer yet, and I turned toward him so calm and cold that I saw he was startled.

"Harry Lee," I said, proudly, "you mistake me, if you think I can be ridiculed and mocked in this way with impunity. You were not so secure of my affection as that. Henceforth remember, sir, we are but friends," and I turned away.

For one moment he stood as if thunderstruck, then springing forward, caught me by the arm and exclaimed,

"Maggie, you are not, you *cannot* be in earnest. Do you mean it, Maggie, mean that for a mere joke, we shall be separated forever? No, no, you are only jesting with me now; trying to punish me as I deserved for my presumption," and he looked eagerly, wistfully in my face.

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"I am in earnest, Harry Lee," I answered, giving full rein to my passion, and determined that he should suffer to the utmost, "as you will find to your cost."

He grew deathly pale; and at last said, "May God forgive you, Margaret Deane, for thus making a wreck of my life. I believe you are utterly heartless," and he walked hastily away. A moment later he came back to where I stood, took me in his arms, pushed the hair away from my forehead, and I could see in the gathering twilight that his features worked convulsively. Passionately kissing my brow he murmured, "I did not mean those cruel words, Maggie, but I am very wretched. This is worse than death," then adding, "God bless and keep you, darling, and make you happy," he left me.

I watched him until he was out of sight, then walked slowly into the house, up stairs to my own room, threw myself upon the bed and clasping my hands over my eyes wept long and bitterly. What had I done? To gratify my foolish pride and anger, I had cast from me, trampled under foot the dearest boon of happiness the earth contained. And yet, such was my willful nature, I would not have taken one step toward a reconciliation, even though I knew not to do so would be a life time of misery. I had brought it upon myself, and I would bear the consequences. He, I thought, would soon get over it, his studies would occupy his mind, and give him little time for painful thought; besides he was a man, and never, never felt such things as acutely as women.

The next day Harry Lee left the village, and I returned to my usual routine of duties; but, as weeks passed on, the bounding step became slow and listless, the rosy cheek pale, and the joyous tones with which I was wont to greet my father (my mother was dead and I kept house for him) grew sad and low. He noticed the change at last, but, when he questioned me, I told him that I was perfectly well, only the summer heats had overcome me, but with winter's bracing air I should be his own merry girl again. I saw he was not satisfied, and once I heard him say, in wrathful tones, "If that young Harry Lee has been trifling with her he shall pay for it." It was just after a neighbor had been in "to tell us the news," she said, looking curiously at me, and then she proceeded with the information that Harry was engaged to a beautiful girl in New Haven, and they were to be married in the summer, as soon as he had graduated. I bore up bravely as long as her argus eyes were upon me, but when she had gone my forced composure gave way, and I sobbed in anguish. I thought that I was alone, but my father was in the next room and overheard it all. He never spoke to me of it, however, but there was a deeper tenderness in his tones, a more watchful care for my comfort than ever before.

Well, the winter passed. The warm sun awoke the earth and set its great pulse to beating, until forth from its bosom sprang a million forms of beauty. Every living thing seemed sending up a song of joy and praise, but to me there was no joy, no beauty. My heart lay cold and dead.

The spring waned, and summer, in all its glory, was with us.

I was sitting, one bright morn, by the open window, when the sound of wheels attracted my attention, and, looking up, I met the gaze of Harry Lee. By his side sat a radiant creature in the first flush of womanhood. He raised his hat with a respectful bow, which I mechanically returned, and the carriage rolled on.

He was married then. It was all over, that bright dream. Well, God help me, I thought.

That night I wended my way down to the old trysting-place. I do not know what prompted me to go there unless it was to live over that last bitter meeting and parting. I seated myself beneath the old tree, and was soon lost in a painful reverie. The mill stream sang as noisily as of old, the shifting sunlight played coquettishly with the shadows of the leaves upon the grass around me, and was broken into a thousand shining masses by their waving clusters, but I heeded them not.

How long I sat there I know not, but I was suddenly aroused by a strong arm passed around my waist, a hand placing a cluster of half-opened moss roses on my lap, while a manly voice, I knew but too well, murmured in my ear, "Maggie, my own darling Maggie. Can you forgive me now?" I could not speak; my heart was too full for that; but the hot tears gushed from my eyes as I lay still, very still, in the shelter of his arms. Very softly he wiped them away, speaking the while words of endearment which thrilled my heart through and through. Suddenly came the memory of that girl, his wife. I sprang from his embrace, and, for the second time in that place, confronted him with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks.

"How dare you speak to me in that way, Harry Lee," I exclaimed, "when your very word and caress belongs to another?"

"Another! What *do* you mean, Maggie?" asked Harry, looking at me in utter astonishment.

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A light was beginning to glimmer through the darkness which had shrouded me.

"Are you not married, then? Was not that girl with you to-day your wife?" I spoke hurriedly and eagerly.

"No, indeed," he answered, a glad light coming into his eyes as he again drew me toward him. "It was my cousin, Maggie, and the betrothed bride of my chum, Ned Allyn. As if I could marry any one but you, darling."

I need not tell you that there was a wedding in my father's little parlor in the fall, nor how happy I have been all these years, walking down the vale of life by the side of my noble husband. May God give you as bright a lot, dear reader.

THE INVALID.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

I SHALL not always dwell
  Beside this peaceful hearth,
Soon will a tolling bell
  Announce me—"gone from earth."

There they will pillow soft
  This throbbing head of mine,
Nor hear me sighing oft,
  As in the olden time.

These hands, so thin and white,
  Will ne'er unclasp again,
Nor move, as through these nights
  Of heavy, restless pain.

Now—now I may not lie
  Out on the short green grass,
To look up to yon sky
  And watch the white clouds pass;

I may not bathe my face
  In early morn's sweet dew,
Nor move me hence a pace
  The long, bright days all through;

I may not hear the wind
  Breathe through the maple grove;
I may not look to find
  The early flowers I love;

The little silver stream
  That winds down through the glade,
Where once I used to dream
  Beneath the birch trees' shade,

Sings all the day; but I
  Shall never hear it more,
The pleasant hours go by
  And shut the open door.

But soon I shall lie down,
  And take my peaceful rest,
With sunshine all around.
  And flowers above my breast;

Then o'er my narrow bed
  Bright moons will wax and wane,
But this poor throbbing head
  Be free from all its pain.

My soul doth yearn to pass
  Where Summer noons are fanned;
And when you say at last,
  "Gone to the spirit land,"

You will not weep for me,
  Nor wish me here again,
Where every sigh I heaved
  And every throb was pain.

LONELY HOURS.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

LONELY hours, oft as spectres
  Clothed in a cimmerian hue!
Come to rouse our dormant spirits
  To a retrospective view:
Oft they germ a ray of sunshine,
  Life's probationer to cheer;
Yet they ever mingle phantoms
  That oppress the spirits here.

When fair Spring, bedecked with flowers,
  Swoons in Summer's lap away—
When the golden reign of Autumn
  Yields to Juno's icy sway—
When the shades of sweet contentment
  On the gloomy spirit lowers—
When the charms of life grow dreary,
  Then are felt those lonely hours!

Oh! 'tis sad to muse and reckon
  Golden plans, now obsolete!
Or to count the regal pleasures
  Buried 'neath Time's fleeting feet!
Childhood—with its fragrant blossoms;
  Manhood—with its blooming flowers;
Come to us in memory's traces,
  When age shades our lonely hours!

Yet they're welcome—those lone hours—
  To the mental-mirrored grove!
May their isolated mission
  Antedate of peace and love!
May they paint upon life's canvass
  Visions of eternal flowers,
Blooming in an Eden garden,
  Ne'er oppressed with lonely hours!

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 219.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE the assembly within the minister's house was in that wild state which follows an event which no one thoroughly understands, Joshua Leonard came in from the orchard, where he had been superintending a swing, on which some of the little folks had been amusing themselves, till the twinkle of a star or two between the apple tree boughs warned them that night was coming on.

As the strong man came in, anxious glances were cast upon him, and the whispers that had been running from group to group were hushed.

"Ah!" he said, all in a glow of cheerfulness, won from his kindly exercise among the children, "it takes us young folks to enjoy ourselves. How can you all mope here?"

No one answered, but the guests looked at each other with significant glances, and broke up into pairs gliding away from his path.

"Where is Amy and the old woman?" he inquired, without much heeding this constraint among his friends. "It's getting nigh on time to go home, I reckon."

No one answered him. But that moment Dr. Blake came out of the little room, which everybody knew as the minister's study, and, laying his hand on Leonard's arm, drew him in and closed the door.

The minister was sitting by a little table, from which many a score of sermons, with innumerable heads, had been given to the people; a single candle shed its light on his face which was more than grave, and he looked toward the door with a troubled eye as Leonard entered.

"What is this?" said the mill owner, a little bewildered by the gloom which filled the little apartment. "Oh! you wish a reckoning of accounts. Very good, we have all given in our contributions, and I have a list set down with a pencil. Short reckonings make long friends; it won't take more than half an hour, any way."

The minister looked at Dr. Blake imploringly. He had no courage to execute the task imposed on him; the unconsciousness, the easy kindness of Leonard's manner went to his heart. It was like dealing a death blow between the eyes of a Newfoundland dog while looking trustfully in your face.

"Be it so," said Dr. Blake, in answer to this mute appeal; and in after days he spoke of this as the greatest trial of his life. "Be it so, I will speak to brother Leonard, and may the Lord of hosts be with him and bear him up."

"Amen!" whispered the minister, shading his eyes with a hand that shook in the candlelight.

"What is this?" cried Leonard, becoming alarmed. "What has befallen? Anything to our Amy?—anything to her mother?"

"Sit down," answered the minister, softly—"sit down, brother."

Leonard sat down as he was requested, looking first at his friend, then at the minister in a stern, questioning way, for he began to feel that there was something terribly wrong.

The doctor sat down also, but it was some moments before he could speak. At last, with all his manhood, he was able to utter a single world only,

"Brother!"

Leonard turned his honest, questioning eyes on his friend.

"Brother, I begin to wish we had spoken of this before. It is hard to bring trouble on an old friend."

"If there is trouble for me, doctor, speak out, I hope I can bear it with patience. God has been merciful to me hitherto. Shall I not take his crosses as well as his blessings? So long as the woman and her child are not smitten, I can bear anything."

"But it is through your child that this trouble comes. God help and forgive her!"

"Forgive her, my child, our Amy! What has she done? Oh! brother, tell me, what has she done?"

Dr. Blake shrunk away from the wild questioning of those eyes. The minister shrouded his face with one pale hand, while he reached forth the other and grasped that of Leonard's, which lay half-clenched upon the table.

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"Speak to me—speak to me, I can bear this no longer," cried the poor father.

The minister bent down his head, grasped the hand which began to struggle and shake with both his, and began to speak in a low, rapid voice, like one who fears to stop lest his breath or courage should fail.

It was terrible to watch that strong man, as the story of his daughter's disgrace was unfolded to him; the whiteness of death crept slowly over his noble face; his hand grew cold as ice; drops of anguish stole out on his broad forehead, and stood there like globules of ice. But he listened in silence—that which the society had known long he heard at last—how Arnold had been at his house, evening after evening, alone with his daughter, while he was at lectures and prayer-meetings—how, but why go into the harrowing details of his disgrace, of her terrible downfall?

"And now," said the minister, with tears in his eyes, "now we can delay no longer. We had hoped that something might have prevented the painful steps we are now compelled to take."

Leonard did not speak, but a terrible anguish smouldered in his eyes.

"She is a member of our society; without confession and atonement, no sinner can remain in communion with God's people."

The shudder that crept through that strong frame made the table on which the unhappy father leaned tremble visibly, and a low groan broke from his lips.

"We have been forbearing, we have prayed for you, wept for you, brother Leonard; nay, against such evidence have been resolutely unbelieving in the poor child's actual guilt. We were fain to believe that a secret marriage had taken place somewhere; but now certain news comes that the young man is about to wed another person."

Leonard started and looked up with a sharp, burning glance. The minister understood it, and answered sadly,

"Yes, news came to-night that Benedict Arnold is about to marry the young French woman, who spent last Thanksgiving at his father's house."

Here Leonard started to his feet, dashed the minister's hand from him, and turned his white face upon Dr. Blake. Then the agony that tore him broke forth.

"Is this thing true?"

"I have feared it long—known it of a surety during the last two months," answered the doctor.

Leonard strode toward the door, then came suddenly back, and, leaning hard on the table with both hands, spoke to the minister.

"Wait, have a little patience before you bring the young cretur that was my child into the broad aisle for public scorn. She will not stand there alone. I call on you both to witness that I, Joshua Leonard, have been a God-fearing man since the beard was black on my chin, but if this young man crosses my path I must kill him!"

"Brother!" almost shrieked the minister, trembling in all his limbs at the whirlwind of human passion that rushed by him.

"Joshua Leonard!" cried the doctor, in a voice of stern rebuke, seizing the hand that Leonard lifted heavily from the table as he ceased speaking, "have you forgotten that vengeance belongeth to God?"

He might as well have grasped an iron gauntlet, for any response that hand gave to his, or have argued with a whirlwind when it tears an oak up by the roots. The bosom tempter that had dwelt with that man almost unsuspected from his birth up, had been his pride—the strong, inborn pride that had its growth in a vigorous, independent nature. Now they were tearing it up root and branch, and rebuked him that he struggled against the tempest that was to make his heart a desert. After a time, "the still small voice" would whisper through all this whirl of passion, but it was not yet.

Again he strode to the door and opened it. There, upon the other side, he found his wife, her cheeks crimson and wet with tears that she was trying to wipe dry with a gorgeous silk handkerchief, while she indignantly refused the consolation which half a dozen of the sisters were offering.

"Come, Joshua, come home. This isn't the place for you and I. There's neither charity, nor truth, nor the milk of human kindness anywhere for us and ours. No, sisters, don't speak; I know what I'm a-saying, and stand by it. You're slanderers, unbelievers, blasphemers! Do you hear? Yes, you are; for she, my Amy—our Amy, Joshua—is innocent and good as a little child, and of such is the kingdom of heaven—there! Come, Joshua, come, husband. It's high time to be a-going when human beings can say what these sisters have been trying to make me believe."

Leonard did not seem to know that she was speaking, but suffered her to put her arm through his, and walked on, without heeding the crowd that drew respectfully back, or the glances of Christian sympathy that followed

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him; but she called out, with hysterical force, "Yes, its my duty—I forgive you one and all; but don't ask me to forget, for I can't do it."

Leonard literally did not hear this. His faculties were locked up. He walked forth like an iron man.

The couple got into their one-horse wagon, and drove home. Leonard was hard and silent all the way; while the good wife sat folded in her shawl, crying bitterly, but with a hushed grief; for, now that she had no one to struggle against, her high spirit broke down, and many thoughts came to her mind that left her completely heart-broken.

"What if it were all true?"

It would force itself upon her: first as a doubt; then a dread; then—God help the poor mother!—almost as a certainty. How many little things came crowding to her mind, each bringing its bitter proof of what she dreaded to believe, resented against herself, and yet could not drive out of her heart!

When these feelings had fastened themselves upon her, she felt the yearning want of contradiction with which the soul strives to fling off a painful belief.

Had he heard it? Did his heart prove traitor to his wishes, as hers was doing? She longed to know, but felt an unwarrantable dread of disturbing the silence into which he had fallen. At last she reached forth her hand, touching his arm with a strange feeling of awe.

"Joshua, you don't believe it? Oh! do speak and say just that."

He attempted to answer, but the words of shame grew husky in his throat and died there.

"Won't you speak to me, husband?"

"Yes, mother—no, not that; you ain't a mother now, only a poor, childless woman, who will never lift up her head again."

"And you turn agin her too! Oh! Joshua, who will stand by her if we believe that?"

He did not answer, but a low, hoarse moan told that an effort had been made.

"Oh! father, does your heart ache like that?" cried the wife, piteously.

"It will never stop aching," he said, heavily.

She had nothing more to say. The conviction of Amy's guilt closed more and more darkly around her own mind—what could she say?

Meantime Amy had fled homeward with wild speed. She did not seek the highway, for there would be wagons and groups of old neighbors going home from the donation party. They would ask her to ride, might question her of the reason why she was on foot and alone. No, she would avoid all living things. The fields were wet and misty with dew, but she took no heed of that, nor cared for the stone walls and rail fences that blocked her passage across them. Once or twice she stopped and looked vaguely around, like a deer seeking some covert. Then she would spring forward, and struggle through the moist grass till her garments were wet through and through. There was fever in her blood, and the dampness did her good. More than once she stooped down to the red clover tufts and white daisies, that seemed to have closed themselves against her, and, sweeping up handfuls of dew, bathed her lips and her burning forehead. But nothing would appease the fire within except sharp motion. So away she rushed through the sweeping grass, while the bent, but scarcely trampled meadow flowers, started back as if affrighted from her tread; and the pure stars looked down upon her in heavenly sorrow, that anything they and the angels knew to be innocent should take that guilty seeming.

Amy went homeward, not with any definite intent, but because she had no other place in which to hide herself. Indeed she had no formed wish or plan; but, like a wounded bird, fled onward to escape the great pain aching at her heart.

At last she came within hearing of the Falls—within sight of the mill and of her father's cabin. Everything was dark there. The rushing waters made her stop and think. What if she turned that way—not toward the saw-mill, the thought of those dark logs made her nerves creep; but higher up in the rush of the whirlpool, where the starlight could fall upon her as she died?

As this thought held her in thrall, a whip-poor-will, hid in some tree back of her father's house, began to wail forth his protest; and, strange to say, there was something in his song that won her away from the evil temptatien that was drawing her fascinated toward the Falls. It seemed like some friend, who had known trouble, calling her away home.

The cabin was dark and still: No light but the stars—no sound but the whip-poor-will, who seemed plaintively bewailing her sorrow. There was little occasion for bolts in those days, a latch-string drawn in was sufficient indication that no one was at home. Amy felt for the knot to this leathern thong, and let herself in. A few gleams of starlight stole after her, so that she was not left in utter darkness. But, now that the poor child had reached home, what could she do? In a few moments her parents might be there. She must meet them

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—must look in her father's face. The thought drove her wild; she turned and prepared to flee again. Ah! if her mother would but come alone! but that kind, stern father, she could not meet him!

But where could she go? Who would receive her? Where in the wide, wide world was there a roof to shelter her, save that which now seemed to frown her away? As these dreary questions sunk into her heart, she heard a sharp rattle of wheels coming up the road. It was her father and mother.

Amy started, and attempted to rise, but her limbs gave way; her breath seemed to stop in her throat, and, before she had power to move, the wagon stopped, and she heard her parents coming. Desperation gave her strength, and she stood up; but the corner into which she had shrunk was dark, and the room seemed to be empty to the two persons who darkened the door.

"She is not here! Oh! Joshua, she has not come home! Where can my child be gone?" cried the good woman, calling piteously, and beating the air with her hands. "They have driven her wild! They have hunted her to death! She is lost—dead!"

"Hush!" commanded the stern-voiced man. "It would be a mercy if what you say is true!"

"Oh! Joshua! Joshua! she is our child—our only child!"

"No, not our child. She was as the apple of this eye, but I pluck her out."

A sharp, low wail broke out from the darkness of the room; then, with the fleetness of a bird and the stillness of a ghost, Amy passed by her father and away. He saw her a moment, flitting through the starlight which fell across the road; then she was suddenly engulfed in the black shadows of the saw-mill.

"Oh! Joshua! Joshua Leonard! what have you done? It was our own poor angel child, for she is an angel! Cover her with sin and iniquity like a garment, heap ashes on her head, and she would come out white as snow compared to them that make charges agin her! What have you done, Joshua Leonard, but turned, like a pelican of the wilderness, agin your own flesh and blood! Why don't you speak? Why don't you move? Can't you call out and bring her back, as the prodigal father called for his son? Amy! Amy!"

Poor woman! her voice was so choked with the passion of her grief, that what she meant for a shout scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper.

"Oh! mercy! mercy! God has taken away my voice! Shout! you hard-hearted man. Scream till the woods ring! My child shall not be turned out of doors!"

Her voice broke forth now. She struggled past her husband, pushing him aside with force, and ran wildly up the road, calling with frantic grief for her child.

"Come back, Amy—my own—own Amy! Come back and take poor mother along, since he turns agin us, and believes us guilty, and wishes us dead, we'll leave him all that there is, and go off into the cold, wide world all alone. Amy! Oh! Amy, do speak to your mother! She loves you just as well as ever! She'll stand by you, right or wrong! She'll die for you—starve for you—work for you—she'll go down on her two knees to that committee and beg 'em to let you off! If they won't do that, she'll stand up by your side in the broad aisle of the meeting-house, afore the hull world, and tell 'em all that it was her own fault—that she did it all by her miserable way of bringing you up! Come back, Amy darling! come back to your mother!"

But there was no answer to this pathetic cry. It rang through the darkness of the saw-mill, and rolled itself to death among the rushing waters; but, though she paused to listen, holding in her grief, no reply reached her, save that of the whip-poor-will, that sounded harsh and cruel, mocking her anguish, as if the strange voice joined with her daughter's enemies and clamored for punishment.

Then a horrible fear came to her heart: Had Amy plunged into the watery grave from which God had once saved her? Was she then floating, stark and cold, among the logs under her feet? The pangs of her anguish came sharp with the thought. She bent over the black abyss, shrieking forth the unhappy girl's name in heart-rending cries.

Joshua Leonard heard these cries, and they smote through his iron frame as lightning strikes an oak. He had been dumb till now. The sight of his child flitting by him like a ghost, with that pale face turned away from his in terror, had killed the anger in his heart. He had not heard the reproaches of his wife; for the moment every faculty of his being was locked. But the cries of that poor mother brought him to life again. It was terrible to hear them cleaving through the darkness. He started toward the mill; but, as he left the threshold stone, the mother came across the road and passed him. Her face was ghastly in the starlight, and her teeth chattered as with

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cold. She had no reproaches for her husband then; but, seized with pity, threw her arms around him.

"Oh! Joshua, she is dead! We—no, no, I have killed her!"

In the very depths of her sorrow the poor mother was generous; for her life she would not have upbraided him then.

"Did you see her?—hear anything?"

"No, it was all over. Everything was still."

He broke from her arms, entered the house; and, seizing the tinder-box, fell upon his knees, and began to strike out great sparks of fire from a flint and steel.

"Bring the lantern. She may have hid herself from fear of her father. God forgive me! Bring the lantern!"

Mrs. Leonard opened a door, and took the lantern from its nail in the cellar-way, but she was obliged to kneel down on the hearth and take hold of the candle with both hands while her husband lighted it; and then the flame quivered, as if a high wind were passing by, from the irrepressible trembling of her limbs.

When the candle was locked into its tin prison, the miserable pair went down to the saw-mill together. Pale and shivering they wandered together around the heaped up boards and logs, calling Amy softly by her name, in dread of frightening her by loud tones, but they found nothing to indicate her presence, living or dead.

Leonard held his lantern down through the floor till the black waters reddened to its glare. His wife leaned over his shoulder, casting appalled glances into the abyss, but turning every instant to cover her eyes, overcome with dread of finding the terrible thing she sought. Leonard's face brightened a little when he saw that the logs, which lay in the water like great monsters asleep, were dry on the upper surface. Surely if she had plunged to her death in this spot there would have been some motion left in the timbers she must have touched—some marks of water dashed over the bark.

Leonard rose from his knees and stood upright, with a glow of hope in his eyes.

"Our God is merciful, she is not here," he said, with tears streaming down his rough cheeks.

His wife gave a sob and flung herself into his arms, crying like a little child.

He kissed her tenderly, wiped the tears from her face, and pressed it against his bosom.

"Ah!" he said, with humility, "how much better you are, wife, than I am; how much better in the sight of God!"

"Dear me! No, no, Leonard, don't say that!"

"You had the grace to forgive at once. It was I, the strong one, who drove her away, our poor, weak child!"

"Don't, Leonard, you break my heart. If she could but see you now, the very look of your eyes would bring her back."

Leonard took up his lantern, and, passing one strong arm around his wife, who began to look hopefully up to his brightening face, went out of the mill. He held the lantern low as he reached the firm ground, searching for tracks in the grass. He found none, however; but in the dust of the road, rendered moist by a heavy dew, small footprints appeared, which he knew to be Amy's.

"She is alive—she is alive; we shall catch up with her in a little while," cried the glad mother. "Won't we be good to her, and comfort her, and stand up against the whole world for her, Leonard?"

"With God's help, my wife!"

"Oh! of course; I meant that only it seems so easy to forgive one's child without help, you know."

Thus talking together, these not altogether unhappy parents traced the footsteps of their erring child along the dust of the road, till they disappeared in the hoof-prints and wagon tracks of a cross road that led from the festival at Norwich.

"She has gone back to the minister's," said the father, pausing in his walk.

"Yes," answered the mother, with a thrill of yearning tenderness, "it is up yonder she has gone. Her own mother would not comfort her, so she went to our best friend."

"Sit down here, and we will wait till she comes back," answered the father, with a deep swell of the heart; "poor child! how tired and broken-hearted she must be."

They sat down together on the trunk of a newly-fallen tree, which lay upon the sward on one side of the road; and thus with their arms around each other heavy-hearted, but comforted in the best of all human love, that which springs from time, they watched and waited for the coming of their child. Few words passed between them; but sometimes, when the night air chilled his wife, he would gather her in his arms and comfort her against his heart.

It was long after midnight when these two stricken people arose, wearily, and returned home, saying softly to each other,

"Never mind; our child will come back tomorrow, then she will know how much we love her."

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CHAPTER XXI.

Amy had left the house from fright alone. The sound of her father's voice, in stern denunciation, fell like iron on her heart. She was out-doors, and fleeing along the shadowy side of the road before a thought of where she was going entered her mind. She was tired now—a little rest made her feel how tired—and she longed to lie down on the turf, in some corner of the fence, and die. But she dared not rest, or sleep. Some one might pass by, and, seeing her there, guess that she had been driven forth by her father—her dear, good father, whom she loved so dearly, and yet had offended beyond hope of pardon.

The delicate reticence of her nature shrunk from this exposure, so she wandered on till the very tree, on which her parents afterward watched so many hours, tempted her to sit down. Here a feeling of utter dreariness fell upon her; homeless, friendless, disgraced, ill, what could she do? where could she go, back to her parents? Alas! she had no courage for that. Who on the wide earth would give her shelter now? She thought over all her meagre list of friends; was there one who would not pull in the latch-string when she was seen to approach in the desolation of her disgrace? She could not hope that there was.

Then Amy thought of her lover with a sort of dreamy pain. He had left her to all this—betrayed her into something worse than death. She wondered if he guessed at her present distress, and if the knowledge would give him a moment's uneasiness. Then she fell into a sort of apathy, and would believe nothing, not even what Hannah Arnold had said, nor the stern words of her own father. Her feet were wet; her limbs were chilled; but there was strange heat in her forehead. Altogether, it was insanity that possessed her, else why was she there so cold, and at night? Why did she think such wicked things of him? Why did she so long to creep away and hide herself forever and ever?

I think Amy fell asleep a moment, but a wagon coming down a distant hill aroused her; she must not stay there. But alas! her limbs were so heavy, her poor frame so terribly chilled that she could hardly move, and fell back from the stone wall that she attempted to climb, trembling with weakness.

Then what would she find on the other side but long, wet grass, and stones harder than the hearts that had condemned her? A friend—had she one on earth?

It might have been some pitying angel that reminded her that moment of Hagar, and her last words in the orchard. She forgot that the negro woman belonged to *his* father; or, if she remembered, the idea brought vague comfort with it. Yes, she would go to Hagar, whose words had been so full of pity.

The wagon was close by now, or she might have dropped off into lethargy again. As it was, she started up and walked steadily forward till she came in sight of the Arnold mansion. A light burned in the front room after the fashion of those times; Hannah was sitting up with her betrothed husband, and their happy, low voices, as they conversed by the open window, floated out on the air, mocking the poor wanderer, who stood leaning upon the gate looking at them through her blinding tears. It was now late at night; so Hannah arose, with a happy blush on her cheek, and bade Paul good night, placing her hand in his with the sweet confidence which follows a full avowal of mutual affection.

Hannah had left the minister's directly after Amy's departure, and thus escaped the whispers and half-spoken scandal that followed the poor girl's flight, else there would have been tears instead of roses on that young cheek, for she loved Amy Leonard with her whole heart, and grieved silently at the change which promised her another sister-in-law.

Amy saw Hannah stand up drooping toward Paul like a flower on its stalk, till her lips met his in the first kiss of their betrothal. How tenderly he laid his hand upon her head! with what gentle respect he led her to the door, and whispered good night!

Amy saw it all, and the bitterness of her own fate pressed upon her with cruel force. She could bear the scene no longer, but opened the gate and stole round the house, hushing her breath as she went.

Hagar slept in a little bed-room off the kitchen—a room which Amy had played in scores of times when she and Hannah were children together. The kind soul was wakeful that night, for she knew something of the sorrow Arnold's engagement to the French girl would bring to that young creature. A sense of wrong oppressed her honest heart; she could not get the pale face of that young creature out of her mind, it haunted her like a ghost as she said afterward.

While she was lying in this half-wakeful state, she heard footsteps coming round the house, and the rustling of garments brushing through the plantain leaves with a heavy sound. Then two hands, beating with their open palms

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against the window, aroused her completely, and she sat up in bed, her wool half-uncurling with fear, and her great eyes riveted on the window.

"Whose dar?—whose dar, I say?" she cried out. "If it's a live pusson, speak out; if it's a ghost, de Lord a massy on us! for I'm alone in dis part ob de dwelling."

"Hagar, oh! Hagar, let me in. You told me to come if I wanted a friend. Let me in, Hagar, I am shivering with cold—I am ready to drop."

Hagar knew the voice and sprang up.

"Hush, Miss, I knows yer voice, and opens to it to once. Jest go round to the kitchen door, and I'll be dar in no time."

The face went away from the window; and Hagar, huddling on a skirt and short-gown, opened the kitchen door.

"Come in—come in, poor little honey bird!" she said, drawing the shivering girl in with both hands. "Don't be afeared, yer welcome as greens in spring time; dar, dar, sit down on de hearth—it's kinder warm yet—whilst I rake open de ashes and blow up de embers."

Amy fell into a great armed-chair that stood near the hearth, and, leaning her head back, sighed heavily. Hagar was busy attempting to kindle up the fire, which ignited slowly; but a few splinters of pine knots soon shot up in a flame, and then Hagar rose from her knees prepared to say some comforting words to her guest, but she was startled to see the white face falling forward on her bosom with the stillness of death. Amy had fainted.

Quick as thought the negress ran to a cupboard, and, seeing a camphor bottle, poured some of its contents into the palm of her hand, with which she bathed Amy's forehead and temples, muttering caresses and words of compassion amid her kind work.

After awhile Amy breathed again, and feebly lifted her head. Hagar ran for a pillow.

"Dar, dar; jes rest yer sweet head agin dat, and take a few drops ob dis 'ere camphor. It'll take de chill right off from yer heart. Dear, dear, how wet yer feet are, and yer go-to-meeting frock!"

Down upon her knees Hagar fell, and, taking off the wet shoes, began to rub the white feet they had chilled with great tenderness, buzzing and purring over them like a cat comforting her kittens.

"Yes, yes, yer got one friend yet, anyhow; and, while Hagar lives, to say nuffin of tudder pusson as is devoted to her, nobody shall hurt yer. Dar, dar, don't yer feel 'em getting warm and rosy as a little baby's feet when its mother kisses 'em? Now try to open yer eyes wide; and if yer could jest smile a little, it'd seem ter encourage me while I go up stairs and call Missus."

"No—no, don't call any one!" pleaded Amy, struggling to sit up. "I can't think how I came here; but your kind words ran in my head all the way; and I forgot that it was at his home you lived. I will drink a few drops of the camphor, Hagar; then give me my shoes and stockings, and I will go away!"

"Go away! No you won't. There!"

"Yes, Hagar, I must; this is no place for me. I was not quite myself, or you would not have seen me here."

"But where will yer go to?"

"I don't know!"

"What will yer do?"

"I don't know!"

"What sent yer away from hum so late o' night?"

Amy turned her head with a moan of pain: but answered nothing.

"Do yer want to go back?"

Two great tears rolled down those pale cheeks, and Amy whispered sadly,

"I cannot go there, Hagar. It is not my home any more!"

"Den der's only one thing ter be said 'bout it; here you is, and here you'll stay till morning, sure. I'll jest hang over de tea-kittle and make a hot cup o' tea, which you shall drink in comfort, while I rub yer feet till dey burn agin. Arter dat, per'aps yer tell me something else that'll do yer good. Hark! I hear somebody a-coming down stairs. Wasn't dat a creak?"

Amy started up, and, regardless of her naked feet, prepared to escape; but Hagar forced her kindly into the chair again, striving to pacify her fright.

"Dar—dar now, honey bird! don't be skeered, yer haven't nothing but friends under dis roof, anyhow; nobody kin come as isn't glad ter see yer. So jes sit still and stop shaking! It'll do no good; and, what don't do no good, is wasting de Lord's precious time."

The poor, weak girl suffered herself to be controlled, though her eyes, now wide open and burning with affright, were turned upon one of the doors like those of a chained gazelle.

The door opened a little, and a sweet voice called out, "Hagar."

"Well, Missus," answered the handmaiden, "what am wanting?"

"Nothing, Hagar. Only I heard a noise in

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the kitchen, and, as everybody was in bed, fancied that something might have happened."

"Something has happened! Look here—look at dis poor lamb; stand by her, Missus, or her death'll be on our heads as sure de Lord knows what's what. Come here, Missus; kneel down by de side of Hagar, and pray Armighty God to forgive dem as has brought her to dis. It'll be praying for yer own son!"

Mrs. Arnold came into the room at this appeal; her white bed-dress sweeping the floor; and her sweet, old face shaded by the borders of her night-cap; the face was anxious; the eyes full of tender compassion. She stooped over Amy and looked into her averted face, as the angels look when they pity us most.

"Amy, my poor child, has this news troubled you so much?" she said, stealing one arm across the young girl's shoulders, and resting the head on her own motherly bosom.

Amy's eyes were closed; but a gush of hot tears rained over her cheeks.

"I am sorry, you can't think how sorry. Indeed, Amy, we all had hoped otherwise; we loved you, and will always love you dearly. No stranger ever can seem so much like a daughter to me."

Amy could only answer with convulsive sobs; but she lifted her arms and clung to Mrs. Arnold.

"Ah! this is terrible; I feared something, but not this entire heart-break," said the gentle lady. "What can we do, Hagar? Is there no way of comforting her?"

Hagar stood looking at her mistress as if she wondered at the question. Then she took Amy from the arms that enfolded her, and, laying her head on the pillow, beckoned Mrs. Arnold to follow her into the bed-room.

Amy was worn out with weeping, but her frightened eyes followed them wildly; and she made a struggle to get up, but fell back again, and lay helpless, listening to the sound of Hagar's voice in the next room, for terror had hushed the storm of her grief.

When Mrs. Arnold came forth again, her mild face had changed so that you would hardly have known it. She seemed like a criminal who had just listened to a sentence of death.

Hagar stayed in the bed-room muttering to herself, and denouncing the author of all this woe in order to relieve her own feelings, while she smothered her words that they might not wound her mistress.

Mrs. Arnold went up to Amy, who saw by her face that another was made wretched as herself. Sorrow, commiseration, and horror struggled over those delicate features. She knelt down softly before the young girl and took her two hands.

"What can I do for you, Amy?" she said, in a heart-broken way. "I am but a weak woman, and he is my only son; but, God helping me, this marriage shall never take place!"

Amy gasped for breath; the first hope came suddenly like an arrow, and was sharp as pain.

"Bend down your head, my poor child; tell me everything, for, from this hour, I am your mother."

Amy bent her head, but she had little to say. Arnold had judged well when he bound that delicate conscience with an oath; to have saved her own life, she would not have rendered him more criminal in the eyes of that gentle mother. So the unhappy lady rose up with a conviction that it was the old story—alas! so often told since; but in those days one from which the moral nature recoiled with a sort of terror. This vague feeling Mrs. Arnold could not altogether conquer; she did not caress Amy again, something in the depths of her pure soul prevented that, but she was even humble in her kindness.

"I am his mother," she said, mournfully, "and should have some influence with him. Little as my authority has ever availed, I will go as he has invited me, not to witness this marriage, but to prevent it."

"Can you? Oh! can you?" cried Amy, with renewed life.

"God will help me, for I am doing right; so we will hope. Now go with me up stairs, we shall find a bed in the next chamber to mine; no one shall disturb you. Sleep quietly; for, after this, if you wish it, this house shall be your home so long as it is mine."

Amy bent down her lips and timidly kissed the little hands that held her own; so the two went up stairs together, Hagar delicately keeping out of the way. But all night long the sound of her discontent broke out in muttered denunciations of men in general; and of all French people, male or female, who traveled about, as she muttered even in her sleep, like roaring lions, seeking whom they might devour.

Mrs. Arnold did not leave Amy's chamber till the poor girl sank into that dead, heavy sleep which follows great exhaustion. Then, as the night candle revealed the grief which had eaten all the bloom from that young face, her womanly soul began to yearn tenderly toward the helpless creature, spite of her faults, spite of the degradation which seemed inevitable, and in which her own household must share. Really good

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women are always charitable, always ready to seek for the good which lies under weakness and error, especially among sister women. She has no pleasure in dragging forth evil, and only stoops to it that she may ameliorate and reform it. Deprived of this heavenly privilege, she casts the veil of her own pure thoughts over the deformity of error, as God himself hides the nakedness of winter under robes of white snow and jewels of ice.

So it was with Mrs. Arnold. A less heavenly woman might have sought some excuse for her own child at the expense of this poor girl; but her heart was filled with but one wish, that of saving both from future sorrow. When Amy was quite unconscious, the mother kissed her forgivingly on her lips that trembled even in sleep, and, with her heart full of compassion, went back to her own room.

She did not close her eyes till morning; but instead of dwelling bitterly on the evil that had befallen her house, lay devising means of extrication, hoping for the best; and, under all woes, a sweet, yearning tenderness, vague, but inexpressibly delicate, which brought back memories of that year when her first born son brought with him the heaven of her own maternal life. So when she thought of that son, in his arrogance and selfishness, it was as our Saviour regarded the downfall of Peter with forgiveness, and that increased love which the good are apt to bestow upon the weak. Weak! yes, that was the word! Mrs. Arnold could not bestow the term *wicked* on the son whom she would now only think of as a noble infant smiling on her bosom. It was only Hagar who dealt with the young man according to his own plain, unvarnished iniquity; and even she would permit no other person to breathe a word to his discredit.

When Mr. Arnold awoke in the morning, he found his wife ready dressed and sitting on one side of the bed. It seemed to him that something like the flutter of rose-leaves across his lips had disturbed his slumbers, and he opened his eyes with a smile. He could smile then—that long suffering man—for all the signs of his long degradation had passed away from his face, and from his life. He was, soul and body, a new creature, an earnest, honest man, who had once resolved to act rightly, had grown strong and good. Unlike some reformed inebriates, who are constantly parading past sins, as if there were something in them to gloat over and boast of, Arnold sought to ignore that portion of his life in which his manhood was so cruelly swamped, as if it had not been. He had sinned, repented, and been forgiven, both of God and man. There was something sublime in this, which a reckless parade of his past faults would have destroyed utterly. It is morbid vanity, more than a wish to benefit others, that leads men to hold up even past follies to the world.

But the elder Arnold was not a man of this stamp. The story of his reformation was told plainly in the clear brightness of his eyes—in those firm, compact features, and in a softness of tread which had self-respect and power in it. In all her life Mrs. Arnold had never been so proud of her husband. While he looked upon her in the morning with those dear loving eyes, she could not be altogether unhappy. But now, that she was about to bring new sorrow upon him, her eyes fell, and she was at a loss for words.

"What is it, wife? Something has gone wrong, I see by your face; troubled yet about your share of the donation? Is that it, foolish little woman?"

Poor lady! she had forgotten all about the donation party which had been a trial; and now it seemed so far back, that she wondered how he could remember such a trifle. She shook her head, and a quiver came to her lips.

Arnold took the alarm. There was one point about which his fears always hovered.

"Benedict! Is it anything about him?"

She could not answer him at once, but bent down and kissed his forehead, striving to tranquilize him beforehand with her gentle woman's tact.

"Don't, wife," said the husband, with sharp apprehension in his voice; "where he is concerned, anxiety kills me. You look pale; your eyes are heavy. Speak out, if anything is wrong I can bear it!"

"It is about him; but do not look so distressed; it is a great wrong; but there is time, there must be time to set it right."

"Speak out!"

"I cannot in a word even to you. It is hard to blacken one's own son."

"I know it. God help me, do I not understand that?"

"And a parent, especially a mother, should screen her child from the consequences, even if he has done wrong!"

"You think so? Well, I am glad of it. Your words take a load from my conscience; but you pain me. What is it?"

With a trembling voice and flushed cheek she told him all. When she had done, he was sitting up in bed stern as a rock. "As there is a God to aid me in a just act, this shall be righted," he said, and the husband and wife parted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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MY JOURNEY.

BY CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH.

Do you like traveling alone? I speak to my own sex. Then I wish you had my share of the pleasure! To be alone with books and writing, alone in a garden, alone with one's best friend is heaven itself, if you wish; but to go straying off alone on a journey, frightened by cars, confused by stations, puzzled by changes, oblivious of Baggage, is one of the disciplines of life, or I'm no judge!

Listen to what befell not a week ago. Wishing to pass a long day with a friend in the rural districts, I set forth in a glorious snow-storm the afternoon before, driving comfortably to the station, and, seated in the car, chatted quietly with friends, till the iron demon shrieked and plunged away from them, bearing me on alone.

But a short journey lay before me, some forty miles. I should reach my destination by dusk, and drive from the station with other friends—what was easier? Tranquilly enough I glanced at the faces of my fellow passengers, as one would run up and down the columns of a newspaper; and finding them neither familiar nor strikingly interesting—no poet's corner, laughter-waking paragraph, or thrilling tale among them—I turned to watch the snow, wiping the steamy window lightly with my fur cuff, and sending fancies, airy, vague, aimless, like themselves, to float among the floating flakes outside.

How time flies, and space vanishes when we are dreaming, especially if the dream occur in a railway car! We paused, the locomotive giving a shriek extraordinary, passengers rushing toward the door as if that moment were their last, and the conductor announcing that such as were bound for a list of towns, Northboro' among them, must change cars, at once.

I tranquilly turned to my snow-flakes, rejoicing over fresh air which came in at open doors, a luxury like nectar in that close stove-heat. It flashed through my mind to ask if I, bound for Southboro', ought not to follow those going Northboro'ward; then I thought how like a woman it was to inquire if North didn't mean South; and, with some complacency, resolved to be wiser than my sex.

Alas! ever since Eve, wisdom has been the commencement of troubles! It grew darker, all my brushing at the window-pane would not remove the dimness outside; the conductor came with his lantern to examine my ticket for the dozenth time, punch in it the dozenth round hole, and then to start in dismay, exclaiming, "*Why*, you are altogether out-of-your-way, going to the wrong point of the compass," and, glancing at the empty seat beside me, "you are alone!"

This was agreeable, but perhaps from consciousness of a natural tendency in that direction, I dislike nervous women, and asked as tranquilly as though his words had not thrown me into a fever of fear how the mistake could be remedied.

In no way, immediately; at the small country stations there would be no vehicles for private conveyance. I must find my way through the storm to some tavern at the next stopping, and pass the night there—alone.

It is instructive to observe how a little determination will change the minds of others with regard to can and cannot. In few words my friend was convinced that stop over night at a country tavern I would not, and go to Southboro' I would, in sleigh, or carriage, or on my feet. Looking in my face, and thinking, doubtless, what willful sprites women are, he allowed that if I must go, I must, and, on the whole, could, by traveling a few stations farther, and then making a search for sleighs.

So with fatherly kindness he stood over me, lantern in hand, led me out at length into the storm, and consigned me to a tall, taciturn lad, whom I followed into a station, empty, cold, and dark. The tall lad began poking vigorously at one of those lobster-like coal stoves, without kindling aught, except a very lively aching in my head. I besought him to desist and procure me a sleigh. Looking alarmed as if I could bite him, he faltered forth his first words, that "Mr. Willard was not here yet, and, as for himself, he didn't know—anything." A very just opinion, I concluded.

Do you like traveling alone? Presently Mr. Willard came, knocking the snow from his boots, and talking volubly enough to make up for his deputy's silence. "Where was I going in Southberry? Oh! he knew the Billingses,

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they had a sight of company come in the cars: why hadn't they sent a carriage for me? Left over? that was too bad, passengers left thus every few days: he was saying the directions at Framingham were not explicit enough—and yet, no offence! 'Most every one would know that Northberry must mean Southberry also. Had I come far? From Boston! Then he supposed I went to the monster ball the night previous, Gilmores'—he hadn't seen me there, but you don't notice faces so much in a crowd."

When he paused for breath, I ventured once more on the subject of private conveyances. "Hardest thing in the world to find," he assured me; "a boy had already been sent to the stable, but that was locked; it was always locked, or the vehicles out of order; he would try again; and—Miss Willard would be waiting supper: could I excuse him for awhile?"

He went, the deputy had gone, a big dog growled in a corner; and the room was filled with smoke from a kerosene lamp: this I continued to screw down, and with difficulty pushed a window open for ventilation; then moved a chair toward the stove, which, crackling now within, seemed somewhat companionable. Dear Zimmerman, solitude is better in books than railway stations!

Fire always tranquilizes and makes us philosophical. I watched red coals drop into the ashes beneath and go out, and considered how thus, all life through, red-hot hearts of youth were dropping into the gray of years, and going out. Then I thought how little, three hours ago, I had dreamed of being in such a predicament as the present, and how evenly heaven's compensations fell to us all. Three hours ago, asleep on a silken sofa, with a frescoed ceiling above; two hours ago, driving in town screened from the snow so tenderly, chatting so merrily with friends the best on earth—none better up in heaven! and now in perplexity and danger, cold, hungry, *alone.* It was just, I felt even there. Why should I grow languid and dreamy amidst silken sofas, and gain no strength from the sweet uses of adversity?

I inspected the room. What uneven eyes fall sometimes to a mortal lot! In the somewhat ambitious and well-kept furniture, not a single piece stood in right relations with its surroundings: the railroad maps, the clock, and some evergreeen wreaths, hung askeer between the doors, and at unequal distances from the ceiling; with a perceptible attempt at order, the sofa stood one-sidedly between the windows; the chairs were all at zig-zags; the lobster-like stove was neither at the side nor in centre of the room; the lamp was one-sided and threw one-sided shadows. But lo! at one side came in my friend Mr. Willard, and I forgave his eyes and every other sin, as indiscriminately as any well-paid priest his penitent.

The town, if I believed him, had been searched, and never a vehicle found, except an open baggage-wagon, which, of course, he declined, not wishing to send "one of Mr. Billingses' folks" so far in that style. To express regret was ungracious, but I implored that any future conveyance, of whatever sort, might be secured; I would ride in a wheelbarrow rather than wait.

Another messenger arrived—the deputy; and there followed a call to the adjoining room, a whispering and a stir, which made me fear they were letting slip some new opportunity. My dread of fussiness gone, I flew to the door, and found my suspicions just. An old chaise stood there, very high and creaky, the veritable one-horse shay of the professor, you would think. "Should Mr. Billingses' friend go in a rattle-trap like that—unsafe too—such a night as this?" the depot-master asked, with dramatic fervor. He was resolved as Coriolanus; but what man cannot be managed by a little honest pathos? Putting my hand on the sleeve of his shaggy coat, he felt through the shag—how timidly, and looking in his eyes—I give the recipe for others' use—I said, "Oh! yes, you will let me have my way. The chaise is safe enough, and I'm tired, and hungry, and frightened, and out of all manner of patience." He did not reply, for I had sprung into the chaise, and it only was left him to wrap the buffalo robe about me and wish me a pleasant journey.

Off we drove into the darkness and snow. The storm was full in our faces, but it was so blessed to be started, at length, on my way toward Southboro'! The snow clogged the chaise wheels, till they dragged, shook, creaked, screeched across it, in a way to keep before me, that my head still ached in the most approved manner. What mattered it since I was not traveling alone?

How then? We were entering a long road which, we could dimly see, led through woods—who was this man I had taken for companion? I turned quickly to look, for the first time, at his face. It was too dark—some bushy, black hair I distinguished, and the rest a mere image of snow.

Perhaps I could find him out by his voice. "The country around here was thinly settled," I observed. "Yes, and especially along this road, which was a new one." That news brought little comfort. I began to wish that

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my watch had been left with the good-natured depot-master; as for my purse, it never yet was full enough to cause apprehensions; and, as for the rest, I felt that, if need were, I could wither him with a touch—in times of emergency an inward strength comes always to our rescue, if we will but trust it.

If! The storm still beat about us; the lights from scattered farm-houses seemed farther off; the woods were denser, the roads worse clogged, and the old chaise creaked more musically. There was a silence in which I had time to reflect: What if the depot-master's hesitation had been caused by doubt of the driver, not the vehicle! and a hundred other what ifs and whys showered into my mind like snow-flakes, till I felt my courage and confidence going out like lamps, and wished—it is such a convenient wish—that I were safe in heaven!

The man spoke now, and his voice reassured me—it was respectful, even timid. Had it snowed in Boston that morning? Glad to escape from my thoughts, I gave him a detailed account of the climate, roads, and vehicles about my home. The latter topic awoke him thoroughly, and he soon showed the depths of his knowledge, compared with the shallowness of mine. Did you ever listen, in entire darkness, to a strange voice? It has as much individuality as a face: every new inflexion reveals a turn of character, or deeply-seated habit. Some voices are violins, some jews-harps, some hand-organs, and some mere wood or stone, that give no vibration, only an echo back. You may learn how much the talker has felt, thought, experimented; how deep or shallow he is; how honest his speech and ways; or how prevaricating. And you learn the difference in human souls; the range of that scale of knowledge, sensation, enjoyment, which runs through all being, "from Newton to the oyster." My driver was no Newton, nor Byron, nor Burns; but an honest countryman, unhappy in that his soul was asleep, happy in that he could not be haunted by doubts, or deeply stung by suffering.

"Tranquil voice, and lip, and eye,
Quiet live, and easy die."

We reached "the Billingses'" door, two snow-images in a chaise of snow, its very creaking muffled out of sound. A ring brought lights to the porch, exclamations, inquiries, rejoicings; and it was very like the end of some old fairy tale, when, unfolding my snowy wrappings, they led me into the dazzling dining-room, where a snowy table stood glistening with silver; a broad wood fire blazed up the chimney; and voices, young and old, filled with their friendly talk, till it seemed but too short—the half hour of waiting for supper. I was no longer *alone!*

But let me close this veracious history with a word of glorification over our dear Americans. Where else in the world could a lone woman have passed through such adventures, everywhere sympathized with, befriended, sent grateful on her way? With conductor, deputy, depot-master, and chaise-man, the unvaried kindness and respect. Peace to them; prosperous be their journeys; long and pleasant the after rest!

THE CHIMES OF READING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

This morning, as I lay in bed,
I heard the bells a-ringing.
The silver chimes, across the hills,
"Glory to God!" wore singing.
My soul leapt up and soared away,
A sudden rapture given.
"Ah, poor are earthly aims," I cried,
"Before the hope of Heaven."

My window looked toward the East:
How still the day was breaking!
The cool, fresh air was in the room,
But not a leaf awaking.
Sudden, a red-bird whistled clear,
A thousand singers timing:
All Nature woke; the sun rushed up:
And louder burst the chiming!

Up through the air, below, around,
The exulting peals went flowing.
They filled all space, yet still the sound
Seemed ever, ever growing.
In one divine, ecstatic song,
All living things were meeting.
The woods, the stream, the vale, the hills,
"Glory to God!" repeating.

Oh! souls, who only care for dross,
Is there no higher caring?
Oh! weary ones, worn out with life,
There's hope for your despairing.
Look up! The Sun of Righteousness
The mist of death has riven.
Glory to God, earth is not all,
Fair as it is, there's Heaven!

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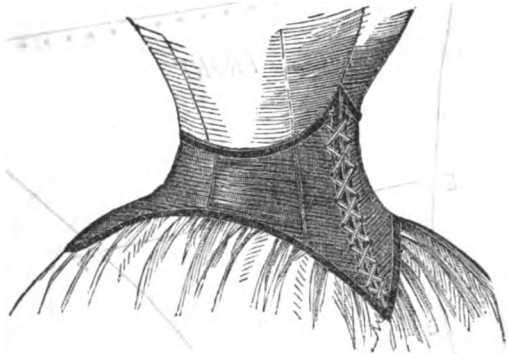
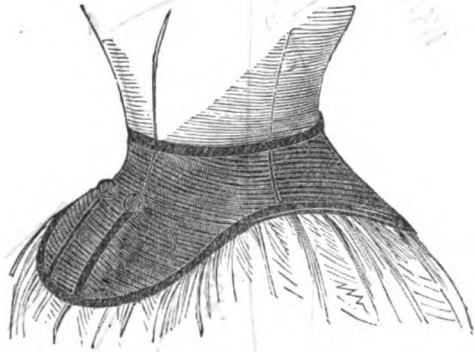
LADY'S WAISTBAND.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



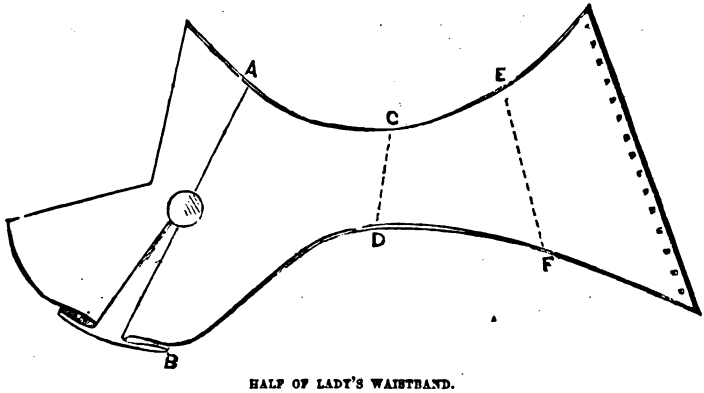
FRONT OF LADY'S WAISTBAND.

THIS new and pretty affair is intended especially for those ladies to whom the short round waist is unbecoming, or for those who object to an untrimmed body. It is laced up the front;



BACK OF LADY'S WAISTBAND.

the under-point, and the little jacket-piece at the back, falling over the skirt; the remainder of the band trims the full, short-waisted body, over which it is worn—the points coming up



HALF OF LADY'S WAISTBAND.

the front and back forming a pretty outline. The half is cut in four pieces, as shown in the above engraving, from A to B, C to D, E to F. The dotted lines, in our next engraving, (see next page) form the pleats behind, and the two pieces, A A and B B, should be joined together.

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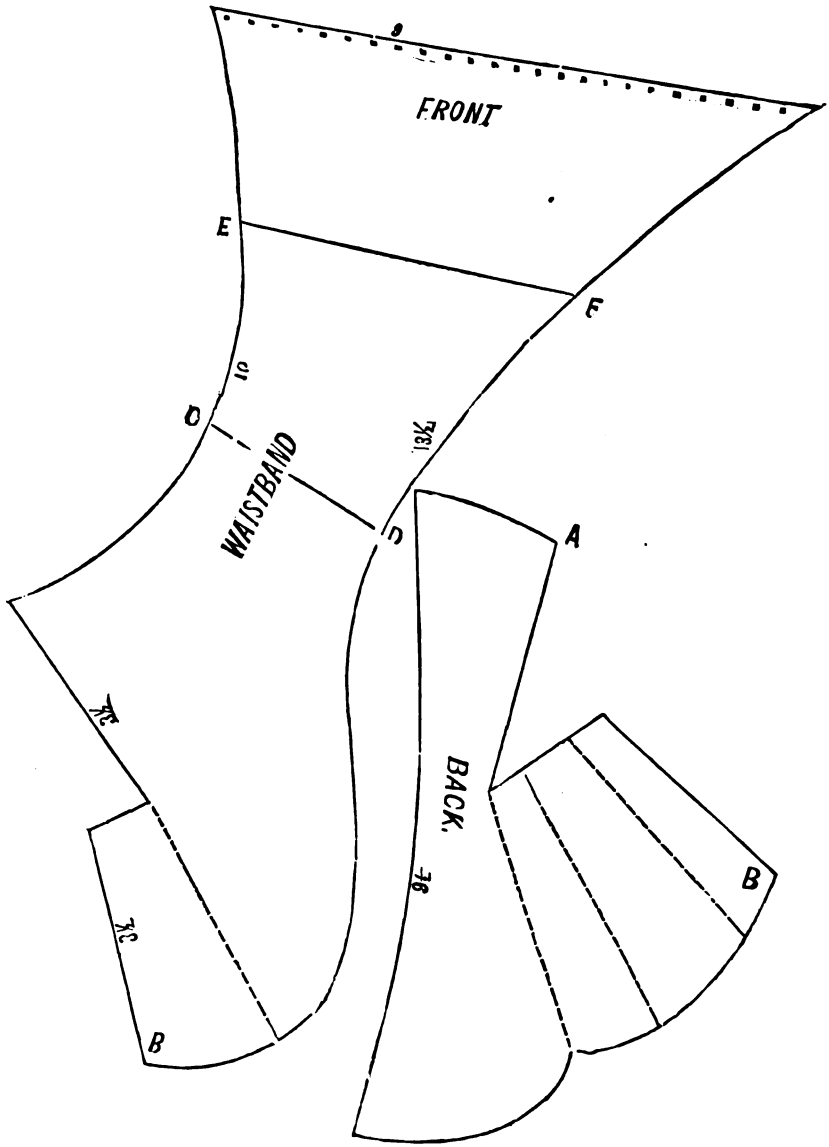
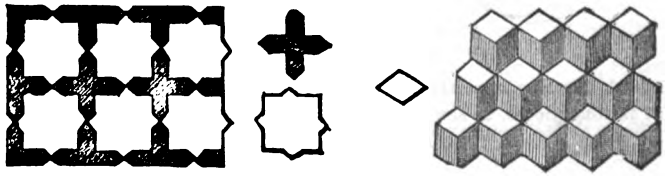


DIAGRAM OF LADY'S WAISTBAND.

PATTERNS IN PATCHWORK.



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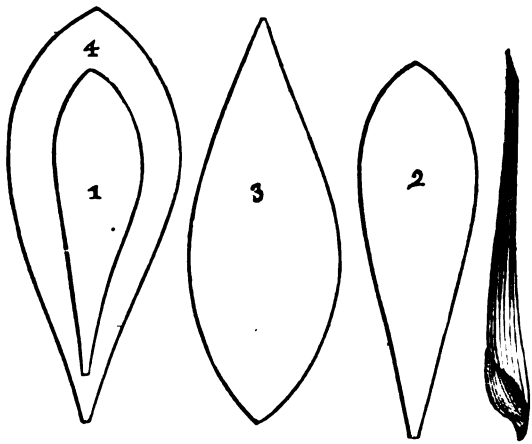
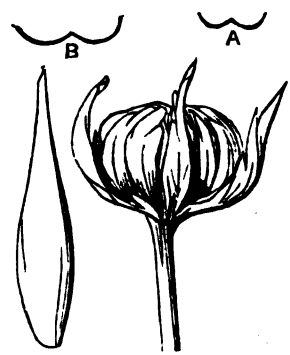
TO MAKE A WAX DAHLIA.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.



The Dahlia is of almost every color, except blue, green, and brown. I should recommend every flower to be made of white wax, and tinted to represent the flower wished for. Some of the pink and yellow Dahlias may be made of colored wax; also those of yellow ground where the edges of the petals are tinged with carmine or purple. The deep crimson and scarlets are all tinted according to the rules laid down in the details of the Carnation; for a bright scarlet, use yellow wax, and tint with carmine as deeply as may be required.

Proceed to make the card-board patterns, four in number, as given in diagram; then select the wax, either white or tinted, according to the flower intended to be represented. Cut about seventy petals as follows: of fig 1, 16; of fig. 2, 18; of fig. 3, 24; and of fig. 4, 12. Commence by pinching the edges rather thin; then proceed by curling the smallest petals round the small end of the bone-pin; the next size a little higher up the pin; the next accordingly, and so on. As the petals 3 and 4 are curled, before commencing the same operation with another, finish the one in hand, whilst pliable, by turning the back uppermost in your fingers; with the bluff end of the bone-pin, pass it gently down the back of the petal, so as to form a hollow, and with the sharper end, form a mark down the centre of the hollow, which will give that ribbed appearance seen in nature, as the section given in diagram A B will show. The petals having been prepared, take a piece of stout wire, and cover the point with a little yellowish-green wax; when this is done, fix on the smallest petals regularly



round, then the next size, and so on in rotation, taking care to place them reversely to each row, until they are all fixed on; then place the calyx (formed of five pieces of green wax), similar to the Camelia; warm the flower a little if necessary (but avoid this process in every instance, if possible); arrange the petals in their natural appearanec; cover the stem of wire with green wax, and the flower is complete. A bud is very effective; to make it, prepare a piece of wire about six or seven

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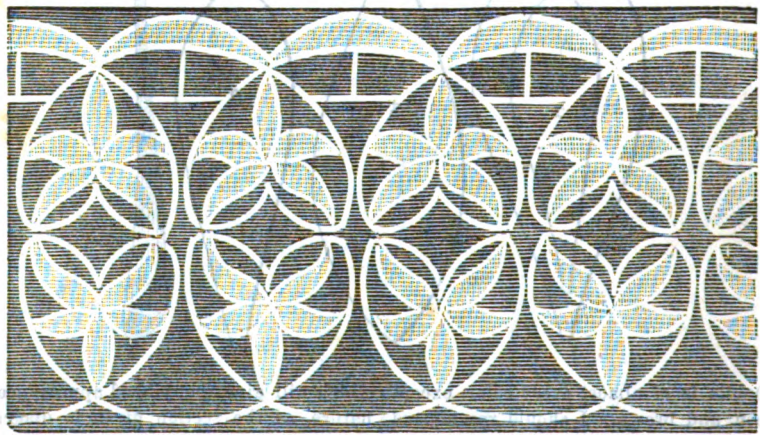
inches long; attach some pieces of refuse wax, about the size of a marble, rather flat at the crown; take a few strips of wax of the same color as the flower; fold in the two sides, and then place as many as may be required (a dozen is sufficient) round the foundation of the bud, allowing the points to meet at the crown; press them closely round; afterward fix on the calyx, formed of five pieces of green wax, as shown in diagram, and the bud is finished.

OPEN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

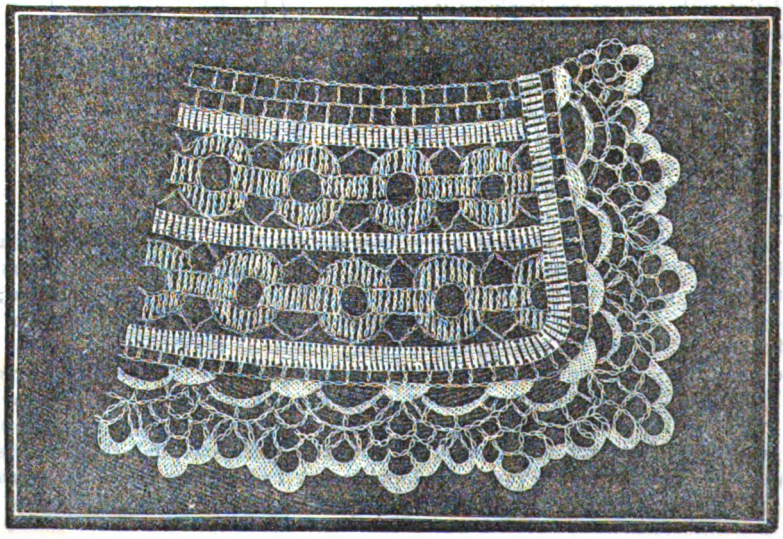
BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS —No. 20 Embroidery cotton, and No. 10 and No. 40 Boar's-head. Fine jaconet muslin, a small blue-ball, or a fine hard drawing pencil.

Trace off the design. Then with 40 cotton slightly sew the No. 10 cotton round the outline, which is continuous, afterward overcast with embroidery cotton. The T-shaped bars at the edge are worked with needle and cotton—then overcast. The edge has two rows of overcasting.

COLLAR IN CROCHET.



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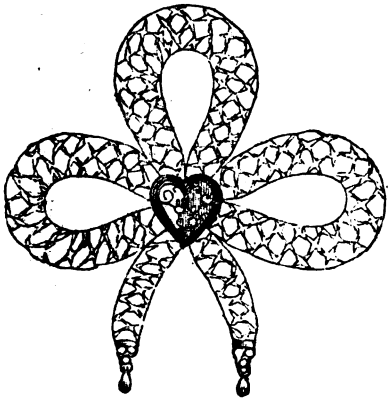
WEAVING OR PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.—NO. II.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS brooch is to be worked in five lengths, three of which—those for the bows—are to measure three inches each, and the other two—those for the ends—two inches each. Lighter weights must be used, and for this purpose leaden bullets of a quarter of an ounce each will do, if a groove be made around them to receive the twist.

Twenty-eight strands, of six or nine hairs each, depending on the fineness of the hair, must be prepared according to the instructions already given. These strands are to be arranged in groups of four; each group being lettered *a b c d*, on the table, and a cross is to be made between two of the groups, to mark the place for commencing each round, as in cut of the table and strands in last number.

1st Round.—Commence with the first group, immediately on the right of the cross. Take strand *d* (or the fourth one) in the right hand, and strand *c* in the left hand, pass the former *over* the latter, and lay them down in each other's places: take strand *a* in the left hand, and strand *b* in the right hand, and pass the former *under* the latter, moving strand *b* into the place of *a*, while the original strand *a*, instead of being laid down on *b*, is carried over strand *c*, and takes its place, this latter passing under it, and becoming *b*. Proceed now to the second group, and weave it in the same way, viz: passing *d* over *c*, and bringing *a* under *b* and over *c*. Continue thus through each group, until the cross is reached. This round is worked to the *right*.

2nd Round.—Take two strands from the group on the right, and two from the one on the left of the cross, and arrange them into a group in the space which intervenes between the two lettered groups, and work them exactly as in the previous round, viz: passing the fourth, or right-hand strand, over the third, and the first, or left-hand strand, under the second, and over the third, then raise up two strands in each hand, draw the woven plait gently up to the tube in the centre, and restore the two strands in the right hand to their places on the *a* and *b* of the first group to the right of the cross, and the two in the left hand to the vacant *d* and *c* in the first group to the left of the cross, taking care not to twist or misplace them, but to see that they come straight from the centre.

Proceed now as follows: Take strands *a* and *b* from the first group to the left of the cross, and strands *d* and *c* from the second group to the left, and arrange these four in the intervening space between the letters on either side; work them in the manner we have just directed, gently draw the knot, or plait, thus woven up to the tube, and replace the strands; continue to repeat this all round until the cross is reached. This round is worked to the *left*

These two rounds constitute the whole pattern, and are to be repeated alternately, first working toward the right and using the original groups, and then working toward the left, and compounding each group. Eight-inch hair will be long enough for weaving the brooch. The tube in the centre must not measure more than an inch in circumference.

A bracelet may likewise be made with this pattern by arranging thirty-two or forty strands in groups of four, and putting twice or thrice as many hairs in each strand. A tube of two inches, or rather more, in circumference, and hair eighteen or twenty inches in length will be requisite.

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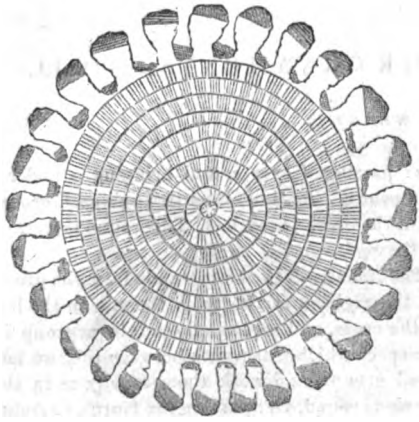
CROCHETED TOILET MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two oz. shaded green zephyr, (single), medium steel hook.

Make a ch of 3, join. Work in sc, widening enough to keep the work flat. Make this centre piece 6 inches in diameter.

FOR THE BORDER.—*1st Row.*—† work 2 sc stitches into 1 stitch of last row; then 1 sc into the next stitch †. Repeat all round the row.

2nd Row.—† work 2 sc stitches into 1 stitch of 1st row; then 3 sc into the next stitch †. Repeat all round the row.

3rd Row.—† work 2 sc stitches into 1 stitch of 2nd row; then 1 sc into the next stitch †. Repeat all round the row. Fasten off the thread.

Lay the work upon a table, and arrange the border as seen in the design. Thread a worsted needle with some of the wool, and sew at every point, both on the inside and outside of the circle.

CRIB COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, is given, printed in colors, a pattern for a Crib Cover, which we have designed expressly for the readers of "Peterson."

MATERIALS.—Twelve oz. white double zephyr, twelve oz. blue double zephyr, medium bone needles for knitting, or long crochet hook if crocheted.

This Crib Cover may be either knitted, or crocheted in the Princess Royal stitch, a description of which we gave in the March number. 16 stitches for the width of stripes, and 20 stitches for the border, which is to be worked in four pieces, narrowing each piece (at both ends) to a point. Crochet the stripes together, and crochet the border on to the centre piece. Embroider as seen in the design. It will be found more convenient to embroider the stripes before putting them together: also the border. The length and number of stripes depend upon the size of cover needed. Finish with tassel fringe of the blue zephyr.

LADIES' EMBROIDERED CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Half yard colored silk, one skein embroidery silk.

In the design, given in the front of the number, may be found the proper shape and size of Cravat, observing to carry out the length of the ends, that they may measure 15 inches each, or else there will not be sufficient length to tie. Embroider as designed, then hold the silk under as marked by the lines B B. A is the half of the piece to fit under the collar, and to which the ends are sewed. It is best to line the collar piece with bobbinet lace. The Cravat may be made of any color plain silk. Embroider either with the same color, or with a shade darker, or with black. These cravats are at this time very fashionable and popular.

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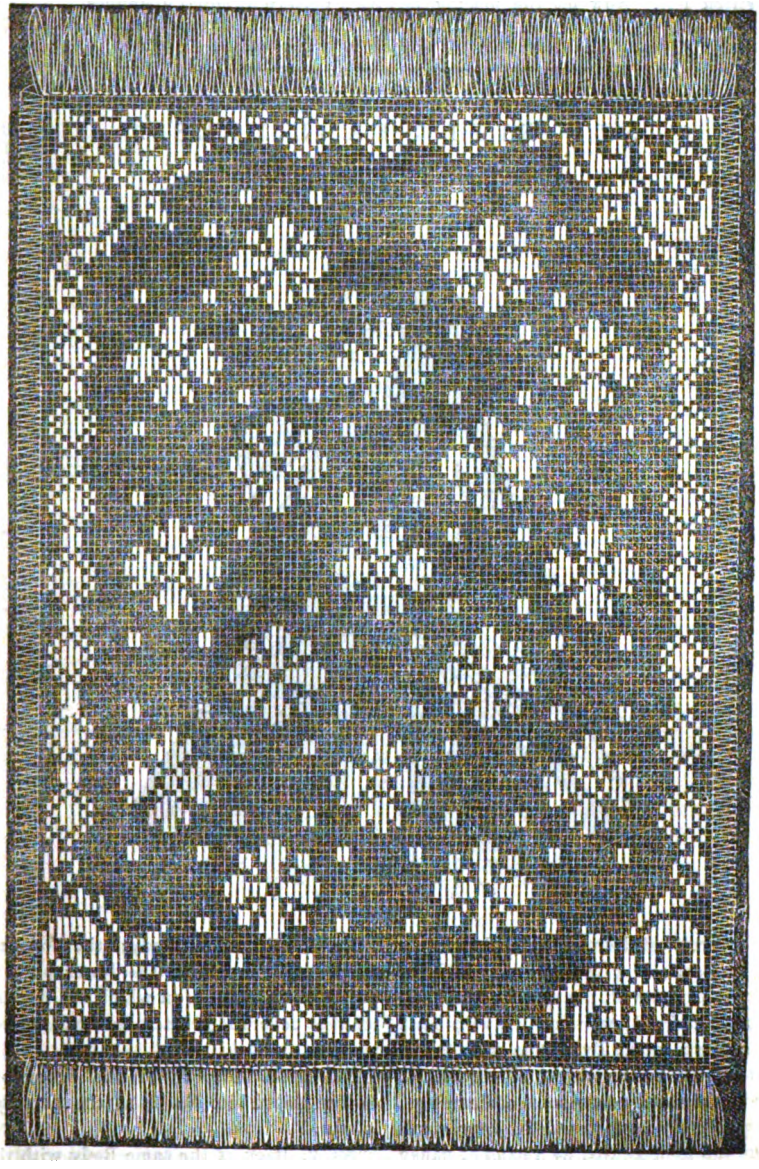
NETTED TIDY.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 6, and Trafalgar cotton for darning; a long netting needle and flat mesh, nearly an inch wide. A large rug needle for darning.

Begin with one stitch and increase one stitch at the beginning of every row, until there are one hundred loops. *This is now the width.* Now to make it longer than it is wide, increase one

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stitch at the beginning of each row, and decrease one at the end of each row, by omitting to net into it, till there are one hundred and forty-two stitches on the long side. This is now the length of the Tidy.

To Finish.—Instead of increasing, take two stitches into one at the beginning of row, and still decrease one at the end of row, till there is only one stitch left. Now let the netting be well washed, starched, and pulled evenly; then left to dry (or, it may be ironed).

To Darn the Pattern, for which reference must be made to the engraving, commence working exactly in the centre of the Tidy. It were well to darn in just the centres of all the patterns first, and these centres are sixteen stitches apart. The dots of darning are worked round each pattern at equal distances.

NEW STYLE FALL DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

One of the prettiest dresses, which has lately appeared in Paris, is given above. It is of mauve silk, trimmed with pansy silk; the body high, buttoned in front; waist round, with band closed by a clasp in the Byzantine style. The lower part of the body consists of corselet of the same silk formed by four rows of drawings, by which the silk is fastened in very small plaits. The top is decorated by a band of pansy silk an inch wide, pinked at the edges on each side, and drawn in the middle so as to form a full ruche. On the next page, we give diagrams, by which to cut out this new style of body.

No. 1. Front of Body; the top, made of mauve silk, is plain; the lower part is composed of the lining on which the drawn corselet that covers it is fitted, as represented in the pattern.

No. 1 *bis*. Pattern of the Front of Body to be placed on No. 1 at the corresponding letters.

No. 2. Back of the same Body with the plain top of silk, and the lower part terminated by the lining and covered by the corselet.

No. 2 *bis*. Back of the Corselet to be applied according to the letters.

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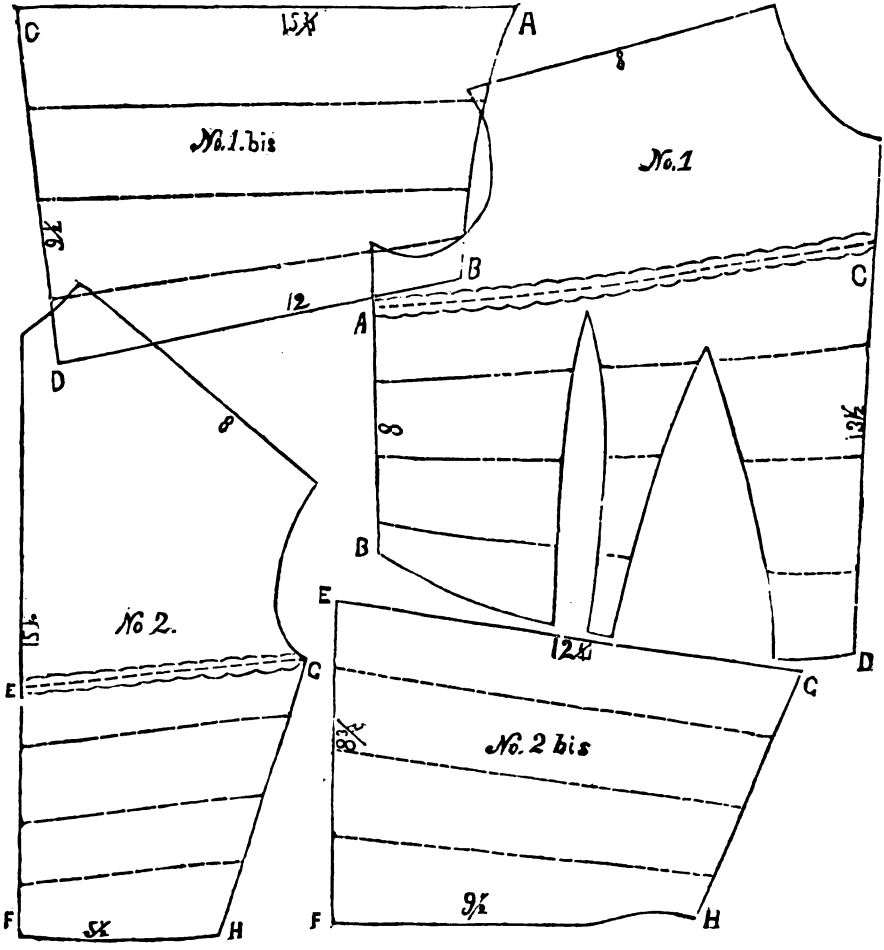

DIAGRAM FOR NEW STYLE FALL DRESS.

WASHING MAT FOR A TOILET STAND,

IN LONG HOOK CROCHET.

BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—Half an ounce each of 8-thread black, pink, green, and shaded scarlet Berlin wool, and a long hook suitable for 8-thread wool.

Explanation of Stitch, which it were well to practice first.

Foundation Row.—Make 15 ch as in ordinary crochet; miss the 1st ch or loop; place the hook through the next; catch hold of the wool at the back; pull it through as a loop on the hook, still keeping it on the hook. Repeat the same to the end of the chains, still keeping all the loops on the hook, till there are 15 loops on the hook.

1st Row.—Twist the wool over the hook; pull it through the two loops nearest the point of the hook, thus working it backward. Twist the wool over again, pulling it through the next two, and continue working backward, till there is only one loop on the hook.

2nd Row.—On examining the work, a row of

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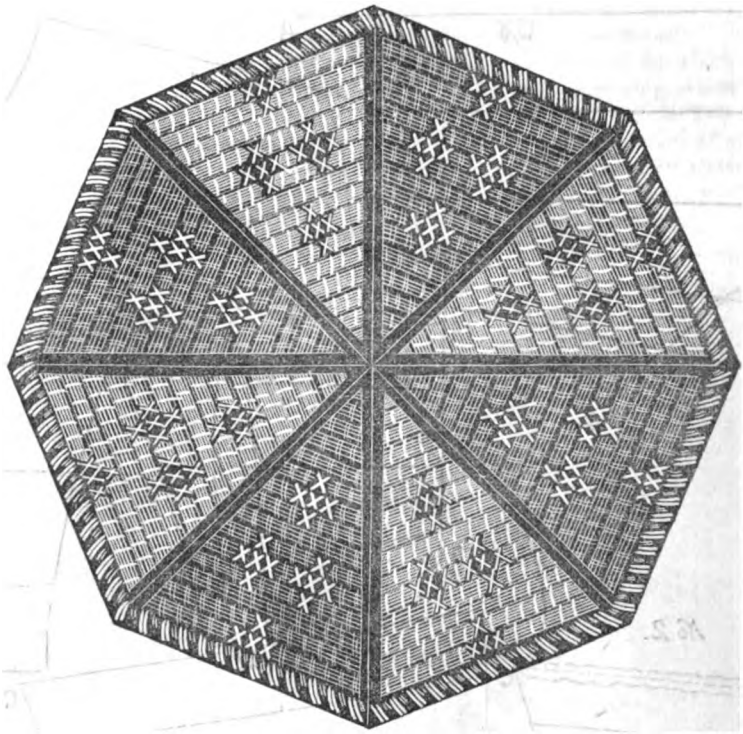

WASHING MAT FOR A TOILET STAND, IN LONG HOOK CROCHET.

untwisted loops will be found in front, not on the edge; miss the first long loop; place the hook through the next; draw the wool through as a loop on the hook, still keep it there, and continue till there are as many loops on the hook as was commenced with. Count this row every time, to see there is no diminution of stitches till the decrease.

Make 15 ch and work 15 loops forward; then a back row; forward row 15 loops; a back row 15 loops. There will now be 2 rows of loops, and also 1 row on the hook.

Decrease by drawing the hook through 3 loops; then again through each 2 till the last 3 loops; draw through all these loops.

Forward row, place the hook in 3rd loop; then continue in each successive loop till there are 13 loops.

Now a row back, a row forward; a row back, and a row forward; 13 loops still on hook. Count 5 rows of L loops on the surface, and a row on hook.

Decrease as before, at beginning and end. A row forward, beginning in 3rd long, till 11 loops; a row back, a row forward, 11 loops. 7 L loops on surface and 1 row on hook.

Decrease as before at beginning and end. A row forward, beginning in 3rd loop, till 9 loops; a row back; a row forward, 9 loops.

Decrease as before. Then a row forward (7 loops), a row back; a row forward 7 loops.

Decrease. A row forward (5 loops), a row back; a row forward 5 loops.

Decrease 3. Then the hook through 2 loops, then through 2. Forward row, place the hook in 3rd loop, pull through (3 loops on hook); now make a stitch enclosing the 3 loops in one: then a tight chain stitch. Now count that there are 15 long loops from the foundation to the point, which will include the three long loops that are in one.

With black wool work all round a row of single crochet, increasing 1 ch at each corner; but observe on the uneven side, that the stitch just previous to the decrease always sinks in, and omit to work into this stitch (16 stitches on each side, and 15 along the foundation). Make 8 of these divisions, and when outlined with black, sew them together exactly even with black wool; then with common crochet hook work with black wool a row of double crochet, making 1 chain at each division. Now, with black wool and a large rug needle, sew over the edge in a slanting way, so as to admit of a pink

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row being worked; this latter being sewed over so as to come alternately with the black; proceed to embroider the spots in cross-stitch, those on the pink division having green spots, and on green divisions, shaded scarlet. Now damp the mat on both sides, lay it on a doubled cloth; then place another cloth upon the top, over that a piece of board and a weight. Let it stand thus some hours, and when dry, it will be found perfectly smooth.

It may now be mounted on card-board if desired.

NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR OF A BRIDE.

STYLE FOR DRESSING A YOUNG LADY'S HAIR.

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STAR-BEAM SCHOTTISCHE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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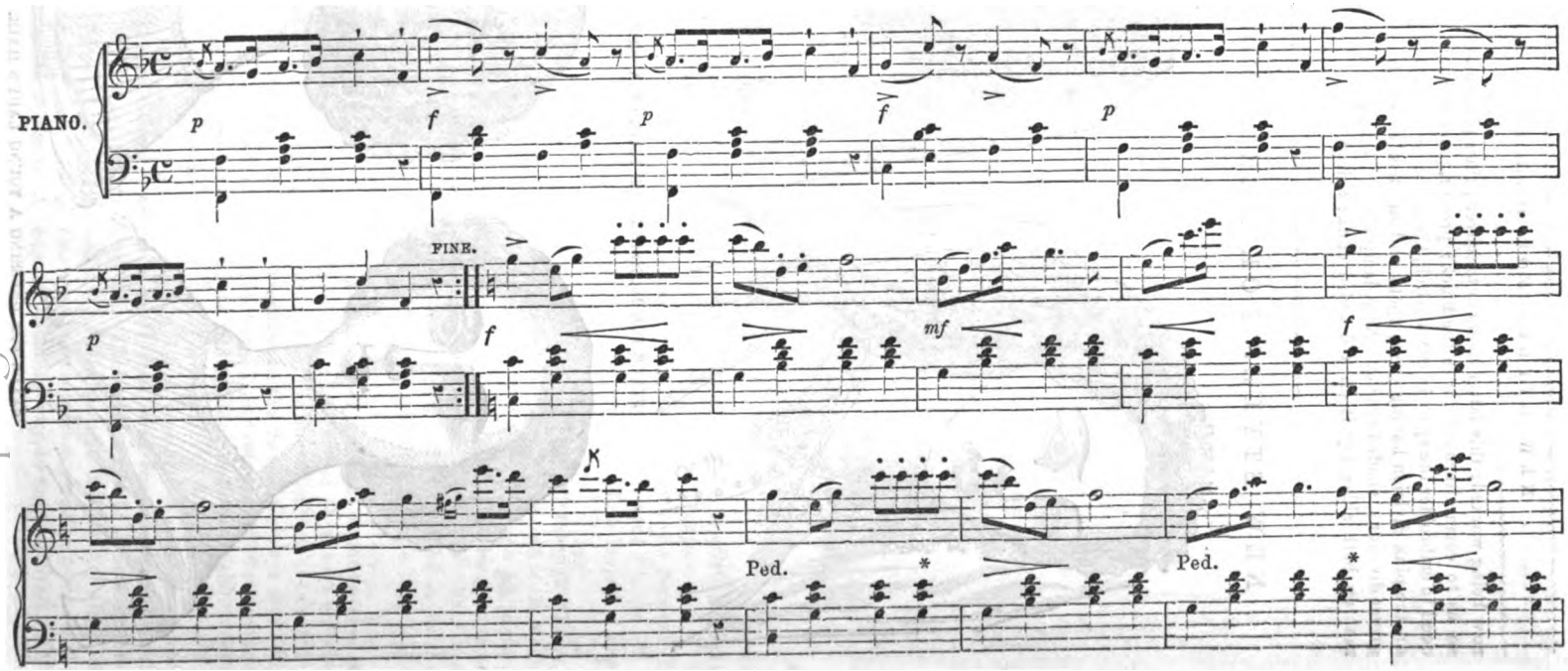

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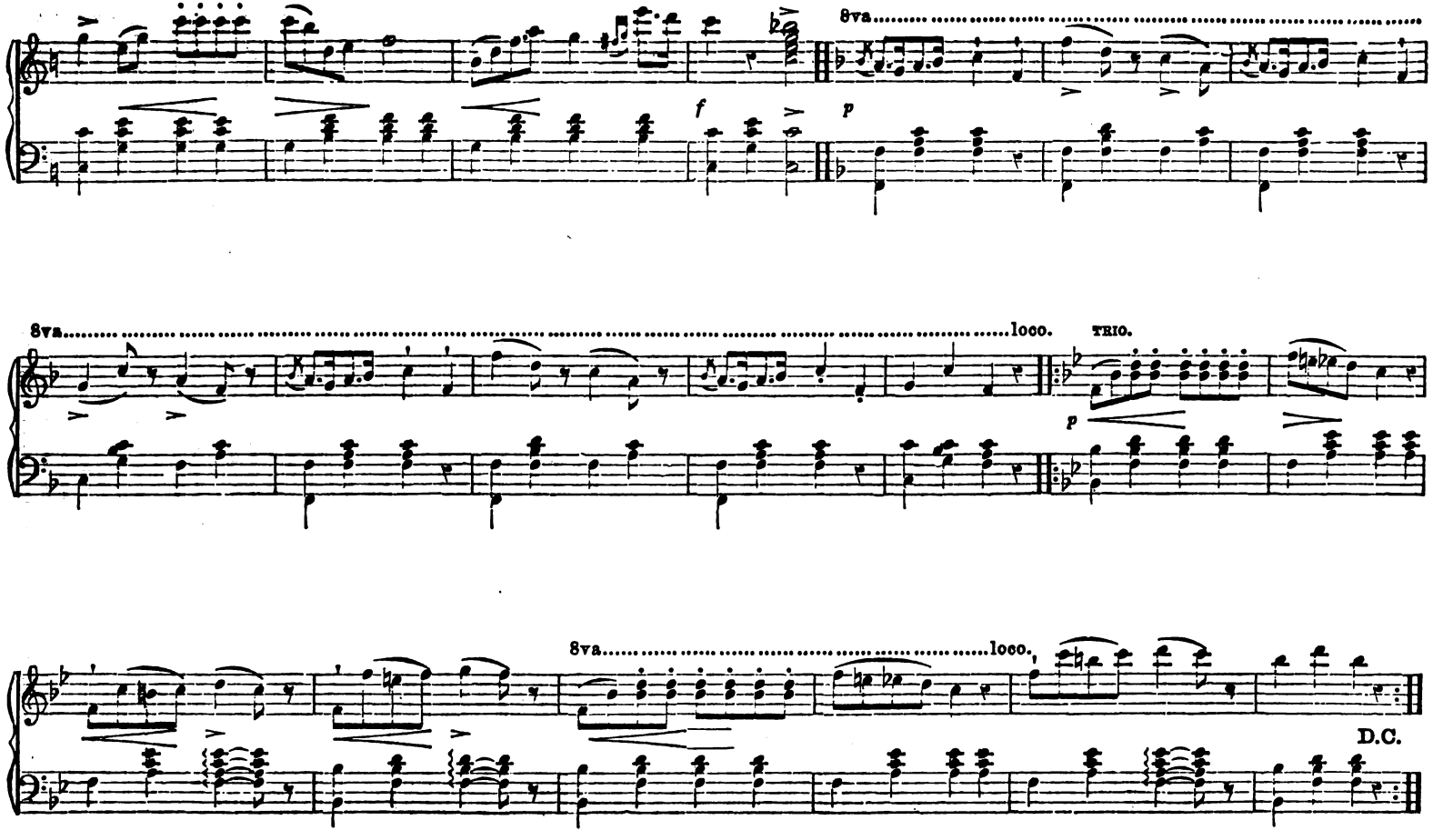

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FAMILIARITIES BETWEEN RELATIONS.—A fair correspondent asks us if we do not think it ill-bred for gentlemen to kiss their female cousins, or other relations, on the plea of consanguinity. She says that she was present, on a late occasion, when the subject was discussed, and that her objections to such familiarities were pronounced prudish by more than one of the company.

We should certainly, if we were a lady, take the side of our fair correspondent, even at the risk of being called prudish also. We have so often seen wives secretly pained by these so-called innocent familiarities, on the part of their husbands toward young ladies, that we do not hesitate to say that no man of refined feelings will ever be guilty of such romping again, if he once seriously thinks about the subject. How would he like, for instance, to see his wife kissing all the handsome young men that came to the house, and then defending the act by saying that cousinship, or a close intimacy, warranted the freedom?

We know a very estimable gentleman, a pattern father and husband, an eminently useful member of society, who invariably makes all young ladies visiting at his house, kiss him morning and evening. Now, if he was thirty years older, with a silver head of hair, this, perhaps, might be well enough. But, though he means no harm by it, and pretends it is only a fatherly custom, the young gentlemen, who are admirers of his fair guests, never see him take these familiarities without wincing? Is it right for him—putting everything else aside—to hurt the feelings of a lover in this way? We are sure he never thought of the subject in this light, or he is too good-hearted to have persisted in his practice. Nor do his fair guests altogether like his conduct. But what can they do? It seems so small a matter, this being kissed by the father of their schoolmate, that they dare not take offence at it. Half of their own sex, they know, would call them silly, if they resented it. So they submit, and their example makes others submit, and so it goes on to the end of the chapter.

Whatever thus hurts the feelings of a wife, or secretly angers a lover, or annoys a young lady, cannot be well-bred. Everywhere, in the United States—and very properly—kissing is regarded as more or less sacred. No man likes to see another man kiss his wife, unless that man be her father. A husband, or even lover, has the same objection to beholding another man put his arm around the waist of his wife, or his betrothed, unless in the waltz; and many husbands and lovers, in spite of fashion, dislike this also, and we think dislike it very properly. Why should not a woman be hurt at such familiarities, bestowed, by her husband or lover, on another woman? Is the female heart less sensitive than a man's? Real politeness, if we know what it is, seeks to spare other's feelings. How can there be any doubt, therefore, that such familiarities are ill-bred?

The rule would be different in countries like Russia, where kissing is as common as hand-shaking is with us. Our English ancestors, in Henry the Eighth's time, kissed on meeting and parting, however slight the acquaintance. But, in modern times, and in this country, kissing between the sexes has become a proof of special endearment, rather than a mode of ordinary salutation; and being such, it is, strictly speaking, not proper except between husband and wife, brother and sister, father and daughter, lover and betrothed. We give the same verdict as to all similar familiarities. To refuse them is neither prudish nor ill-bred, even if you are a guest: and no real gentleman will contradict us, after he has seriously thought about the matter.

THE EYEBROWS AND EYELASHES.—The beauty of the eyebrows is held to consist in their being arched, and, in that of either side being separate from the other—

> "Gently in a crescent gliding,
> Just commingling, just dividing."

In eyelashes, the *beau-ideal* of beauty consists in their being long and glossy. In the East the training of the eyelashes forms one of the peculiar cares of the toilet. In order to increase their length and brilliancy the Circassian ladies are said, frequently, that is ten or twelve times a year, to cut off the tips, the *sharp points only*, of their eyelashes. It is an operation requiring considerable nicety, for if improperly performed it may be very injurious.

The eyebrows may be stained of a dark color by various articles. The most simple are elderberries or burnt cloves. A solution of green vitriol has also been recommended, which is applied by means of a brush; the eyebrows having previously been washed with a decoction of galls.

A RECEIPT IN VERSE.—We give the following receipt in verse for a bread pudding. It is something novel:

> Get a dish deep and wide,
> And rub round the inside
> With a little fresh butter or lard,
> That the pudding may be,
> To a certain degree,
> Good in form when turned out, but not hard.
>
> Then of stale bread procure
> Half a pound, and be sure
> To reduce it to crumbs. Next obtain
> Four sixteenths of a pound
> Of loaf sugar well ground,
> And some lemon-peel cut up. Again,
>
> Beat to cream five or six
> New-laid eggs, to which mix
> Two half-pints of pure milk by degrees,
> Pop it into the pot,
> When the water is hot,
> Boil one hour—and then it will please.

THE PASSION FLOWER.—This beautiful flower was unknown to Europe previously to the discovery of America, and the different species are chiefly found in South America. It received its name from the following circumstances. The Jesuits who went as missionaries to South America thought they discovered in the three pistils the representation of the three nails with which our Saviour was nailed to the Cross; in the five stamens, the five wounds; and in the radiant purple nectary, the representation of the rays that might be supposed to have surrounded His head when He expired on the Cross.

CONTAGION.—The method practiced for the prevention of contagion in the fever wards of the hospitals in London, is to keep large fires in the rooms, and to have all the windows open, even in the most severe weather of winter. The fire consumes the bad air of the apartment, and the better air is supplied through the open windows. Opinions differ so much respecting the liability of contagion, that those only who can speak from experience are to be relied upon. We think that the absence of all fear is one great preventive, but this is not in human power to control.

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EVERYBODY HAS A "LITTLE DASH."—In Leslie's Recollections, an anecdote is told of Queen Victoria, which, trivial as it may seem to some, speaks volumes for her goodness of heart. The incident occurred on the day of her coronation. Leslie, it should be mentioned, painted a large picture of that event, the queen and her court sitting for their portraits, so that there is no doubt of the truth of the story. We give it in Leslie's own words: "The queen, I am told, had studied her part very diligently, and she went through it extremely well. I don't know why, but the first sight of her in her robes, brought tears into my eyes, and it had this effect on many people; she looked almost like a child. She is very fond of dogs, and has one very favorite little spaniel, who is always on the look out for her return when she has been from home. She had, of course, been separated from him on that day longer than usual, and when the state coach drove up to the steps of the palace, she heard him barking with joy in the hall, and exclaimed, 'There's Dash!' and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes, *to go and wash little Dash*."

This was three and twenty years ago, and other affections, since then, have supplied the place of that "little Dash." But the innocent girlishness, revealed in this anecdote, ought to endear the queen, more than ever, to her people. Her eagerness to see little Dash proved that the woman was not lost in the queen. Her personal attention to little Dash, holding the place that he did in her affections, was not less a duty on her part, than the weightier affairs of state. There are too many persons, however, who either forget, or neglect, these little duties of life. That Queen Victoria did not, shews how well-balanced was her character even at that early age. Her coronation over, and the oath taken to respect the liberties of England, she did not forget that she owed little Dash something also.

Everybody has "a little Dash." That is everybody has small duties as well as great to perform. We know young ladies, who, while indulging in daily wishes to do something heroic—to become, in some way, heroines—will not condescend to assist their mother in common household affairs. They think they could die for a lover, but they cannot stoop to make a pie. We fear, if they had been in the young queen's place, they would have come home from the enthusiastic shouts of their people, from the splendid pageant in the Abbey, to despise and neglect "little Dash." Believe us, they will never win the respect of a truly manly lover, by the neglect of the little duties of life. Indeed, happiness depends as much on these little duties as on greater ones. To make a husband's every day home cheerful will better ensure his felicity, than to be willing, once in a life time, to suffer exile or poverty with him, or for him. Young ladies, don't forget "little Dash."

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING.—The principal engraving, this month, has been suggested by the well known story of "Undine," and represents the meeting of the knight and maiden in the forest. In all modern fiction, there is no character more beautiful than Undine, half water-sprite, half mortal woman as she is. We suppose that most of our subscribers have read this beautiful German story, else we would give a paraphrase of it. Such as have not, cannot do better than to get it immediately; and our word for it, they will not lay the book down, till they have finished it.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.—The extreme susceptibility of the spider renders it an excellent natural barometer. On the authority of a learned French naturalist, we may state that when these insects are seen to spin their threads long, there is a certainty of fine weather for at least ten days afterward. In cloudy or wet weather spiders appear to be incapable of ascending.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We have received several books, which we have not yet had leisure to examine, and which, therefore, we cannot notice, at large, until next month. Among them are "The Ebony Idol," a new work of fiction by an anonymous writer; "The Life of William T. Porter;" "Virgil's Æneid, with explanatory notes;" "A Greek Grammar for schools and colleges;" and Nos. 17 and 18 of "Chambers' Encyclopædia," all published by D. Appleton & Co. Also, "Jessie Cameron," a Highland story, published by R. M. Dewitt, in a cheap octavo, price twenty-five cents. Also "The Sunny South, or the Southerner at Home," edited by Professor J. H. Ingraham; and "The Old Farm House," a novel by Mrs. Caroline H. Butler Laing, both published by G. G. Evans. Also "A Man," by the Rev. J. D. Bell, published by James Challen & Son. We have likewise received "The Occasional Productions" of the late Richard Rush, a work for which we are indebted to that gentleman's executors. It is a handsomely printed volume, and contains various papers, written by Mr. Rush, most of which are of historical value. We hope to speak, next month, of this valuable work, as it merits.

CLUBS FOR 1861.—It is not too early, even now, to begin to make up clubs for 1861. Last year, we received many letters, saying, that, if the writer had only begun earlier, she could have doubled her list; but that, when she came to solicit subscribers, she found that others, in behalf of less meritorious magazines, had been before her. We think we may say, without violating truth, that, if a lady wishes to subscribe for only one magazine, this is, on the whole, the best and cheapest for her. Every woman ought to take "Peterson," whether she takes other magazines or not. We have tried, at least, to make our Magazine of such a character as to deserve this preference; and we shall continue to try, year after year, improving it with every volume. The premiums, next year, will be either an Album, or a large-sized, original steel-plate for framing, at the choice of the person getting up the club. The engraving will be both larger and handsomer than the Niagara. Its subject will be announced next month.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received copies of a new musical work, published as "Winner's Dime Book" of violin and flute tunes. No. 1 contains, "Ever of Thee," "Sultan's Polka," "Out of de Vilderness," and several other popular tunes. No. 2 contains, "Dixie's Land," "Independence Day," "The Gray Eagle Hornpipe," a set of cotillions, and other pieces now fashionable. No. 3 contains, "Netty Moore," several Jigs and fancy Dances, Waltzes, &c. These books are ten cents each, and will be sent to any one remitting the amount, post-paid. Address the publisher, Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER.—Persons, who wish to learn French, German, Spanish, &c., and cannot, conveniently, obtain a teacher, will find great advantage in using the little treatises under the above title, which T. B. Peterson & Brothers have been advertising on our cover. We know no works which afford such valuable assistance to beginners.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—We wish again to impress on persons, desirous of becoming contributors, that we have room only for the very best articles of their kind. It is useless for mere novices to apply. Practice only will make perfect.

POETICAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Our numerous contributors in verse must not be disappointed at the delay in the appearance of their articles. It is frequently months before we can find room for their favors.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Thomas Hood. Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with copies from his own sketches. 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Since Mrs. Gaskell's memoir of Charlotte Bronte, no sadder book than this has appeared. It is the story, told principally in his own letters, of a man of rare genius, unequaled humor, and world-wide humanity, struggling, amid sickness and debt, and in exile in a foreign land, for a bare subsistence. We know no spectacle more piteous. Hood, in consequence of the faults of others, became so involved pecuniarily, that, in order to escape arrest, he was forced to go abroad. Both Coblentz, where he first settled, and Ostend, to which he afterward removed, proved unhealthy for him, so that, for the rest of his life, he may be regarded as a confirmed invalid. Yet, to support his family, he was forced to write, whether well, or ill. The severe work continually broke him down, but, before he could fully recover, he was compelled to resume his pen, and in consequence soon broke down again. He had one consolation, however, amid his troubles; he had a sympathizing, attached wife and loving children. Hood's marriage, indeed, seems to have been one of those "made in heaven." Through all his misfortunes—through poorly remunerated toils, through comparative neglect on the part of critics, through debt, and present poverty, and an uncertain future—he appears, however, to have preserved his flow of animal spirits, or, if not these, his love of fun and his faculty for humor. These letters, in consequence, move our laughter as well as our tears. We hardly know a more mirth-provoking book anywhere. The humor of Hood bubbles up, fresh and sparkling, like a forest spring, and never seems tame, artificial, or forced. His published works, meritorious as they are, never gave us so high an impression of his superiority in this respect as does this volume. But the work, after all, is chiefly valuable because it paints Hood, the man, and not merely Hood, the author. We rise from the perusal of the volume with a love for him, which his other writings never would have given us, and which few other authors have won. And he died, alas! just as his powers were maturing.

The Queens of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. Illustrated by Charles Altamont Doyle and the brothers Dalziel. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a collection of gossiping memoirs of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and other women who have been celebrated in modern society. Those who can find time to read Lord Hervey's Memoirs, Lady Mary's letters, and the other original sources from which the work has been compiled, will only waste their leisure in its perusal; and they will, morever, be annoyed to see how those very witty originals become dull and stupid in the hands of the Whartons. The volume, too, is often wrong in minor facts, showing that it has been carelessly compiled. Nevertheless, as a bad portrait is, perhaps, better than none at all, the book may be of value to many persons. Its anecdotical character will make it agreeable reading, and its title is certainly a taking one. It is, we should add, a republication. The engravings are cleverly done.

The Wood Rangers. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: R. M. Dewitt.*—The scene of this story is laid in Mexico, a locality which furnishes full scope for those glowing descriptions of tropical scenery, and those stirring adventures, which have made Mayne Reid so popular. We find the book quite up to the best of this author's former works. The expedition to the Godden particularly is full of breathless interest. Several capital illustrations, engraved by N. Orr, embellish the volume, which is handsomely printed.

Echoes of Europe. By E. K. Washington. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: James Challen & Son.*—This is a very handsomely printed volume, as indeed are all the publications of James Challen & Son. But the contents are hardly such as will repay perusal. So many thousands of Americans have been abroad themselves; so many, who have not been abroad, have read scores of works about the old world; that, unless a book of foreign travel is superlatively good, it had better not be published at all. Mr. Washington's volume will never rival "Eothen," nor Bayard Taylor's books, nor even works of infinitely less merit. Yet the writer is plainly a gentleman, and a cultivated one. What we say of his volume, we would say of others, similar in character: and it is, therefore, not personal to himself. One of the best things in the book is a philippic, on pages 179 and 180, against what has been called the "cod-fish aristocracy" of America, which Mr. Washington calls "a curious, contemptible thing, existing neither on blood, birth, nor breeding, *but often on bacon.*"

A Run Through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a republication of a series of well-written letters from abroad, which originally appeared in a popular public journal. The book is tersely written, and affords, therefore, that "*multum in parvo,*" which is so desirable. The descriptions, especially, are quite graphic. It is one of the few books of travel worth buying.

Poems. By Miss Annie K. Blount. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Augusta, Ga: H. D. Norvell.*—This is a book of poems by a Southern author, and comes to us with the imprint of a Southern bookseller. The poems display very considerable merit. If we had more space, we should like to copy one or two, such, for example, as "At Rest," "To Little Stevie," "My Mother," &c. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Course of Ancient Geography. By H. L. Schmidt, D. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This new work on ancient geography is arranged with special reference to convenience of recitation. The author is already favorably known for his "History of Education." The book fills a niche, which has remained vacant too long.

The Teacher's Assistant. By Charles Northend, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.*—In a series of familiar letters to teachers, we have here various excellent hints on school discipline and instruction. To instructors, especially those just beginning their vocation, we should think the work would be of great value.

HORTICULTURAL.

Bouquets and How to Arrange Them.—Every person in selecting plants for a garden should have an eye to the purchase of such as will not only make a fine display in the garden, but will also be available for bouquets. They should also be selected for the property of profuse and continued bloom, so that there will not only be an abundance for the proper decoration of the garden, but also enough to spare for the adornment of parlor, sitting-room, and dining-table. There are many flowers which are very beautiful in the flower garden, but not suitable for the bouquet; some are too large, others are offensive in smell or to the touch; some are not sufficiently distinct in color; others are too short stemmed, &c. Others are not suitable for the reason that they are only open during the day, and close at night; these should not be used, as in the shaded rooms of the house they will probably remain closed. As a general rule, flowers for the bouquet should be of decided colors, as crimson, scarlet, white, maroon, blue, &c.

They should also be double, although many single ones, if they are of small size and growing in a cluster, may be suitable. But large single flowers, growing singly, are dif-

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ficult of arrangement, and the petals will crumple and their beauty be destroyed by the necessary pressure. Flowers of small and medium size and full double, are the best to employ for this purpose. Large flowers, like the dahlia, are entirely out of place in any bouquet, except a large one for an exhibition, large supper-table, or some similar purpose. Fragrant flowers should be largely cultivated for the bouquet. Of this class the fragrant pinks, mignonette, heliotrope, and sweet peas are the best.

The shape of a bouquet may be varied to suit the taste. Flowers with long stems, or those which grow in spikes or racemes, may be formed into pyramidal bouquets; but the best manner of arranging miscellaneous flowers is to place them loosely in a moderately flat vessel, in which the short-stemmed flowers may be placed around the edge, and those with longer stems in the centre, thus making the shape hemispherical. Or a lemonade glass, or small cup of any sort, may be placed in the centre of the larger vessel, and some of the flowers put in that, which will make the bouquet higher in the middle, and display it to better advantage. The flowers may be loosely tied in small bunches in this manner of arrangement, which will save trouble when the water is changed. Flowers which have mere apologies for stems, such as balsams, may be made into beautiful ornaments for a table, by placing them in a flat china saucer with plenty of geranium leaves.

The principal thing to be considered in forming your bouquet is the proper contrast of colors. It is well known that certain colors, placed in juxtaposition, injure each other. There are certain rules regarding this which it would be well to learn; but every person of any taste at all can determine by a little practice what arrangement of colors is productive of the best results. White, blue, and all the various shades of pink, scarlet, crimson, and maroon, may be used in almost any quantity and proportion, but yellow flowers must be used sparingly and with great discretion. Some persons in making a pyramidal bouquet arrange the flowers in concentric circles, each circle being of a different color. Nothing can be in worse taste than this. It is highly important to have a sufficient quantity of green leaves in your bouquets. Flowers without a setting of leaves are almost unknown in nature, and we cannot do better than to imitate her by surrounding our bouquets with them and inserting them profusely among the flowers. The leaves of the sweet-scented geraniums are excellent in this way. Arbor vitæ answers a tolerable purpose, but is rather coarse. In cutting many kinds of flowers, as verbenas, mignonettes, heliotropes, &c., many leaves will be obtained.

In picking roses, only buds, or those which are partly opened, should be selected. If cut when fully expanded, they generally last but a short time, the petals fade and soon fall off.

A few of the best flowers for ordinary use in bouquets are verbenas, phlox drummondii, candy tuft, roses, double feverfew or pyrethrum, achilles, argeratum, pinks, larkspurs, snapdragons, sweet peas, heliotrope, mignonette, asters, honeysuckles, &c.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Keep the Feet Dry and Warm.—It is impossible to preserve health unless the feet are kept comfortably warm. That is, unless the blood properly circulates to the extremities, and the nerves of the skin, which are the seat of feeling, are kept in proper working order. Good food and active exercise, contribute largely to produce a right state of things in this particular; but clothing, also, has an important office, that of preserving and promoting the vital warmth within, and screening against cold and damp from without. Woolen stockings contribute much to comfort, and should be universally adopted during the winter. Even silk are much warmer than cotton, because silk is a decided non-conductor of heat. Many persons who can afford silk stockings wear nothing else, winter or summer; but wool being thicker than silk, is generally preferable. Not, however, what is called a thick, stout texture, nor one formed of a heavy material. The fine light wools, as Lamb's-wool, Angora, Thibet, Vienna, or German-wool, are much better than worsted; and the texture should be rather loose than close. Other things being equal, knitted stockings in the matter of warmth are greatly superior to such as are woven. They do not, however, appear quite so fine, and, therefore, are little adopted. But those who know the comfort they afford, would not readily be induced to abandon them. They are especially adapted for the wear of children, and of persons in the decline of life. Persons in youth and middle age, are more robust, and *will* be more hardy, though *they* sometimes suffer for the imprudence of sacrificing comfort to appearance. Those who persist in wearing cotton stockings through the winter, should, at least, wear under them a thin ankle-sock of lamb's-wool, or of wash-leather. A piece of brown paper cut to the proper size and shape, and worn as an inside sole, takes scarcely any room in the shoe, and adds greatly to its warmth. Boots are sometimes found useful in promoting the circulation, and so keeping the feet warm. Whatever kind of shoes be worn, they should be made to fit comfortably, and should be sufficiently thick to resist damp. Snow is particularly penetrating. For walking out when snow is on the ground, it is well to have an under sole of coarse felt, which is a protection against slipping, as well as a great preservative against damp. A sole of cork, or of knitted wool, within the shoe, is comfortable and useful; but it is probable, that the newly introduced article, gutta percha, will supersede these contrivances. It is found most effectually to resist damp, and its cheapness, as well as utility, and its adaptedness to old shoes as well as to new ones, recommend it to the adoption of those who cannot avail themselves of expensive expedients. During the winter season, whatever shoes have been worn abroad, should be changed on coming into the house. They may not feel damp, but after a time they will strike a chill into the feet, which may continue cold for hours, without the cause being suspected. Severe colds are often thus originated. In traveling, it is a prudent and comfortable precaution to wear over the usual shoes an outer boot of woolen cloth, or of thick lamb's-wool knitted. Woolen gaiters, also, are a great protection. Elderly people, and those who are liable to rheumatism, find great comfort from knee-caps, knitted with thin lamb's-wool. If night-socks are worn, they should be loose and large, that they may not in any degree cramp the feet. They will then slip off when the feet or the bed clothes have become thoroughly warm.

PARLOR GAMES.

A Card thought of by one Person, to be found in a part of the pack named by another Person.—Shuffle a pack of cards; lay the uppermost card face upward on the table, calling it number one; lay the next down in the same manner, calling it number two; and so on, for a dozen or more. While you are laying them down, desire a person to think of any of those cards, and to recollect not only the name of the card, but its numerical order; you then give any other person the choice of *naming* the numerical order in which the card thought of shall be found, to commence counting with the same number as that of the card thought of, but the person making such choice must not name any number under twelve.

Suppose, for example, that the card thought of is the ace of hearts, and that it is the ninth card; you then take up the twelve or fourteen cards which you have laid out to be

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selected from, in the order in which they lie, and place them on the top of the pack.

You now ask any other person in what numerical order above twelve he wishes the card to be found; suppose he says, twenty-three; you put your hands under the table, and slipping off the top card with your thumb, shift the second on it, the third on the second, the fourth on the third, and so on to the twenty-third, which was the number chosen; you now lay these cards on the top of the pack, and handing it to the person who thought of a card, desire him to commence reckoning at the number of his card; he will, therefore, throw the top card on the table, calling it nine, the next ten, and so on, until he throws down the twenty-*second* card, when you should stop him, reminding him that the number chosen is twenty-three, and that, consequently, the card which he is about to take up is the card he thought of; then desire him, lest it might be thought that he was a confederate, to say what his card was; he will declare it to be the ace of hearts; tell him to turn the card up, and the ace of hearts it will most certainly be.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Very Good Old-Fashioned Boiled Custard.—Throw into a pint and a half of new milk the very thin rind of a fresh lemon, and let it infuse for half an hour, then simmer them together for a few minutes, and add four ounces and a half of white sugar. Beat thoroughly eight fresh eggs, mix with them another half-pint of new milk; stir the boiling milk quickly to them, take out the lemon-peel, and turn the custard into a deep jug; set this over the fire in a pan of boiling water, and keep the custard stirred gently, but without ceasing, until it begins to thicken, then move the spoon rather more quickly, making it always touch the bottom of the jug, until the mixture is brought to the point of boiling, when it must be instantly taken from the fire, or it will curdle in a moment. Pour it into a bowl, and keep it stirred until nearly cold, then add to it, by degrees, a wineglassful of good brandy and two ounces of blanched almonds, cut into spikes; or omit these at pleasure. A few bitter ones, bruised, can be boiled in the milk instead of lemon-peel, when their flavor is preferred.

Orange Jelly.—Boil an ounce and a quarter of isinglass in a pint of water, the rind of an orange cut very thin, a little cinnamon, and three ounces of loaf sugar. When the isinglass is dissolved, squeeze either two Seville oranges, or two lemons, with sufficient China oranges to make a pint of juice; mix all together and strain. Set it in a cool place for half an hour, then pour gently into another basin free from the sediment, and then put into a mould. When wanted for use, dip the mould into warm water, and the jelly will turn out. A few grains of saffron adds much to its appearance. This makes a very pretty dish for a supper; it should be garnished with alternate slices of oranges and lemons. If required for jelly glasses, it must be left in the basin till quite cold and stiff, and then cut out.

Very Fine Cocoanut Macaroons.—Rasp a fresh cocoanut, spread it on a dish, and let dry gradually for a couple of days. Add to it double its weight of fine sifted sugar, and the whites of eight eggs beaten to a solid froth. Roll the mixture into small balls; place them on a buttered tin, and bake them in a very gentle oven about twenty minutes. Move them from the tin while they are warm, and store them in a very dry canister as soon as they are cold.

To Dress Rice.—A lady recommends the following: Soak the rice in cold salt and water for seven hours; have ready a stewpan with boiling water, throw in the rice, and let it boil briskly for ten minutes, drain it in a colander, cover it up hot by the fire for a few minutes, and then serve. The grains will be found double the usual size, and quite distinct from each other.

Apple Jelly.—Take about a peck of apples; pare, quarter, and core them. Put them in a preserving-pot, with as much water as will cover them. Boil rather fast till the fruit is all in a mash, then run it through a jelly bag, and to every pound of juice put half a pound of lump sugar, and boil gently at least two hours. Put into moulds, and after it has been made a little time, it will turn out a beautiful transparent jelly. It makes a very pretty and nice supper dish; and if a custard or some Devonshire cream is poured into the dish, it is a very great improvement. The best apples for making this jelly are codlins, early Anns, or golden rennets.

Apple Custard.—Peel, cut, and core a dozen large apples, which put into an earthen lined saucepan, with a small teacup of cold water; as they heat, bruise to a pulp, sweeten with moist sugar to taste, and grate amongst it the peel of one lemon; when cold, press the fruit hard into a pie-dish, and pour over it a pint of thick custard, made with the best part of core, pint of new milk, four eggs, well beaten, yolks and whites together, and two ounces of loaf sugar to sweeten; place the dish in a moderate oven, and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the size. This is a most delicious and sweet dish.

To Smoke Hams and Fish.—Take an old hogshead, stop up all the crevices, and fix a place to put a cross-stick near the bottom, to hang the articles to be smoked on. Next cut a hole in the side near the top, to introduce an iron pan filled with sawdust and small pieces of green wood. Having turned the tub upside down, hang the articles upon the cross-stick, introduce the iron pan in the opening, and place a piece of red-hot iron in the pan, cover it with sawdust, and all will be complete. Let a large ham remain forty hours, and keep up a good smoke.

Ormskirk Gingerbread.—One pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of treacle, two pounds of flour, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of ginger, and a little candied lemon. To ascertain when baked enough, butter a little cap paper and put it round your pot or tin.

Blanc-Mange.—Boil one ounce and a half of isinglass, the thin rind of a lemon, and some loaf sugar in a quart of good new milk, stirring it frequently till the isinglass is all dissolved, cleanse it through a piece of muslin, and when nearly cold, add half a pint of sherry and brandy.

Soda Biscuits.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little carbonate of soda, one gill of new milk or two eggs. Mix well; then roll out until it is about half an inch thick, and cut with a tin into small cakes Bake in a quick oven.

Egg Cheesecake.—Six eggs, boiled hard, which rub through a sieve with a quarter of a pound of butter; add a quarter of a pound of sugar, one lemon juice and rind (grated), nutmeg and brandy to taste. A few currants are an improvement.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Game may often be made fit for eating when it seems spoiled, by cleaning it and washing with vinegar and water. Birds that are not likely to keep, should be drawn, cropped, and picked, then wash in two or three waters, and rub them with salt; have in readiness a large saucepan of boiling water, and plunge them into it one by one, drawing them up and down by the legs, so that the water may pass through them. Let them stay for five or six minutes, then hang them up in a cold place; when they are completely drained, well salt and pepper the insides, and thoroughly wash them before roasting.

To Clean Gold Lace.—Gold lace is easily cleaned and restored to its original brightness by rubbing it with a soft brush dipped in roche-alum burnt, sifted to a very fine powder.

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Hair Wash.—An excellent and perfectly harmless hair wash may be made as follows:—Take two or three pennyworth of rosemary, strip the leaves from the stalks, and put them into a jar, with nearly half a pint of cold water. Place the jar near the fire, and let the contents simmer gently for an hour or two without setting or burning. When the water is somewhat reduced, the infusion will be sufficiently strong. Then add half a pint of rum, and simmer the whole for a while longer. When cold, strain the liquid from the leaves, and keep it in a bottle to be ready for use. Apply it to the roots of the hair with a small sponge, or a piece of flannel. Egg wash for the hair is made by beating up the yolk of a raw egg, and adding it to rosemary infusion made as above.

To Remove Rust from Iron Utensils.—Rust may be removed by first rubbing oil well into the article, and in forty-eight hours cover it with finely powdered lime, rub it well, and the rust will disappear. *Or*—The preservation of iron from rust may be accomplished thus:—Add to a quart of water half a pound of quick lime; let this stand until the surface is perfectly clear; pour off the clear liquid, and stir up with it a quantity of olive oil, until it becomes a thicky cream. Rub any articles which are to be put by with this mixture, and then wrap up in paper. If the nature of the articles will not admit of their being wrapped up in paper, they will remain free from rust by covering them more thickly with the mixture.

Accumulation of Wax in the Ear.—To remedy this, which is a very frequent cause of deafness, introduce a small piece of cotton wool, upon which a little oil of almonds has been dropped, into the ear, and let it remain there for a day or two. Then syringe the ear with a little warm milk and water, or a solution of soap, or with a solution of common salt in water in the proportion of two drachms of the former to half an ounce of the latter. The solution of salt is the best solvent of accumulated wax in the ear.

How to Save Sweet Herbs.—Gather sage, thyme, marjoram, basil, savory, and such things any time in September. Tie them in small bunches with string having a loop. Hang them by the heels to nails in a dry place, such as a shed or outhouse, where there is a thorough draught and no sun; the faster they are dried the better they are, provided the sun does not shine on them. When dry hang them up in a dry room. If put into bags, mind they are not made of brown paper.

How to Preserve Ladies' Furs.—Fine furs should be kept in a cold place. An experienced dealer will tell, the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur, if it has been lying in a warm, dry atmosphere; it renders the fur harsh, dry, and shabby, entirely destroying the rich, smooth softness which it will have if kept in a cold room.

Skeleton Leaves.—Steep the leaves for weeks in rain water, in a warm place freely exposed to the air; when nearly ready, add a small quantity of muriatic acid to it. A great deal of care is, however, required in picking out with needles the parts that are not rotted away.

To Clean China and Glass.—The best material for cleaning either porcelain or glassware is fullers' earth, but it must be beaten into a fine powder, and carefully cleared from all rough or hard particles, which might endanger the polish of the brilliant surface.

To Make Windsor Soap.—Melt hard curd soap, and scent it with oil of karni and essence of bergamot, bought at the druggist's; or the essence of bergamot may be omitted.

A Method of Reviving Old Black Lace.—I have often dipped some of mine into cold tea, or a little beer: when ironed out after this it looks nearly like new.

To Restore Gilt.—One of the best means of restoring brilliancy to gilt or silvered articles which have become tarnished, is to use warm spirits of wine.

To Cleanse Marble.—Marble is best cleaned with a little clean soap and water, to which some ox-gall may be added. Acids should be avoided.

To Restore the Color of the Keys of a Piano.—By applying fine sand-paper to the yellow keys of the piano, the color may be restored.

FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Receipt for Rheumatism.—One raw egg, well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one oz. spirits of turpentine, quarter oz. spirits of wine, quarter oz. camphor. These ingredients must be well beaten together, then put into a bottle, and shaken ten minutes; after which it should be corked down tightly, to exclude air. It will be ready for use in a day, but should always be kept corked up. When required for use, rub the mixture well in the part affected three or four times a day. For rheumatism in the head it should be well rubbed in at the back of the neck and ears. *Or*, there are several special remedies which give relief, the best being iodide of potassium; if the secretions are very acid, combine with it liquor potassæ. Hot water or vapor baths are often very serviceable in this disease, especially when the pains are severe. Local applications to the painful parts, such as blisters, iodine paint, and stimulating liniments often give temporary relief.

Refreshing Drinks for the Sick.—Boil two ounces of hartshorn shavings in one quart of water; when quite dissolved, set it aside to settle, and before it is cold, strain it through a tammy upon half a lemon, sliced thin, with sugar to taste; cover it, and let it remain till cold, mixing with it a glass of Moselle or French wine. *Apple Water* is very delicate. Cut two large apples in slices, and pour one quart of boiling water on them; or on roasted apples; strain in two or three hours, and sweeten lightly. *Or*, Peel and quarter four large rennet apples, or any other firm acid apples; put them in one quart of water, with the peel of half a lemon, and a handful of washed currants; let all boil for one hour, then strain, and add sugar to taste. Let it remain till cold. A little wine may be added to it when about to be drank.

Quinsy, or Ulcerated Sore Throat.—Those who suffer from this distressing malady will be thankful to hear of a simple and efficacious mode of relief—namely, an onion poultice. Bake or roast three or four large onions, or half-a-dozen smaller ones, till soft. Peel them quickly, and beat them flat with a rolling pin or glass bottle. Then put them directly into a thin muslin bag that will reach from ear to ear, and about three inches deep. Apply it speedily, and as warm as possible, to the throat. Keep it on day and night, changing it when the strength of the onions appears to be exhausted, and substituting fresh ones. Flannel must be worn round the neck after the poultice is removed.

Ordinary Sore Throats.—For an ordinary sore throat, we know of no better remedy than that usually adopted, and recommended by old nurses, namely—"put your stocking round your neck going to bed." However, we have found a piece of *new* flannel quite as beneficial, if put warm round the neck. The following gargle will be found useful, either for ulcerated or common sore throat. Make a strong solution of alum, to every half-pint of which add two tablespoonfuls of port wine; gargle the throat several times a day; in ulcerated sore throats, it is safest to have the ulcers touched with caustic immediately on their appearance.

A Cure for Jaundice.—Take two Seville oranges and pare them very thin; then chop the peel as fine as suet, to which put two quarts of cold water, and simmer them till reduced to a pint and a half. Strain and bottle it. Of this mixture take, for three successive mornings, one-half pint, which will perfectly cure the patient.

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Dr. Baillie's Recipe for Hemorrhoids.—One ounce of sulphur, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of sal prunella, and one ounce of stick or common liquorice. Mix the whole in half a pound of honey. A piece the size of a nutmeg to be taken night and morning. Drink no kind of spirits, beer, or port wine while taking it.

Fever.—In cases of fever bitter beer is strongly recommended by medical men. In all cases where health is at stake, it is far better to trust to those who are duly qualified by education and experience to give advice, rather than to place confidence in opinions founded upon neither.

For the Toothache.—Tincture of myrrh, the *simple*, camphor, spirit of wine, and tincture of bark, of each an equal quantity. Much depends upon the articles being good.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. I.—Carriage Dress of Marguerite colored Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, back and front, opening at the sides, and confined by bows of black velvet. These flounces are pinked and headed by rows of black velvet. A sash of broad black velvet is worn at the waist. Mantle of the same material as the dress, trimmed with ruffles and black velvet. The mantle has a hood. Bonnet of white velvet, with a plume in the face.

Fig. II.—House Dress of green Moire-Antique.—Skirt full and plain. Body high, and trimmed with gimp rosettes of the color of the dress. Sleeves large and square at the bottom. Cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with clusters of moss-roses and leaves.

Fig. III.—The Beatrice Mantle of black Silk.—The skirt is full and long, and trimmed with three ruffles, headed by a black velvet. The skirt is put into a square yoke, which, like the large sleeves, is also trimmed with silk ruffles and black velvet.

Fig. IV.—The Newport Dress and Mantle of gray plaid Silk, threaded with pink roses.—The skirt of the dress is trimmed with six flounces. The mantle is deep, with a puffing of silk around the bottom. Above this are two ruffles, one quite deep. Five puffings of silk run lengthwise to the top of the upper ruffle, and are ornamented with bows of ribbon.

Fig. V.—The Alpine Mantle of black and white plaid Cloth.—A quilling of the same material trims the bottom and hood. The latter has a large bow of black velvet at the back.

General Remarks.—The most fashionable style of silks (in fact of all the new goods) is a black or some other dark ground, with quite small flowers in a single color, sprinkled over the ground. Thus black and gold, or black and crimson; dark blue and browns, green and gold; purple and black, are very elegant. Narrow ruffles are still worn on silks of light textures: but the heavier kinds of goods will be made with plain skirts. Bows of ribbon, rosettes, and velvet will all be largely employed during the coming season for ornamenting dresses. Some prefer one deep flounce, headed by two or three quite narrow ones, or by a puffing to the narrow ruffles. But a great deal is left to the individual taste; ruffled skirts and plain skirts, close sleeves, and large, loose sleeves, Quaker-like plainness, and a great deal of trimming; tight-fitting basques and exceedingly full mantles, are all equally fashionable. The mixture of black and white is more than ever in favor. For instance, ladies who are not at all in mourning, wear head-dresses of black and white lace; crape and white tulle bonnets, trimmed with bunches of black and white flowers, or fruit; chemisettes and canzous plaited in the Swiss style, with black velvet revers or rolls, and even tarlatane and muslin dresses covered with alternate black and white flounces; while similar flounces decorate the sleeves and body. Velvet ribbon, about two inches wide, makes a pretty trimming for the skirt of a dress, put on in vandykes round the bottom, of which it covers about five-eighths of a yard. At the point of each is a tied bow of the same ribbon velvet. Graduated bows up the front of the dress, with small steel buckles in the centre, sometimes take the place of the rosettes which are so much worn.

All Skirts should be slightly gored (one breadth on each side is just enough to set them out well), and sloped two or two and a half inches at the bottom, from the front to the back, to prevent so much slope at the top. In mounting a skirt on to the body, the fullness should be arranged in five or six small pleats on each side of the front, and in three or four large box pleats behind. Sleeves of almost every shape are worn; a few of the tight ones, and some half-tight.

Mantles of almost endless variety are worn. We give some of the newest styles in the front of the book.

Bonnets continue to be worn quite large, and of the same general shape as those of the earlier part of the season. Quilted silk and satin bonnets are becoming quite popular, but these admit of but little trimming. The gold ornaments which were introduced last winter, are not so fashionable as they were, but are still worn by some.

Linen Collars and Cuffs are universally worn. The collars are all moderate in size, some quite small. Those that are larger, are generally pointed in front. The newest style has the collar and cuffs made of linen, stitched, and having tabs which lap over one another and are embroidered at the ends only. In one new model, the large button of jasper or malachite, which was used to fasten these tabs at the middle or on the side, is replaced by a double gold clasp, through which the ends of the collar or cuff are passed, so as to present a bow on the wrist or in front of the neck. With these linen cuffs, fastened at the side, or pointed and buttoned underneath, the sleeve itself is made of thin muslin, and very wide. Sleeves for toilet more nearly approaching full-dress, are also made of thin muslin, but are gathered lengthwise by open work insertions, in which narrow ribbons or velvets are run, and the wrist-band is composed of a large ruche of lace or guipure mixed with loops of velvet or ribbon. The fichu to match is plaited and terminated by a collar like the ruches round the wrists. With short or quite open sleeves, under-sleeves are puffed all the way up, and lace insertions or velvet bands are put in the intervals of the puffs.

The Venetian Gloves, which we noticed last winter as a great novelty, are now quite popular. These gloves are embroidered, and bound with a color contrasting with that of the leather, and fastened above the wrist by six small gilt buttons.

Another innovation, which we have also observed, is connected with boots. It consists in lacing them up the front, in metal eyelet-holes; these boots are made for the most part of varnished leather. Many of them are also ornamented on the instep with a large rosette.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

General Remarks.—The prevailing fashions for children are exceedingly pretty. The Zouave jacket is worn by little boys as well as by girls. The Prince Imperial invariably wears one of these jackets. In winter it is made of blue or black velvet, and in summer of coutil, silk, or nankin soutached, or embroidered. Hats, with the brims turned up, are almost universally worn by little girls, and white embroidered dresses with sashes of broad ribbon tied behind, or on one side, are much in favor. The dresses worn by young children are very short and full, and generally consist of embroidered cambric muslin, or white pique trimmed with passementerie, or ornamented with colored embroidery in a light pattern.

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CHILD'S KNITTED SACK.

INFANT'S SHAWL IN CROCHET.

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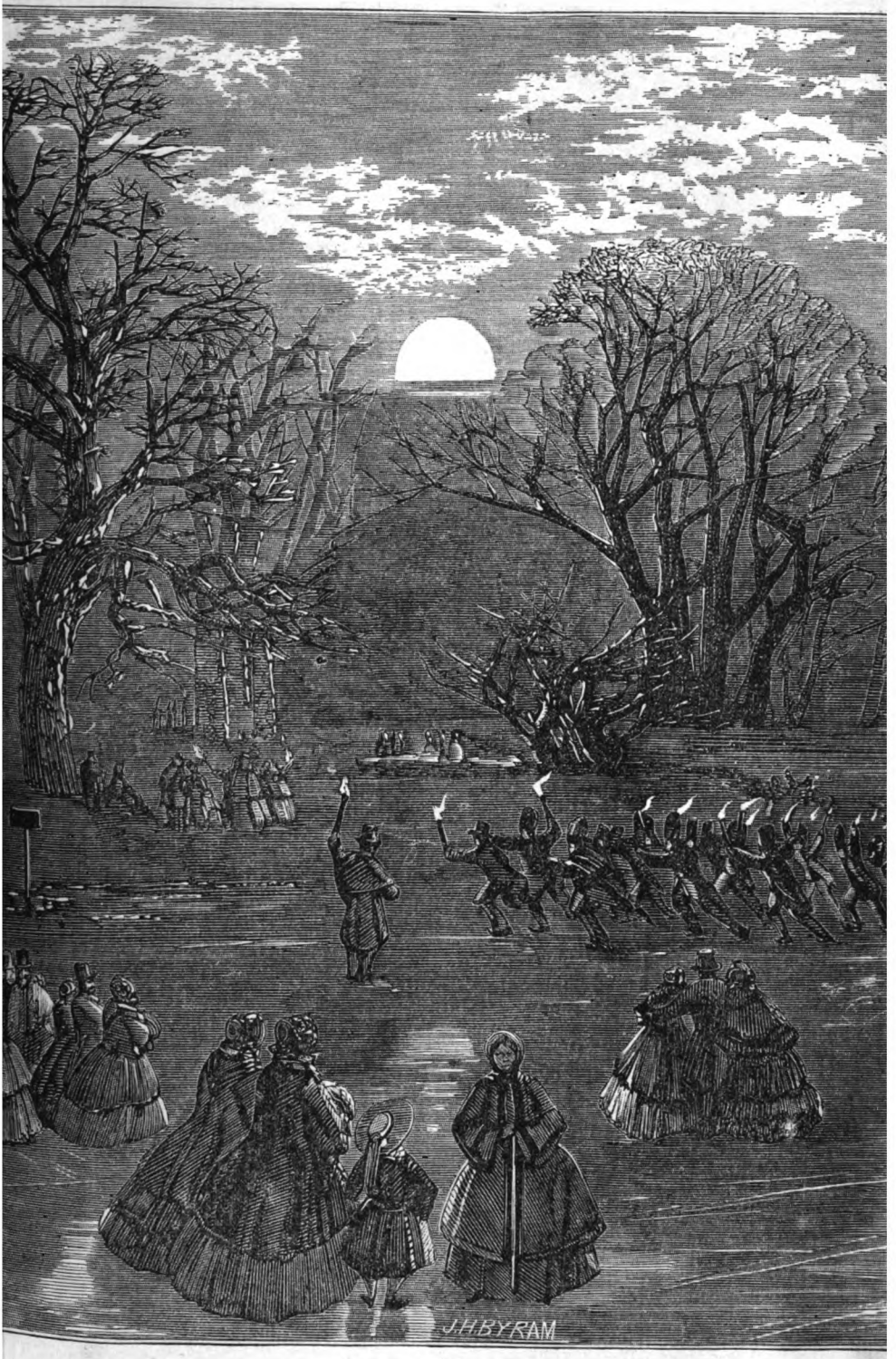

SKATING BY MOONLIGHT.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

THE FALL BASQUE.

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NEW STYLE SLEEVE.

THE GRAY PALETOT.

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NEW STYLE OF SLEEVE.

THE MESSINA.

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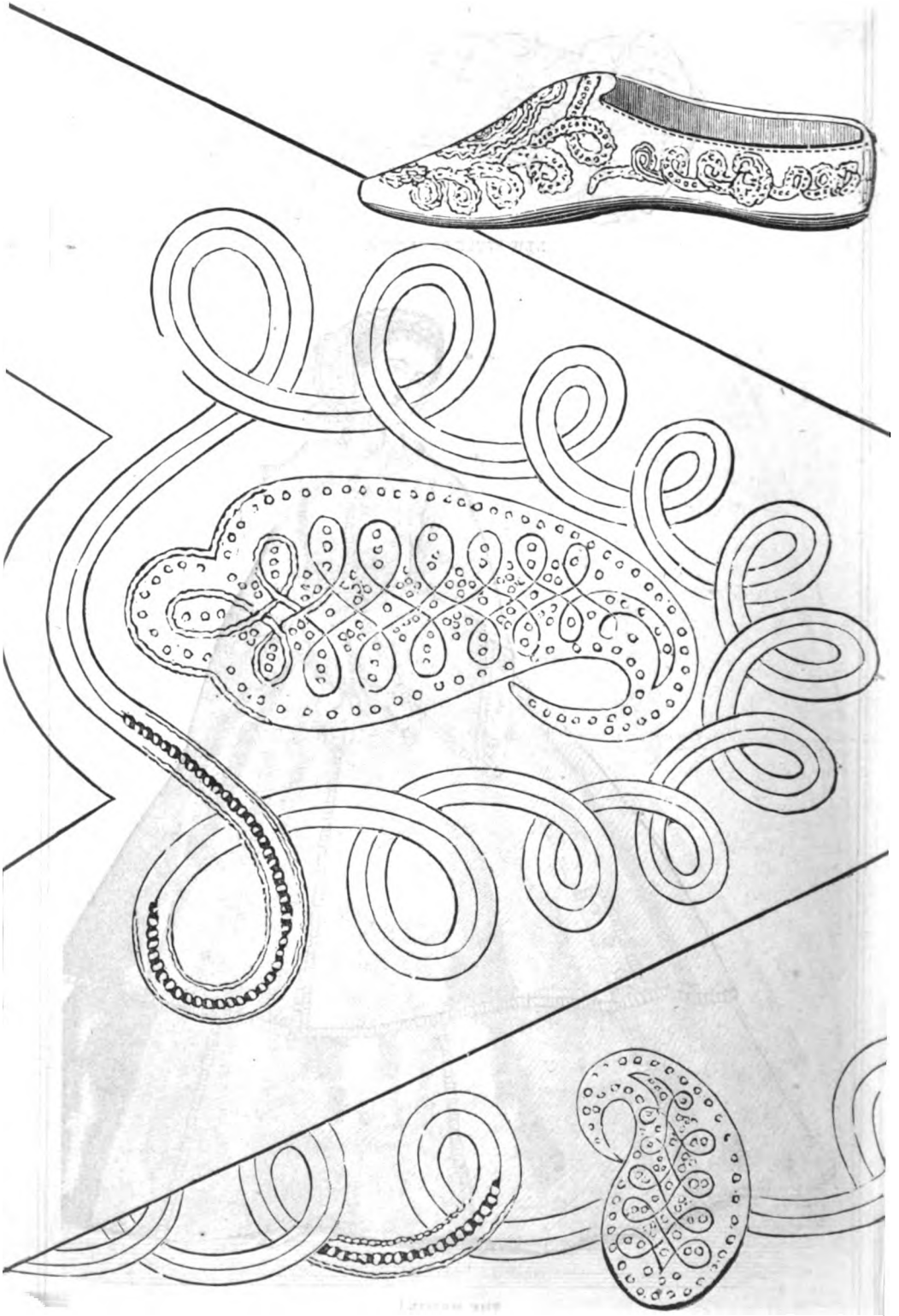

BRAIDED SLIPPER: TOE AND SIDE PIECE.

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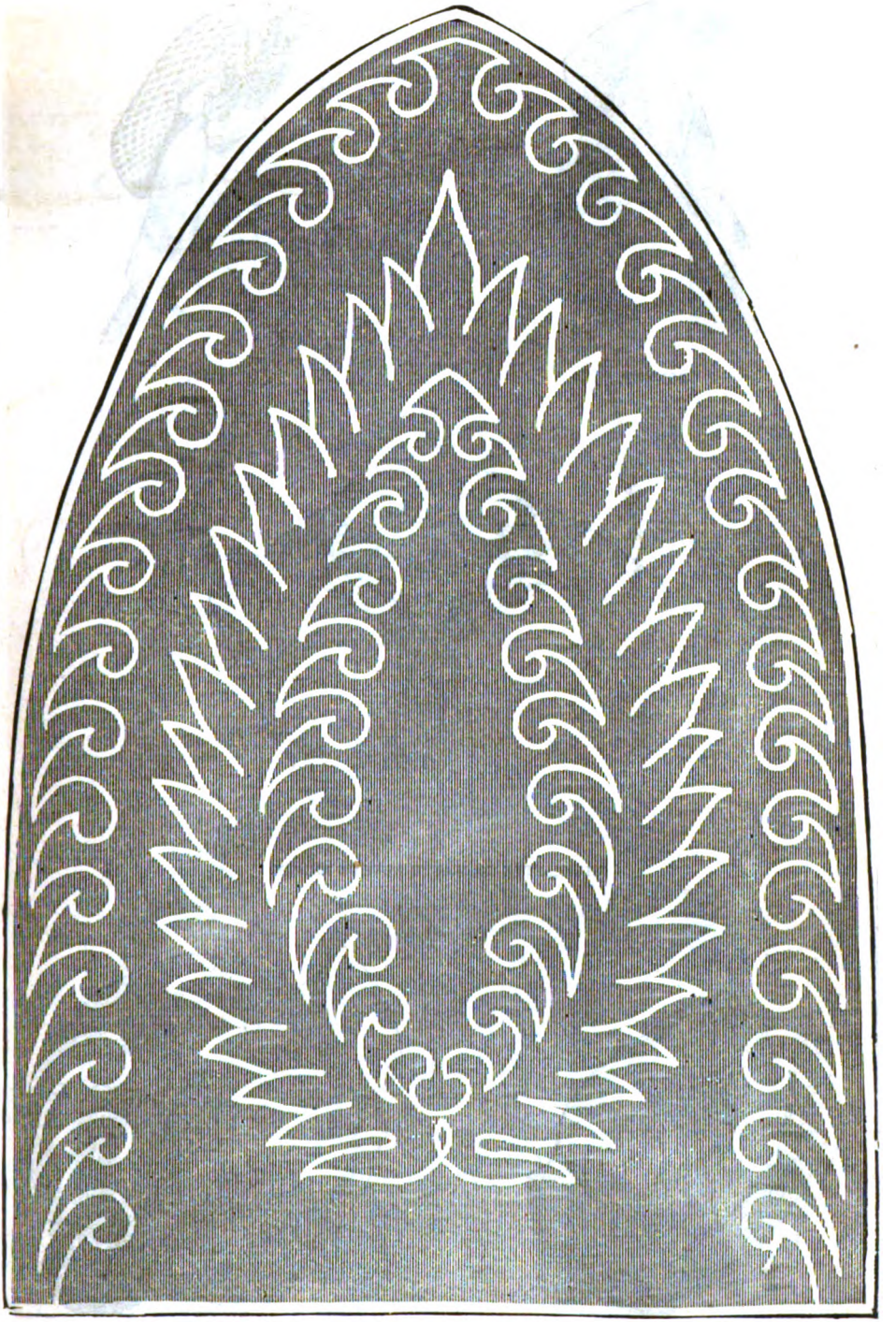

BRAIDED LOUNGING CAP.

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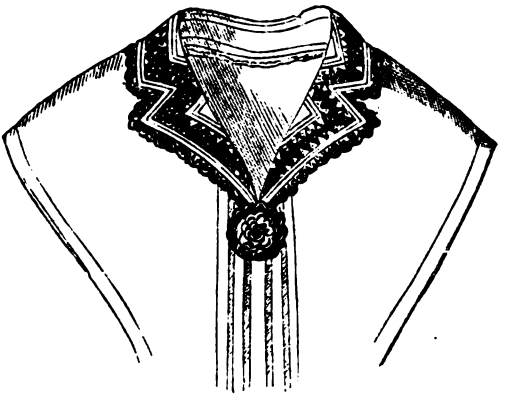
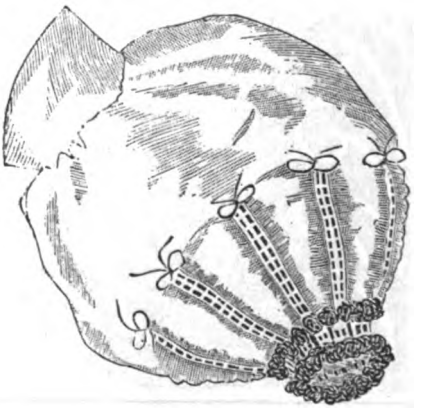
BONNET.

CAP.



CHEMISETTE TO MATCH SLEEVE BELOW.

SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.

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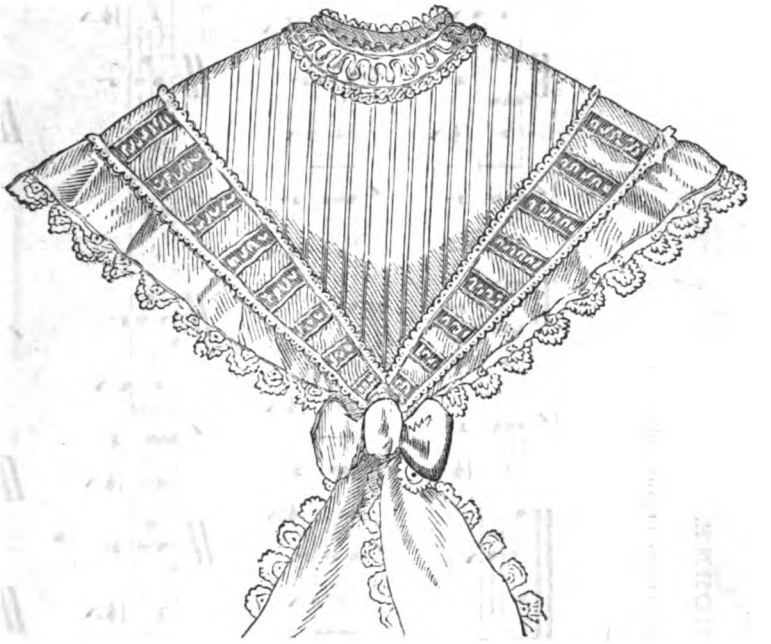

CAPE IN TULLE.

CHEMISETTE FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.

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BANJO INVITATION.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR,

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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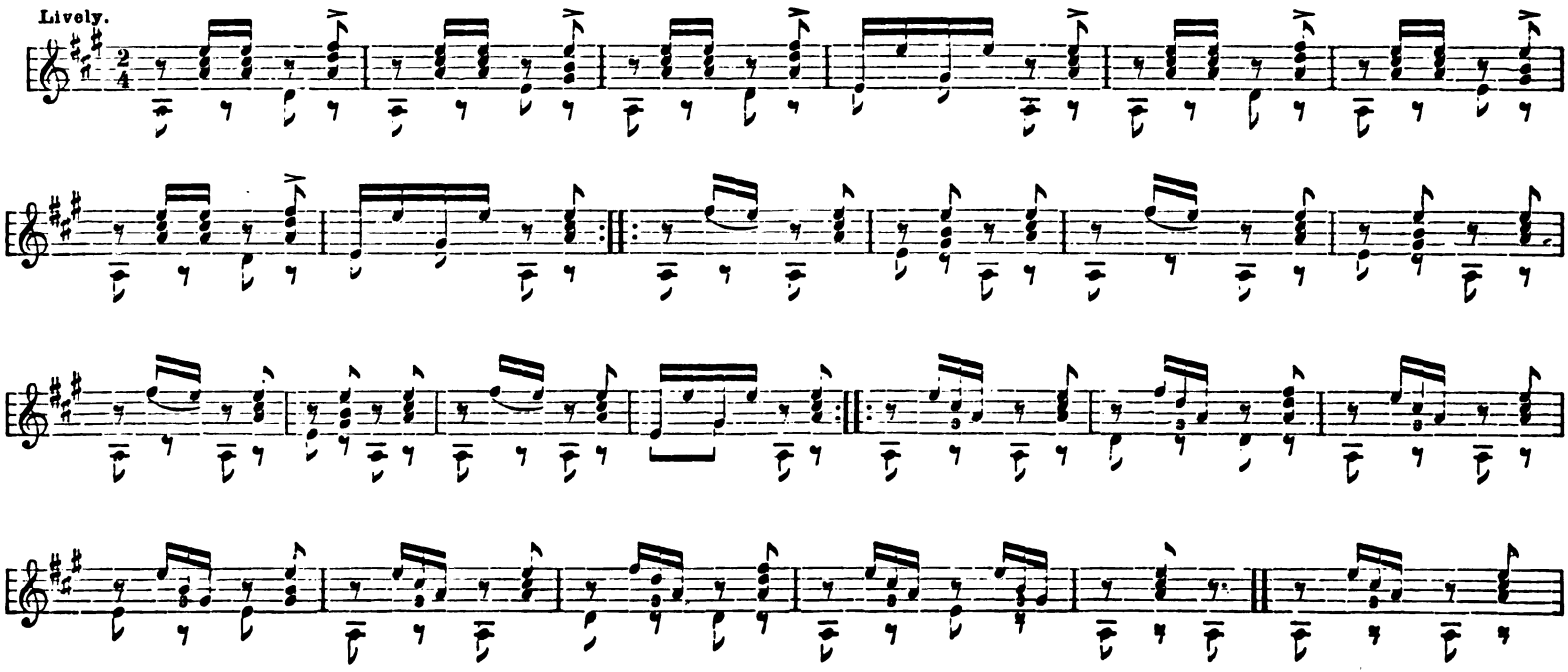

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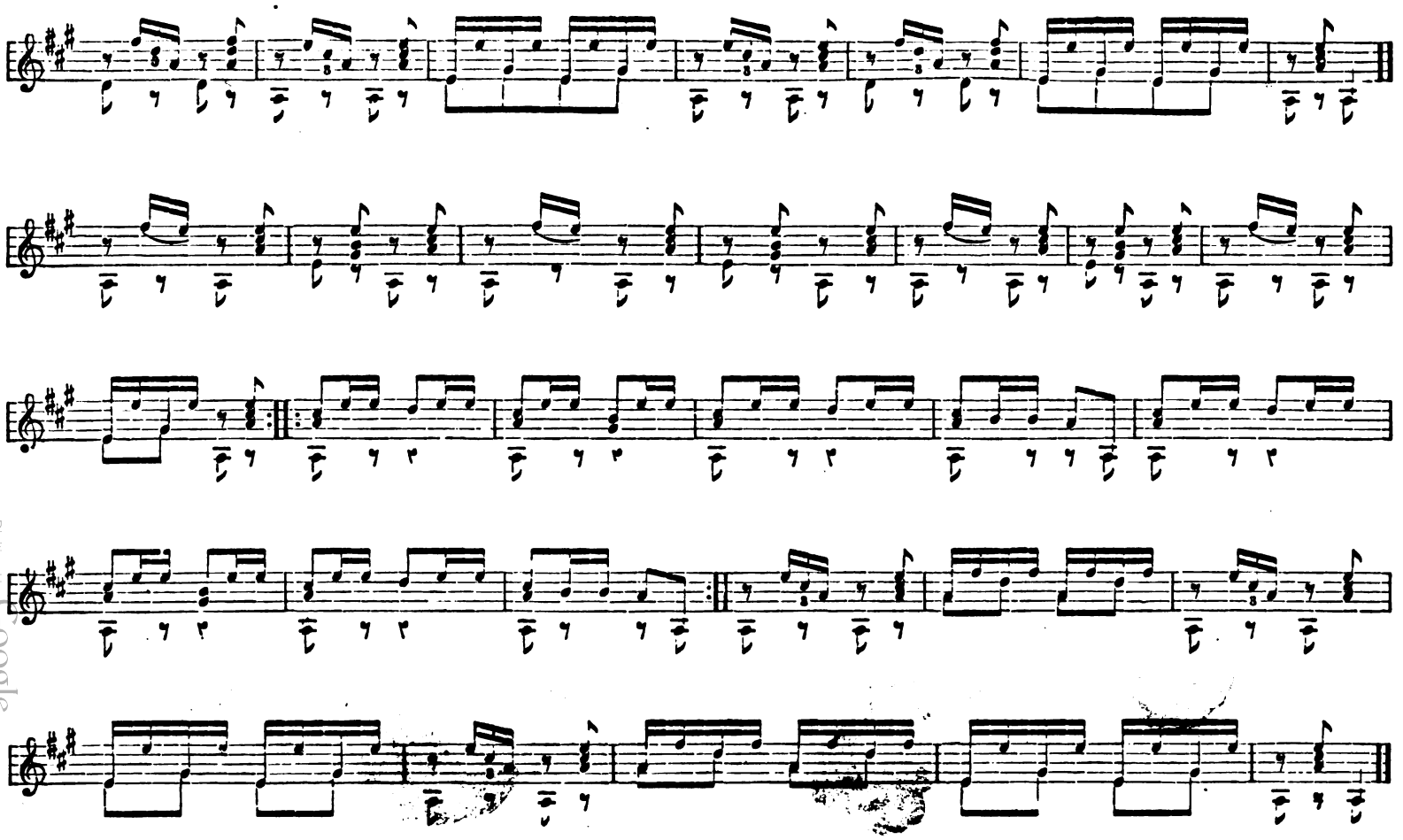

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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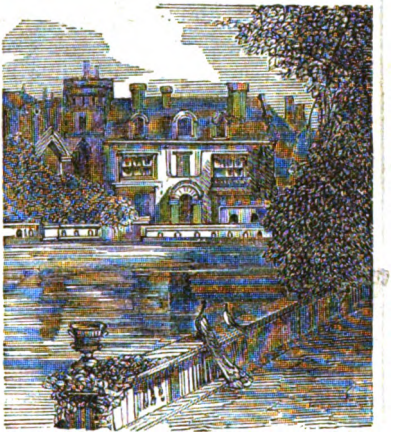
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1860. No. 5.

BYRON AND NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

THIS famous old seat of the Byron family, which was purchased, in 1818, from the poet, by Col. Wildman, came before the public, last June, the demise of the late owner having rendered its sale a legal necessity. The estate is a small one, consisting of only three thousand two hundred and twenty-six acres, including six hundred and eighteen acres of woodland, plantations, park, lakes, and the Abbey. Col. Wildman, who was Byron's school-fellow, gave one hundred and eighty thousand pounds for the Abbey, estate, and furniture. He subsequently spent over two hundred thousand pounds on the reparation of the property. He exhibited great taste in this work. Every relic which had the slightest connection with the poet was very carefully preserved. The fountain, so well described in "Don Juan," was entirely restored, the terrace was repaired, the little fort in the lake was mounted with guns, the cloisters were wholly cleared out, and, above all, Byron's bedchamber was allowed to rest exactly as he had left, with its old-fashioned square bed-stead, each tester surmounted by a Baron's coronet, the view of Trinity College, Cambridge, the print of Jackson, the pugilist, and the three-quarter oil-portrait of stout old Murray, his valet, which hung, we think, over the very small and shabby fire-place. All things in this chamber, even down to the ricketty pembroke writing-table placed near the oriel window, were kept as Byron left them. The entire amount, spent by Col. Wildman, on the purchase and reparation of Newstead Abbey, represented at four per cent, which is rather more than it would bring, on good security, in England, represents an annual income of fifteen thousand two hundred pounds. But, it was stated at the sale, that the actual value—including the rent of the house, the land in cultivation, the woods, the game, &c.—was estimated at only four thousand one hundred and eighty-six pounds, or nearly two-thirds less than the interest of the money invested. The first bid, at the auction mart, was ninety thousand pounds, which did not include timber nor furniture. The highest of eleven following bids was one hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds. There being no chance of an advance, the property was bought in at the reserved bidding of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, which included the timber. Newstead Abbey, therefore, continues in the possession of Col. Wildman's representatives for the present.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY FROM THE TERRACE.

There were numerous monastic houses in Nottinghamshire, belonging to various orders, being known as Hospitallers or the Brothers of St. John of Jerusalem—Minorites, Carmelites, Benedictines, Carthusians, Augustinians, Franciscans, and Gilbertines. Newstead was one of the thirteen priories existing in Nottinghamshire at the time of the dissolution of the Monasteries. It belonged to the order of St. Augustine, and was founded in the year 1170,

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under the express sanction of Henry II., it is said, in repentance for his share in procuring the assassination of Thomas A'Becket.

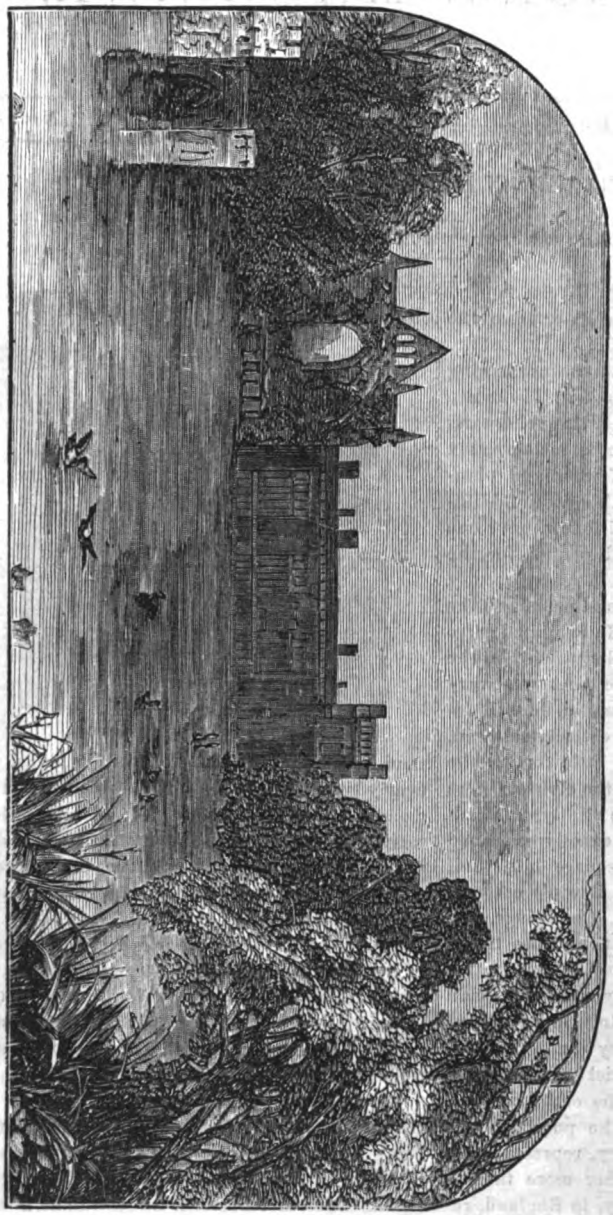
According to the charter by Henry II., it was dedicated to God and the Virgin Mary; and its situation and character has been well and poetically depicted by the late Lord Byron. In his "Don Juan" he writes:

"An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion—of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

"It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook, which murmur'd like a bird.

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around; the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

"The outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes, like an infant made
Quiet, sank into softer ripples, gliding
Like a rivulet; and, thus allay'd,
Pursue its course, now gleaming, and now hiding,
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw."



NEWSTEAD ABBEY FROM THE LAKE.

Thus stood Newstead Abbey, which, at the dissolution, was estimated at the sum of two hundred and twenty-nine pounds. It was granted, on the twenty-eighth of May, 1540, in the thirty-second year of Henry VIII., to Sir John Byron, Knight of Colewyke, whose uncle had rendered great service to Henry VII. at the Battle of Bosworth Field.

Upon Sir John Byron's taking possession of Newstead Abbey, he converted a part of the offices into a dwelling house, and incorporated in the apartments a portion of the south aisle of the church. The Abbey was originally decorated by various figures of saints, thus alluded to by Lord Byron:

"Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But those had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell

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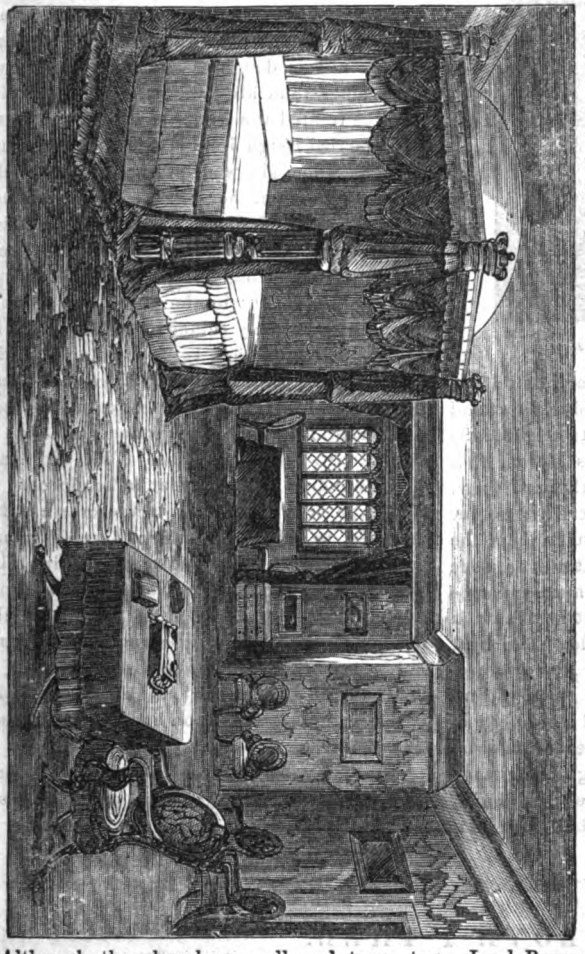
The annals of full many a line undone—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign."—STANZA 60.

A figure of the Virgin and Child, however, still remains:

"But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin mother of the God-born child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd:
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship make some thoughts divine."

Family differences, particularly during the time of the fifth Lord Byron, of eccentric and unsocial manners, suffered, and even aided, the dilapidations of time. The castellated stables and offices are, however, yet to be seen, and the interior, since the time Col. Wildman became possessor, was well maintained.

The great hall is a fine specimen of antique style—it was the refectory and the drawing-room, the dormitory being then lighted by small windows high up, between the spandrils of the roof looking into the cloister, the cloisters at that time being no doubt arched over with stone groins, &c., but those were cut away by the Byrons, and the present galleries formed over them, to give more convenient access to the chambers.



In the cloister court there stands the old fountain. The Byrons had placed it in a court they made in front, which does not now exist. Thus:—

"Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its wild torrents in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles."

The cloisters present a most venerable appearance, and resemble those of Westminster Abbey, though upon a smaller scale. These were of the ancient abbey, and there are still tenants to be found beneath the pavement, but there are no sepulchral slabs.

The old chapel is a handsome specimen of Gothic style and spring of arches, and is, in fact, the old vaulted chapter-house.

Although the church was allowed to go to decay, there fortunately yet remains the noble and majestic front, with its lofty pinnacles and rich carvings. Byron thus describes the Abbey:

"The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too, and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk."

Lord Byron never saw Newstead until 1798, when he was nearly eleven years old. He was born in London, in 1788, and lost his father, Capt. Byron, when he was three or four years old. He was then living in Aberdeen, with his mother, whose pecuniary means were very limited. She had been a Scotch heiress, but her dissolute husband had made away with all her property—land, houses, timber, bank-shares, fisheries, cash. At last, all that was left to her was fifteen thousand dollars, which

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yielded an income of seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum. The impoverished woman, a lineal descendant of the royal house of Stuart, had been Miss Gordon, of Gight, in Aberdeenshire.

THE STATUE IN THE WOODS.

While Lord Byron was at school, and afterward at the University of Cambridge, Newstead had Lord Grey de Ruthin for its tenant. So much attached to Newstead was Byron, that before he became acquainted with Lord Grey, he used to leave Nottingham where his mother lived, walk over to Newstead, wander about the land by day, and sleep at night at a little place called "The Hut," opposite the main entrance to the estate, actually on the right hand as you go from Nottingham to Mansfield. The Hut, since Byron's ownership made Newstead remarkable, has been considerably enlarged, but its rural character preserved, and is now one of the neatest of English country taverns—famous, above all, for its ham, poached eggs, home-made wheaten bread, and home-brewed "stunning ale." This last was worthy of Robin Hood himself, who, by-the-way, may often have feasted in that locality, for The Hut is on the verge of what was Sherwood Forest, many noble trees of which still remain, gigantic memorials of a by-gone time.

After becoming intimate with Lord Grey de Ruthin, a bed-room in the Abbey was always set apart for Byron—the same little room he occupied to the last—and his time in the country was passed between Newstead and Annesley, where lived the Chaworth family, whose acquaintance he had made in London. Mary Ann Chaworth, sole daughter and heiress, was two years older than himself. He fell in love with her, was treated as a "lame boy," and the young lady married rough John Musters, the fox-hunter, with whom she was very unhappy, and she finally died out of her mind. Byron attained his majority on January 22nd, 1809, at which time he was occupying Newstead Abbey, possession of which had been surrendered to him by his noble tenant in the preceding autumn. It was in a terribly ruinous condition, and he immediately proceeded to fit up some of the rooms for his mother's use, his avowed intention being to secure her possession of the abbey and manor for life, with a sufficient income to maintain it. She had, since 1799, additional fifteen hundred dollars a year to her income, in the shape of a pension from the crown. But she died in 1811, soon after Byron's return from the East. Until his marriage in 1815, Byron lived a good deal at Newstead. His wife resided with him there, a short time in the autumn of that year. In February, 1810, Lady Byron separated from him—in a manner, to say the least of it, capricious and unjustifiable. Three months later, Byron had again left England—forever.

Newstead Abbey derives its name from having been originally erected upon a piece of waste land in the forest, hence New Stede or place.

LOVE I THEE.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Better than with gush of passion love I thee!
Fit for times of joy and sorrow shall this loving be;
Smiling on thee when the sunlight gilds thy brow,
And still firmer growing with the lapse of time, I trow.
Love like this, which knows no haste,
Never runneth into waste.

Not the spell of beauty only fills my heart,
Thinking of thee, till emotion bids the tear-drops start:
'Tis because I feel thou art beyond compare
Radiantly thy virtues sparkle—constant, pure, and rare.
These my ardent love to gain;
Love as boundless as the main!

Truthful is the troth I plight thee, love of mine!
Strong, and clinging as when ivy round the oak doth twine,
Guileless art thou, and thy winning charms have thrown
Round me a spell of durance, to make thee all mine own.
Earth's best joys I find in thee:
From love's chains I'd ne'er be free!

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REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 286.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE only a dim recollection of the few days of excitement which succeeded that fearful night.

I can remember the coroner's inquest—recollect being examined, hearing the evidence of my cousin and the rest of the household, but it all appeared to me like a painful dream, from which I tried to rouse myself but could not.

At last the frightful reality thrust itself upon me! I was committed to jail in the county town, to await my trial for the murder of my uncle, Charles Redman.

When I found myself alone in my cell, heard the heavy doors clang together as the keeper went out, I fully realized the horror of my situation. I should not have been human had I preserved my fortitude during the torturing hours of that night.

I could not pray to God—he had deserted me. I had no friend on earth to whom I could turn for consolation. It could not be possible that I must die—I was so young, I had a right to look forward to long years of life! Then the terrible mystery of that threat, "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the child," recurred to me with a force which I had never before understood. Could I be atoning for the errors of that parent, whose memory had for so many years been to me a holy thing? I recalled every event of my past life—what sin had I ever committed that could deserve an expiation like that?

I could see no hope—the future was bounded by a few short weeks, beyond that no more of earth—nothing tangible or real, only the dark clouds that separate this life from the impenetrable mystery beyond.

I pictured to myself the horrors of the trial—I could hear my cousin's evidence, calm, self-possessed, and condemning me to death without a pang of remorse or a touch of pity.

Then the verdict—the judge's charge—I had never witnessed a similar scene, but it rose before me as real as any event that had already taken place. I could see the faces of the twelve jurors—the familiar countenances of men who had sat often at my uncle's board, and whom I had been accustomed to consider my friends. I saw the judge, pitiless, stern—I heard the words pronounced which cut off the last faint hope—the words which fixed the day of my execution, and shrunk in horror from the faces of the crowd, who gazed upon me with loathing and dread.

Then I was in my cell again, chained hand and foot! The days dragged on, clanking against my heart heavily as my fetters struck the stone pavement of my prison. The long nights that had no sleep, nothing but frightful nightmares, in which friends taunted me with some unknown crime that horrified them, as my fancied guilt had done my fellow men.

Had this state of feeling continued I must have gone wholly mad, but, toward morning, I stretched myself upon the narrow bed and fell asleep, nor did I wake until roused by the entrance of the keeper carrying my breakfast.

He spoke to me cheerfully, I believe he was a good man, for, in the weeks that succeeded, I had only kindness to remember. After he had gone I knelt down and prayed. I wonder if my readers will comprehend the whole meaning in those words? I had not been a reckless or bad youth, but all my life long I had received heaven's benefits as my right; only now, in my agony and desolation, did it occur to me to return thanks for the past, and ask assistance in the terrible struggle before me.

I rose up calmed—from that moment no torturing doubt came back—I was resigned to my fate, and though I was too thoroughly convinced that there was no hope to be cheerful, I was calm and collected.

That was a busy day. I had many visitors, among them a lawyer whom I had known for years, and who offered his services in my behalf.

From him I learned that only three weeks would elapse before my trial—the spring courts meeting early in April.

I gave him as clear an account as possible of

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the incidents of that day and night. At the mention of my quarrel with Maurice and my uncle, I could see that he felt how much the circumstance would tell against me.

"We shall see," he said, as he took his leave; "above all things, keep your spirits up—you are so young——"

"Do not give me any hope," I said; "I have none now—do not kindle one in my heart only to be crushed out."

Mr. Grant was silent for a moment. In spite of the hardening tendency of his profession he was a kind-hearted man, and my situation touched him deeply.

"You will want many things here to make you comfortable," he said; "make out a list of books and articles that you need, Mrs. Winship will bring them to you to-day."

I did as he requested, and, after a few more consoling words, he went away, leaving me to my solitude again.

How slowly the time passed! The tiny hands of my watch—my uncle's gift—seemed scarcely to move; I have had whole weeks pass more rapidly than did the next two hours.

At length, the door was again unlocked and the keeper entered, admitting Prudence and a numberless variety of commodities, which she had considered essential to my comfort.

I never heard a cry of agony like that with which she threw her arms about me, pulled me down upon the floor beside her and rocked her body to and fro, kissing me passionately with a torrent of broken words.

"Oh! my Paul, my little Paul, my nurseling, my own boy! Oh! it isn't true—I must be dreaming! My Emily's child—I can't live—I can't live!"

Her wild distress did not shake my calmness, although there were tears even in the eyes of the keeper as he turned away.

"Don't cry so, Prudence," I said, trying to encourage her with a hope which had never for a moment solaced myself; "Mr. Grant is very certain it will all end well—don't cry."

"He's a blessed man!" sobbed Prudence. "I've been down on my knees to him—oh! Paul, my little Paul!"

She groaned aloud in agony, deep as a mother could have felt for her own child, and it was long before she could be sufficiently calmed to hold anything like a rational conversation.

"Tell me how everything goes on," I asked; "it seems to me as if I had been here ages. Where is Maurice?"

"The villain, the bloody-minded villain!" she exclaimed, her grief changing to angry fury. "I believe that man murdered your uncle!"

"Hush! hush, Prudence; you must not say that—there is not the shadow of possibility that such should have been the case—you will only get yourself into trouble by such language."

"Yes, I know it, Mr. Grant told me! I have got to be quiet, he depends so much on what I can say; I will save you, indeed I will, Paul! Who knows you like me? Haven't you been an angel all your life—don't I know you couldn't have the heart to hurt a fly! I'll tell them that, Paul; oh! they shan't hang you—old Prudence can save her boy."

"Where is Maurice now?" I asked again.

"He went to the city this morning, and took that old fool Morgan with him."

"And the—the body, Prudence?"

"They buried it yesterday," she sobbed; "don't you see my black dress? Oh! my poor Master Charles—my Emily's brother! I know he had his faults, but he didn't deserve such an end; he was always good to the old woman, very good."

"Do you know of any enemies he had?" I asked.

"No," she replied; "oh! Mr. Grant asked me all them questions. But everybody's dead that could have wished him harm, and 'tisn't no use to disgrace his memory with raking up old stories over his grave."

"No, Prudence, no—say nothing that you know of the past—don't even give a hint."

"I won't, Paul, unless it'll help you—then nothing should stop my tongue."

"It would do me no good. My knife was found on the ground beside him; who could have taken that from the drawer?"

"Nobody but Maurice! I tell you——"

"You must not say those things—you will only injure your own evidence."

"I won't speak his name agin," she exclaimed, "not if I have to seal my mouth up to keep the curses back."

"I see you have brought me some things," I said, to change the current of her thoughts, "you are very thoughtful."

"Don't say it, Paul, don't speak so gently, it'll kill me! There's everything I could think on, and Susan helped me—you remember Susan, the housemaid—the best girl, she's cried herself sick."

"You must tell her from me to keep her courage up—you see how quiet I am—surely, the rest can bear it if I am able."

"Jest like my blessed Emily, she was an

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angel, no wonder you're so good. Oh! them men—them wretches!"

"Have you remembered the books, Prudence?"

"Here they be, every one that was on your shelves. There's the poetry things you used to read to me—oh! dear, dear."

I turned over the familiar volumes and began arranging them on my little table.

Prudence watched me going about so calmly, until she grew quiet herself.

"There's paper and pens, I knowed you'd want to write. And there's bed clothes——"

She broke off abruptly, and darted toward my poor little pallet.

"It's hard as a rock," she exclaimed, indignantly; "and what a piller, why it's like putting a grave-stone under your head," and she gave the offending pillow a hearty shake, as if she thought it could feel her anger, and tossed it across the floor. She began spreading out the soft blankets and sheets she had brought, arranging the bed according to her exaggerated ideas of comfort, muttering all the while in her old fashion,

"Did they think you had been used to sleeping in a garden patch, I wonder? I'll give the hull on 'em a piece of my mind. There, that's better—there's your own nice blankets, and the coverlet you used to think was so pretty when you was a little boy. It was in the best bedroom then—you always called it the 'pictur quilt'—I kept it nice just 'cause you liked it. Oh! to think I should live to spread it on your bed in such a place as this!"

She sat down on the half-made couch, cried a little more; but as I busied myself steadily on my books, she calmed herself again and went on with her task.

"There, it's all right now, and they've got to let me come and make it every day; you never would let anybody else touch your bed, and 'tain't likely you're going to begin now in all this trouble. Here's the very things you like to eat—I baked this mince-pie a purpose—oh! my poor heart—oh! my Paul!"

Down she dropped on the floor, still clutching the pie, and weeping over it in a way at once so ludicrous and pathetic, that I laughed and cried in the same breath.

"I'm an old fool," she said, gathering herself up, "I know I am; but who can blame me? And to see you bear it so like an angel! And here's the strawberry preserves—the very berries you helped me pick! Maurice never shall eat 'em, I'll throw the pots out of the winder first."

"I am going to write a letter now," I said, "and I want you to send somebody to town with it."

"I will, and it shall go safe, if I carry it myself and walk every step of the way."

I sat down and wrote to Alice, a long, quiet letter, one which I knew could not fail, in a measure, to alleviate her suffering. The agony I endured during the writing is beyond expression, but there was no trace of it in those pages.

When I had finished the letter, I folded it up and gave it to Prudence. The old lady put on her spectacles and slowly spelled out the direction. When she read Alice's name her grief was renewed with added force, for she knew something of our secret, and had made herself very happy over our mutual affection.

"The poor girl'll die, I know she will; they'll have another murder to answer for."

"Be sure that the letter goes, Prudence."

"I'll send Susan with it—she was a talkin' about going down to see her mother, and that'll jest do. I suppose we'll all be sent off from the house."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think we'd stay in a house where that Maurice was master? Any of us would starve first."

"Has a will been found?"

"Didn't I tell you? Your uncle's partner had it—one he made a good while ago—everything's left to Maurice—jest a mean bit to you."

"My uncle had a right to do as he pleased."

"Don't tell me it was right, I won't hear it! But the money'll never do Maurice any good, it will be a curse to him."

"You were remembered, were you not?"

"Indeed I was, and beautifully. Oh! Master Charles loved his old nurse! If he'd only been fond of you, I could have forgiven him everything else."

"He could not force affection."

"I tell you, Paul, there's something wrong somewhere! If we only knowed the truth, it might help you now."

I thought of the letter I had found, but I remembered my uncle's explanation, I could not doubt it now! Upon that subject I must be silent, it would only bring disgrace upon my dead father.

"It would be useless, Prudence, in any way to refer to my uncle's past—by your love for his memory, I conjure you not to do it."

"I won't, indeed I won't! I know it could not do any good; don't be afraid, Paul, you can trust old Prudence."

We heard the keeper unlock the door. The

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harsh grating of the key always sent a deeper chill to my heart, than any other of the painful details which constantly reminded me that I was a prisoner.

"The time is up, ma'am," said the man, respectfully; "I cannot let you stay any longer now."

"I hain't been here a minit," returned Prudence, disconsolately; "I can't leave him yet."

"You have been in full two hours; you can come to-morrow, you know; I'm sorry, but I have to live up to orders."

"I wish they'd jest lock me up too! I don't want to be free, if they're going to keep that poor lamb shut up here. How can I go, Paul?—how can I go?"

It was some time before I could soothe her again, but at length she, in a measure, comforted herself with the thought that she could visit me on the morrow. That parting was very painful to both. I loved Prudence greatly, and her very peculiarities, which would have seemed so ludicrous to another, only made me more fond of her.

So, with many tears and embraces, she went out at last, leaving me saddened by her frantic sorrow.

The next day my cousin Maurice wished to see me, but I refused. I could not meet him—deep as was the misery and degradation into which I had been plunged, I could not endure his false protestations of sympathy, when so certain that in his heart he rejoiced at the evil which had befallen me. I remembered the threat which he had several times repeated, and I had always a feeling, wrong I knew, but which I could not conquer, that his hatred had some share in my misfortunes.

When Mr. Grant called, he brought me a note from Maurice, expressing the utmost sympathy, and reiterating his desire to visit me.

"Not now," I said; "later, perhaps, but I cannot see him now."

"His grief for his uncle seems to be extreme," was the lawyer's remark, "he meets with a great deal of sympathy, and his conduct in regard to you is marked by much forbearance and pity, although he professes to believe you guilty, and says that he cannot shrink from his duty."

I knew well the meaning of those words. He would never rest until I was beyond the power of interfering with his plans; when I was once removed, he fancied that Alice would be within his reach.

The thought was agony, I could not dwell upon it! The sharpest pang in death would be that reflection—the recollection of Alice's misery would haunt me into eternity.

CHAPTER XII.

The days wore into weeks—the spring sunshine played in at the grated window of my cell during the long afternoons, and its pleasant light was one of the most painful reminders of my captivity.

All my life, the spring had been to me the saddest season of the year, the fullest of melancholy and unrest, now it filled me with an unutterable impatience impossible to subdue. My thoughts kept wandering to the old woods I had so often haunted—I could scent the flowers I had gathered—could recall distinctly each nook and haunt of the forest that I had visited. There was a hardy, foreign vine that grew over one of the library windows of the old house, which used to blossom early in May, filling the whole room with its fragrance; very often in my cell, that peculiar odor came to me with such strength that I could not think it was only fancy. For a moment I would be cheated into the belief that the past weeks had been a horrid dream, that I was waking, and should find myself lying on the couch in the library, as I had so often done, the flowers tapping against the window like fairy hands beckoning me out into the sunshine, and the birds singing gayly in the great maple tree beyond.

Some dreadful recollection of that night would rouse me; my uncle's face would haunt me, pallid and blood-stained, till I shrunk tremblingly away, so white and frightened, that had any one seen me it would have been considered a proof of my guilt.

My twentieth birthday passed in that prison, the era I had so long looked forward to as the time when a complete change should come upon my whole life—truly, it was there, and just beyond death and eternity loomed up.

But as the period for my trial approached I grew more calm; not that I had any hope, but I was grown so weary that I almost longed for the time to come when a violent death should free me from suffering. The thought of a lifelong imprisonment I could not endure. I had extorted a promise from the few friends left me, that, if condemned to death, they would not use any effort to obtain an amelioration of my sentence—I could trust to God's mercy hereafter—I could not support man's cruelty in the living death which such a fate would bring upon me.

As the time drew near, I could see that Mr.

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Grant had little hope of saving me. Indeed, I think that as proof accumulated, there were moments when in his heart he believed me guilty.

Prudence visited me daily, her tenderness and devotion seemed constantly to increase. Alice had been confined to her bed for several weeks, very near death at one time I gathered from Prudence's disclosures, although she fancied that she had kept the secret perfectly.

At length, Alice was well enough to write me little notes, which reached me through dear old Prudence. The brave girl did all in her power to encourage me, but I could see that she had little hope, and I knew that my condemnation would be her death warrant.

Prudence had left the old house and taken lodgings in the town, and every moment that she was permitted was spent with me.

I was much annoyed by visitors. Scores of people, impelled by vulgar curiosity, came to stare at me through the gratings of my cell.

The very calmness I displayed was considered a proof of my depravity. People discovered the most villainous propensities in my face; and the newspapers displayed abominable portraits, which they asserted were truthful likenesses of myself.

Popular feeling was greatly excited against me; the most ridiculous stories of my past life were repeated and believed, growing into such magnitude and atrocity, that they would have been more applicable to a fiend than a human being.

I read and wrote a great deal. Prudence brought me every day beautiful flowers, which gave my cell quite a festive appearance. I do not know if that state of feeling could have continued long, but, except at intervals, I was strangely composed. I think it must have been unnatural, almost lethargic—it seemed to me that a speedy death would be the most fortunate thing which could happen.

Even if acquitted, I believed that the stigma of the accusation would blight my whole life, and I preferred to leave it at once, rather than drag through long years a marked man, shunned by those who had formerly known me—no place so distant that evil reports would not follow—no career open which would not be blasted by terrible suspicions springing out of the past.

Again and again Maurice petitioned me to see him, and Mr. Grant advised me to gratify his wish.

"It can do no good," I said; "it will be only an added pain to no avail."

"It would, perhaps, be well," the lawyer replied; "your cousin seems to me a very singular man. If not absolutely revolting to your feelings, I wish you would let him visit you."

"So be it," I said, too weary to be firm in my opposition. "Let him come to-morrow. Shall you be here?"

"He wishes to see you entirely alone."

"To-morrow then. Please do not say any more about it, I want to think of something else."

The next day, at the hour appointed, Maurice entered my cell. I was writing at the table—for a few moments the sight of him so overpowered me that I could only sit in silence: then he came toward me holding out his hand.

I did not notice the gesture, staring vacantly into his face with a rush of mingled feeling, fuller of bitterness and horror than had troubled me for weeks.

Maurice was changed. He looked pale and thin, and his eyes had a restless expression very different from their former bold lustre.

"You wished to see me," I said, at length, "and I have gratified your desire. Will you tell me what motive you had for this visit?"

"Surely it is not strange that I should have been anxious to come," he replied, "you are my only living relative."

"You did not formerly regard the relationship in any very favorable light."

"Can you still remember those boyish quarrels and disagreements? I should think that in a time like this they would all be forgotten."

"They were no boyish quarrels," I answered. "Maurice, you have hated me all your life, I do not believe that your feelings have changed, or that your nature has altered."

I spoke hotly, and with a degree of scorn which touched him. I saw the color mount to his forehead, and he bit his lip angrily.

"You are in a singular frame of mind," he said, "for one in your position."

"Because the sight of you reminds me of all that I have suffered—all the wrong that you have done me."

"I have quite as much to complain of as you! I should scarcely suppose that you would reject any evidence of kindness."

"Why are you here to offer it?" I asked. "You profess to believe me guilty of our uncle's murder—you can feel no sympathy for me."

"But I can pity you, Paul! The same blood runs in our veins, I cannot see you in this awful situation without having my heart wrung to the core."

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"Yet you could bear witness which will condemn me to the gallows!"

"I was forced to tell the truth! I said not a word more than I could help, and each one I uttered fell like a death blow upon my own heart; but what could I do, Paul? I had taken an oath to speak the truth—I could only soften that which I had seen, I could keep nothing back."

"I have not blamed you. Is it to yourself that you are offering these excuses?"

"This state of mind is terrible!" he exclaimed, with a theatrical show of feeling very distasteful to me.

"You mistake," I replied, "I have no enmity toward you; but, during the time I may have to live, I wish to be at peace. Your presence distracts me and opens every old wound that ever bled in my heart."

"I am sorry," he said, apparently much pained by my words; "I did not mean my visit to rouse such feelings."

"I do not reject kindness, Maurice. If it was a good impulse which brought you here, I am glad that you have come."

He seemed relieved by my words, and seated himself near the table at which I was sitting.

"Paul," he said, after a short silence, "I did not come merely to speak empty words of consolation, they would only be a mockery."

"What brought you then? No human being can offer me more."

"You are mistaken! I could have given you a hope weeks since, if you would only have consented to see me."

"A hope, Maurice, what do you mean?"

"More than that—the certainty of regaining your liberty."

"Have you a clue to the murderer? Why have you waited till now to make it known?"

"Hush, Paul, hush—do not speak of that!" he exclaimed, hurriedly, as if shocked by my hypocrisy. "Your guilt is too firmly established; nothing can help you there."

"Why then do you speak of freeing me? Have you lied to me, Maurice? Did you come to insult and torture me?"

"I can forgive your words, Paul—you would not be human if you felt otherwise! But I do offer you freedom—a means of escape."

"From imprisonment—from death?"

"If they would have taken bail, I should have removed you from the country at once; as it is——"

"Do you think I would have gone?" I exclaimed, indignantly "I should have declared myself guilty at once; I would rather die a thousand deaths than have fled from trial."

"That is madness, Paul, you cannot be serious! But now the trial must come on; you will be condemned—there is no help for it—nothing short of a miracle could save you."

"Then why are you here?"

"Because I have arranged a plan by which you can escape. No matter how—but a week after the trial you will be freed from this place—go to New York at once, and before twelve hours be on the ocean."

I sat looking full in his face while he spoke. His eyes never once met mine—he talked in a hasty, nervous manner very unlike himself.

"Do you think I will consent, Maurice? If I am condemned, I will meet my fate like a man—no more of such plans."

"You will not throw away your own life—you cannot."

"I will not stir a step! What would life be worth, Maurice? I should have no home, no name—I must be a wanderer, a fugitive. No, I prefer the scaffold to that!"

"You are talking wildly! Think of it a little! You are very young, life must be sweet to you."

"It would be the most terrible torture, overhung by such a curse!"

"I should give you a sufficient share of my fortune to make you comfortable," Maurice continued, without paying any attention to my remark; "and by the terms of my uncle's will you would come in possession of a reasonable sum beside. Once in Europe, you could make yourself a home in Sicily; under another name you would be happy and prosperous——"

"And Alice?" I exclaimed.

He started at that name—through all the false sympathy which softened his features I saw the old hate surge up—I knew that, in his heart, Maurice was not changed. He might not wish me to die—there was too much disgrace in that—and I could be effectually removed where it would never be possible for me to cross his path without that.

"And Alice?" I repeated.

"Why do you speak of her?" he said. "Put away all thought of her—you could not chain her innocence to your——"

"Guilt! That was what you meant, why not speak the word? Then you do believe that I murdered Charles Redman?"

"That is an idle question, Paul, it is useless for us to discuss that point."

"Answer me, I say. Do you believe me guilty?"

"I cannot answer—I can only judge from

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appearances! I saw you by my uncle's body—a knife on the ground covered with blood—oh! Paul, do not question me——"

He broke off with a shudder, and covered his face with his hands.

I went close to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"And I saw my uncle struggling with a man, saw him fall, and his assailant run away."

Maurice grew deadly white—cold drops stood upon his forehead, and his breath came gaspingly.

"If you could only prove that," he said, at last, speaking with a violent effort; "if you could only give the slightest evidence—show a trace——"

"*You* know that I cannot," I replied, slowly.

He shook off my hand and rose to his feet, still trembling from that strong emotion.

"This is terrible!" he said, struggling to regain his composure. "My nerves have been so shaken that it drives me nearly mad to recall the past weeks."

"I have more strength," I said, never once moving my eyes from his face. "Maurice, one would think it was you, not I, who was the criminal——"

He started back and stared wildly in my face.

"Think," I continued, "if you were in my place, confined in this cell—death near you! Picture the nights of horror—that terrible scene constantly coming back, that dying man's groans——"

"For God's sake, stop!"

He sank into a chair, livid and faint, and many moments passed before he could calm himself.

"I have thought of all those things," he said, at last, "and I offer you liberty. Can you refuse?"

"But if I am guilty, Maurice, those horrible recollections will not be left behind in this gloomy prison—they will follow me like ghosts—no place so secret they cannot intrude—no life so long that they will weaken or be dispelled. Day and night—month after month—year after year—haunted by that murdered face, those last mad struggles! And my dreams—think of the nights, Maurice, the long, terrible nights, with those cold eyes watching me—would not a life like that be worse than the tortures of eternity?"

As if impelled by some uncontrollable fear he sprang toward the door, but when his hand was on the lock, he seemed to recollect himself and returned.

"Don't think of it in that way, Paul! Tell me that you consent—there will be no failure—I *can* free you."

"Never, Maurice, never! I am innocent—let me die—my blood be upon the head of him who murdered my uncle, he will have a double crime to answer for."

"I will come again," he said, much agitated; "you will have had time to think of this——"

"Come no more!" I answered. "I am better alone."

"Wait till after your sentence, you will feel then how sweet life is."

"Not purchased at a price like that. Go, Maurice, go—if you meant kindly, I thank you. I would not die at enmity with you, or any human being—but leave me to myself."

He would have spoken again, but I waved him impatiently away, and he left the cell with a few broken words of sympathy, scarcely intelligible as they fell from his quivering lips.

CHAPTER XIII.

The days dragged on, but I received no farther communication from Maurice. I was told by Prudence that his painful position excited more sympathy every day; and the excitement against the alleged murderer increased in proportion.

It would be useless to linger over those sorrowful days. I do not know that their record will be of service to any human being, although I would fain believe that the recital of pain and suffering cannot but soften the heart of any who reads.

My trial was to commence in two days. I had an intense longing to have it finished. I foresaw that my sentence would be death, and I had determined to make one request—that my execution might take place at as early a day as possible.

That morning Prudence came at her usual hour to visit me; she was even more agitated than usual.

"Have you no letter for me?" I asked.

"None, Paul; but don't worry, please don't worry."

"What makes you so pale, Prudence? What is the matter?"

"I said I had no letter, but——"

"You have heard from Alice—you have seen her. Haven't you, Prudence?—haven't you?"

"Yes, yes, and——"

"She is coming to see me? Bring her—quick, Prudence. Why are you here without her? Bring her, do bring her."

Prudence went to the door and knocked—the

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keeper opened it—she passed out, still it remained ajar. I saw a veiled figure beyond—it entered, stood upon the threshold. Then all consciousness passed from me. I did not faint, but I could only fall upon the floor as Alice approached, clasping the hem of her robe to my lips, crying like one in a delirium,

"Alice! Alice!"

I heard her repeat my name, adding every tender epithet that love and a woman's heart could invent. I felt her tears upon my cheek, her arms drawn close about my neck, but still I could only moan,

"Alice, Alice, you have come at last!"

Many moments must have passed before either could really realize the truth. The tears I had shed—the first during all that fearful time—at length relieved me. I could sit up, could hold her hands in mine, could press her to my heart, study that dear face, so changed and worn, and, in the sweet happiness, forget for a brief season the stern reality which lay around.

It came all too soon, the stern waking! I saw her glance about the narrow cell—felt the shudder which ran through her frame, the misery of the present was upon us both again.

"Don't look at the room, darling," I cried; "look at me, let me see your heart in your eyes."

"You are so pale," she said, wiping away her silent tears. "Oh! Paul, my own Paul!"

"Still yours, Alice, nothing is changed between us! There has been no suspicion in your soul——"

"You could not think me so base! I could sooner have doubted myself than you."

"That thought has been my consolation, Alice! In your heart my memory will be kept pure; no matter for the world's verdict, you will know that there will be no stain upon my soul to separate us in the hereafter."

"They will declare you innocent!" she exclaimed, "they cannot do anything else; a little time and you will be free."

"Do not hope that, Alice! I am resigned to my fate. Darling, human life is so poor a thing at the best; in the existence beyond, these very sufferings will increase our strength and happiness."

"They cannot take you from me, Paul—you must not leave me here alone!"

"It will be only for a few years at the most, Alice—a few years of waiting and hoping—in the hereafter it will be only God who can decide our destiny. Alice, we can trust to Him."

"But He will not forsake us here—Paul, I know that He will not! I have had so little hope, but since I came into this dark prison it seems as if the angels had been whispering to me in the gloom. You will be saved, I know you will be saved!"

"Put all that aside, Alice, leave everything to Him who sees more clearly than we what is best."

"I cannot—I am weak, wicked—my heart will not be still. Let me hope, Paul, do let me hope!"

There she clung to me, and we wept and prayed together, till in the dimness of that room strength and peace came back to our hearts, and we stood up, calm and patient, as if good angels had indeed been near us in that fearful strait.

"Your letters have been like having a portion of yourself here," I said. "See, here is the table at which I have answered them."

She bent over and kissed it, not with a trace of human passion, but reverently as she might have bowed before a martyr relic.

"Here are the books we read together, Alice, my dear old Prudence did not forget me."

"She has been so kind, Paul, so brave! She came often to see me, and she looked like an angel of mercy to my poor mother and to me."

"And your mother?"

"Very feeble—she will not be with me long. She sent you a mother's blessing, she will see you soon."

"Sit down here, Alice. Touch my books, smell these flowers. I want your trace upon everything, so that when you are gone I shall be no more alone."

"They look like the roses you gathered me once," she said, and the hot tears fell upon the fragrant flowers. "Oh! Paul, till now I could never believe that it was all real."

"Think of me only, do not speak of those things. I am calm, I only suffer at the thought of leaving you. I know that some day the truth will come to light, and justice be done to my memory."

"It will not be so long in reaching us, Paul—I know that it is not far off—it cannot be."

After a time I drew her thoughts away from that harrowing theme, and from our long interview both derived strength and consolation.

At last there was a knock at the door, and poor old Prudence begged for entrance.

"Let me see him too for a little," she pleaded; "I want to see you both together."

She came toward us as we stood, Alice

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clinging to my side. The old woman laid her hands upon our heads, and her lips moved in a silent blessing.

"I try to leave it to God," she sobbed, "but it's very hard, oh! it's very hard! Oh! Miss Alice, he is so patient, so gentle."

"You two will love each other for my sake," I said.

"Don't, don't!" pleaded Prudence. "It's too much—oh! it is! I love her next to you, Paul, and I'll save her, that man shall never do her any harm."

"Have no fear of him, Prudence," answered Alice, "he has done me all the wrong that lies in his power."

"The sarpint'll meet his dues yet! There, Paul, I know it's wicked, I won't say another word, indeed I won't! Have I made it a little home-like, Alice?"

"Very, Prudence. No one but you could have done so much."

"I'm a poor critter," she moaned, "good for nothing! I love him so, and not a thing can I do to help him."

"You promised me not to think of these things, Prudence."

"I won't, Paul—I try not to! But they will come at night, and I lie trying to find some means of saving you! Any how, the old woman can't last long, that's my only comfort. I've seen 'em all go one after another—Miss Emily, Master Charles—and now this lamb! I was resigned once, God has a right to do what he pleases with his own; but, I tell you, I ain't agoing to lay man's cruelty at His door!"

"Are you going back to-night?" I asked of Alice, wishing to change the conversation.

"I must, for mamma's sake. I shall come soon again; we will both come."

"And very often——"

"Paul, if the worst comes, we will neither of us leave you. No matter what the world says—we have decided—nothing shall separate us till the last."

Prudence sat down upon the bed and hid her face in her apron, moaning at intervals. Alice was weeping gently, but her holy courage had returned, and it strengthened me.

They were forced to go at last. I pray God, that few human beings may have to endure the agony of a parting like that. We think the separation of death terrible, but it is little to the woe of moments like those.

But it was over! They were gone, and I sat alone in my cell, waiting for the morrow to come, the last in which I should have any part in the concerns of earth. After that, I should have thought only for the life to which human law would soon consign me.

CHAPTER XIV.

The morning of my trial came. I was conducted from the jail to the court-house, a couple of officers riding in the carriage with me.

When they first seated me in my place, and I looked round upon the crowd of faces—the eager eyes all fixed upon me—the cold, impassible judge, the twelve jurors, a singular agitation disturbed me. I clasped my hands tightly over my seat to repress every sign of emotion, and very soon the feeling passed away.

When I could look about again, I recognized many familiar faces, but so changed. I saw the witnesses, my cousin and Mr. Morgan prominent among them, and poor old Prudence weeping bitterly, a little way off.

The district attorney opened the case with great ability. I listened to all the proceedings with a strange interest, not seeming able to understand that I held the chief part in the exciting scene.

Several witnesses were examined—the servants—people in any way cognizant of the tragedy, and I could feel how all the evidence accumulated against the prisoner—still scarcely realizing that it was myself—rather, that I was separated from my own identity, and watched the proceedings as any spectator.

My cousin was called upon the stand at last. I could not recall all his evidence, and it would be unimportant. As well as I can remember, this was the substance of the latter part of it.

With apparent reluctance, Maurice related the scene in the study, not violating the truth, but giving every particular a false coloring. He said that I was reading a paper which Mr. Redman accused me of having stolen, and that it was while helping my uncle to take it from me, that I made the attack upon him.

As he uttered this lie his eyes met mine. I flashed a glance of scorn at him beneath which he cowered; he still retained his sad composure, but his eyes never again wandered toward me during his examination.

He said that my uncle had expelled me from the house—that in my passion I had avowed my intention of using the paper against him—that I had threatened both in the most violent manner, and had finally been locked in my chamber. He said that late that evening, he was sitting at his window, he saw my uncle leave the house, as was frequently his habit: after a time I followed. At first he thought only that I meant

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to escape. After a few moments of reflection he rose to go out, when he heard a cry partially drowned by the roar of the torrent; then it was he roused the household, and they all rushed down to the Run, where they found me as has been before described.

Mr. Morgan's evidence corroborated all this, as did that of the other servants.

When my defence came, and Prudence was called upon the stand, she was much excited, but her evidence was clear and distinct, the most artful cross-examinations did not succeed in confusing her. She related much that was very unfavorable to Maurice—told of the quarrel between him and my uncle; and swore that when my uncle left my room that evening, after a long conversation, that he had assured her that he was satisfied in regard to my conduct, adding,

"I wish the other one had never made me any more trouble."

I could see Maurice bite his lips, and grow still paler when she recounted his drunken frolics, his using money entrusted to him by my uncle, but she was interrupted as quickly as possible, although I could see that all she had said had, in a measure, been favorable to me.

I cannot recount the proceedings. The whole affair seems to me like a terrible dream, and I cannot endure the pain of detailing it step by step.

For three days it went on. There was no longer left the slightest hope.

At length the summing up of the evidence came on—the judge's charge, and then the jury slowly retired.

An hour went by. I realized nothing—thought of nothing.

I knew that several times Mr. Grant bent over and whispered to me, but, though I heard his words, I could not attach any meaning to them, staring coldly at vacancy.

The hum of the crowd swelled up. It was strange to me that they could appear so excited. I felt as if my heart would never beat again, that it was only a human automaton they would sentence to death.

The door opened, the jurors returned to their places. Every sound died—a terrible silence pervaded the room—it was as if every pulse had ceased to throb, and could not again stir until those fatal words were pronounced.

The question came at last,

"Guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman of the jury rose—his lips were open to speak—the question was repeated.

At that moment a cry rose near the door, a woman's voice full of agony,

"Not guilty! not guilty!"

As in a dream, I heard the tumult which rose, saw the throng divide, beheld a tall, pale woman, looking like a spirit sent to protect me. She was leaning upon the arm of a venerable-looking man, she pressed eagerly through the crowd, and again I heard her voice,

"Not guilty! The murderer is here!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

EVENING REVERIES.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

THERE'S a crimson light
In the clouds to-night;
It streams o'er the Western sky—
As the sun goes down
With a blazing crown,
And the night-wind rushes by.

Aye! the night-wind blows,
And the clear stream flows—
And I hear the moaning sea;
And in every sound
Above, and around,
There's a strange, sweet spell for me!

'Tis the dreaming hour,
And I feel its power
As it steals my senses o'er;
And mine eyelids close
With a calm repose
That I've rarely known before.

Yet, it is not sleep—
But a spell so deep
That the mind from earth has gone:
It has gone so high
In the upper sky
That the clay remains alone.

Ha! is this like death?
When the parted breath
Leaves the body still and cold?
Ah! if this be so,
Let me go, let me go
To the Shepherd's Heavenly fold!

For the rapt delight
Of my soul's high flight,
And the blissful thrills I feel,
Have not their birth
On this sinful earth—
They are stamped with an angel's seal!

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A RADICAL CURE.

BY CATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

"And so you set out on your journey into the wilderness to-morrow?" said Rufus Walcott to his sister.

"Yes, if you choose to dignify it by that name," returned Henrietta. "I am only going about two hundred miles in the interior of the state."

"Far enough for all effects of barbarism! Two hundred miles from the academy, the avenue, and the club! It might as well be two thousand. How will you manage to exist?"

"Excellently well," she answered, laughing. "In place of the academy I shall have the music of a whole orchestra of orioles, robins, and bob-o-links; I don't doubt I shall find their notes quite equal to Lagrange. For the avenue, every brick and brown stone of which I know by heart, I shall have the grassy country roads, and nature with some fresh beauty in her aspect every day. As for the club, never having experienced its delights, I shall not feel their absence."

"But you leave your own circle entirely; what congenial society can a girl like you possibly find in that remote country village?"

"Enough, and to spare, my good sir, as you would admit if you had been there."

"Which heaven forefend! You can hardly tell, Henrietta, how surprised I was on coming home to find you so intimate with this Miss Barton. It is inexplicable. For, without flattery, you are unusually well-bred and accomplished, and I *did* suppose that in the choice of a friend you would seek something a little higher and more refined."

"My good brother, what do you know against Miss Barton?"

"Know? Why nothing, by actual acquaintance. But I have an intuition of what she is; a short, dumpy little personage, with a passion for gay plaids; wears a bow to fasten her collar, and a horn comb to put up her hair."

"Did you ever see her?" asked Henrietta, looking much amused. "She *is* somewhat dumpy, to be sure, but people generally call her extremely pretty."

"I dare say she may be, in the milk-maid style of red cheeks, curl of hair, et cetera. A kind of prettiness I detest! without fashion, refinement, or grace. Then, of course, she says, 'dooz,' and 'Miss'—plays the Jenny Lind polka and sings negro melodies."

"Admirable! How did you ever become so familiar with the characteristics of country girls? One would fancy that instead of spending the last year in Paris, you had cultivated a farm in the interior!"

"Oh! it was during that period of my youth, spent under the care of the Rev. Doubleday. He was not a severe master, and we had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the rustic belles. I used to be in love with one, if you'll believe me!"

"It is certainly difficult to credit. But, Rufus, you had, perhaps, better reserve the remainder of your intuitions concerning my friend Fanny till you have seen her, for I intend to bring her home with me if possible."

"I shall be absent if you do."

"No, you must remain, if for no other purpose than to see how well your portrait corresponds with the original." And she left the room to dress for dinner.

The little conversation above recorded, took place one bright October afternoon, in the back parlor of a handsome house in Eighth street. Mr. Rufus Walcott, the male interlocutor in question, had been endowed by nature with a fine person, and an unusual aptitude in acquiring the arts that embellished it. A three years' tour of Europe brought these gifts to perfection, and Mr. Walcott returned home to become the delight of one sex, and the despair of the other. Even the great Brown, who had watched his progress from boyhood upward with a solicitude almost paternal, admitted that in his case there was little more to be done. He did not affect brilliancy, either of costume or manner; his style was quiet, but it was a quiet that announced the master. For the rest he was not without sense and talent; but these qualities were just now a good deal obscured by vanity. He felt himself so irreproachably the mode; so incontestably the topmost bubble on the bright wave of fashionable life, that it was difficult to believe himself made of the same clay with less favored mortals; harder still to think that any person, or anything out of the magic circle,

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could be worthy of a thought. Henrietta was quite different; she had sufficient beauty and fortune to have achieved the proud rank of a Flora McFlimsey, had she so aspired; but she had other objects of ambition. She dressed handsomely, as a matter of course, and gave, as all girls will, time and attention to her toilet, but there were many hours of every day, during which, incredible though it may seem, her mind was not in the least occupied with what she had worn, or was going to wear, with conquests won, or triumphs anticipated. At such times she thought of her mother, her brother, her friends; music she had heard, books she had read, scenery she had viewed; and not unfrequently of the blessings she enjoyed, the gratitude she should feel for them, and the duties they laid upon her. A strange character, was she not?

CHAPTER II.

A DAY or two after the one on which our story opens, Henrietta arrived at B——, and was welcomed by her friend. Of course, after a separation of six months they had everything to say to each other, and among the topics discussed was Henrietta's brother. During the years that Miss Barton's education, mental, moral, and physical, had been receiving its finishing touches at the Spingler, Mr. Rufus was absent in Europe, and the young lady, who had often heard him spoken of in the family circle, experienced a feminine curiosity concerning his appearance, mind, and manners. Henrietta was eager to tell, and she to hear, and in consequence she was presently *au fait* of his various accomplishments; what a good shot he was, and what a capital horseman; how well he played the guitar, and chess, and billiards; what a rich tenor voice he had, and what little boots he wore. How he could speak French, and German, and Italian, and had the handsomest moustache in all the city. And he was so kind-hearted and attentive a brother. We give the list of his charms at random; Miss Walcott detailed them with more attention to order. "He has but one fault," she said, "and of that, Fanny, I want you to cure him. He thinks there is nothing in the world worth living for but society, fashion, and display—and that every one who has not had the good or ill-fortune to be born into the routine he adores—a country house, town house, and all that—is entirely out of his world. How you would have laughed to hear his idea of you! It won't vex you, because he never saw you in his life"—and she repeated the description we have already heard.

Fanny laughed. "Really, I am flattered!" she exclaimed.

"Now, my dear," continued Henrietta, "I have a fine plan in my head. I want you to give him a lesson he will remember. You have promised to go home with me, you know; Rufus expects you. This is what you must do; act the part of the country girl he imagines you to be, dress a little out of fashion, be ignorant of all forms of etiquette, astonished at the wonders of the city. Only remain your own charming, lady-like little self through it all, and, my word for it, this dear, fastidious brother of mine will surrender in a week, and be ready to lay hand, heart, and fortune at your feet."

"Nonsense!" said Fanny, "what an impracticable plan! I conquer such an Admirable Crichton by the sheer force of my charms! It is like sending out David with his sling and pebbles against the great Goliath!"

"And will have as happy an issue. Come, dear, promise me—else I shall think you are too vain to like to have your beauty obscured for even a short space." But Fanny hesitated; she thought it was foolish; she doubted whether it were exactly proper.

"What can be more proper than to teach a vain young man that sense and goodness are powers in themselves, and entirely independent of the mere fripperies of fashion? Why, you dear child, it's your privilege, your mission to do it. Don't deliberate any longer—there's a darling!" And Fanny finally gave the desired assent.

The two weeks of Miss Walcott's stay passed very pleasantly in visits, rides, and drives, but with those we have naught to do. The friends held a good deal of consultation together as to the wardrobe most proper for the rustic heroine; they finally decided on a black silk dress with flounces, a dark silk, a Mazarine blue merino, and a very brilliant plaid ditto, red and green. The black silk was already in Miss Barton's possession—not very fresh, but not exactly shabby—the dark silk was quite new, as was the blue merino, trimmed with black velvet on the waist and sleeves. The plaid was bought for the occasion, but there was no difficulty in finding it among the goods of the village merchant. The traditional white muslin was not forgotten, and, a few articles of outside apparel being added, the preparations were pronounced complete. Henrietta and Fanny packed the trunk with great glee. "Now recollect your programme," said the former. "The plaid

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merino is your traveling dress, and you will wear it in the morning likewise; the blue merino and the black silk are your variety for afternoon, and the other one is for state occasions. Where are your bows, Fanny? Oh! here, in this box—and the little gold stone, and mosaic pin—don't forget that on any account—it harmonizes so completely. Now I believe the fair rustic's baggage is ready; but you must carry a few things to wear after the *denouement:* how shall we manage? Oh! I have it; I'll take my music out of the trunk and pack it in a box, and you can put in two or three dresses, and a bandbox with a bonnet or so. What a pretty thing this lemon-colored silk is! I never saw handsomer lace than the berthe."

"Uncle George gave it to me when we were in Washington last winter; I have only worn it once."

"It looks perfectly fresh. Then here is a tarlatane with baby waist and pinked flounces; and this rose-colored silk which looks so sweetly with your pearls. I think these will do. Now, Fanny, put on your plaid merino; I long to see you in it."

Fanny obeyed; the high colors were not, after all, unbecoming to her bright brunette complexion, and Miss Walcott surveyed her from head to foot with a conviction that she would "do." Fanny was so plump and dimpled, her brown eyes sparkled so gayly, her hair shone with such a silken gloss, that even the severe Rufus might, at that moment, have pardoned her "dumpiness." She was very pretty, no doubt, though in her native village her brown complexion went against her, and it was generally thought that she "*would* be good-looking if she wasn't so black." She was intelligent and fond of reading, but different from heroines in general in not being very highly accomplished. She could do a great many things pretty well, but no one thing in perfection, unless it might be plain sewing. She played a little, sang a little, drew a little, but was not likely to "witch the world" in any of these departments. However she was a good daughter, a good sister, and an industrious, sweet-tempered girl; qualities which may, perhaps, in the long run contribute as much to domestic happiness as the best executed variations, or the most finished landscapes.

CHAPTER III.

What sentiment could be more profound than the disgust with which the fastidious Rufus surveyed Miss Barton, for the first time, at his mother's well-spread breakfast table? Fanny wore the plaid merino, according to agreement, with a bright bow at her throat, close against a well-starched linen collar; nor could smiling lips or sparkling eyes atone to Mr. Walcott for sins of such a dye. At dinner his horror reached a climax. Miss Barton's napkin remained unnoticed on the table; it was evident she did not know she had any concern with it. She said, "Yes, sir," and "No, thank you," to the waiter. When the first course was removed she declined giving up her plate, remarking that she was very fond of soup and would prefer to make her dinner from it. When the finger-bowls made their appearance she observed to the waiter that she had a glass of water already. Rufus was in an agony throughout the meal; he blushed crimson with shame for Miss Barton, who sat there so thoroughly unconscious of anything being out-of-the-way. At the same time he could have annihilated Jacob for the grin which spread itself so visibly over his ebon countenance.

"Going out?" said Henrietta, meeting him in the hall awhile after the meal was over. "Upon my word—very gallant to your sister and her friend."

There was a solemnity actually tragic in Rufus' tones as he replied, "Your friend! Oh! Henrietta, I had expected better things of you!"

A day or two passed on, and then Mrs. Walcott, who was in the secret, and had been much amused by Fanny's performances, though protesting all the time that the whole affair was too absurd, put in execution a little plan of her own.

"Fanny, my dear child," she said, one morning, as they sat at breakfast, "we must improve the time now you are with us. I want to show you all the lions. Shall we begin with the museum? I think I have heard you express a desire to visit it."

"The museum!" exclaimed the horrified Rufus. "I cannot imagine you will find anything there to interest you, Miss Barton."

"Oh! that is because you have been there so often," said Fanny, with delightful *naivete;* "you forget it is entirely new to me. Let us begin with the museum, by all means."

"Rufus," said Mrs. Walcott, "are you at liberty this morning? We shall need you to escort us." She spoke as coolly as if it was an every-day affair, and her son did not feel at liberty to refuse, though the temper of his mind was not, at the moment, exactly filial. The ladies were soon ready, and the party set out, Miss Walcott remaining at home, as she had

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letters to write. Thankful, indeed, was her brother that the carriage hid them from public view. Fanny wore a small black velvet mantle, whose brownish tint was strongly suggestive of cotton somewhere in the fabric, a very modest squirrel victorine, and a bonnet of nondescript character. She was full of wonder and admiration at the crowds in Broadway, the gay shop-windows, and the handsome buildings. Rufus smiled at her simplicity. "What a child she is!" he thought. And a pretty child, he was inclined to admit, after studying her awhile. Frightfully dressed, and no more shape or style than a pumpkin; but if her position, education, and associations all her life had been totally different, she *might* have been wrought up into something very pleasing. Even now, perhaps, good models and abundant means might work great changes in her. She seemed to have enough of native sense. He grew somewhat reconciled to her before they reached the museum, but, as they alighted, his eye wandered searchingly up and down the street. "Fitz-James was brave," but he felt that to encounter, at that instant, a face he knew would be his utter destruction. He, Rufus Walcott, the traveled exquisite, the "gloss of fashion and the mould of form," escorting such a figure into the museum!

Mrs. Walcott was very kind in pointing out to our little heroine everything worthy of notice, and Mr. Rufus was pleased to see her attention limited to what might be termed the more respectable class of curiosities. She passed the Albino, the fat woman, and the bearded lady, with the very slightest notice. After an hour or two of delight on her part, they descended to the carriage, and, having happily entered it without being seen by any of the dreaded *monde*, drove rapidly home; the way being enlivened by an animated discussion between the two young people concerning the comparative merits of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bryant, whom Rufus had pointed out on the sidewalk. Fanny loved them both dearly, she said; she had cried over Evangeline and Hyperion, and doted on Kavanagh and Hiawatha, but she contended that Mr. Bryant was the truer poet, and nearer to the heart of nature. Rufus, a great admirer of the German-American, held the contrary opinion, and the dispute was carried on with spirit. Mrs. Walcott sided with Fanny, but her son remained unconvinced.

When Rufus came down, dressed for dinner, he found Henrietta in the parlor. "Poor boy!" she said, sympathizingly, "what a morning you must have had! I am sure I felt for you."

"Oh! it was not so bad," replied he, cheerfully. "One must be hospitable at all risks. She is a pretty little creature!"

"Yes, in that milkmaid style which I detest! red cheeks, curly hair; but no grace, no refinement."

"Henrietta," said Rufus, severely, "it is neither well-bred nor kind-hearted to speak thus of a guest." His sister laughed secretly.

Mr. Walcott spent the evening at home, for the first time since Fanny's arrival. Dinner over, Fanny produced a gray woolen sock, on which she proceeded to knit with admirable swiftness and diligence. "Haven't you any work, Henrietta?" she inquired.

"No," returned that young lady, "I never think of doing anything in the evening."

"That may answer for you," said Fanny, with composure; "but if I took things so leisurely I don't know when father's socks would be done," and she went on quietly with her work, while Henrietta turned away to stifle her laughter, and Rufus speculated within himself what sort of a satyr the father, who wore gray woolen hose, could possibly be. He had a pretty daughter, at any rate; a new edition of *La belle Sauvage*. 'Twas a pity she was so ignorant of the commonest forms of civilized life. He watched her, as she sat there, so busy. What long, curved eyelashes! what a sweet, peachy cheek! and the hands with which she plied those clumsy needles were so smooth and taper. "But I am getting too contemplative," he thought, presently. "Henrietta," he said, aloud, "can't you give us a little music?"

"Oh! not to-night," said she, indolently; "I am too weary: besides, you have heard everything I know a thousand times. Ask Fanny; I am confident she has pieces new to you." Rufus turned to Miss Barton, and, with respectful courtesy, begged her to play.

"I only play a very little," she assured him.

"So young ladies always say," he replied, with a smile.

"But you are probably accustomed to fashionable young ladies, who make it a prelude to a brilliant performance; in my case it is the literal truth. However, if you wish it, I can try, but one piece will probably satisfy you."

She took her seat at the piano, and Henrietta was in raptures at the blank expression that appeared in her brother's face as the "Jenny Lind Polka" broke the silence.

"Oh! ah! a very pretty, sprightly thing," said Rufus, as she concluded; "but you sing, Miss Barton, I am sure."

"A little, just as I play; not opera-music,

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though;" and without further urging she began "The Old Folks at Home."

Poor Rufus! his hair fairly stood on end with horror; yet, by the time she had finished the second verse, he said to himself that she had a sweet little voice of her own, and looked so pretty while she sung; no simper, no grimace. That sort of voice, well trained, would do ballads very nicely. At present it was in a frightfully uncultivated state. And what a taste she must have—negro melodies! But after all, poor thing! what could you expect from her education? She showed natural refinement in choosing the least vulgar and exceptionable specimens of the only music she had been taught.

"That will do, I think," said Fanny, when the last verse was concluded, and she retreated to her stocking and Henrietta, with whom she kept up a lively conversation. Mr. Walcott joined them, and discovered a good deal of sense and sprightliness in her remarks. At the end of the evening he was a wonder to himself. Four mortal hours had he passed in the society of a little ignorant rustic, listening to her ridiculous music, and watching her knit her father's stocking. Yet the time had not gone heavily.

Thenceforward the plan prospered. Few men can resist the combined influences of a pretty face and a sweet temper; indeed the first alone is too much for most of them. Fanny added to these charms a manner so deferential, so flattering to one who prided himself on his superior knowledge of the world; yet did she not hesitate to disagree with him, at times, and even to rally him on his pet foibles. He found her a perplexing, yet fascinating, study. It was so difficult to reconcile her evident refinement of character with her deep inbred ignorance of the canons of fashionable life. How was it possible that a taste so delicate and appreciative in literature should be so at fault in dress? That a mind which delighted in Tennyson could regard complacently that merino and that flaming bow? In trying to reconcile these inconsistencies he found himself involved in one far greater: that of being very nearly captivated by one entirely opposed to his ideal, differing essentially from all his preconceived fancies of what the person must be who could hope to interest him. Meanwhile there was no lack of gayety for our little friend. Her silks and her freshly-done-up Swiss muslin figured in many a brilliant gathering; and when Rufus' acquaintances remarked to him that she was a "deuced pretty girl," he felt as if he had received a personal compliment. He was always ready to escort the young ladies to any place of amusement; nay, he even survived it when they were at the Dusseldorf one day, and a stylish group came in, every member of which he knew. He stood his ground manfully, though aware what sentiments that cloak and bonnet must excite in every well-informed mind. Then what pleasant, social talks they had of an evening; how delightful it was to see the fresh, smiling face each morning at the breakfast-table! Rufus ceased, after a time, all endeavor to reconcile the inconsistencies of her character, and surrendered himself to the happiness of the present, with yet happier hopes for the future.

CHAPTER IV.

One rainy afternoon, the three young people were sitting together; Mr. Walcott had been reading while the ladies worked, but now the book was laid aside for conversation. "How it rains!" exclaimed Henrietta, as a particularly violent dash against the window-panes attracted her attention.

"I like to hear it," said Fanny. "The patter of rain, as an old friend of mine used to say, is a melancholy sound, but one of the pleasantest of Nature's many pleasant ones."

"An old or a *young* friend, did you say, Miss Fanny?" inquired Rufus.

"An old friend, Mr. Walcott; a very rough-looking old farmer. At the time of saying it he wore a complete suit of sheeps-gray, and had at least half an inch of mud on his boots."

"Strange," he ejaculated, "that such a person should notice things of that sort!"

"And why strange?" said Fanny, with an indignant flash of her bright eyes. "I have heard you speak of snobbishness, Mr. Rufus, as if it were something very dreadful. What, I should like to know, can be *more* snobbish than to think that, because a person does not chance to have had your advantages in life, he must necessarily be incapable of appreciating anything delicate or beautiful? I could give you instances of the truest, the most poetical feeling for nature, and even in an untaught way for art among people whom *you* would not consider worthy of a single glance."

"But you will not, I presume," said he, laughing, "deny the refining tendencies of education and association? Or would your poetic plough-boys and your high-toned teamsters suffer from contact with minds less elevated?"

"I shall not argue," said Fanny, "if you take that stand. I am in earnest and you only jesting. But we have been reared so differently,

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our ways of looking at things are so entirely dissimilar, that we shall never agree."

Rufus gazed at her with expressive eyes. "You shall teach me to think as you do," he said, in a voice so low that only Fanny heard him. She blushed violently and left the room. That blush and retreat decided her lover. He had been for some time trembling on the verge of a declaration, and only withheld by fears of Fanny's indifference; these promising tokens were enough for him.

"Henrietta," he said, turning suddenly to her, "I am about to do something which I hope you will approve."

"Well, what is it? To shave off your moustache? or to give me your diamond *solitaire?*"

"Do not jest, for I am serious. I intend to offer myself to Fanny Barton."

"What!" she exclaimed. "A girl like that! Rufus, I am astonished at you!"

"And why?" he asked, with deep displeasure.

"Because you are, without flattery, unusually well-bred and accomplished, and I *did* think that in the choice of a wife you would seek something a little higher and more refined."

"Henrietta!" said Rufus, in a tone that showed he was both hurt and offended.

"Look at me!" she answered; and throwing her arms round his neck, much to the discomfiture of his immaculate collar and tie, she gave him a series of enthusiastic hugs and kisses, which would have been rapture to most individuals of his sex: he, being a brother, took it quietly.

"To think," he said, "of the absurd idea I had formed of her! What a freshness there is about her, Nett. So different from the stereotyped womanhood I have always known! No frivolity, envy, meanness—but good sense, good feeling—a good heart, in short! And then so ravishingly pretty. There is such a charm about everything she says and does." And he went on for half an hour to his own and his sister's vast content. Fanny, meanwhile, was regretting bitterly the foolish course she had pursued. If it were only not for that! But to have come on purpose to "give him a lesson," how indelicate, how dreadful! She had thought it was all a fine bit of mischief to impose on Rufus; she had not dreamed of getting her own happiness involved. If she had only come on an ordinary visit, and then he had liked her, how easy it would all have been; and now it was so hard and trying!

"Henrietta," she said, when that young lady having broken off her brother's raptures in the midst, came up stairs in search of her guest, "don't you think I had better resume my own character once more?"

"Why," said her friend, mischievously, "has the end we proposed to ourselves been achieved? Has Rufus tendered his heart, hand, &c.?"

"How foolish of you!" replied Fanny, with crimsoning cheeks; "there was no such thing thought of. It was only to teach your brother that a person might be just endurable, provided she had sense, even if she were from the rural districts and imbued with their peculiarities. That has been sufficiently proved; Mr. Walcott has been very polite, and talked to me a good deal, and we are quite friendly. So had I not better drop my *role* and appear in *propria persona*? It was a foolish piece of business, and we have carried it far enough."

"Perhaps we have," said Henrietta, much amused. "Poor little soul! what a trial it must have been to you; all your charms obscured for five long weeks! It makes me think of that old story of the Saxon Elfrida, whose husband wanted her to dress herself shabbily when the king gave them a visit, that her beauty might not attract him. But she wasn't as complaisant as you, Fanny, and decked herself out in her best, determined to make an impression; and the king fell in love, and destroyed her husband in order to obtain her."

"Horrid thing!" cried Fanny.

"Do you think so? Judging from my experience, I should say her behavior was very natural. If you had seen the way in which some married women I know devote themselves to a Baronet or an Hon. Mr., when such a rare bird shows itself in our Transatlantic circles, you would say that a king might move them to anything. But about your own case, Fanny: I think you may as well return to yourself, and, as we are going to Mrs. Haight's to-night, you will have an excellent opportunity to make your *debut*."

At the proper hour, that evening, there was a grand ceremony of the toilet, Mrs. Walcott, Henrietta, and their maid assisting. Fanny's hair was arranged with the utmost care and elegance, and her pretty person invested with the rose-colored silk and the pearls. She made quite a sensation at Mrs. Haight's, and two or three young ladies who had carefully looked over her head during the last few weeks, now came forward and reminded her of those dear old times at the Spingler, and how happy they all were together. But will it be credited? Rufus, on whose behalf and for whose surprise his mother and sister had taken all this pains,

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never once noticed the change in Fanny's attire! He was too much absorbed in watching her face and listening to her words, to think or care what her dress might be.

I don't know exactly when he declared himself, nor how he managed to overcome Fanny's scruples about the propriety of accepting him after having come, as she accused herself of doing, to seek him; but he must have done it. For a day or two afterward, when Henrietta was rallying him on the lesson he had received, he answered,

"Yes! a lesson that ought to last me my lifetime! And, to insure me against forgetting it, I shall keep the teacher always at hand to remind me."

ALL ALONE.

BY ERNST CLAIRE.

Floating, floating!
Over Life's tempestuous wave
Is a lonely bark, and only
Quivering over Ocean's grave.
See! its hollow sides are shattered,
By the waves and tempest battered,
While one sail is hanging tattered,
All alone! Lone—all alone!

Floating—floating
Mournfully upon Life's sea,
Bared and blackened, never slackened,
Onward to Eternity;
And its decks are crowded—crowded
With a throng of hopes all shrouded,
While a single soul sits clouded,
All alone! Lone—all alone!

Floating—floating
O'er the black and treacherous tide,
Upward sailing comes a wailing
Borne above the waters wide;
From the blasted soul there mourning,
From the dead hopes round him swarming,
Comes a wail like horror's dawning,
"All alone! Lone—all alone!"

Floating—floating
Back along the sulphurous wake,
Comes a knelling like the swelling
Which the spirit lost would make.
Fiercely o'er the waters rolling,
Hollow as the Death Bell tolling,
Comes a rolling—backward rolling
"All alone! Lone—all alone!"

Floating—floating
Up above the Stygian sea,
Where that sunken, sorrow drunken
Soul is sailing bitterly,
Comes the echoing wail around him,
And while phantom hopes surround him,
Shrieks his voice to those around him,
"All alone! Lone—all alone!"

Floating—floating
Ever onward is that soul;
And its lonely song in only
One refrain can upward roll;
All alone! Not one to cheer him!
All alone! No friend is near him!
Not an ear save God's will hear him
As he mourns, "Lone! all alone!"

THE STREAMLET.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Yonder little streamlet rises
Where the early violet grows:
Over moss-grown stones it ripples,
Sweetly murmuring as it flows.

Is the gliding streamlet sighing
For the forest far away?
For the greenwood where the lilies
On its silvery bosom lay?

For the twinkling leaves that softly
Bent to kiss its crystal brink?
For the singing song of the wild-bird
Bending o'er its wave to drink?

Does it linger where the violets
Shed at morn their fragrance sweet?
Where above the rippling waters
The o'erhanging branches meet?

Does the merry dancing streamlet
Ever linger on its way,
Dimpling 'neath the graceful willow
With its swaying boughs to play?

Nay, the streamlet lingers never,
Onward its sweet waters glide;
Ever singing in the greenwood,
Or the dusty way beside.

So, my Father, may I ever
Cheerfully pursue my way;
From the pleasant path of duty
May my footsteps never stray.

When amid bright flowers it lieth
May I ever grateful be:
When o'er dreary wastes it leadeth,
Father, may I trust in Thee!

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FLIRTING ON SKATES.

BY CATHARINE WARE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, one morning in the last of November, as I sat sewing, Mattie Russell burst in upon me, her round, rosy, little face radiant with happiness, to tell me that her brother Clinton had come home from Cambridge, that he had brought with him his friend, Mr. Ward, of New York, and that she wanted me to come and take tea with her the next day. She had invited no one else, she said, except her cousin, Corinne Carey. So to tea the next afternoon I went.

Mattie Russell, my most intimate friend, was then just nineteen years old, a lovable, warm-hearted, sunny little body, with a face, if not positively pretty, very pleasant to look at, and a figure so short and plump, that, as I tell her to tease her, Lord Byron would have pronounced her "dumpy." Her mother having died many years ago, she was at the head of the family, making a capital little housekeeper, her father said. Clinton, her only brother, as a boy, was my playfellow and champion, and, as a young man, seemed to me the very embodiment of all that was brave, and manly, and generous, and true. He had gone to study at the Law School in Cambridge, and this was the first time he had been at home for four long months.

Clinton met me at the door as I entered the house, and greeted me with all his old frank cordiality and warmth of manner. Mr. Ward, who was leaning luxuriously back in a large easy-chair in front of the fire, his eyes fixed dreamily on the bright coals, and his fine, delicately cut profile brought out in bold relief by the crimson velvet of the chair against which it rested, rose and bowed with quiet grace, when Clinton introduced him to me. Kin Carey, as we call her, came so late that Mattie was just wondering if it would be best to wait for her any longer. She looked brilliantly beautiful as she entered the room, her slender, but finely rounded form set off by her dress of dark crimson cashmere, her rich, brown hair covering the back of her graceful little head with its glossy coils, and her cheeks glowing with superb color; and when she bowed to Mr. Ward, raising her full, brown eyes for a moment to his face, and then letting them fall again, till they were hidden by their long, dark lashes, I saw a sudden light of surprise and admiration flash in his clear blue eyes.

Corinne saw it too, I've no doubt, and secretly exulted at the prospect of making an immediate conquest of the handsome, young stranger. For she was an arrant flirt, and had used her power of fascinating gentlemen so long, that it had almost become a passion with her. She had had lovers without number, whom she had brought to her feet to gratify her love of conquest, and then discarded when they ceased to please, thinking it "better to be off with the old love, before she was on with a new;" and at present was amusing herself by encouraging the attentions of Dr. Bartol, the young physician of our little village, who lavished on the fickle, shallow beauty a love of which she was unworthy.

After tea, Mr. Ward sat holding a skein of worsted which Corinne was winding, talking to her in low tones, with eyes intent upon her face, and a manner that conveyed the most delicate flattery, by its respectful, yet evident admiration. Corinne kept her head bent down over the worsted, which proved very snarly, but occasionally looked up at him with a "low rippling laugh," and an arch look in the splendid eyes, in answer to something he said that was irresistible. Clinton was giving Mattie and me an animated description of the skaters and skating in Cambridge, of the fashionable amusement it had become for ladies, and the crowds of them he had often seen skating with a grace and speed that the gentlemen could envy, not attain, and finally ended by telling as that he was going to teach us.

Now in our little village, skating had always been considered as exclusively a masculine amusement, so Mattie and I opened our eyes in astonishment at such a novel idea as *our* learning to skate.

"Oh! but you will like it so much!" said Clinton, "and it is such capital exercise, just picture it to yourselves; the exhilaration, and delightful glow, and feeling of freedom as you glide over the smooth ice in the pure, bracing air, with a swiftness that makes you feel as though you had wings on your feet, instead of skates! There is nothing in the world to equal it, unless it is a canter on a spirited horse, on a bright October morning!"

"Kate Ware," said Mattie, to me, with an emphatic nod, "we will learn."

"Of course you will," said Clinton, "and

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you couldn't have a better place than the canal, for it's frozen hard, and as smooth as glass. Charley, what do you say to teaching the young ladies to skate during our vacation?"

Mr. Ward's eyes were intent on Corinne's little, white fingers, as they skillfully picked out a knot; but he looked up quickly, and, tossing the light, wavy hair off his forehead, answered with enthusiasm, "It would be delightful, if they would allow us the privilege. Have you never skated, Miss Carey? Then do learn, a graceful girl never looks more charming than when skating."

So the two gentlemen talked about it, so eloquently portraying its charms, that we girls finally became as enthusiastic as they were, and in imagination already beheld ourselves on skates, "skimming over the ice like birds," as Clinton said.

The next morning, as I was energetically sweeping the parlor, an old, green veil tied over my hair to protect it from the dust, and the furniture all huddled up in one corner, Mattie and Kin Carey burst into the room.

"Oh! you're busy!" said Mattie, drawing back.

"Never mind, Kate! just let your sweeping go a little while, we want to talk over this skating business with you," said Corinne.

So I dropped my broom, dusted off the sofa for them, and sat down duster in hand.

"You see, Kate," began Corinne, eagerly, "Mattie and I have been talking it over this morning, and we've come to the conclusion, that it would be better for us to go skating without the gentlemen the first two or three times. My brother Tom says we shall have a dreadful time, when we first have on skates, look so awkward, and tumble down, and nobody knows what all. And I'm sure I'm not going to cut such a ridiculous figure before the gentlemen!"

"Oh! dear, nor I," said Mattie, looking very serious. "I know they'd be laughing at us in their sleeves—Clinton especially, for he always says when I fall I roll like a ball."

"They're too polite to laugh, both of them," I said, "and we shall need somebody to teach us."

We finally agreed, however, after an earnest discussion of the pros and cons, to go very privately all by ourselves till the worst was over; then when we allowed them to go with us to teach us, of course they would be amazed at our skill. Fortunately for our plans, they were both going to spend a week with a college chum of theirs, who lived at Melton, twenty-five miles off, so that there was no danger of their discovering us skating, for we could practice while they were gone.

On Friday morning, more than an hour after Clinton Russell and Mr. Ward had driven through the village on their way to Melton, Mattie, Kin Carey, and I proceeded in high glee to the canal—which extends many miles into the country, and was covered with thick, smooth ice, and sheltered from view by the evergreens growing along its course—and accompanied by Tom Carey, a boy of fourteen, to strap our skates and make himself generally useful, made our first attempt at skating. We, none of us, I am sure, ever felt so utterly helpless and awkward in our lives, as when we first found ourselves upright on our skates. To stand still with the smooth runners slipping on the glassy ice seemed out of the question, and to move and balance ourselves on half an inch of steel was equally impossible; and, when we fell, we had to stay down till Tom could get us up again! We were like so many ten-pins that require constant setting up; and the setting up was no easy matter, especially when the solid, little Mattie fell. The canal rang with our peals of laughter.

"Doesn't the Bible say the feet of the wicked are set in slippery places, Mattie?" said Corinne, trembling, tipping, and tottering on her skates.

"Kin Carey," began Mattie, reprovingly, when, suddenly lurching forward, she caught her foot in her cousin's skate, and both together went down with a crash. At this moment, I heard a sound of suppressed laughter, and, looking up, saw the faces of Messrs. Russell and Ward convulsed with mirth, as they looked at us through the trees on the high bank. A shout from Tom announced the terrible fact to the others. Corinne tried with all her might to scramble up, but in vain; Mattie, too provoked to stir, the crown of her bonnet knocked in, and a big bump on her forehead, sat still and scolded them soundly. For myself, I stood stock still not daring to move, though painfully conscious that both skates were toed in, trying to look dignified and keep my balance too. It was in vain that the gentlemen tried to appease us, by telling us that they had been looking at us but a moment, as they were driving back to the village for something they had forgotten, Corinne pouted bewitchingly, and Mattie sternly bade them depart. So they went, but looked back mischievously, waving their hats to us till they were out of sight. We were so much disconcerted that we very soon after went home, laughing heartily in spite of our vexation.

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We went skating so often during the fortnight that our friends, fortunately for us, were absent, that we improved very fast, and learned not only to do without assistance from Tom, but to take some very respectable strokes: Kin Carey especially bade fair to make a fine skater. As soon as Clinton and his friend returned, they arranged a skating party consisting of Mattie, Kin Carey, and me, themselves and Dr. Bartol, whom Clinton insisted on inviting, notwithstanding hints to the contrary expressed by Corinne. The plan was, that we should skate up the canal as far as "Bright's"—a public house near the canal, where pleasure parties from our village usually go for a supper—rest there, have supper, and then drive home by the road by moonlight. We all met at the Russells' on the appointed afternoon. Kin Carey laughed, and talked, and flirted with Mr. Ward, who kept constantly at her side, and would not even look at Dr. Bartol when he entered the room; and when he came toward her, his pale, blue eyes lighted up with a smile, and said in his quick, nervous way, "Oh! Miss Corinne, I'm so glad to see you are going with us," replied, "Are you?" in a tone of supreme indifference, and turned again with a fascinating smile to Mr. Ward.

After a short, brisk walk we reached the canal, and seated ourselves, skates in hand, on some large stones to strap on our skates.

"May I put on your skates for you?" said Dr. Bartol, timidly, to Kin Carey, who sat holding hers.

"No, thank you," she answered, coolly, "I'm not going to have them on yet."

Poor Dr. Bartol! so homely and so good, I pitied him as he disconsolately came and strapped mine for me. In a moment, Mr. Ward, who had gone back a few steps after one of his skates he had dropped, came up to Corinne, and said with an air of graceful self-confidence, "I shall do myself the honor of putting on those Cinderella skates that you have in your hands, shall I not, Miss Carey? See with what humility I kneel at the feet of my 'fair ladye.'" as he knelt down on the ice before her, and took on his knee the little foot she coquettishly put out, and strapped on the skate.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Ward," said Corinne, very sweetly.

"Don't call it trouble," he answered, with an expressive look.

Dainty little feet they were, that he handled so delicately, encased in the prettiest of boots, with thick soles and high heels, and fitting like a glove. No wonder he was long putting the skates on! Dr. Bartol put on mine in half the time. When at last we were all ready, Mattie and I determined to show off and surprise the gentlemen, so we struck out boldly by ourselves at once, and declined, as unnecessary, the aid they no doubt expected we should be thankful for. Mattie especially, dear little soul! dashed into it in a neck-or-nothing style that cost her half a dozen falls at once, and caused a general burst of laughter, in which she good-naturedly joined.

Corinne, however, to Mattie's secret amusement and my own, was charmingly timid and helpless, she would not trust herself alone, and was afraid to have Mr. Ward leave her a moment; and truly he showed no inclination to. At length though she exclaimed magnanimously, "There, Mr. Ward! you shall not be bothered with me any longer, I'd rather fall than be such a trouble to you!" Mr. Ward remonstrated in vain, and, since she compelled him to leave her to herself, hovered anxiously round her. For a few moments she did very well, then suddenly pitched forward, and would have fallen had not Mr. Ward darted forward and caught her in his arms. Corinne drew herself up, looked becomingly dignified and reserved for a moment, and finally resigned herself into his charge entirely.

Clinton was the best skater of the three gentlemen. Mr. Ward was very graceful and easy, as he was everywhere: but Clinton excelled in speed, as we found when they all tried a race together. We girls being tired, sat down at the side of the canal and watched them. Clinton got in advance of the other two at once, and came flying past us, his skates gliding with marvelous swiftness over the ice; his strong, manly form inclined forward a little; and his dark, curly hair blown back from his animated face, as, with a smile and a wave of his cap, he shot past us.

"I am beaten, you see," said Mr. Ward, in his clear, quiet voice, as he glided smoothly along close behind Clinton, and passed us, bowing to us gracefully.

"I like Mr. Ward's skating," murmured Kin Carey. "But oh! Kate, do look at Dr. Bartol bringing up the rear; no wonder he's so red in the face, he works so hard. How like a windmill he looks brandishing his long arms!" and she gave a merry little laugh which I'm afraid he heard.

Mattie, always on the side of the injured, stood up bravely for him, and told her cousin in a burst of indignation that she would break his heart, and send him off into a galloping con-

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sumption likely as not, if she went on treating him so and flirting with Mr. Ward. "Mr. Ward is very entertaining and fascinating, I dare say," she added, "but I don't believe he's a bit *better* than the doctor, who has the kindest, gentlest heart in the world!"

Corinne took her cousin's lecture coolly and quietly, but I think her vanity was secretly gratified at the idea of having such power over the young physician, and she went on flirting rather the worse for it to see, perhaps, what he would do. The sun was setting, and as we were still some distance from "Bright's" and supper, the gentlemen proposed "towing" us the rest of the way. This I soon found was delightful. No exertion was required on my part, I had only to grasp Clinton's hands firmly and trust myself to him, and he drew me with a rapidity that was exciting, and almost took away my breath, over the canal, which stretched along before us in the soft, golden light of a winter sunset, with its bright crystal floor and border of dark evergreens; in a stillness that was unbroken, except by our merry voices and the ringing of our skates. I liked the being *tete-a-tete* with Clinton, too, and when he exclaimed enthusiastically, "Oh! Kate, isn't this charming? I wish it were fifty miles to Bright's!" I secretly echoed the wish. During a moment's detention, caused by the loosening of one of my skates, Mr. Ward passed us "towing" Kin Carey. As he skated backward, holding her little hands in his, he was talking to her in low, earnest tones, and gazing down at the beautiful face before him, as though for him it were then the only thing in the wide world. Her bonnet had slipped back from her chesnut hair, and showed her face upturned to his, and bright with the loveliest color; her ripe, full lips just parted by her breath; and her soft, dark eyes looking into his with a mingled expression of tenderness and shyness, that, though I did not believe it real, I could not help admiring.

"Poor Mr. Ward!" I thought to myself, "he looks as though he were already madly in love with her. If I were only his good angel, I would whisper in his ear, 'Beware! trust her not, she is fooling thee,' but I'm sure he'd not believe it."

Clinton, whom I had overheard say, that "Kin Carey was the most thorough and bewitching flirt he had ever seen," looked at his cousin with a quiet, significant smile, but only said, "What a dangerous position to be in, skating backward with Kin Carey! she's enough 'to take a man off his feet,' as Moore says of a beautiful Irish lady."

A few minutes after we reached Bright's, and took off our skates. There was a splendid wood fire blazing to welcome us in the warm, brightly lighted, cosy little parlor, and it was with loud and joyful exclamations of delight that we gathered round it on our arrival, and threw off our cloaks and bonnets. As for the supper that was all ready for us, it was delicious, and we were well prepared to do it justice, for skating gives one a wonderful appetite. We were all six of us in the wildest spirits, unless I except Dr. Bartol, whose laugh came, as it seemed to me, not without effort, as he saw Corinne still flirting desperately with Mr. Ward; and the old dining-room rang with our mirth and gay voices. After supper though we quieted down a little, and we girls drew up round the fire and chatted, and lounged luxuriously in the depths of the great arm-chairs in the parlor: while the gentlemen went off for a little while, as they always will, to smoke a cigar.

We all set out for home together in a great carryall belonging to the house, which held three on a seat comfortably. The moon, instead of beaming brightly on us as we had hoped, only peered dimly through heavy masses of clouds, with a pale, ghastly light that seemed to have a corresponding effect on us; for, at the general request, Clinton and Dr. Bartol amused us by telling ghost stories, that were enough to make one's hair stand up on end with fright. Mattie and I, who sat on the front seat with Clinton, drew close to each other in delicious terror, grasping each other's hands under our cloaks, and stealing fearful glances at the fields we passed, when gnarled stumps and leafless trees became, in the darkness, ghastly forms that beckoned hideously to us, or raised their long, fleshless arms despairingly to heaven. When half-way home, we entered a dark, dreary pine wood, where the tall, thick trees stood like sentinels close to the roadside, except where there were openings into the forest, in which was the very blackness of darkness.

"Oh! how gloomy it is in here!" said Corinne, with a little shiver.

Mr. Ward drew her cloak more closely round her, to protect her from the cold, as he said, "It is like forests through which I passed in Spain and Italy, and of which they told me tales that made my blood run cold, of travelers waylaid and murdered in their depths. Ah! Miss Corinne! if we were there now, you might have an opportunity to see how we could fight for you, and *die* for you, when the savage banditti, armed to the teeth, should spring out from behind the trees, seize our horses' bridles, sur-

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round the carriage with wild, desperate faces, and pointing their pistols at us."

At this very instant a man darted out from among the trees and seized our horses' heads. Mattie and I, wrought up as we were already, screamed with terror, and Corinne clung to Mr. Ward for protection.

"Who's there?" demanded Clinton and Mr. Ward, both at once.

"Dr. Bartol here?" said a high, quavering voice, "Betsy's baby's took very bad with the croup, and she wants the doctor."

"Oh!" said Mattie, heaving a profound sigh of relief, while the rest of us were giving way to shouts of laughter.

"Haven't you got no feelin's? A baby suffering with croup ain't nothin' to laugh at, as I see!" exclaimed the man, angrily.

But it was in vain that we tried to smother our amusement when we discovered who it was that had startled us so, and, the moon coming out of a cloud, revealed to us the long, lank figure and meek face of "Sister Cram"—as the village boys called the half-witted fellow on account of his high, womanish voice—arrayed in a remarkably faded and worn-out wadded dressing-gown, put on over his great-coat to keep him warm, and looking like anything but a fierce, blood-thirsty brigand. He was going to the village, it seemed, for Dr. Bartol, when thinking he heard his voice as the carriage passed him, he saw fit to stop us as I have described. Dr. Bartol left us, and went with him as he did not live far off; but as he got out of the carriage and said Good night, he fixed on Corinne a glance so reproachful that it brought the color to her face, and seemed to surprise and puzzle Mr. Ward, who, I am sure, had no idea that, till he came, Dr. Bartol had regarded himself almost as an accepted lover.

"I never was so frightened in my life," said Mattie. "I expected nothing but that we were all to be robbed, and murdered in cold blood on the spot!"

"And left weltering in our gore till the morning," added Clinton, with a laugh so hearty and contagious that we all joined in it, "and by that terrific, savage-looking Sister Cram! Oh! Mattie."

"I don't care," said Mattie; "you needn't laugh, Clinton, for you know you were startled yourself at first."

"What a pity it is, Mr. Ward, that you didn't have an opportunity to die for us! I'm really afraid you'll never have another chance," said Corinne, looking at Mr. Ward, with her dark eyes full of mischief.

"If we cannot die, we can live for you still," he answered, in a low voice.

The rest of the way home we were as merry as we had been quiet and sober during the first of our drive, and the silence of the night was broken by our gay songs and ringing peals of laughter. We all went skating together many times during the remaining three weeks of the students' vacation. Corinne proved, beyond a doubt, that skating afforded extraordinary facilities for a flirtation. The winning sweetness and confidingness with which, one day, she looked up to Mr. Ward as her support and teacher; the bewitching way in which the next she refused to let him help her at all, and kept him in a perpetual state of anxiety lest she should fall and injure herself, while insisting that she wouldn't rely upon anybody for assistance; the *tete-a-tetes* she had with him when they would sit down to rest together, or would manage to get separated from the rest of the party; the coming off, every now and then, of one of her skates, requiring her to stand with her little hand resting for support on his shoulder, while he kneeled and held the little foot which needed adjusting; and the delicious, dreamy languor with which she would throw herself exhausted upon the sofa, on her return home, and with half-closed lips listen, while he sat by her side at her command and talked to her; all this, even in the hands of one less beautiful, could hardly have failed of their effect; and in the case of Mr. Ward seemed only too successful. He was ever at her side, anticipating every wish by attentions the most delicate and unobtrusive, his face full of devotion and tenderness, his very voice seeming to become more low and lover-like in its tones when he spoke to her.

The night before Clinton was to return to Cambridge, as we were walking together, I said to him, "I can't help thinking that it is a pity that Kin Carey has added your friend to her list of conquests, he seems so admirable every way, so charming, has such delicacy of feeling and thought, and to be so infatuated with one like Corinne!"

To my surprise Clinton laughed, and said, "I wonder if you wouldn't think your pity wasted if I should tell you of a conversation I had with him last night!"

Of course I asked him to tell me about it.

"You must know, Kate," he answered, with a comical look on his face, "that I had been pitying him just like you. I thought he was wasting the love of his whole heart on one who is vain and incapable of returning such love as his; and I determined, if it were not too late, to

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open his eyes to the truth, and save from the bitter disappointment, and blighted hopes, that I was sure would be his fate. So, last night as we were smoking together in the drawing-room after everybody else had gone to bed, I broached the subject cautiously by asking him what he thought of my cousin, watching his face closely for any signs of agitation."

"Handsome little thing," he answered, quietly, puffing away.

"Humph! is that all you think of her?" said I, a little piqued.

He divined my meaning at once, and, raising his eyebrows a little, and taking his cigar from his mouth, he turned round and looked at me with an odd expression, as he said, "You think I'm madly in love with her, Russell? Not at all, I assure you."

I looked incredulous, of course; he saw it, but went on quietly, "I had heard of your cousin's reputation as an accomplished flirt before I came here, and saw at once that she intended to exercise her powers on me. I had not the least objection, of course, and so have humored her to the top of her bent, playing Romeo to her Juliet to the best of my ability. She is certainly a charming person to flirt with, and I'll confess that I've enjoyed the flirtation extremely, but of course my going back to Cambridge will be the end of it. I have not the slightest wish to continue it after my return. But as to *love*, Russell," and his manner changed to deep seriousness, Kate, "I could never love a practised coquet like Miss Carey."

I was astonished at this new view of the case, and a little indignant at having been deceived myself, and will confess, while I could not help acknowledging that it served Corinne right, that I was disappointed somewhat in Mr. Ward; but I only said to Clinton, "Corinne has no idea that she has only been flirted with, I'm sure."

"I suppose not," he answered. "It's the first time she has ever been met with her own weapons."

We missed our pleasant skating companions very much, after their return to Cambridge; Corinne especially found everything dull and spiritless without Mr. Ward, and disappointed, I suspected, that he should go away without making any declaration of love. She was confident, however, that when Clinton returned in March, his friend would come with him. So she looked forward impatiently to March, did not even flirt with Dr. Bartol, and seemed to care for nothing but skating, in which she improved wonderfully. She even got up a charming skating-dress in anticipation of skating again with Mr. Ward. With his quick eye for beauty he could not have helped admiring her in it, if he could have seen her skating; her little feet flying over the ice; her scarlet dress flowing behind her; her lithe, exquisitely rounded form displayed in a closely-fitting basquine trimmed with fur, and swaying with a motion that was almost voluptuous in its grace; and her bright face, with its laughing lips, and brilliant color, set off by the jauntiest little fur cap with scarlet ribbons that streamed in the wind.

But he did not return with Clinton. Corinne betrayed great surprise and disappointment at first, but after that maintained entire reserve on the subject, never even mentioning his name. I thought she was piqued perhaps, but after awhile concluded that he had entirely passed out of her mind, till one day, when Clinton was telling Mattie and me of Mr. Ward's popularity and brilliant success in Cambridge, I happened to glance at Corinne, and I was startled to see her listening with such intensity of expression, her cheeks burning, even the hand with which she was shading her face trembling violently.

One day, three or four months after this, I received a letter from Clinton—we have been engaged some months now, and are to be married as soon as he has finished his studies at Cambridge—in which he told me of his friend's engagement to a young and very lovely girl in New York. Corinne Carey happening to come in the same afternoon, I told her the news in a careless sort of a way, without thinking she would care at all.

She started a little, but only said, in a constrained manner, "Mr. Ward engaged!" while I went on to tell her what a glowing description of the young lady Clinton had given me. She sat looking out of the window, with her face turned from me all the time I was talking. When I stopped, she rose quietly, and said she must go home; but, as she moved toward the door, I saw her suddenly reel and seize hold of a chair for support. I sprang to her, just in time to save her from falling.

As I laid her gently down on the sofa, with her eyes shut and her face deadly white, and tried to restore her to consciousness, "Don't tell," she said, throwing her arms around me, and looking earnestly into my face, as soon as the faintness had passed away and she could speak.

"No, never!" said I, with tears in my eyes. And that was all we said. Neither of us has ever alluded to it since; and no one else, not even Mattie, suspects the truth. She tries so hard to seem happy and gay, that she deceives

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everybody but me; but I can feel an under current of sadness, even when the others think her merriest; and I know that her heart is heavy, and her sorrow all the harder to bear, because of her woman's pride—and I respect her for it—will never let her show it before others. I long sometimes to tell her how much I pity her, but I knew that she would shrink even from my sympathy. I console myself, however, with what I know to be the truth. She is too fickle and volatile naturally to feel deeply long; time, that heals almost all wounds, will heal hers, I am sure. She will never quite forget the handsome, fascinating Mr. Ward, his graceful devotion, and seeming tenderness; but she will get over her hopeless attachment for him, and be as light-hearted as ever; perhaps even marry, some time or other, Dr. Bartol, who cherishes for her a love as truly poetic and noble, as if he were a high-born genius who could stir the heart of the world with the eloquent story of his love, instead of a poor, homely, awkward village doctor.

A GOOD PLACE TO CRY.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Not long ago Lillie was wild with joy,
Her father had bought her a fine new toy,
But the little heart now with sorrow swells,
The bright eyes are changed to brimming wells,
For the treasure ruined before her lies,
And the quivering lips and swimming eyes
Show how great that first deep, voiceless grief,
Of a life as bright as pure and brief.

Thus she sits, when her mother's eyes are raised,
And, "Come here to me, darling," she softly says,
And the child to her heart is closely pressed,
As she hides her face on her mother's breast;
And the grief in her little bosom pent,
In loud, convulsive sobs, finds vent,
Till spent with its own wild force it dies,
And tranquil, at last, the weeper lies;

Still closely clasped to her mother's breast,
Whose lips to her brow are fondly pressed,
And loving words to childhood dear
Fall soothingly on her listening ear,
Till, unconsciously of her grief beguiled,
The child returns her mother's smile,
And artlessly whispers, she knows not why,
"Oh! ma, this is such a nice place to cry."

Oh! happiest childhood, period blest,
Whose sorrows so soon are hushed to rest;
Its heart-aches cured, griefs made to cease
And passion tempests lulled to peace.
Ripe age for its ills no solace knows
Like that Heaven on childish hearts bestows,
When troubles are soothed, and tears made dry,
By having "such a good place to cry."

But, little prattler, as time goes by,
The best place on earth for thee to cry
Will be where the Summer roses wave
And myrtles bloom on a lonely grave;
And thou wilt feel in coming years
How much colder the night dews than her tears,
And harder the turf o'er her pulseless breast
Than the bosom that pillowed thy childish rest.

When rude hands the veil from your feelings tear,
And hard eyes transfix with their frigid stare,
And words, sharp as arrows, with venomed smart,
Are rankling unseen in your secret heart;
When your soul learns to weep, and your face the while
To mask itself with a careless smile,
Oh! then to the silent church-yard fly,
As the best place on earth for thee to cry.

Or it may be that far from that sacred spot,
When its very memory seems forgot,
The world's broken toys will around thee lie,
And thou long to hide from its gaze, and cry;
Or that doomed through weary years to bear
A happy mien, and a heart of care,
Thou wilt sigh in the peaceful grave to lie,
And never more want any place to cry.

"THOU ART GONE; I REMAIN."

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Why did'st thou wander from my love and trust
Far through the surging waters of that tide,
Which rolls between the land of pure delight
And this sin-darkened world? My lost beloved,
I may not win thee back. The voice, that called,
Ne'er heard by me, was sweeter far to thee
Than aught e'er known in all the varied tones
Of earthly music.
I may not win thee back.
A crown doth rest in glory on thy brow;
A harp thy fingers wake to blissful song.
I strive to catch the melody divine,
Forgetting I am still on earth, and then,
Oh! how immeasurably far in Heaven!
Oh! wilt thou, bending from those starry heights,
Teach my tired spirit words of holy faith?
Words that shall help me, patient thro' the gloom
That cheerless hangs o'er all my weary way—
Patient, until that way shall all be passed,
And I shall join with thine my songs of praise.

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MY STEP-MOTHER'S BROTHER.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

I was just sixteen when my father married for the second time, and never was seen a happier maiden than I was when the letter imparting the welcome news reached me. I had never known a mother's love or care, for my own mother died in giving me life. From one nurse I was handed to another till my seventh year, and then I was placed at a large boarding-school until my fifteenth birthday, when my father summoned me home and engaged masters to instruct me in languages and music. All through my lonely life I had longed with weary longing for a mother. I saw how every other love in my young companions' hearts faded before their love for their mother; in the visits I had made to the houses of my school-mates, I noticed how the hand and love of the mother brightened all things, promoted joy, and soothed sorrow. My father was kind and indulgent, but he was not used to children, and the love that would have been lavished upon him, was thrown back upon my heart by cold kisses, and inquiries which were kind, but seemed to me formal and exacted by duty.

My father had been absent upon a long journey, and he wrote to me to have the room my own mother had occcupied, opened and aired to be in readiness for his new bride. Joyfully I obeyed. The dream of my life was coming true, the longing love was to have an object upon which to lavish its tenderness, I was to have a mother.

The happy day upon which I was to expect them came at last. They were to arrive in the city at five o'clock, and, as our house was a short distance out of town, I could not reasonably expect them before six. I had prepared the room for my mother, oh! how my tongue loved to speak the name. The snowy curtains were looped with dainty ribbons, the cool, white matting, and the pretty rosewood furniture were clean and glossy with the care we had given them. The table, mantle-piece, and bureau were decked with vases of fresh flowers, and the drawing-room, too, was filled with these fragrant offerings of my love. I had ordered the most tempting tea I could invent; my own fingers picked the rosy strawberries and piled them on the glass dish; and I had made, too, dainty cakes, and decorated the dining-table with roses, woodbine, and starry jessamine.

With my own mother's portrait in my mind, I pictured my father's wife as having blue eyes, and soft, fair hair, banded down upon pale cheeks; and I donned my prettiest white dress, curled my hair with elaborate care, and looked long in the glass to see if my face and attire were calculated to meet with her approval. I had inherited from my mother only a fair complexion; and my nut brown hair and large hazel eyes were the copy of my father's. Glowing as my cheeks did with rude health, I was most unlike the portrait over the parlor mantle of my mother; but still I hoped that the resemblance to my father would make my face attractive to my new mother, and I took (a most unusual task with me) great pains to have my dress neat and elegant to please her eye.

At last the carriage, which I had sent into the city to meet the travelers, drove up to the door. I ran out to the porch. First my father got out, and then he handed out a tall lady in a gray dress and cloak; I saw at one glance that she had fair hair, pale cheeks, and blue eyes, and then dashing across the porch I sprang into her arms.

"Mother! darling mother, I am so glad you have come!" I cried, kissing her rapturously. A cold kiss fell upon my forehead, and a measured voice said quietly,

"That will do, child! Your daughter, I presume, Mr. Watson?"

"Yes, my only child, Charlotte, or generally called Lottie!"

I turned to welcome my father with a chill feeling at my heart, and then led the way into the house.

"Will you go to your room, mother?" I asked.

"Yes, but you will call me Mrs. Watson, Charlotte; I am scarcely old enough to mother such a big girl," and she laughed, and was joined in her merriment by my father.

Silently I led the way to the room I had taken such pains to arrange. Mrs. Watson took no notice of the room, or the lovely prospect from the windows, but removed her cloak and bonnet, smoothed her hair, and then turned to go down stairs again. At the door she paused,

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"I wish you would direct the servants to throw away those flowers, they make a room most unhealthy to sleep in," and saying this, she went down stairs.

I emptied the vases which I had filled with such different feelings, and then I went again down stairs, not the happy, joyous girl I had been an hour before, but quiet, saddened, almost angry in my disappointment.

My dainty tea was discussed and enjoyed, but not one word was bestowed upon me. My father was entirely absorbed in the beauty and intelligence of his wife, who conversed brilliantly, but took no notice of me, and I sat at the table, as much forgotten and alone as if I were as entire a stranger to my father, as to my mother. After tea, unnoticed and unmissed, I crept to my own room, to weep over the shattered ruins of the air castles I had built so lately.

A new hope came in the morning. I thought how unreasonably I had been to expect my father's wife to love me at first sight, and I arose strong in the resolve to win her affection by every winning art at my command. It was very early, and I went down stairs to gather berries for breakfast, and to superintend the arrangement of the table. Strange as it may seem, I never thought that this was now my step-mother's duty; to me she was an honored guest, my father's love, my new mother, and my only wish was to make her new home attractive to her.

I was coming in from the garden, my hands holding a large china bowl of strawberries, when I saw Mrs. Watson standing in the doorway. As the sun fell upon her tall, graceful figure, I mentally approved of my father's taste in his selection of a wife. The fair hair which she had worn in wavy bands while traveling, now fell around her face in soft, natural curls, while the thick braids at the back of her head shone like burnished gold. Her delicate, pretty features, large blue eyes, and brilliant complexion were set off by a white morning dress, trimmed with dainty blue ribbons. She was really thirty-five years old, but would have been taken for twenty-three or four by almost every one.

Remembering my caution of the night before, I checked my bound forward, and greeted her quietly,

"I hope you rested well, Mrs. Watson."

Clear as a silver bell, and cold, and hard, her voice fell upon my ear,

"Will you have the kindness to give me the keys, show me the closets, and tell me the names of your servants?"

"Are you not tired with your journey?" I said. "Let me relieve you of the worry of housekeeping until you are more accustomed to the place."

"I never worry about anything, Miss Watson, and I prefer to be mistress in my own house."

Choking back the indignation which filled my heart at the willful misunderstanding of the offer I intended in kindness, I said with forced calmness,

"It is your right, madam, and I never intended to dispute it. Here are the keys!" Then raising my voice I called "Lizzie."

The little waiting maid came at the call.

"Show Mrs. Watson," I continued, "the closets these keys open; and, in future, you, and the other servants are to go to her for orders," and, having thus complied with her request, I bowed to Mrs. Watson, and went up to my own room, leaving the strawberries upon the hall table.

My former lonely life had been Paradise to what followed my father's marriage. Beautiful, superficially accomplished, and poor, Mrs. Watson had married my father because he was wealthy, and she filled her new station with a dignity that pleased his fastidious and reserved nature. But my step-mother lacked one gift: she seemed to have no heart. She was never unkind to me, but she raised between us an icy wall which I could not pass. All the warm, ardent love of an enthusiastic heart, which she could have won by a few caresses and answering affection, she passed by coldly and neglectful. We were as far apart, my parents and myself, as the most utter strangers could have been. Chilled, lonely, aching with unsatisfied longings for love, I threw the whole strength of my nature into my studies and out-door pursuits.

I divided my day into hours for music, drawing, languages, and exercise, trying thus to satisfy the cravings of my nature; and when these became too strong for sedentary pursuits, I mounted my own horse, my beautiful Mendan, and, unattended, scoured the country for miles around.

Into this strange, lonely life I was suffered to fall, unheeded, unchecked by either of my parents; and as all my timidly offered love (for it came to this at last) was scorned and slighted by Mrs. Watson, I grew at last to hate her with all the force of an ardent nature, whose affection turns from its own sweet channel into bitter contempt and dislike.

A whole year had passed away, when my step-mother informed my father that her brother

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had just returned from Europe, and asked permission to invite him to spend the summer months with us. The permission was, of course, instantly accorded, and the invitation sent. A year before, I should have decked our guest's room with flowers, placed books there, and cudgeled my brains for dainty dishes to place before him. Now I heard the tidings with indifference: but my step-mother turned that passive feeling to one of perfect disgust and hatred. She was seated with my father on the porch, when, passing through the parlor, I heard her say,

"I am in hopes that George will offer himself to Charlotte. He must now settle down, and if he marries, must marry money; and as the fortune Charlotte's mother left her will prove her only attraction in society, we may as well save her from a mere fortune-hunter."

"Her *only* attraction, Delia?" I heard my father say. "I think the child would be pretty, if she would take pains with her dress."

"But she won't; she is a mere sullen, stupid bookworm."

I cannot describe the tide of bitter, sickening emotions that swept over my soul as I left the parlor. I was *rich*, and for this crime I was to be tied to my step-mother's brother for life. Child as I was, I had never dreamed, as young girls often dream, of marriage; I had no *beau-ideal* to rise up and contrast with my newly acquired hatred; but I thought of my step-mother's hard, cold blue eyes, and calm, cutting tones; and I fancied being the wife of a man with similar attributes, and with a strong, bitter resolve I said in my heart that it should never be, not if I died defending my position.

Many things detained the newly arrived traveler in New York, and he could not tell his sister positively when he would come to our house, but he accepted her invitation, and, having put his room in readiness, we waited for him, not expecting to see him at any stated time.

It was a pleasant day in June, and my parents had gone into the city to spend the day and night, and I was alone, excepting the servants, in the house. I had taken a long ride early in the afternoon, and, coming home tired and heated, I took a bath, and then went to my own room to lie down; but refreshed already, I lingered there in my large, easy-chair, not sleepy enough to fulfill my first intention. Lounging thus lazily, my step-mother's words came into my mind.

"A sullen, stupid bookworm, with no attraction but money."

I stood up before my long mirror to verify or falsify the statement. It was not vanity that prompted me, it was only a fierce, wicked desire to prove her words false.

I let down the profusion of brown hair, which I had worn so long in a plain roll at the back of my head, and twisted it into the soft, full curls nature had intended them to form. Then turning away from the plain dresses I had worn so long, I took from a drawer a soft, white muslin, cut to leave my shoulders and arms bare, and which fell in fleecy, full folds from the waist to the feet. It was a simple costume, but I marked, with a bitter triumph, how well it suited me; the arm and neck the dress left uncovered were round and white; the soft curls were glossy and rich in color; and the glow of daily exercise upon my cheek contrasted well with a fair, broad forehead. The large, hazel eyes were haughty in their glance as my step-mother's blue ones; and a smile of pride swept over my lip as I gazed at the reflection in the glass. Then I sighed. What were riches or beauty to me! they won for me not one word or look of love: and so, saddened again, I turned listlessly from the room and went to the parlor. The grand piano stood open, and I sat down before it—I played, I scarcely knew how, for hours of lonely practice had made the keys a loved, accustomed resting-place for my fingers, and they fell into sad melodies, and wailing modulations almost of themselves. One familiar air after another stole sadly and plaintively out, and the bitterness in my heart was melting before the loved notes, when a shadow fell across the piano. I started. A tall man, with black hair, sunburned face, and a frank, bright expression, was standing in the long window, one foot on the sill, one on the porch.

"Ah!" said he, in a pleasant, cheerful voice, "I am sorry I interrupted you. I have been listening for a long time. Now," and he came to my side, "play me something more suited to the fingers of one so young and fair, than the sad strains you have been indulging in."

I never asked him who he was, for my father's friends often spent the long afternoons upon our cool, shady porch; but I yielded to the charm of a cheerful tone, and, bowing my head, complied with his request.

"Thank you!" he said, as the last notes of a bold march died away. "Now sing!"

"I cannot sing."

"No! You look as if you could."

I started as I found my old, merry laugh breaking from me.

"But I can't! I have not one song in my whole collection of music."

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"But you sing as you go about the house?" he said, inquiringly.

"I did once, not now," I said, mournfully.

"Why not?"

"I have no heart to sing!"

"You are wrong there. Young people should encourage every cheerful feeling. Why, I could sing here for very joy to see the sun shine, and the trees waving. Look out here," and he led the way to the porch, "see how the sunset gilds every tree and flower, and mark those varying clouds." Then his tone grew more solemn as he said, "God is very good to us!"

I bowed my head, and hot, scalding tears chased each other down my face. The wicked ingratitude of my heart for the comforts and blessings granted to me, rose in all its black sinfulness before that simple sentence.

The stranger seemed surprised at my emotion, but did not speak. He went with a light, free step into the garden, and when I grew quiet again he came to me, with a small bunch of half opened moss rose-buds in his hands.

"Will you let these be my peace offering?" he said, gently. "I wounded you; but, believe me, it was in ignorance."

I pinned the pretty bouquet to the bosom of my dress, and then said,

"This is not our choicest collection of flowers. I will show you *my* garden," and I led the way to the little piece of ground which it had been my greatest recreation to cultivate.

We chatted gayly as we went from flower to flower; and then I took my guest to a tiny waterfall, some few steps from my father's grounds, and, as the darkness fell, led him again to the house.

"You will take tea with me?" I said. "My father and mother are out."

"So the servant told me."

"But I should be pleased to fill their place, if you will walk in."

"Walk in!" and my guest broke into merry laughter. "Why, I have come to stay a month or two!" You don't know me? Excuse the omission; I really forgot to introduce myself. I am George Lawson—your uncle George, Miss Lottie."

I froze instantly. Heaven forgive my unjust suspicions, but I fancied he was already trying to win the *heiress*.

Stately and dignified I sat at the table, but I could not keep up the reserve. Anecdotes of travel, witty stories of foreign life, and, above all, a frank, genial manner, melted away the cold manner I tried to preserve, and long before we left the tea-table I found myself telling adventures of my lonely horseback excursions, and laughing merrily with my guest. Such an evening as that had never brightened my life before. My uncle, for he merrily insisted upon my calling him so, defended his argument about singing, by giving me several songs in a rich baritone voice; and I found my own uncultivated notes mingling with his, as long-forgotten airs fell upon my ear. We sat on the porch after the moon rose, and we argued over our favored authors, and quoted poetry with half-laughing, half-serious emphasis. When at last I bade him good night, I forgot the hateful barrier I had resolved to place between us, and I hummed a merry tune, as I went with a light step to my own room.

My uncle's merry laugh rang in my ears, as I got ready for the night; but, after I blew out my light, and stood in the moonlight, looking from my window, the current of my thoughts changed. In my new joy I did what in my sorrow I had neglected. I knelt down and prayed, humbly and sincerely, with gratitude and fervor, and I lay down to sleep, calm and hopeful. A happy morning succeeded the evening I had spent so pleasantly. We rode out in the early day, and returned to a hearty dinner at noon, and, after that was over, paced up and down the cool parlors, talking of scenes I had read about and longed to see, and of all the pretty sights we had seen on our ride. I had donned the white dress again, and fresh rose-buds lay on my breast, for my life seemed opening with new light, and I instinctively tried to show my joy in my dress.

At two o'clock my parents returned. I did not heed my step-mother's sneer as she said a few cold words about my improved appearance, but I slipped away and left them, sure that, with his sister's beautiful face, and the many reminiscences they must have to recall, my newly found friend would not miss me.

I was wrong. The first question at tea-time was, "Where have you been all the afternoon?"

"Oh!" said my step-mother, "Charlotte never appears excepting at meal-times. She aspires to be a professor in petticoats, and studies, *she says*, all day."

They were coming back, those bitter feelings, but I had been poring over a new study that afternoon—my own mother's Bible, and I was sickened at the wicked pride and resentment revealed in my own heart, so I stifled back the reviving bitterness, and said, gently,

"I thought Mrs. Watson would wish to have her brother to herself, after so long an absence."

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"Mrs. Watson!" cried the said brother. "Why, Delia, don't this young lady bestow any more loving title upon you than that?"

"It is not my wish to be called mother by Charlotte," said his sister, coldly.

"No! Now I feel intensely dignified when she calls me uncle George. I like it, and yet I am ten years younger than you are."

"We will not discuss that point, if you please," was the cold reply.

The days and weeks glided away, and I loved my step-mother's brother. All the warm affection which had been chilled and smothered for so long sprang into new life under his genial manner. The frank, honest devotion and true religious feeling, that was the under current of his every word and action, warmed my long slumbering love to my Maker into active life. The Sunday service, which it had been a mere matter of duty to me to attend, became heart worship, as his full, manly tones spoke the responses or sang the hymns at my side; and when he came to me, and with his dear, pleasant smile and cheery voice wooed me for his wife, I knew he loved me; and I felt sure, as I do now, that had I been poor, as was his own sister when my father wooed her, he would still have given me the love of his brave, warm heart.

In our own home, far away from the chilling reserve that so nearly made a bitter misanthropist of me, I live a happy, grateful life with my step-mother's brother.

A LESSON.

BY LILLIE A. BROSS.

Softly the shadows fall
Over the sill;
Rich are thy mellow notes,
Sweet whip-poor-will!
Eve's loving star gem
Peeps from its home;
Fitfully, joyfully,
Low zephyrs roam.

Oh! there's a holy spell
Filling my soul:
Waves of a Summer stream
Peacefully roll
Over the pebbles,
Sparkling below;
Life is a dream-land
Many hearts know.

Night gathers slowly,
Voices are hushed;
Rudely some cold hand
My flowers have crushed!
Dark is my threshold;
Sadly alone,
List I the night wind
In wild, sullen moan!

Desolate hearth-stone!
Altar fires dead!
Hope with the last spark
Thus early fled?
Oh! "Life is earnest!"
Work while ye may;
Dream not its precious hours
Lightly away.

LETTERS.

BY PHILA EARLE HANLY.

When our fond, clinging hands unclasp,
Like links in love's bright chain,
And in our parted hearts there rests
A weary, yearning pain;
Then letters seem to form 'tween us
A shining bridge of flowers,
With fond thoughts passing over it,
Like birds through Summer bowers.

A bridge whose arches span with bloom
The long and misty way,
Where blossoms hang on climbing vines
In many a drooping spray;
Where hope and love, with close-linked hands,
Pass softly to and fro,
Their fair robes brushing from each flower
Heart-music sweet and low.

The tremulous and quivering sheen
Of their soft pinions white
I catch through rosy, golden tints
Which gleam from blossoms bright,
Their footsteps fall as noiselessly
As rose leaves from the stem,
As gently as life's frailest barks
The Summer current stem.

As fragrant as a zephyr treads
Upon perfumed-kissed waves,
Scarce dimpling o'er the billows that
Its viewless feet soft bathes;
As light as falls the pearly dew,
All glistening on the grass,
Between our hearts with messages
These angel-sisters pass.

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CARL MAINWARING'S PRIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER I.

A GROUP of beautiful girls stood on the piazza of the academy at Whitestown. It was examination day, and the dread ordeal had been passed with credit to all concerned. The term had been one of improvement, happiness, and undisturbed harmony, and its close was marked by tears upon many a fair cheek.

Many of the young ladies were graduates; and most of the young gentlemen had finished their preparatory studies, and were ready to enter college. So you may well believe that this fourteenth of November, of which we write, was a sad day to the students of Whitestown Academy; for their pleasant association was to be broken; and their words of farewell—one to another—were to be uttered.

A little aside from the aforementioned group, a young girl—the loveliest of them all—leaned against the centre pillar of the portico, and looked on her late companion with calm, tearless eyes. Gay, careless, and beautiful—why should Annabel Meriton—the sole heiress of a man who counted his wealth by the hundred thousand dollars—why should she weep at parting with those who could henceforth be nothing to her?

On the dark glossiness of Miss Meriton's hair rested the light wreath of laurel, placed there by the hand of Gov. Marshall, the chairman of the Examining Committee: and from a richly-chased chain around her white neck, hung the golden medal bestowed upon her for the best *theme*, read aloud in the Exhibition Hall. The heavy dress of royal purple well became the superb figure which it shrouded; and the fall of costly lace from her arms and neck but half concealed the spray of diamonds glittering on her bosom.

Annabel was the only child of a retired merchant, whose fine old mansion reared its imposing front in one of the Boston suburban villages—and from the fond father's indulgence Annabel had been, in some considerable degree, *spoiled*. But no doting neglect of restraint could ruin the noble heart, and generous sympathies of Miss Meriton; though these better qualities might remain imbedded, for years, in the cold pride which formed a part of her nature. At this time she was eighteen, tall, and exquisitely modeled, with a clear, brunette expression, perfect features, and hair and eyes dark as the wing of a raven.

One by one, the friends of Miss Meriton approached her, to say adieu. She had a gay smile and a pleasant word for each; and in a brief space of time all had taken leave and moved away, save one. Carl Mainwaring still kept his place at the western window of the hall but a few yards from the lady; though, it would seem, totally forgetful of her presence. He was gazing out on the sunset sky, his hat in his hand, and his brow bared to the north wind. Mr. Mainwaring was familiarly known among the students, as "the janitor;" in other words, he made the fires, swept the rooms, and kept the keys of the building, in return for which duties he received his tuition. He was, like many another, poor, proud, and aspiring; and shrank from no toil, however lowly, that would procure for him the learning which he coveted.

Carl was not handsome, in the usual acceptation of the term, but there was a look of power in his calm, gray eyes worth a thousand gifts of beauty. His broad, thoughtful brow, and the sweep of his soft, dark hair, redeemed his somewhat irregular features from absolute plainness; and the haughty curve of his lip had something in its firm compression that said its owner was not one to beg the favor of any man.

Miss Meriton stood quiet a moment, her eyes furtively resting on the motionless figure of the young man, as if expecting him to come to her as the others had one; but not by look, or gesture, did he show himself aware of her propinquity. She hesitated; then advanced to his side and spoke his name.

"Mr. Mainwaring!"

He started at the sound of her voice, and turned toward her.

"Well, Miss Meriton?"

"Are you not going to bid me good-by, sir? Have you forgotten that this is our last day at Whitestown?"

Those strangely expressive eyes of his were fixed upon her. He studied her beautiful face for some time before he spoke. The scrutiny

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seemed to satisfy him of something which he had been half-assured of before, for he drew himself up haughtily, as he said,

"Yes, I am well aware of the fact you have just stated. I am ready to bid you good-by, Miss Meriton; and if my good wishes are anything you have them."

His cold fingers lightly touched hers, so hot and burning; he bowed slightly, and his pale face grew a little more death-like. That gray, ashen pallor might have been caused by the sudden going out of the vivid crimson in the western sky; but the forced immobility of his features seemed to contradict the suspicion. Miss Meriton did not lift her eyes, but her voice took a mocking intonation, as she responded,

"Good-by, and many thanks for your kindness! Good-by, Mr. Mainwaring!"

She moved away; he went eagerly forward, as though he would have called her back; but if the word was formed in his heart it found no utterance from his lips. She went down the long flight of steps into the graveled avenue, stepped into the splendid carriage, which had been more than an hour in waiting, and was borne rapidly away.

And Mr. Mainwaring watched the glittering equipage until a turn in the road hid it from his view; then, with a firm, determined step, he left the academy and hurried down to his lodging. He was to return home on the following day, and no time must be lost in reveries; he needed all for preparation.

CHAPTER II.

ANNABEL MERITON was in her own stately home once more. Early in the new year, Mr. Meriton's parlors were thrown open for a grand ball, and on this occasion the beautiful heiress was presented to society. From this night she took her place in the high circle in which she moved—the acknowledged queen. None disputed her right to the palm of society; and fair women envied her these royal charms which won so many men to lay their fortunes at her feet. If flattery and admiration create happiness, Annabel Meriton should have been happy; for, turn whithersoever she would, her praise flowed from every tongue. Wealth and talent bowed before her, asking but hope; she turned away from all. She was in no hurry to leave her father, she said; she loved her old home too well to care for an "establishment" for some time to come. And Mr. Meriton, idolizing his daughter, did not urge the matter upon her; so the season closed, summer at length passed, the second winter came and went, and still Annabel was unengaged.

This second summer drew on bright and beautiful. Annabel was importuned to join a gay party for Newport, but she declined; and again her aunt Ethel, a childless, wealthy widow, besought the favor of her company at Nahant. No; Annabel disliked crowded watering-places; she had not yet decided whither she should turn her feet—would her friends please let her alone? And finding her disinclined to receive the homage of the *haut ton*, for that season, the fashionables of Leedsbury departed for their several *ressorts* without the reigning belle.

Toward the close of June, a letter came to Miss Meriton from Grace Welford, her blood cousin, who resided in a quiet New Hampshire village; and this letter contained an urgent invitation to Annabel to come up and spend the warm months at Meadow Farm.

For some inexplicable reason the invitation met with Miss Meriton's approval. She had not seen her uncle and aunt Welford for some years; she remembered Meadow Farm as a rural retreat of great beauty; and her cousin, Grace, as a sweet, blue-eyed lassie, full of health and spirits. She laid the letter before her father, pleading her cause with imposing earnestness, and of course Mr. Meriton had only to assent.

So to Meadow Farm went the willful heiress, and a warm welcome did she meet from her honest relations. The Welfords were not rich, but in comfortable circumstances; and every necessary and many of the luxuries of life surrounded them.

Annabel went, with the family, to the humble little village church on the Sabbath; and when the clergyman arose, and in a deep, sonorous voice read the morning service, the heart of the proud beauty trembled, and beat quicker, for she recognized Carl Mainwaring.

His discourse did not disappoint *one* of his auditors, at least, though she listened to him for the first time; for Annabel Meriton had always felt assured that his cold exterior was but the flimsy covering of latent fire, which only wanted occasion to break forth and burn with fervid intensity. Once, and once only, during the sermon, the full, expressive glitter of the young clergyman's eyes swept the face of Miss Meriton; and Grace started, as she saw the tide of crimson which swelled up to the very forehead of her cousin.

That evening Miss Meriton made some casual inquiries of her aunt concerning Mr. Main-

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waring. Mrs. Welford spoke warmly in his praise. He was poor in this world's goods, she said; but his deep, fervent piety, his Christian benevolence, his enthusiastic love of the good and beautiful, his feeling sympathy with the afflicted more than compensated for his lack of gold. He resided in the little brown parsonage behind the church with his mother and younger brother—a lad much given to study, and a cripple from his youth. Carl, she said, toiled early and late, when his pastoral duties were over, for the sake of procuring the wherewithal to purchase for this unfortunate brother the books which he coveted. His salary was but meagre, his necessary expenses large, but he never turned a beggar away empty-handed or refused a meal to a hungry fellow creature.

Annabel heard her to the end, and acquiesced in the admiring old lady's declaration that Mr. Mainwaring was "one of a thousand," but said nothing. What was the pastor of Meadow Farm to her that she should listen to his praises?

Mr. Mainwaring called at the house of Mr. Welford, and Miss Meriton would, perhaps, have met him as an old acquaintance, but the cold courtesy of his manner changed her purpose. If he was snow, she was ice; and throughout the whole evening not a half dozen remarks passed between the two.

The pastor visited his parishioners with punctual regularity, and consequently he came often to Meadow Farm. But there arose no friendship, no sociality between him and Miss Meriton, much to good Mrs. Welford's chagrin, who could but illy bear to see her beloved minister "put down," as she expressed it, even by niece Annabel.

Janvrin Mainwaring, the young cripple, was made happy during the summer by the reception of several bundles of elegantly-bound books just suited to his peculiar taste; and these handsome presents came from an unknown source. There was much speculation in the village on this point—all to no purpose, however—and Janvrin was forced to be grateful only to Providence. Once, when Carl had alluded to the mysterious gifts, in Annabel's presence, he had said,

"I know nothing of the generous donor; but whoever or whatever he may be, he has my warmest gratitude."

And why did Miss Meriton's cheek flush so hotly? Why did the white fingers, holding the dainty embroidery, tremble, and let the rich silks fall to the floor? What was Carl Mainwaring's gratitude to her?

July fled, August came and departed, September trained her mantle of dusky gold over the hills. The first frosts fell, the maples glowed like bleeding hearts, and the stately elms clad themselves in garments of flaming amber.

Much as she loved this glorious autumn in the country, Annabel Meriton could stay amid its charms no longer. Her father was impatient for her society, and guests were momentarily expected at Meriton Hall.

But she must have one more walk, all to herself, by the shores of the calm-bosomed Cochecho; not even Grace should share the ramble; and so, tying on her hat, and throwing a light shawl on her shoulders, Annabel set forth.

It was one of those days belonging to no month of the year but ripe and perfect September! that golden barrier between the light and joy of summer, and the darkness and gloom of winter! The shadows lay purple on the long range of western hills, and the mellow haze, dreamy and blue, like the air, cast an exquisite mirage over the distant peak of Mt. Kearsarge.

Imbued with the soft, quiet loveliness of all around, Annabel wandered down the banks of the river until she came to a sort of grotto, curving into its background of granite stone. It was cool and fragrant here; the green moss clung closely to the rock, and the feathery gracefulness of the verdant brake hid the gaping crevices in the precipice which might give shelter to some venomous reptile. Annabel flung herself down on the yielding turf, and with her head in hand listened to the lulling murmur of the water over the pebbles in its bed.

She sat there a long time, unmindful of the lapse of hours, remembering only that on the morrow she was to go back to the noise and excitement of fashionable life.

A slight, rustling sound around her. She glanced up quickly, and remained transfixed with horror. Not two yards from her seat—blocking up the only egress of the grotto, his head erect, his fearful fangs whitely glistening, coiled for a spring, was a huge rattlesnake. Again, that ominous rustling—that frightful rattle—broke on her ears. Flight was impossible. She felt that her fate was sealed. But she did not start up, or cry out. Her faculties were paralyzed, and she sat quiet, gazing with inevitable fascination on the terrible enemy. There was a slight quivering of the reptile's body—he was gathering his forces for the fatal bound; but still she sat, her eyes glazed to his, so fiercely glittering, waiting for the blow.

The sharp crack of a rifle rang through the

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wood; the snake sprang wildly upward, and fell down, collapsed and bleeding, upon the very folds of Annabel's shawl.

She darted aside from the dreaded contact, and beheld, in the path before her, Mr. Mainwaring. He carried a rifle in his hand; and his greeting, though cold, partook of anxiety.

"Are you injured, Miss Meriton?"

"No; thanks to your prompt action, I am safe," she replied, frankly, extending her hand. "At least you will not refuse my gratitude?"

He grasped the offered hand with vehemence, but dropped it again almost instantly.

"I deserve no honor. Your life was in danger from the serpent, but I put it in double jeopardy by the shot which rendered the first peril harmless. If you had moved a yard to the right, Miss Meriton, I should have been your murderer."

"But I did not stir, and therefore you still have a claim upon me. I am glad to owe my life to you, above all others!"

The concluding words were spoken in a low whisper, more to herself than to her companion. But his quick ear caught their import, and for an instant a radiant smile lighted up his pale face. He stooped down over the dead snake and severed the rattles from its carcase. Twining a crimson leaf around them, he held the *outre* offering toward Annabel.

"Take them," he said; "and if you feel grateful to me for preserving you from their former proprietor, keep them as a remembrancer."

She did not know whether he was in earnest or no, but she accepted the strange gift, and the donor walked on silently beside her until they reached the place where their paths separated. Mr. Mainwaring stopped, and said,

"Once more, Miss Meriton, I have the honor to bid you good-by. Our paths diverge; it is not probable that they will again intersect. Long ago I gave you my good wishes when we parted; now I say God bless you!"

His voice was deeply passionate; it thrilled to the lower depth of that proud woman's being; but when she would have spoken her own farewell, he had left her side, and was far down the valley.

CHAPTER III.

ANNABEL returned home, and once more she was the belle of society. But her indifference toward her legion of suitors stigmatized her a coquette and a heartless trifler, though neither title was deserved, for she sought no admiration, and encouraged none to love her.

At the close of December, Mr. Mainwaring, in his quiet little parsonage, was surprised by the receipt of a very urgent invitation from the Bradford street church, at Leedsbury, to resign his present charge and assume the pastoral care of that association. This proposal was attended by many advantages. It would secure to him the convenience of a near residence to Boston, where his love of the beautiful in art could be satisfied; and the liberal salary offered would enable him to educate his brother, and surround his mother with many of the luxuries of life.

Affection and inclination bound him to the dear people of Meadow Farm; but his duty to his helpless relatives impelled him to the new office. And the first Sabbath of the new year he stood in the desk before the aristocratic audience of the Bradford street church, and delivered to them his first discourse.

Happy and at ease in his handsome home, with his mother and brother blessing him for the sacrifice he had made of his affection for their sakes, he little thought that to Annabel Meriton he owed his stroke of good fortune, rather than to the fame of his talent or eloquence. He did not know that her influence with the Bradford street congregation had secured to him the place so lately made vacant by the death of a well-beloved pastor.

Mr. Mainwaring was thrown into Annabel's society very frequently, but nothing like familiarity ever rose up between them. They seemed to naturally repel each other. Envious rival belles said that Mr. Mainwaring despised the beautiful girl for her frivolity and gayety, as well as for her total disregard of all respect for religion. But, be this as it might, Annabel's conversation took no serious tone in the pastor's presence; her laugh was free and careless when he was by, as when he was away; and his grave face never relaxed into a smile when she uttered in his hearing those sparkling, witty *bon mots* for which she had long been distinguished. It was plainly evident that the imperial beauty of Annabel Meriton exerted no influence over the heart of the clergyman of Leedsbury.

Mr. Mainwaring's people learned, in a short time, to both love and fear the new incumbent. His eloquence was fiery and scorching; no sin, however hidden it might have been, escaped his malediction; every secret crime, known or unknown, he denounced without hesitation. He spared none. He extolled God's goodness and mercy continually; and besought all, as they hoped to gain heaven at last, to fulfill the will of that God in spirit and in truth.

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He stood up in the pulpit before that listening congregation, and anathematized those who in broidered robes and haughty pride, follow forever the phantoms of pleasure and folly; and he did not know that in his own heart he harbored a pride stronger, and more indomitable, than the earthquake which heaves up a mountain, or ruins a city!

CHAPTER IV.

A STARTLING rumor pervaded Leedsbury. Mr. Meriton, the wealthy and aristocratic Mr. Meriton, was reduced to poverty! A fleet of ships, in which all his capital had been invested, with their valuable East Indian cargoes, had been wrecked on the Spanish coast; and everything was lost. Nothing now remained to the quondam millionaire, save Meriton Hall and its grounds. His stately daughter—the beautiful and admired Annabel—was no longer the worshiped heiress; but the poor girl who might yet be compelled to earn her daily bread by the labor of her hands! It was a great change, but Mr. Meriton bore up manfully, and Annabel proved herself a true heroine. She sold all her jewels, and gave the proceeds to her father that all his honest debts might be paid, and no man suffer by their misfortune.

They rented a part of their large house, dismissed all the servants but two, and sold the carriage and horses.

It is said that misfortunes never come singly; and certainly this saying was made a truism in the case of the Meritons. One night in March—a wild, windy, blustering night—Meriton Hall took fire, and burned to the ground! But this loss of property was nothing compared with the other great affliction which it occasioned.

Annabel was sleeping in her chamber on the second floor when the fire broke out, but the roar of the flames aroused her, and, hastily dressing herself, she hurried down the trembling staircase. Half way to the bottom, she remembered that Sallie, the maid servant, occupied the room above hers, and might not yet have awakened. Obeying the impulse of her heart, she flew back the way she had come, dragged the frightened girl from her bed, and led her out into the corridor. The dense smoke was almost stifling, but Annabel was no craven, and, alternately coaxing and threatening, she drew her companion down the stairway. The lower hall was reached—it was filled with fiery billows of flame—but there was no time for hesitation. One determined dash, and Annabel stood, with her charge, without the tottering walls—but alas! for the brave woman, whose beauty had so long been the theme of every tongue!

Annabel's hair, that magnificent hair, which had elicited so much admiration, was burned entirely off, leaving the head bare; her face was charred and blackened, and her hands hung useless and bleeding at her side. She was taken to a neighboring dwelling, accompanied by her agonized father, and the grateful girl whose life she had preserved at such a sacrifice; and there, for many weeks, she lay low down on the shore of the river of Death. She saw plainly the farther shore, and prayed daily for the white-robed angel, Azriel, to come and bear her across to that land of flowery bloom.

But she was not to die. Death seldom comes to those who wish it; and after many days, Annabel Meriton came weakly back to life. Health and strength were tardy about returning to her wasted body, but her mind was clear and calm. She had asked no questions concerning her lost beauty, but she knew from the fact that the mirrors in her room had been removed, that she was disfigured—perhaps hideous.

One day, late in April, when she was able to sit up for a little while, and look out upon the hills just taking on their garments of green, a message was brought to her that a gentleman was below, and desired a private interview with her. Oh! how she shrank from meeting any of her former friends, now with her altered face and maimed limbs! But she reflected, it must be, sooner or later; as well then as afterward, and she gave orders that her visitor should be shown up.

Directly the door opened, and Carl Mainwaring entered the room. There was no cold, repellant greeting now. The young man sprang toward her, and took both of her bandaged hands in his arm.

"Annabel!" he cried, passionately, "thank heaven that I find you thus! I had feared something worse!"

"Worse, Mr. Mainwaring? That could hardly be!"

"But it could! you might have been dead! and I doomed to a life of blackness and despair! God be praised! I can speak *now*, if it be but to receive your scorn! Nothing shall be kept back. My long, hopeless love is free, at last, to find vent in words! Annabel Meriton, you know my situation in life—poor, unknown, an obscure clergyman—will you take me, just as I am, take me for your husband?"

She started up in amazement. He forced her gently back in her chair and awaited her reply.

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"Do not mock me!" she cried, bitterly, "I have feeling still, if my wealth and beauty are gone!"

"Mock you, Annabel! I would as soon mock my guardian angel!"

"Mr. Mainwaring, would you take me—poor, maimed, and disfigured as I am?"

"Take you! God only knows how rapturously! Annabel, when I heard of your father's loss of property, I fell upon my knees, and thanked heaven again and again! A part of the barrier between your heart and mine was removed—your recent misfortune took it entirely away. But for this, I would have torn my right hand from my body sooner than humbled my pride enough to ask one wealthy and beautiful as yourself to become the bride of one like me!"

"But I am changed—disgusting, perhaps."

"Changed! To me, you are this moment, what you have always been, the loveliest thing out of Paradise! Shall I call you mine?"

She stooped forward and laid her head on his shoulder. He gathered her up in his arms and held her there, caressing and soothing her with such words as a mother speaks to her sick child.

"My dearest Annabel! Mine to hold always here—mine to claim in eternity! You do not know how long and hopelessly I have worshiped you—how many times I vowed that never—no, never! would I ask you—high-born and tenderly nurtured as you had been—to leave the luxuries of your splendid home to share my hard, stern fate. From the first hour of your appearance at Whitestown, every thought and emotion of my heart was given to you—but I would not by word, or deed, reveal the love which reigned over me! My pride was my only armor, and it served me well. How narrowly I watched you, to see if I could detect any sign of your sentiments toward me, and sometimes I fancied that I was not indifferent to you. I dared not harbor that fancy, lest I should forswear my vow, and thus I lived on, struggling continually with my accursed pride! I have suffered untold agonies—for I knew that I should never love again—a passion like mine exhausts itself on the first object, and for years I have accustomed myself to look forward to a lonely life! But the night of despair is ended, and joy cometh in the morning!"

It was a mild May morning—sweet with breath of apple blooms and opening flowers—that Carl Mainwaring and Annabel Meriton were made one.

The bridegroom was impatient, and Mr. Meriton had offered no objection to their speedy union. He thought they had waited in silence long enough. And so, before Annabel was able to leave her room, she was made the wife of him she had so long loved.

In the atmosphere of love and happiness which surrounded her now, Annabel came slowly back to beauty once more. She had been attended, during her illness, by a careful, as well as skillful, physician, and the burns upon her face and arms had been healed without leaving a single scar. And in time health reasserted her sway, and bloom and brilliancy glowed upon her cheeks in all their pristine glory. The soft hair grew again, and clung in little glossy ringlets close to her white temples, and Carl declared over and over, that Annabel Mainwaring was a thousand times lovelier than ever Annabel Meriton had been.

But this same haughty gentleman's pride was a little humbled, when one fine morning, a month after his marriage, the missing fleet of ships belonging to his father-in-law, came sailing into Boston harbor with their full cargoes on board, and uninjured in every particular.

A severe gale had compelled them to put into the port of Cadiz, and now here they were, safe and unharmed, and the profits of their lading fairly doubled the wealth of their owner. So Mr. Mainwaring had married an heiress and a beauty after all.

And Annabel says, laughingly, that but for her supposed poverty and her burned face, she should have been an old maid to this day.

THE GRAY-HAIRED MAN.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

The snows of Winter lie along
  The melancholy vale,
And now no more the warbler's song
  Is borne upon the gale.
But Spring, the morning of the year,
  Shall lift the fleecy shroud,
And freshening flowers then appear,
  And rainbows span the cloud.

So thou, though silvered be thy hair
  With many a Winter's frost,
And skies seem not so sweetly fair,
  And early friends be lost;
The dawn of Heaven shall awake
  Those cherished ones again,
And light celestial o'er thee break
  In glory's blest domain.

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XXII.

At early dawn Joshua Leonard and his wife were astir; neither of them had slept during the night, still no words had passed between them, save when the low voice of the wife rose in the darkness asking her husband if he slept. A deep sigh was sometimes the sole answer, but once or twice he said, "Yes, wife, I am awake," and that was all. When the daylight came, and the two could see each other face to face, Mrs. Leonard began to cry; the pale and locked features upon the pillow near her seemed so strange, that she was almost afraid.

Joshua said, "Hush! hush!" very mournfully; and, getting up, built a fire, and went out to the well with the tea-kettle in his hand; but, for the first time in his life, he walked like an old man, and the well-pail slipped from his hold twice, as he attempted to lower the bucket down to the water.

When he came in, his wife sat on the hearth shivering. She watched him as he swung the kettle to its trammel, and left it enveloped in clouds of smoke, through which little streaks of flame shot and curled like vipers.

"It's no use," she said, drearily; "I can't get breakfast this morning; and as for eating, the first mouthful would choke me."

Joshua was standing, with his eyes on the struggling fire. His hands were locked, and falling loosely before him. The plaintive misery in his wife's voice penetrated to his heart.

"I was thinking of you," he said, tenderly. "It seems as if I should never eat again."

The housemother grew strong when she saw his weakness, and, rising, she said, with some energy,

"Come, Joshua, we must neither eat nor rest till Amy is found."

He took his hat from its nail, and she put on her bonnet; so the two went heavily forth in search of the lost one.

It was a misty, raw morning. Clouds of fog lay heavily on the meadows, the grass was sodden with moisture, and the trees shed storms of cold rain from the branches when the wind swept them. Once more they searched in the saw-mill and around the Falls for some sign of her presence. Everything was still and dreary, but they found no trace of her progress in that direction. This gave them hope again; for the earth was moist, and tracks must have been left had she passed that way. The fear that some trace which the darkness had concealed would present itself, had haunted the man with dread all night; now his courage rose, for he felt sure that Amy was alive.

"Come," he said, taking his wife by the hand; "we will not stop till she is found."

So, leaving the cabin behind them, they walked down the road, looking to the right and left, as they had done the night before, half-expecting to find Amy in the shelter of some stone wall, or crouching in some crook of the fence.

After awhile they saw a man coming along the highway, toiling along heavily, as if he, too, carried a burden of age or care which sunk his feet in the moist clay of the road.

Leonard stopped suddenly, and stood still, with his feet planted sternly in the road, and his face growing hard as iron.

It was the elder Arnold.

"Maybe he's found our Amy," said Mrs. Leonard, softly. "Don't look that way, Joshua; he isn't to blame."

Her words awoke a memory in Joshua's heart. He recollected the day when the old man coming along the road had warned and advised him against the visits of his son. No, his wife said truly, the poor, unhappy father was not to blame; but it was terrible to meet him nevertheless.

Slowly and steadily the two fathers approached each other. Both were pale, the eyes of both were full of stern sorrow. Arnold made a motion, as if to hold forth his hand, but drew it back, shrinking within himself. There was a struggle in Leonard's bosom, but at last he tore away from the evil feelings that bound him, and held forth his hand.

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The features of Arnold began to quiver; two great tears rolled down his cheeks as he met the offered grasp.

"She's safe. Your child is safe."

Leonard wrung the hand in his grasp, and, looking at his wife, tried to smile.

"Where—where is she?" cried Mr. Leonard.

"At my house—with my wife. She came in the night, worn out, and wet through; poor, poor child!"

"At your house!" said Leonard, sternly, withdrawing his hand.

"Yes, brother, and that is the right place for my son's wife; for, as the Lord liveth, no other woman shall bear his name, or darken my door."

Here Mrs. Leonard began to cry, and sobbed out a crowd of disjointed ejaculations, that were pathetic only from the deep feeling they betrayed.

"Brother," said Leonard, "God has smitten us both in the heart of our pride. I know how to feel for you now! I am humbled, God help me!"

"Let's go, Joshua—let's go. I want to see my child. Is she coming home? Does she pine to see us? Has she cried her heart out? What did she say? How does she look? Why don't you tell me something about my daughter, brother Arnold?"

Mrs. Leonard's impatience was not to be restrained. She waited for no answer to her inquiries, but hurried on; and the two men followed her, conversing gravely and sadly together on the way.

Amy, exhausted and worn out, slept heavily that morning. As the chill went out from her system, a sense of protection and comfort stole over her. The great burden of her secret had dropped away. The very worst had come upon her, and after that every human soul knows something of repose. So Amy fell into a long, deep slumber, dreamless and still as death. Mrs. Arnold's gentle words had given her infinite consolation. She was, at all times, a dependent and clinging creature, more ready to endure and suffer than to act; and the mere physical comfort of a warm, soft bed under his father's roof had been enough to hush her sufferings into repose, for the time, at least.

Thus, when Mrs. Leonard stole on tip-toe into that large chamber, and moved softly toward the bed, Amy did not awake; but this new presence disturbed her, and, turning on the pillow, she began to cry in her sleep, till the gush of her own sobs grew so violent that she awoke.

"Amy!"

"Mother, is it you? What ails me? I have been dreaming such miserable dreams. It's time to get up and help about breakfast, I suppose? Has father gone to the saw-mill?"

"Amy, my own child!"

"Why, you've been crying too. How strange you look with a bonnet on, and—and—oh! mother, I remember it all now."

The poor girl cowered down in the bed with her frightened eyes turned on her mother, and seemed to hold her breath.

Mrs. Leonard bent over her and rained soft kisses on her face. "Chirk up, my dear, chirk up, nobody shall hurt you, or put you down while I live, and while your father lives, for he's a host in Israel. Don't cry, darling—don't cry, or you'll set me a-going, and I can't bear any more on it. There, there!"

"You have left father to come and find me; go back, mother, he has no one but you now."

"No, dear!"

"He wished me dead. I heard it, but it is the hardest thing on earth to die when one wishes it. You can't get rid of the life that is in you without doing such horrid things; then the darkness beyond is so fearful. Tell him I tried to die, but hadn't the courage to do what would stop my heart beatings. Tell him I'd give the world to see him, but now I'm weak and couldn't bear it. If he will only wait a little and not curse me, perhaps God will be merciful and take me out of his sight; I won't even pray to live, only for him and you, dear mother. Tell him this, and oh! ask him to forgive me after I'm dead, I won't plead for it now: but he might then."

"Be still, Amy, or you'll break my heart. It was a wicked word, and over in a minute. We searched for you nearly all night—your father and I—up and down, till it seemed as if we should drop in our tracks."

"What! he, my father!—my father!" murmured Amy, melting into a flood of tears, her very soul given up to tender regrets. "Oh! mother, has he forgiven me? Will he—will you have a little faith, a little forbearance with me? I have done wrong, very, very wrong, have deceived you, been disobedient. But oh! if I could tell you all, if you would but believe me without telling. Just forgive, and trust, and wait."

"We have forgiven on trust, or, without trust, no matter, Amy, what has happened; so long as God forgives his children we must stand by ours, it's nature, and it's religion. God doesn't lay little darling babies into our arms to have them turned out of doors for the first sin; them's

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my sentiments, and they're your father's, too; we agreed on that last night in the saw-mill, he and I."

"And you were searching for me there; oh! if I had but known it," sobbed Amy.

"Perhaps it was all for the best, dear; if you hadn't come to this house, maybe the old man and your father mightn't have made up; as it is, I must say Mr. Arnold has behaved beautifully. He says that no other woman shall ever have his son's name, or darken his door."

"Did Mr. Arnold say that, mother?" cried the young girl, seizing her mother's arm with both hands.

"Yes, and Miss Arnold says it too; and as for Hagar, she near about upset us with kindness. She's got some toast and tea afore the fire waiting for you to wake up."

"I thought, last night, that Hagar was the only friend I had in the wide, wide world. Oh! mother, you are very good to forgive me."

"There, there. Kiss me once more, then try to get up and dress. I didn't tell you, but father's down stairs."

Instead of being elated, Amy shrunk down into her bed again. There was something in the idea of meeting her father that made her tremble.

"Don't take on so, he won't give you a cross look, to say nothing of hard words," said the mother, marking the change with the quick sympathy of her sex.

"I know that; but his kindness, I can't bear it while he believes—— Oh! mother, what can I do?"

With broken conversation like this, the mother and child spent a few more minutes together, before they went down to the room in which Joshua Leonard sat waiting for them.

Few words passed between the father and daughter. Strange to say, the nervous timidity which had marked Amy's demeanor during the last few weeks, had, to a certain extent, disappeared. She was very weary, it is true, and the saddened whiteness of her face was touching to behold, but her look was clear and truthful. There was nothing of shame in the depths of those eyes; on the contrary, everything about her seemed pure as a lily; no shadow of guilt or shame could be found on her white forehead. She was grieved, heart-broken, but what seemed a consciousness of innocence gave gentle dignity to her movements.

With so much proof against her, and before a word of denial had passed her lips, the father took comfort from her appearance. She came up to him and knelt softly at his feet.

"Father!" she said, folding her hands meekly before her.

Leonard laid one hand on her head. With all his strength, he could not help blessing her whom he had intended only to forgive; his own honest heart bore witness in her favor, the idea of guilt connected with his child lost its force the moment she appeared. It was a moral conviction altogether independent of knowledge or reason. He *felt* that something pure and true lay at the bottom of this trouble.

"Father, may I go home with you and mother?"

"God forgive me the bitterness which drove you away, my child. I, who was so harsh against your fault, have prayed God, and still pray that He will forgive my own. Yes, come with us, Amy."

"Father, let me look in your eyes."

"Well, child!"

"You look into mine and almost smile. They accuse me—they believe in my fault—it is great, but not as they think, father; I would not go home, I could not live if all they suspect were true. Something tells you this, or the old look would not come back to your face. You believe me, father?"

He kissed her upon the forehead.

Then she stood up with more strength than had been witnessed in her demeanor for weeks and weeks.

Leonard was half-relieved. The innocent face of his child had its benign effect, but there was a delicate reticence in her nature which checked the questions that rose to his lips; for, with all his rude strength, this man shrunk from the interrogatories that might, he believed, have won her entire confidence.

While his wife had been in Amy's chamber, Arnold and Leonard had conversed together, about the best means of bringing something of good out of the shame that had fallen so suddenly upon them. At first Leonard sternly expressed his determination to seek the young man, and force an honorable atonement for the shame he had wrought; but Arnold knew his son better, and implored the wronged father to remain at home and leave the matter to him. Leonard yielded at last, but only with a reservation, if the father, with his lawful authority, failed, then the wronged man would take the matter in his own hands. Thus it was settled, and the Arnolds entered upon their preparations for what was, in those days, an important journey.

When Amy heard this, the flush and tremor of excitement came back. She stood a moment

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disturbed with stormy thought, and then with quick resolve spoke,

"Father, I must go with Mr. Arnold."

"You, my poor child!"

"It is right—it is my duty. I must see him, though it kills me, I must go."

"She is right," said Mrs. Arnold, who had opened a door unnoticed, and stood on the threshold as Amy spoke. "She is no longer a helpless child, brother Leonard! See how strong the thought has made her. The day after to-morrow a sloop leaves the river; in that we take passage; Amy goes too. You will trust us, Leonard, and with God's help all shall be well."

Leonard looked irresolute. Amy saw it.

"Father, I pray you let me go."

Leonard's face cleared up. "Yes," he said, "but not without us—your mother and I—the sloop is large enough for us all."

Mrs. Arnold came close to Leonard as he spoke. "Brother," she said, gently laying a hand on his shoulder, "trust Amy with me, your old friend; I know Benedict well, no power can coerce him. He would defy heaven itself, but there are many generous qualities in his heart: leave them with his mother. The boy loves me, and I solemnly believe loves her. If sterner power is needed, Arnold will use it, have no fear; but as we will in all things do our utmost to protect your child, I beseech you put no unnecessary humiliation on mine."

"You are right, sister," said Leonard, touched to the heart by her motherly appeal. "God forgive me if any lurking vengeance made me wish to confront the young man! It is a hard thing to keep down a rebellious spirit."

"For my sake, for hers," pleaded the gentle matron. "You cannot strike him without breaking a poor mother's heart."

"I will stay at home; do with our child according to your will: the mother and I can only wait and pray."

Thus it was settled, and with calmer hearts than they had ever expected to know again, the Leonards returned home and reinstated Amy on the hearth-stone, from which she had been driven in the first storm of their sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In these days of long journeys, when a trip to Europe is decided on one hour, and undertaken the next; a voyage to New Haven from Norwich is scarcely more than a morning's drive; but in the time of our story it was altogether a different affair. When a sloop sailed down the river, people gathered on the wharf to see it off; passengers took leave of their friends with tears in their eyes; and handkerchiefs of gorgeously printed cotton fluttered in the air, till the important craft was out of sight. Science has chained time and space, but human love and sympathy are the same forever and ever; and the people who gathered on the little wharf in those days, were actuated by exactly the same feelings which throngs our vast piers when a mammoth steamer goes out crowded with hundreds.

The preparation in Mr. Arnold's house was creating no little commotion. True, there was no great wardrobe to prepare. A huge chest, clamped with brass, which stood in the upper hall, was unlocked, and two or three dresses taken forth; a dainty silver gray silk, gored in the skirt and ruffled at the elbows, was refolded and placed in a small hair trunk; cap ribbons were smoothed out; and Hagar ran about the kitchen all one morning clapping bits of lace and muslin between her hands, which were white and crusted with flakes of starch to the finger nails.

Hannah Arnold, very grave and thoughtful, worked upon the kerchiefs and caps which were to shade the still pretty neck and brow of her mother. Her lover had returned home on the morning after Amy came to the house, in ignorance of the change which that event might make on his sister's destiny. The reticence of social life was severe in those days; and Hannah herself only knew that her friend Amy had taken the engagement of her brother with Laura more painfully than she had expected, and that trouble was threatened between the two families; that her parents threatened to interfere against the marriage, and thus darken her own lot.

If the young girl felt this to be a little hard on her, who can wonder? She had wronged no one. Paul had come to her with a free heart. Why was her brother's faithlessness, if such it was, to break up all her own sweet hopes? She felt too surely that any interference of her parents sufficiently potent to break up the marriage—would place her brother in perpetual feud with the family of his betrothed. Then what would be her own fate? All this made Hannah very gloomy and dispirited. She knew that Amy was in the house, but some sensitive feeling kept her from asking any explanation of the fact till the Leonards carried their daughter away again. Then she learned that Amy was to go with the family to New Haven, and this filled her heart with new anxieties.

Mrs. Arnold was also very much occupied. Her whole heart was so taken up with the great

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evil that had befallen them, that she had not given the position of her daughter the consideration it deserved. A great wrong had been done, and her pure, honest nature was exercised in all its capacities to redeem that wrong. She thought no farther than this, and it was well for her object that she did not. The idea that her daughter also must be sacrificed might have overwhelmed her strength.

Thus it happened that the mother and daughter were, to a certain extent, put asunder during those few days. The thoughts occupying Mrs. Arnold's mind were not such as she could discuss freely with a young girl, brought up after the fashion of those times, and her confidence was rather bestowed on Hagar, who, in right of her own benefactions, looked on the whole affair as peculiarly belonging to her department.

On the evening before the sloop sailed, Mrs. Arnold and Hagar, after taking out the silver gray dress, and two or three garments of rich chintz, which were at once neatly packed for the journey, loitered over the open chest, as if there was something more to be said, which neither of them knew exactly how to begin.

Twice Mrs. Arnold put her hand into the chest and drew it forth again, with a flush on her cheek, at which Hagar, who sat on one corner of the chest before which her mistress knelt, turned her eyes decorously away. In the end, this sweet dame drew forth a little bundle from a corner of the chest, and, with the blush deepening on her cheek, began to untie it.

"Hagar!" she said.

"Well, Missus, what am it?"

"Here are a few things that I want you to whiten and do up while we are gone, if it won't be putting too much work on you."

"Too much work—what am you thinking 'bout? 'Cept the men folks, I shan't have nothing to 'tend to. Jest tell me what you want, and I'll do it, sure!"

Mrs. Arnold's lip began to quiver, and a mist came into her eyes as she opened the little bundle, and took out first one tiny garment and then another.

"It don't seem possible that he ever wore these," she said, looking at Hagar through her tears, as she thrust two slender fingers into a niche of a sleeve, edged with a cobweb of lace. "He was a noble baby, Hagar; don't you remember?"

"Yes, I can't 'spute that, but it seems ter me discredible that he ever wore them ere frocks and things, and Miss Hannah arter him. Gracious me, how babies does alter in course of time, don't they?"

"He was my first child, you know, Hagar," said the gentle matron, flushing with the remembrance of that heaven of her young life, when a little rosy hand was laid, for the first time, on her bosom; "and now to think that he is a grown man, I can't realize it."

She sighed heavily, and the tears, which had stood in her eyes, began to rain down, dropping upon the little yellow garments in her lap.

"Nor I neither. De Lord ob hebben forgive him!" answered Hagar, wiping her eyes with one corner of her linsey-woolsey apron.

"And now," said Mrs. Arnold, between the faint sobs that began to gather in her bosom, "he is a man, while I am getting feeble and old. What if he refuses to listen? What if he should deal harshly with me and with her?"

"Don't think of no sich thing, Missus. De blessed Lord sends yer, and it's yer duty ter go right straight fored, whether or no. Don't be skeered about nothing. Human natur' ain't bad enough to stand up again yer, 'specially yer own son. The minute he looks in yer eyes he'll wilt right down and give up, never fear."

"But if he should not—if Mr. Arnold were to fail, and cast him off—then, Hagar, this poor girl must be taken care of. We shall adopt her in his place, and deal tenderly with her, as if she were our own child."

"Ob course yer would," answered Hagar, gathering up a handful of her rough apron, and holding it to her eyes with a hard pressure; "but it won't ever 'mount to that. He'll come too."

"I hope so," said the mother, mournfully; "but it's a painful duty to undertake, and I'm not used to such things."

Hagar gazed on the poor lady despondingly a moment; then her face brightened all over, and, lifting her chair in the air, she broke out, all at once,

"S'posing I go with yer, Missus. He knows me of old. Let him only jest say his soul's his own, and I'll move the right thing out ob him."

Mrs. Arnold laughed faintly amid her tears, at which Hagar flung her apron down and smoothed it over her knees in a huff, until the lady, seeing this, began, in her tender way, to expostulate.

"Don't, Hagar—don't be hurt about it. What would the house come to without a head? Besides, I want some one that we love, and trust to be here, and welcome us when we come back. Who knows that it will not be a wedding party, all among ourselves, of course?"

Hagar brightened propitiously, and, taking up her apron again, began to plait the edge

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between her fingers, holding her head on one side, as you sometimes see a hen eyeing its food.

"Missus, in the course of natur one wedding breeds another; and, if all things turn out 'cording to our wishes, perhaps you'll hear ob two colored pussons ob yer 'quaintance as may want to toe the same mark in yer kitchen."

Mrs. Arnold looked up and smiled pleasantly.

"Well, Hagar, no one will object. I only hope it may come to that."

"Then we has yer consent; and if yer sees that tall nigger as come with the gemman last winter, jest give him a hint of what's going on in the undercrust ob dis 'stablishment. Perhaps he'll wish he'd sent some word, or come back, as he promised to, when he knows that this member ob the fair sect he used to think so much on, is lost ter him for good and all."

Mrs. Arnold promised to remember. At another time she might have been amused with Hagar's transparent coquetry; but now her heart was too heavy even for a smile.

"Now," said Hagar, rising from her seat on the chest, "jest give me them things, and I'll have 'em white as the drifted snow afore yer come back."

"Not yet," answered the matron, gathering the bundle together. "No one ever did them up but myself, before this. I should like to wash them out once more, if you have no objection, Hagar."

Hagar was getting her chin into the air again; but the last few words modified her rising discontent, and she observed, in an indifferent way,

"Oh! well, Missus, if you take a notion to wash 'em out with yer own hands, I'll heat the water and set out the soap-dish. It's not my way to 'trude work on nobody, 'specially in the first wash; but when it comes to starching and ironing, and sich like, I reckon Hagar'll be wanted."

Mrs. Arnold gathered up her treasure of little garments, with a sigh, and stole down the back stairs into the kitchen, where Hagar, as good as her word, got the smallest tub in order, and, putting handful after handful of soap in the water, stirred up a snowy foam of suds in no time, with a few dashes of her hand.

Then, with tears in her eyes, the gentle housemother bent over her delicate work, as she had done years and years before in the first glow of her married life.

This was the last household work that Mrs. Arnold performed before her journey; and many a sadly tender thought filled her heart as those small hands accomplished their task. Yet, if any one entered the room, she would look frightened, and, burying the article she held in her hand deep in the suds, would continue her task under water, regarding the person who approached her with shy and anxious glances.

When her task of love was done, the mistress had a long talk with Hagar about the housework, and those multifarious cares that were to devolve on the faithful kitchen slave. After that she was ready for rest; but when did rest come to a poor mother's heart burdened like hers with a certainty of unworthiness in the first-born of her life?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Now that Amy Leonard was at home once more, with her conscience free of its cruel secret, and the forgiveness of her parents assured, a certain degree of tranquillity came back to her heart. Rest, profound rest, seemed the sweetest boon that could be given her. For a little time she had cast off the thorny crown of her sorrow; and the very fact of having a home with its little comforts, one from which there was no fear of being driven, was, in itself, a great blessing. There was hope too in her heart. If her father, with his stern pride and blameless nature, could forget and forgive—if the loquacious mother could grow delicate and tender in the refining strength of her compassion, surely *he* could not persist in the great sin, which, for a moment, he might have meditated! Human nature could not be so bad as that. Led away by ambition, and the love of wealth his strong ruling passion, he might have gone farther than was honorable in his admiration of the young French girl; but to marry another, and she alive, that could never be.

Besides this vague faith in human nature, and in the honor of her husband, Amy knew that the elder Arnold and her own father had united in a determination to protect her. Oh! if she could have told them all—if she could have said to those sorrowing men, who still went forth to the open air with heavy shoulders and heads bowed down from a belief in the shame of their children—the truth, and the whole truth, how boldly and bravely they might have gone about their just work! But, above all things human, Amy loved Benedict Arnold: never in her life had she disobeyed his most imperious wishes. The very tyranny of his character made her look up to him with worshiping awe! His bold self-reliance was so far above the possibility of her own attainment, that it seemed grand and noble to her. But the charge

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of secrecy, the vow which he had forced upon her, galled her delicate nature, and dragged it down like guilt itself.

All this Amy did not feel so acutely now as she had a day or two before; for the most harassing pain will grow stolid after a wild storm of passion, and it takes a little time to gather venom and strength to gnaw and rend the soul into fresh torment.

The one strong wish of Amy's heart was to see Arnold, to plead with him on her knees to give back her oath and her honor, that she might stand in her calm innocence a wife before the world. She was gentle, but not altogether weak. If he refused this—if he still persisted in branding her forehead with shame, then she would be just to herself—if her womanly protest went for nothing, she would claim freedom from that cruel vow, and, asking it back of heaven, prove to her father and his father that her greatest sin had been disobedience and secrecy. True, she had no record or certificate to prove this, both had been given to Arnold, but the clergyman was to be found. But why think of all these rebellious things? When Arnold knew of her sorrow—when he heard of that terrible scene at the minister's donation party, he would cast aside everything and protect her from his own proud sense of honor.

Thus Amy reasoned with herself, filling her life with fresh delusions, but finding comfort in them even in the saddest plight that ever a young creature was driven to.

Leonard had not yet told his wife or daughter of the arrangement by which Amy was to be given up, for a time, to the Arnolds, so the poor child wearied herself with plans, and grew sick with a wild desire to find her way to Benedict's presence, and there claim her place at his side. He should not use her weak, wicked oath to the cruel end of separating them. She was young, helpless, and forbidden to ask advice; but he could not look in her eyes and persist in doing the wrong they talked of.

In the midst of these reflections, Leonard told her of his promise to Benedict's father, and with sad kindness bade her prepare to set forth on the morrow.

Amy received the news as a feverish patient listens to the rush of cool waters. She clasped her hands and fairly wrung them in her extreme joy; her lips grew red as ripe cherries; her eyes danced with light: she seemed really alive for the first time in months.

And now her small preparations were entered upon with something of former cheerfulness. A sweet joy broke up from the bottom of her heart, all springing from one thought. She would see him again in a few days, he might tell her with his own lips that some cruel mistake had arisen, out of which the agony through which she had passed had sprung.

The little party did not start so early as they had intended. A high wind blew strongly up the river, and kept the sloop at her wharf twenty-four hours beyond her appointed time.

These twenty-four hours were bitter ones to Amy Leonard. For, on the morning when she should have sailed, three men, deacons and trustees of the church, came with the slow, solemn dignity of a grave occasion, and, fastening their horses by the door yard fence, walked down to the saw-mill where Leonard was at work.

The unhappy man must have had some idea of their object, for his face flushed and grew pale as they approached, while he stood still trembling like a culprit. He had not slept a calm hour since the minister's donation party: and his nerves, which till then had seemed made of steel, were shaken.

He stood upright, as I have said, waiting for the potentates of the society to come up. The Christians of those days possessed many ideas of religion which the advancement of mind has softened and refined; now, a stern sense of duty, such as they understood it, filled every heart. The idea of consideration or gentle pity for an offender was regarded with distrust, as a snare and a weakness. If any such feeling ever clamored at their naturally kind hearts, they were ready to fall upon the earth and pray God to relieve them from a grave temptation. Indeed, indeed it was a stern type of religion which sent our forefathers into the great western wilderness.

When the functionaries of the society came before Leonard, he, knowing their business by intuition, stood still to receive them, without saying a word or attempting to reach forth his hand. His eyes filled with troubled light, and he looked upon his visitors with deprecating humility, that had, nevertheless, something strong and noble in it.

"Brother Leonard," said the foremost of the deputation, an old man whose locks, white as snow, fell down his back wound and tied by a rusty black ribbon, "brother Leonard, we have come, unwilling, and in the name of the Lord."

"I know—I know it all. My child—the poor, helpless, white rabbit up yonder—you w'll not leave her in the form to nurse her wounds and hide herself? Oh! brother Downs, couldn't you wait a little before you bring her to open shame?

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Just give us breathing time till God will hear our prayers. We can only wail and bemoan ourselves now. The gift of words has forsook us, even before the Lord. We can only bow down with our faces to the earth. Leave us alone, brethren—leave us alone! In a little while we can bear this better!"

"Nay, brother," said the old man, lifting his eyes slowly from the earth, where they had been riveted while Leonard spoke, "the laws of our society are strict, and change not. When a member of the fold backslides, prompt correction must be applied. We have waited long and patiently, hoping to be spared this grave duty; but the house of our Master must be rescued from contamination. The girl has sinned grievously, and must atone with penitence and abasement that our skirts may be cleansed."

"She is penitent; no human soul ever grieved as she does—my poor, lost child!" cried Leonard, with a quiver of his massive chin.

The old man answered,

"Truly it rejoices us to hear this; but penitence, to be of sweet savor before the Lord, must be open, and the humiliation of sin complete. This is set down clearly in the platform of our faith. No form of regeneration to the culprit must be wanting—no degree of atonement omitted which our fathers have deemed essential to salvation."

"And what would you with the child?" faltered the unhappy father.

The unflinching reply was,

"It is the law that one offending like her shall confess her sins openly before the assembled society, and, standing with her head uncovered in the broad aisle of the meeting-house, ask pardon of God and the brethren for the reproach which has been brought upon both."

"And you ask my Amy to stand thus? Are you so hard with the poor lambkins of the flock? Must a sacrifice of shame be offered, before my child can kneel in the house of God again?" cried Leonard, with bitter anguish in his look and voice.

"Brother Downs," he added, "you have a grandchild, think of her, and have a little patience. Our wounds are fresh now; they ache and bleed at the first touch. Give us a little time, only a little time."

The old man shook his head. "Nay, brother Leonard, the work of the Lord cannot be put off. That which the platform layeth down must be accomplished. The girl you speak of is dear as the apple of my eye; but if she had offended like your daughter, I would not, for one moment, ask a suspension of the just laws which purify our society from sin."

The old man said truly. In the moral force of his religion he was a Brutus, and like him would have acted. But Leonard was, in truth, what the old man thought himself to be, a devout Christian; and, with such, mercy and tenderness stand side by side with justice. He could not protest against the laws to which both he and his daughter had subscribed when they were enrolled into the brotherhood of the church; but their significance had never seemed so terrible before. The thought of his child suffering all this humiliation lowered his strong soul to the dust.

And yet still some vague hope, springing out of Amy's still more vague words, prompted him to plead for a little time. To ask more than this he knew well would be in vain. Turning to the younger members of the committee, he urged this point upon them with an eloquence that at last prevailed. Some under strata of human kindness lay beneath their iron sense of duty; and, with many a word of hopeful consolation, they promised—should they find the girl penitent, as her father reported—to put off the day of her inevitable humiliation to the most distant period possible.

Here the conference in the saw-mill ended, and, in a body, the deputation moved toward the house, Leonard going first to prepare his wife and child for the cruel interview which was to follow.

Like mourners gathering for a funeral, these stern men seated themselves around the kitchen, each gazing fixedly on the floor at his feet; for, with all their stoicism, it was a painful duty they had come upon, and, even to the white-headed old man, the occasion was a mournful one.

The door which led to the inner room was closed, and a faint stir of garments could be heard within, but no word or whisper penetrated it from the group within. If they had expected to hear sobs and moans, nothing of the kind met them, but the stillness was far more distressing.

After a little the door opened, and Amy came forth, a little in advance of her parents. The frightened look, which so many had remarked before her secret was made public, had given place to a sweet, deprecating expression, which no mortal man could have met without throbs of compassion. She was pale, but it was the still, firm paleness of concentrated feeling, not the livid white that springs from fear.

"You wish to speak with me?"

Her tones were low, and gentle as a human

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voice could utter; full of humility, but blended with something of self-respect.

The men who had come to judge her, saw that fair young creature standing before them in her meek dignity, and had nothing to say. Was this the aspect of guilt? Was that mild face, with no ideas save the acute shadows about the eyes, one that guilty passions had swept?

"Sit down," said the old man, clasping his hands on one knee, and clearing his voice, which, spite of himself, was a little husky.

Amy moved toward one of the splint-bottomed chairs that furnished the kitchen, and sat down. Then her mother came through the inner door, and placed herself close to Amy. She had been weeping bitterly, and her face was flushed; but the silence and imposing gravity of the committee held her in thrall. At last she spoke, but in a subdued voice.

"If she's done wrong, it's me that left her to it—me, and me alone, bro—gentlemen. When an old bird leaves her nest, over and over agin, afore the young ones know how to fly rightly, it isn't the poor little critter that should be punished, but the parent bird that didn't do its duty and keep watch. If you've got anything cruel to say, or hard that you want done, I sit here now ready to bear it all and do it all. If you want somebody to stand up in the broad aisle and confess that she's wicked as Satan, and wickeder too, I'll do it next Sunday; and Joshua'll stand up and testify that it's all true, and my fault from beginning to end. Don't shake your heads and look strange, bro—gentlemen. I'll do it! You may set that hull committee of sisters on a row in the deacon's seat to look at me and I won't flinch. See if I do."

Tears, great bright tears, started into Joshua Leonard's eyes, as stars break through a stormy cloud. He had never known how much real greatness lay in the heart of his rosy, commonplace wife: so, out of all this pain sprang the blessing of a true companionship. He could never think of her but with reverence from that day forever; for, beneath the foam and drift wood of her nature he knew that pure waters always slept, ready to sparkle forth when self-sacrifice was wanted.

Leonard drew near his wife, and laid one hand tenderly on her shoulder. She looked at the committee with a glance of triumph.

"You see Joshua stands to what I say. He'll bear me out when I tell you that all the wrong that has been done in this house belongs to me."

"Mother," said a sweet, low voice, "let me speak. The committee think that I have done wrong."

"Think!" exclaimed the old man severely, planting his cane on the floor, and folding both hands over it. "Brother Leonard, is this the penitence you promised?"

Leonard was about to speak, but Amy anticipated him.

"My father promises nothing that I will not perform. I am sorry, oh! you will never believe how sorry, for all that has brought trouble on my parents, and reproach upon myself! But you are Christians, and kind men; you cannot wish to condemn me more than I deserve. I am so young—so much in your power! Those who loved me once have turned against me now, and I have no friends to stand up for me—none but my father and mother, who, being good and blameless, might expect some mercy for their child."

The pathos of her voice and manner had its effect, where the words alone might, perhaps, have failed.

Even the old man's fingers began to quiver on the top of his cane, and the rest of the committee looked upon her with gleams of compassion, forgetting how guilty she was supposed to be.

"Do you ask a trial before the society? Is that what you want?" said the old man, in a softer voice than he had yet used.

"A trial!" she said, quickly. "A trial! with the right to bring evidence and speak for myself. Yes, yes, I will ask that. Give me four weeks—one little month. It is all I want. Then if you still condemn me, I will beg pardon of the brethren on my knees anywhere you shall point out; but have mercy on me just a little while, for my father's sake."

"Brother Leonard," said the old man, standing up, with the cane planted before him, on which he leaned with both hands, "the four weeks which this unfortunate child asks shall be given. What do you say, brothers? Shall we refuse time meet for repentance? For the sake of one good man God put off his vengeance on an iniquitous city; for our brother's sake we will wait also."

Joshua Leonard turned his face away. He could not endure that his friends should see how deeply their kindness touched him. The mother caught a glimpse of his emotion, and began to cry; but Amy looked into the old man's face with a faint smile, which made him lift one hand from the cane, for he forgot her crime in that innocent look, and was about to say good-by, in the usual way. But a thought of his position checked the impulse, and he

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frowned heavily on her, that she might not guess his weakness; and so the committee went away, happier, it may be, from the gentle sympathies that found sweet mastery even in their iron convictions of duty.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

UNDER THE MAPLE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

I HIE me to my pasture-maple's shade,
And on some tufted knoll of grass or fern,
A downy couch which God's own hands have made,
Reclining, where none frown and none upbraid,
I let the fires of thought and feeling burn.

The noonday sunbeams bathe the Summer world
With golden drippings from celestial springs,
Where morning mists their grateful pinions furled,
The long green leaves of tasseling are curled
Beneath the touches of their burning wings.

But here, protected from their fervid glare
By the thick foliage of these wide spread limbs,
In joy I gaze into the teeming air,
And watch the clouds which float in silence there,
Like shining sail some journeying angel trims.

I gaze, and wonder whither in the blue,
Outstretching, limitless expanse above,
They hold their way, and to what favored few
They bear rich cargoes all their journey through,
As dear memorials of confiding love.

I watch their dusky shadows on the hills,
Up whose steep sloping sides they haste to go;
I see them stoop to kiss the valley rills,
And hasten on where'er their pilot wills,
Turning not from their course for friend or foe.

I watch the white-winged host in myriad forms
Of differing beauty, picturing the sky;
Now hastening as if some high duty warms
Their hearts, and bids them gather into storms
To water parched fields lest their verdure die.

Now lightnings rend them, and the thunder tolls
A startling pæan for affrighted ears;
Now gold-edged openings lift from shrinking souls
A burden, and anon the sunshine rolls
A wave of glory over all their fears!

What fresher beauties then gem all the land
Where the glad shower poured lavish blessings down!
Reviving nature smiles on every hand;
All types of winged and unwinged life command
Full songs for joys which now their being crown.

Thus clouds e'en have their mission, so I thought,
Dropping rich gifts from their high path above;
A passing shadow for lands parched and hot,
Sky-paintings into marvelous beauty wrought,
Cool waters from a bosom full of love.

So, like the clouds' should man's high mission be,
Pressing his onward way despite his foes;
Refusing none a brother's charity,
So that his shadow want may joy to see,
As earnest of some balm for wayside woes.

Then, when this life is over, like the clouds',
Invisible one, sun-kindled, his shall be,
One into which eternal glory crowds,
More radiant than the vestment which enshrouds
The star of love in Heaven's eve-purpled sea!

THE IDOL OF MAN'S HEART.

BY A. C. MELLETT.

'TIS not the huge image of molten gold;
'Tis not the goddess of beauty so fair;
'Tis not the red wreath of the warrior bold;
'Tis not the vain siren with voice so rare;
'Tis not a seat in the temple of fame,
Where honor's badges his form shall array!
Nor the wish to enroll a living name
On glory's tablets, which fade not away;
These are but the reward of toil and art;
Idols of manly ambition and pride;
And the only true idol of man's heart
Is a loving, betrothed, or wedded bride.

A bride whose happy, intelligent mind
Is rich as the depths of the bounding sea;
A bride with a heart warm, gentle, and kind,
The well-spring of happiness, joy, and glee.
A companion to touch with tender hand
His care-worn brow when the day's toil is done;
Whose voice hath flown from a Heavenly land
To cheer his heart with its deep winning tone;
Whose love will shield him from avarice's power
In time of prosperity's fleeting reign;
Whose finger will point, in adversity's hour,
To the dawning sun of pleasure again.

No treasure could ransom man's bridal prize;
The wealth of the Indies would fail to afford
The worth of a glance from those brilliant eyes,
Lit up by the flame of a living soul!
'Tis but to receive her loved, friendly vow
That he toils to the heights of the temple of fame.
He gathers laurels, and, crowning her brow,
In return asks the honor to bear her name.
Then woman! let honor thy guiding star be;
Thy virtuous graces ne'er cease to impart.
The hope of the nation clings fondly to thee,
For thou'rt the earthly idol of man's heart.

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ORIENTAL, OR CRYSTAL PAINTING.

BY EDITH HUNTINGTON.

At the present day, this art seems to be much admired, but not distinctly understood. It has been practiced for many years as an accomplishment, and is well adapted to the "Art Loving Public," and it only requires a firm hand, a good eye, and taste, to enable a pupil in a short time to become well acquainted with the art.

The methods by which this style of painting is accomplished, are more extensive and less in practice than former rules, also adding more beauty than the old style, which many have tried, relying upon directions, or the advice of inexperienced teachers; and, after making sad blunders, become disgusted with the art, and have abandoned what is a *very* interesting amusement if well understood.

To produce a well finished piece, the *very finest material* should be used. In selecting a piece for a beginner, it should be small, and not very fine, as the work would be more difficult.

1. Select your design to paint from, such as Wreaths, Vases of Flowers, &c., then fasten with wafers, or other glutinous substance, the copy to the glass. Then with a fine sable brush, trace all the outlines of the Leaves, Flowers, Ornaments, &c., &c., as perfect as possible on the glass, using ivory-black, or lamp-black, adding Demar varnish to dry quickly.

2. This done, paint all the background, not occupied by stems, flowers, ornaments, &c., with the same color that the lines are traced with. If black is not admired, perhaps a background thus:

3. For wood color, raw sienna; for brown, vandyke brown; for deep red, burnt sienna; for purple, permt. blue and purple lake; for pink, mix scarlet lake and silver white; for white, silver white; for light green, Prussian blue and chrome yellow, mix with silver white.

4. When the ground work is dry, it is ready for ornamenting. Carefully combine your colors, which should be transparent. Then paint the Leaves, Flowers, Ornaments, &c., as near the natural tints of flowers as possible, using the following transparent colors:

5. Madder lake; crimson lake; scarlet lake; purple lake; yellow lake; burnt sienna; raw sienna; permt. blue; Prussian blue; transparent gold ochre; Italian pink; verdigris; gamboge.

[Method of Compounding.—Purple, purple lake and permt. blue; dark green, verdigris; light green, yellow lake and permt. blue; dark crimson red, purple lake; light crimson red, crimson lake; pink, scarlet lake, or Italian pink; yellow, yellow lake; orange, yellow lake, and crimson lake; brown, vandyke brown; red brown, burnt sienna; white, silver white.]

6. Lay on the colors *very* light, mixing Demar varnish invariably before using. Shade with extra coats after the first color becomes dry. With white mix a great quantity of Demar varnish, as it is an opaque color, and lay it on very thin. For pink, a quantity of varnish is used with scarlet lake, which makes a delightful pink.

7. When the colors are well dried, crinkle tin foil, and cover the transparent color with it, which gives the gay, pearly appearance so much admired. Then paste a piece of paper over the foil to retain a firm position. It is then ready for framing.

To assist the pupil in coloring, we present a bunch of flowers as an illustration, and very suitable for tinting, as these are a combination of colors, and it will enable the beginner to carry out her designs at any future time. It would be impossible to here enumerate the endless variety of coloring, this will, however, be sufficient to convey a perfect idea on the subject. No. 1. Damask rose, crimson lake, shaded gradually with purple lake as you approach the centre of the flower. No. 2. Cabbage rose, scarlet lake, shaded with crimson lake. No. 3. A double French rose, crimson lake slightly with burnt sienna. No. 4. Golden rose, yellow lake, lightly shaded with crimson lake. No. 5. Light blue flower, permt. blue, shaded with the same. No. 6. Rose-bud, crimson lake, No. 6*, the leaves encircling the bud, yellow lake and permt. blue. No. 7. Fuchsias, crimson lake, shaded with purple lake, stamens the same hues, crimson lake, shaded with purple lake, which gives a deep crimson red. No. 8. Blue flower, Prussian blue, very lightly put on, stamens of the same color, balls of yellow lake. No. 9. The same. No. 10. Crimson rose-bud, finished as No. 6. No. 11 and 12. Blue bells, permt. blue. Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16. Purple flowers, purple lake, and permt. blue, leaves light green. No. 17. Butterfly, yellow lake, shaded figure, with crimson lake. No. 18. Stems, vandyke brown, or burnt sienna, lower leaves dark green, verdigris.

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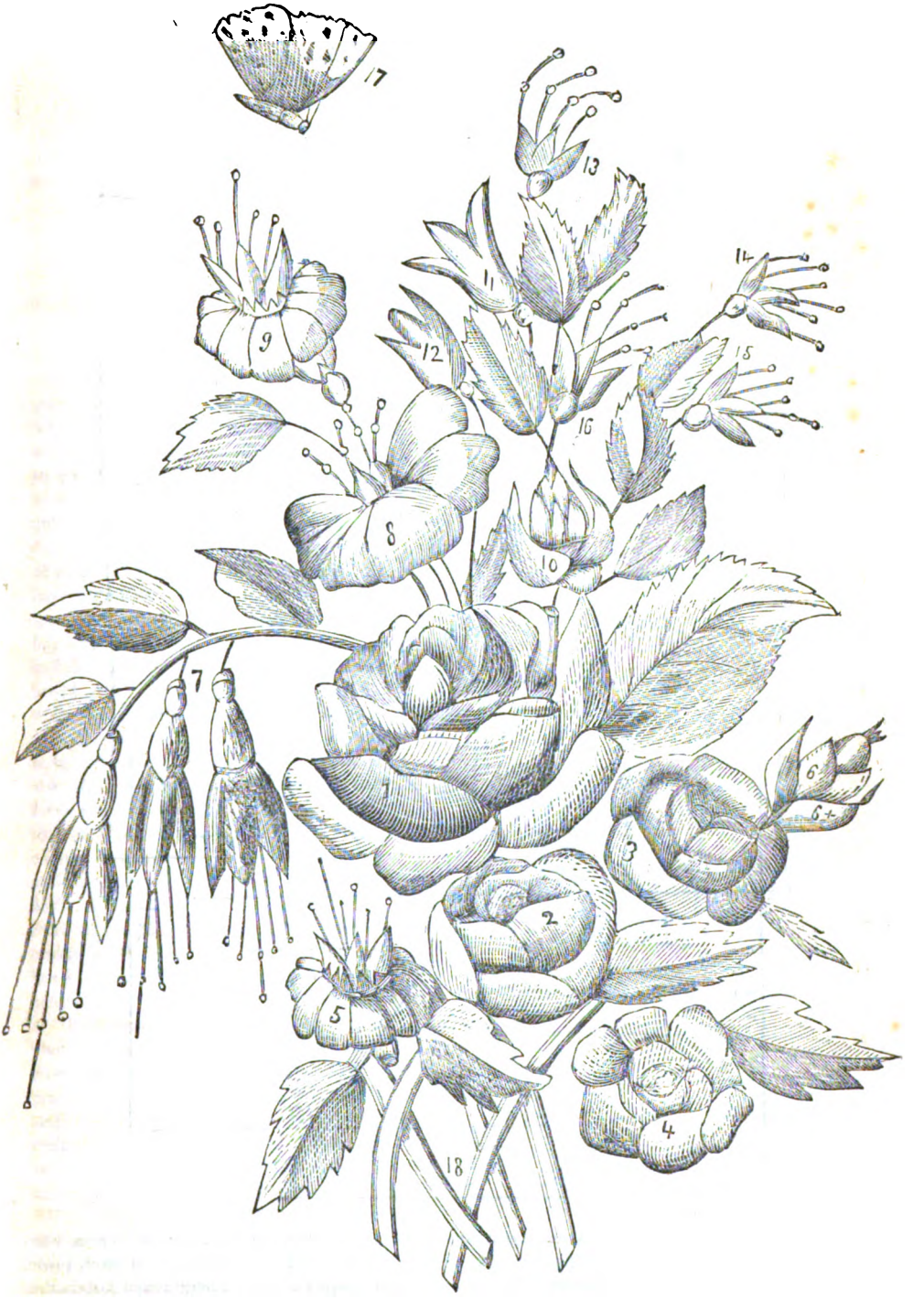
LIST OF ARTIST'S MATERIALS.—One palette board and knife, one flat hog-hair brush, two sizes of sable brushes, four ounces Demar varnish, tin foil.



DESIGN IN ORIENTAL, OR CRYSTAL PAINTING.

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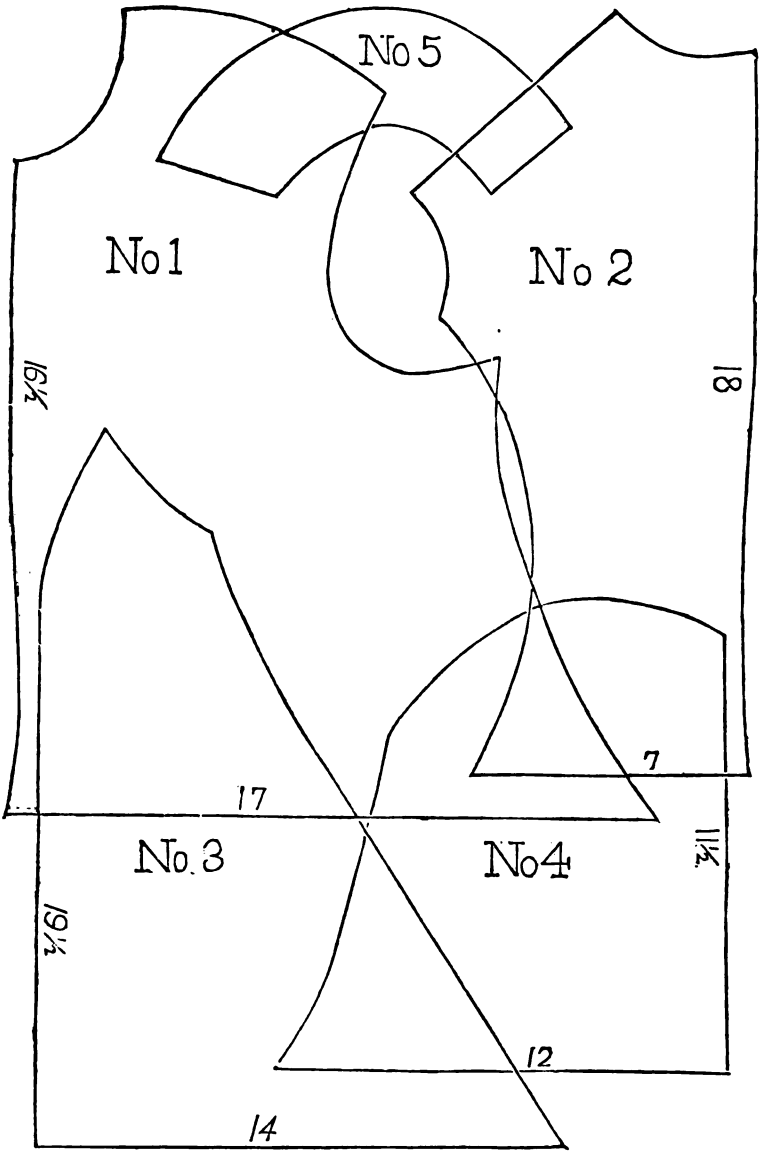
THE MESSINA.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In the front of the number is an engraving of this, the most beautiful fall *Manteau* of the season. We annex a diagram here. The pattern consists of five pieces, the front, back, side-body, collar, and sleeve; we have been enabled to give the top part only of each piece. The front will have to be lengthened 15½ inches at the side-seam, and 17½ at the front edge; the

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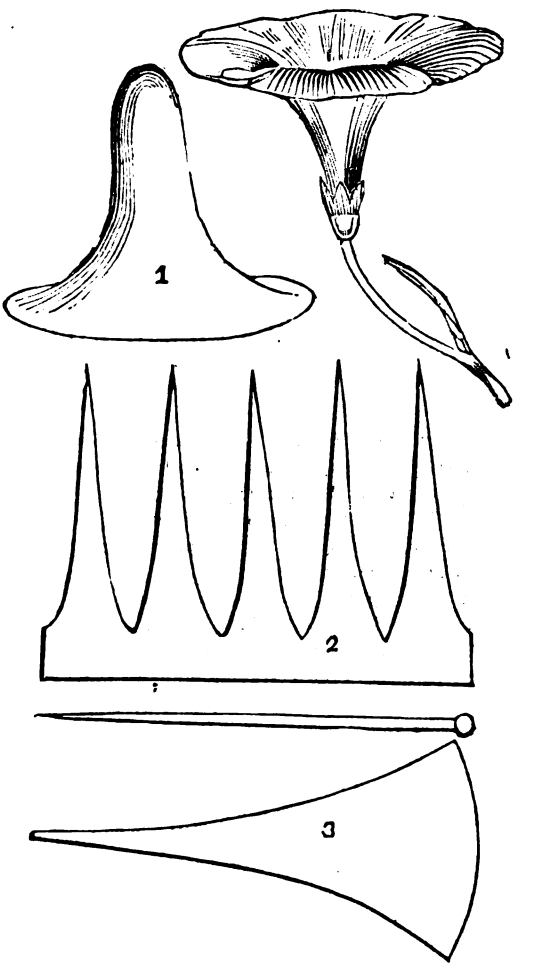
width of this piece at the bottom is 26½ inches. The side-body must be lengthened 13½ inches at the side-seam, and 16 at the straight side, the width at bottom should be 24 inches. The back requires a lengthening of 20 inches at the side-seam and 23 at the middle of back; the width at the bottom of this piece is 19 inches: the total width of these three pieces is 69½ inches, so that the bottom of *Manteau*, when finished, measures four yards all but 5 inches. The sleeve will have to be lengthened 9 inches at the front-seam and 13 at the back, the width at the bottom of this piece is 16½ inches, so that the sleeve, when finished, will measure 33 inches round the bottom; the slope to be given to the top of this sleeve is indicated by a pricked line. This *Manteau* or *Casaque* may be made in black silk or any light material; it should not be lined. The pointed end of the collar is the front.

TO MAKE A WAX CONVOLVULUS.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

The Convolvulus is a very pretty and graceful flower to be arranged in a vase. White, with five pink stripes, or purple with pink stripes, and some white, with stripes, over the body of the flower, of pale pink or purple. This flower requires a mould on purpose, as formerly described. Prepare a clean white piece of wax, notched as fig. 2, carefully pinching the edges thin; tint with carmine from the points, graduating, toward the base, to white; and roll it round the thin end of the mould, pointing toward the broad rim. Place five petals (fig. 3), white, or tinted deep purple, or striped, as stated above, graduated toward the base, bringing the edges upon each of the ribs all round the mould, which will form a trumpet-shape. Take great care to join the edges neatly. It will be necessary to warm the mould slightly, by soaking it in a little warm water (not hot). After the flower is moulded, carefully draw it off the mould; prepare a middle-sized piece of wire, with a green knob at the end; place it through the centre, and very carefully press the base of the flower round the stamen; then place the calyx, which you can make or purchase prepared. The flower must be placed on one side of the stalk, and a leaf on the opposite; should this arrangement, by accident, not have been observed, it must be attended to in the mounting or finishing of the flower.



The bud is composed of five long pieces of wax, screwed up, and mounted on the calyx. The tendrils, &c., are formed of fine wire, waxed, and twisted round the steel pin.

The *Convolvulus Minor* is made in one piece, as seen in fig. 1. Cut to pattern out of white

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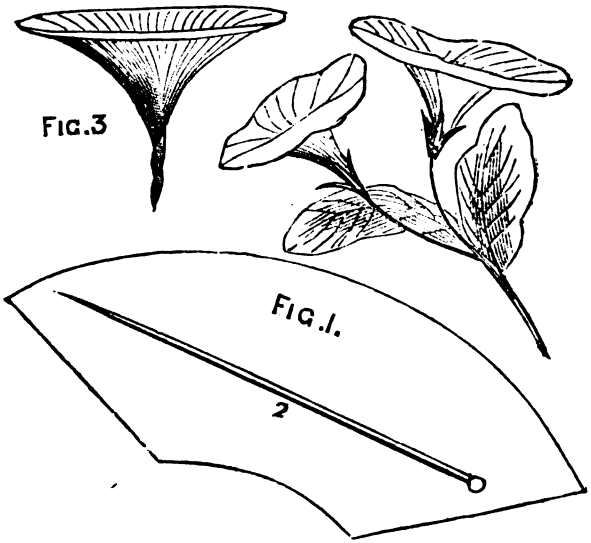
wax; and the edges must be tinted with cobalt, as this tint approaches more nearly to nature than any other; roll it round the mould carefully, and screw up the base. The tubular part of this flower is not required to be so full as in the Major. Previous to screwing up the base, insert the stamens, and mount on the calyx. There never should be more than two flowers expanded on the same wire. The leaf is heart-shaped.



BRAIDED LOUNGING CAP.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

The comfort which this sort of cap bestows on those gentlemen who are compelled by custom to wear a hat the greater portion of the day renders it a most acceptable present. It is, therefore, often selected for this purpose, as it is not only an article of ornament, but one which is really useful. The shape which is given in our illustration, in the front of the number, and which is composed of five portions similar in form to the engraving, appears to be the most in favor. It may be made of either cloth or velvet, whichever is preferred. If required to be especially handsome, a rich-colored velvet and a gold braid should be the materials selected, but if of a more subdued character, it may be made of cloth braided with silk Russian braid. Blue cloth and black braid, or black cloth with a deep crimson braid, have both a good effect. The braid should be light and fine, which makes the work look to much more advantage than when the braid is loose and the curves of the pattern cannot be preserved. It should be worked on to the cloth with a very fine silk, matching exactly in color, so as to make it difficult to observe the stitches; when these are seen the beauty of the work is much injured. When each portion has the braiding completed it should be carefully pressed down with a warm iron. The five pieces are then to be neatly stitched together, bringing the two little border patterns as close together at each seam as possible. A slight brown silk lining is inserted in the inside, and a strip of green or brown leather, about one inch and a half in depth, is laid round the bottom part of the cap; this enables it to be taken off the head with greater facility than when lined with the silk alone; it also preserves the cap; it must be stitched with extreme neatness round the outer edge. A very light and cool cap for cricket, or the garden, may be made exactly in a similar manner, only substituting a colored pique for the cloth, with white or an ingrain braid. These caps can be renewed by washing, and are uninjured by the sun, dust or any rough treatment. In all cases a handsome tassel must complete the top.

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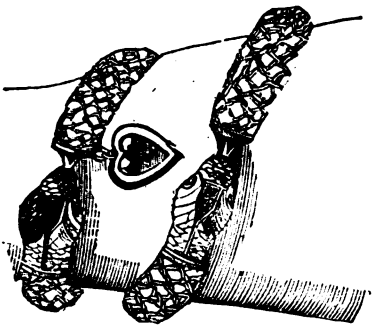
WEAVING OR PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.—NO. III.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TWENTY or thirty inch hair is requisite for this bracelet, which should be worked on a tube from an inch and a quarter to an inch and three-quarters in circumference, the size of the tube being regulated by the length of the hair which is to be used.

Prepare thirty-two strands of twenty-four hairs each, in the manner directed in our first article, and arrange them on the table in eight groups of four. Letter each group, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, with chalk; make a cross to indicate the commencement of the round, and work as follows:

1st Round.—Lift strand *d*, in the first group to the right of the cross, over strand *c*, and let them change places; lift strand *a* over *b*, and into the place of *c*, moving strand *b* into the place of *a*, and strand *c* into that of *b*; repeat this a second time with these four strands, and then proceed to the next group to the right. Work thus all the way round until the cross is reached, weaving each group twice, and carrying the plait up to the tube.

2nd Round.—Take strands *d* and *c* from the left of the cross, and strands *a* and *b* from the right of the cross, and form with these four a group in the space intervening between the letters; take *d* and *c* of the first group to the right of the cross, and *a* and *b* of the second group, and with those four form a new group between the original first and second groups on the right of the cross; do the same all the way round—viz: form a new group in every intervening space between the lettered groups by taking two strands from either side. There will then be eight groups in the eight spaces, and all the letters will be vacant. Commence working with the first on the right of the cross.

Lift the second strand and pass it over the first and then under it, and back into its own place; lift the third strand and pass it over the fourth, and then under it and back into its own place; lift the second strand over the third and let them change places; lift the fourth strand over the third and second and let it become second, while the second becomes third and the third fourth; lift the first strand over the other three and let it become fourth. Weave the next group in like manner, and proceed thus through the whole eight.

When this round is completed, the original groups must be re-formed on the letters by taking the two next strands on either side, having care not to cross, or twist, or intermingle them. These two rounds are to be worked alternately, always weaving toward the right. About seven inches of plait will be requisite for a bracelet. When this length is completed the weights must be detached, the ends of hair bound down to the tube, and the process of scalding and drying gone through; then the work must be gently slid off the tube and the ends cemented, and it will be ready for the snap. A serpent's or bird's head, with jeweled eyes, forms a pretty finish; but this is, of course, a matter of taste.

Another bracelet may be made with this pattern by substituting a flat tube of about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, and three-fourths of an inch in width, for the round one. Where this is done, it will be necessary to add at least eight more strands, indeed sixteen additional ones will not be too many. As the number of groups will thus be increased, still greater care and attention will be requisite while working, in order to keep the groups distinct and equidistant, and to alter and re-make them correctly at each alternate round, for the least mistake mars the beauty and neatness of the pattern.

Where the bracelet is thus worked flat, a flat clasp or snap, consisting of a device or cipher worked in hair and set in gold, will form an appropriate finish.

A set of ornaments, *en suite* may be worked in this pattern—viz: the round bracelet we have

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already described, finished off with a snake's head and tail; a brooch curved snake-fashion, and having the extremities capped with a similar, though smaller head and tail; and hoop ear-rings.

Thirty-two strands, each consisting of about eight or ten hairs; ten or twelve inches in length, with a tube rather less than an inch in circumference, and the light weights, will be required for the brooch. Twenty-four strands of eight hairs each, and nine or ten inches in length, with a tube measuring nearly three-fourths of an inch in circumference, and the light weights, will be required for each ear-ring.

Where a sufficient quantity of hair, not less than forty or fifty inches long, can be obtained, a graceful ornament for the head, to be worn coronet-fashion, may likewise be made with this pattern. Sixty-four strands of about thirty-six hairs each, and a tube two inches in circumference, will be required. It must be worked in two lengths, and united in the front by a star or crescent, or some such ornament adapted for the centre of the head; the ends at the back may be finished off in any way, or fastened in with the hair when it is dressed. Of course it will be obvious that the central ornament should be as light as possible.

We may as well state here, that those who intend to work various patterns and ornaments in hair, will find it necessary to have a second top to the table, measuring at least four inches more in diameter than the ordinary one; for it is impossible to work patterns requiring more than thirty-two strands on this latter. They will also need a circular piece of wood exactly fitting into the hole we described in our first article, as being in the centre of the ordinary table; and this piece of wood must be slightly rounded to agree with the elevation there, and have in its middle a round hole the size of a shilling; it must also be perfectly smooth and polished. Whenever fine plaits, as guards, ear-rings, rings, &c., are to be worked, this must be inserted into the table, as the larger opening does not sufficiently steady these more minute fabrics. Substitutes may be found, however, for both the larger top and the central piece; but we do not advise the use of them, because the least roughness or inequality frays and damages the strands greatly.

CHILD'S KNITTED SACQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The pattern for this will be found, printed in colors, in the front of the number.

Materials.—Eight oz. single zephyr, two sizes wooden needles, small and large.

Cast on 230 stitches on the fine needles.

1st Row.—Knit plain.

2nd Row.—Knit 2 plain, * bring the wool forward and knit two together. * Repeat to the end of the row.

3rd Row.—Plain.

4th Row.—Plain.

5th Row.—Slip one stitch, and knit two together, passing the slip stitch over the last stitch knit; 4 plain, bring the wool forward, knit 1; * bring the wool forward, knit 4, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip stitch over as before, knit 4; bring the wool forward and knit 1. * Repeat to the end of the row.

6th Row.—Purl.

7th Row.—Same as 5th.

8th Row.—Purl.

9th Row.—Same as 5th.

10th Row.—Purl.

11th Row.—Purl.

12th Row.—Plain.

13th Row.—Purl.

14th Row.—Plain.

15th Row.—Use the large needles, * bring the wool forward and knit 1. * Repeat to the end of the row.

16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd Rows.—Same as 15th, observing to knit 2 together instead of 1, as in 15th row.

23rd Row.—Knit 2 together to the end of the row, using the fine needles.

24th Row.—Plain, using the fine needles.

25th Row.—Purl, using the fine needles.

26th Row.—Plain, using the fine needles.

27th Row.—Using the large needles, same as 15th row.

28th Row,
29th Row,
30th Row,
31st Row,
32nd Row,
33rd Row,
34th Row,
} Bring the wool forward and knit 2 together to the end of the row.

35th Row.—Knit 2 together to the end of the row, using the small needles

36th Row.—Plain.

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37th Row.—Purl.

38th Row.—Plain, narrowing until you have 152 stitches.

* 39th Row.—Knit 3 plain, slip 2 stitches, * knit 6 plain, slip 2. * Repeat to the end of the row.

40th Row.—Purl, always slipping the two stitches as before.

41st Row.—Same as 39th.

42nd Row.—Same as 40th.

43rd Row.—Same as 41st.

44th Row.—Same as 42nd.

45th Row.—Knit plain, knitting the slipped stitches.

46th Row.—Plain.

47th Row.—Purl.

48th Row.—Plain.

49th Row.—Knit 6 plain, slip 2, knit 6 plain, slip 2. Repeat to the end of the needle.

50th Row.—Purl, slipping 2 stitches.

51st Row.—Same as 49th.

52nd and 54th Rows.—Like 50th.

53rd Row.—Same as 51st.

55th Row.—Plain, knitting the slipped stitches.

56th Row.—Plain.

57th Row.—Purl.

58th Row.—Plain.

59th Row.—Purl. * Repeat from 39th row until you have it long enough for the waist; then take 32 stitches for each front, and knit in the same way until it is long enough for the arm-hole; then knit the back in the same way and the same length. Then the other front the same length; then knit in the same way as before from the 39th row. Knit 2 together on each side of the shoulder, after knitting the pattern once; narrow for the neck. The sleeves are commenced same as sacque, using the fine needles, casting on 70 stitches. Knit the same as first 14 rows.

Then knit the same from the 39th row to the 59th row; then repeat from the 39th row to the 49th, inclusive. Next using the large needles, knit 1, bring the wool forward and knit 1 plain, do this twice in the same stitch to the end of the row. Next bring the wool forward and knit 2 together to the end of the row. Knit 4 rows in the same way.

1 row plain, knitting 4 stitches together to the end of the row, 3 or 4 rows plain knitting. Repeat from the 49th row again until the sleeve is long enough. Finish off the sleeve by knitting 2 or 3 rows plain on the fine needles.

For the Collar.—Cast on 100 stitches. Knit it exactly like lower part of sacque, until you have it 2 inches long, always knitting 3 stitches together in the centre of the collar in every alternate row. Finish with several rows plain knitting. Edge up the front with the same as the border of the sacque.

INFANT'S SHAWL IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The pattern for this will be found, printed in colors, in the front of the number.

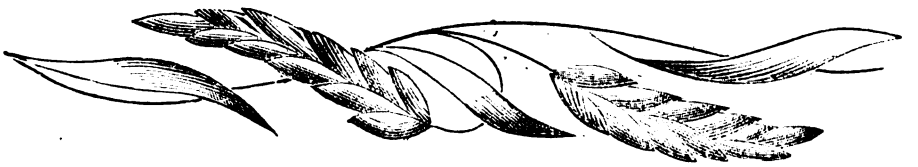
Materials.—2½ oz. blue split zephyr, 1½ oz. drab split zephyr, small bone crochet hook.

For the Centre.—With the blue wool make a ch ¾ of a yard long. Work in shells 6 dc stitches to the shell 1 ch between each shell. Make this centre piece perfectly square.

For the Border.—Tie on the drab wool, work in shells (in the same manner as described above) all round the centre piece, widening at the corners sufficiently to keep the work flat. From 8 to 4 rows as the fancy may suggest.

For the Hood.—Turn over one point of the shawl, and run a cord through the bias thus made, as seen in the design, also another cord through the outer edge of border belonging to the point turned over. Draw this cord enough to shape the hood, finishing with cord and tassels.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



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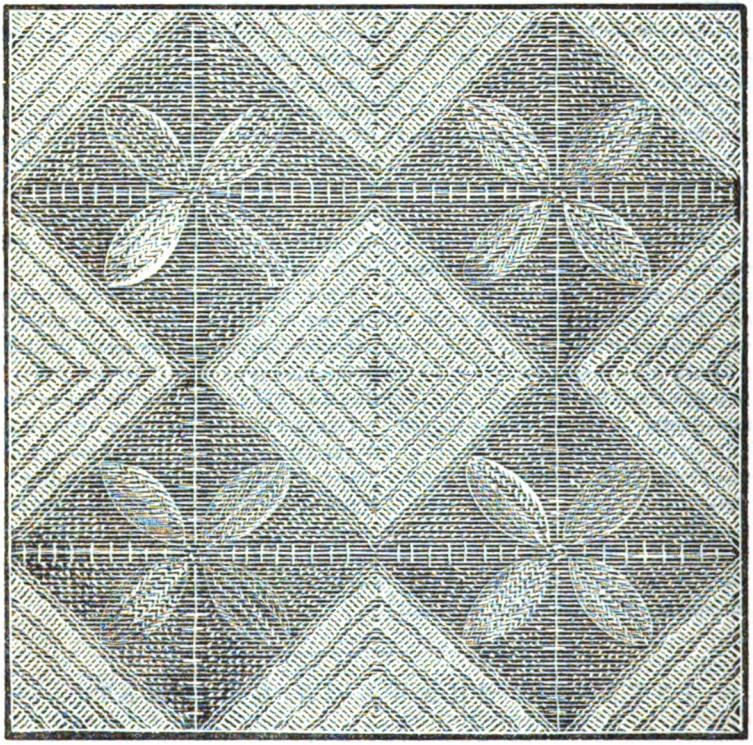
KNITTED COUNTERPANE IN SQUARES.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—No. 6, Three-thread Knitting Cotton. No. 10 Knitting Needles.

Explanation of Terms.—T f, *thread or cotton in front.* K, *knit plain.* P *pearl.*

1st Row.—Cast on one stitch on needle.

2nd Row.—Cotton in front, knit the 1 stitch (2 loops on needle).

3rd Row.—Cotton in front, knit 2 (3 loops on needle).

4th Row.—Cotton in front, K 1, T f; K 1, T f; K 1.

5th Row.—T f, K 1; pearl 3; K 2.

6th Row.—T f, K 2; T f, K 3; T f, K 2.

7th Row.—T f, K 2; pearl 5; K 3.

8th Row.—T f, K 3; T f, K 5; T f, K 3.

9th Row.—T f, K 3; pearl 7; K 4.

10th Row.—T f, K 4; T f, K 7; T f, K 4.

11th Row.—T f, K 5; pearl 9; K 4 (19 stitches).

12th Row.—T f, K remainder plain (20 stitches).

13th Row.—T f, K 5; pearl 9; K 6 (21 stitches).

14th Row.—T f, K remainder plain (22 stitches).

15th Row.—T f, K 6; pearl 9; K 7 (23 stitches).

16th Row.—T f, K remainder plain (24 stitches).

17th Row.—T f, K 7; pearl 9; K 8 (25 stitches).

18th Row.—T f, K remainder plain (26 stitches).

19th Row.—T f, K 8; pearl 9; K 9.

20th Row.—T f, K 9; K 2 together; K 5; K 2 together; K 9.

21st Row.—T f, K 9; pearl 7; K 10.

22nd Row.—T f, K 10; K 2 together; K 3; K 2 together; K 10.

23rd Row.—T f, K 10; pearl 5; K 11.

24th Row.—T f, K 11; K 2 together; K 1; K 2 together; K 11.

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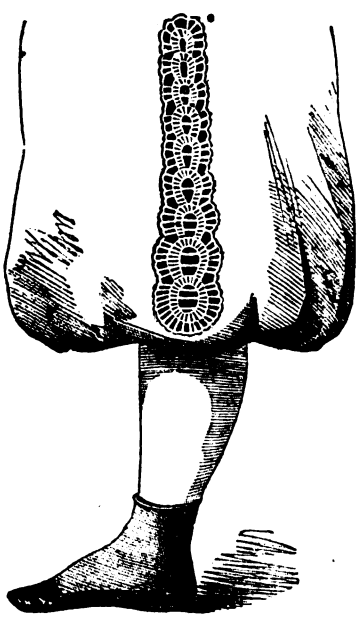
25th Row.—T f, K 11; pearl 3; K 12.
26th Row.—T f, K 12; K 2 together; K 12.
27th Row.—T f; knit remainder plain (28 stitches).
28th Row.—T f. The same (29 stitches).
29th Row.—Pearl row (29 stitches).
30th Row.—K 2 together; remainder plain.
31st Row.—The same.
32nd Row.—Pearl 2 together; pearl remainder.
33rd Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
34th Row.—The same.
35th Row.—Pearl 2 together; pearl remainder.
36th Row.—K 2 together; knit remainder.
37th Row.—The same.
38th Row.—Pearl 2 together; pearl remainder.
39th Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
40th Row.—The same.
41st Row.—P 2 together; P remainder.
42nd Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
43rd Row.—The same.
44th Row.—P 2 together; P remainder.
45th Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
46th Row.—The same.
47th Row.—P 2 together; P remainder.
48th Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
49th Row.—The same.
50th Row.—P 2 together; P remainder.
51st Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
52nd Row.—The same.
53rd Row.—P 2 together; P remainder.
54th Row.—K 2 together; K remainder.
55th Row.—The same.

Three stitches now on needle which knit together in one. Knit three more of these small squares, and with some cotton sew the four together in each loop formed by bringing the cotton forward in each row; this will now make one square composed of four divisions.

TRIMMING FOR THE SIDES OF CHILDREN'S TROUSERS,

OR FOR THE FRONTS OF MORNING JACKET SLEEVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Cottons, Nos. 10 and 24. No. 3, Penelope Hook.

Children's trousers being now made in the same style as worn in the time of Charles II., excepting the bows of ribbon at the knees, the insertion is intended for the sides as represented in engraving.

Largest Oval No. 10 *Cotton.*—Make 29 ch; work two long stitches in each loop.

For the next Two Ovals.—Make 25 ch and work 2 L in each loop.

For the next Two.—Make 21 ch.

For the next Two.—17 ch.

For the next Two.—13 ch; there will now be nine ovals; these are to be sewed together as in engraving, but each one overlapping the other.

With 24 cotton make bars of button-hole stitch across.

For the L Stitches round the Large Oval.—Make 1 long in about the 3rd loop from the join; 5 ch 1 L in every alternate loop, with 5 ch between each L till there are 22 L, then 5 ch 1 L in 3rd loop of next oval; 5 ch 1 L in each alternate loop till there are 6 L; 5 ch; repeat, but make only 5 L in next; 5 ch and 4 L in next 2 ovals; 5 ch and 3 L on next 3 ovals; 5 ch and 9 L round the top oval; then make both sides alike. This trimming is very pretty for gathering the front of a sleeve into.

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WATCH-HOOK IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is to be worked in two colors, say crimson and white.

To do it, crochet a wheel, like the following, in crimson: then crochet another in white: both from the pattern below.

Next join them together as seen in the engraving in the opposite column, around a centre, which crochet from the pattern given there; and finish the whole with a hook in the middle of that centre, and with tassels and cord, in crimson and white.

Or the watch-hook may be done, if preferred, in blue and white, or black and gold, or any other contrasting colors.

This is a pretty affair, and may be very easily made.

BORDER IN WOOL-WORK FOR BELL-PULL, &C.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

The pattern given has an extremely marked effect when worked, as it is both simple and bold. The contrast of the colors in which it is to be worked is also striking. Each loop of the ribbon which forms the pattern is worked in rich crimsons and greens, half of each in the one color and the other half in the other color. Four shades of each are required, reaching a very dark shade. One row of stitches, to form the outline at the lower edge of each loop, is worked in the darkest shade but one, in both the crimsons and the greens. The small boundary border at each edge is worked in the same colors, with the addition of the orange and blue in which the balls are worked, the two crossed bands being in the greens and crimsons. The best effect would be produced by filling up the ground on which the ribbon rests with white; but as this might be considered too delicate, any light, soft color may be substituted, but the ground of the little border should be black, with two rows of gold color at the outer edge, as the boundary line of the pattern. This border would be suitable for many other purposes, such as cushions, ottomans, &c., as the interior square could be filled up with a mosaic pattern, which would not require any particular arrangement.

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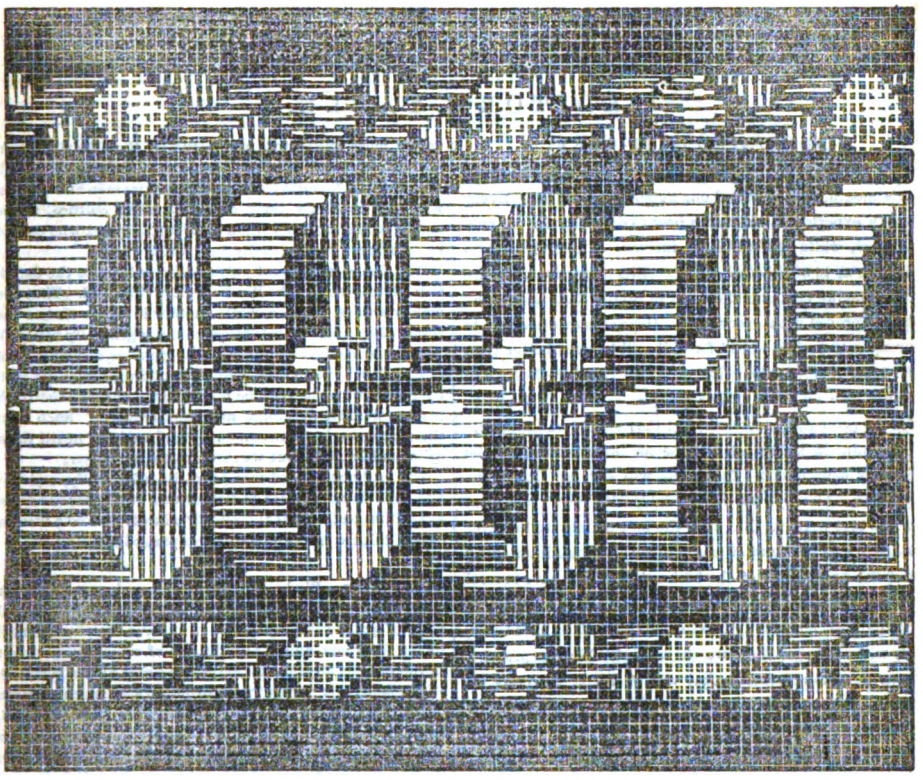


POTICHOMANIE CARD PLATE.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.*

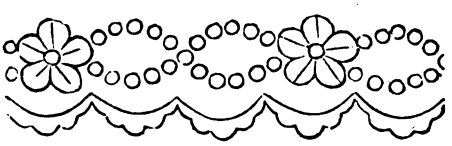
MATERIALS.—An oblong wooden plate, or round ditto, black sealing-wax, pictures of various kinds, gum tragacanth.

Dissolve the sealing-wax in alcohol, as directed for Card Basket; paint the plate with it, (several coats will be required); cut out your pictures neatly, and paste on to the plate with the gum tragacanth to suit the fancy; then finish with two coats of white Demar varnish.

As gum tragacanth is a very useful gum for many purposes, it may be well to give the directions for preparing it. Get three cents worth of the best quality, put it in a tumbler, and cover it with cold water. Stir it occasionally, and pick out any little motes that may be in it. By adding a little acetic vinegar to it when quite dissolved it will keep a long time.

*Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 48 north Ninth street, Philadelphia, deals in materials, &c., for potichomanie, paper flowers, wax flowers, and all sorts of fancy work. Orders promptly attended to.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1861—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1861. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers, while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1861 will be even better than for 1860. Some of the points, in which this superiority will consist, are set forth in our Prospectus. Others we keep, for the present, to ourselves, lest they should be imitated.

Prominent, before all, will be an improvement in the literary department. This, some will say, will hardly be possible. Already, we will be told, "Peterson" has most of the best writers. But even the best writers write better at some times than at others; and we shall publish nothing but the best efforts of the best writers. We have several powerful novelets, already on hand; more, indeed, than we can publish; and when we have made a selection from these, we will announce those we shall print. We can promise, even now, however, that they will be better than any we have yet given. Of course, one of these novelets will be by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

WHAT IS CULTURE?—One of our cotemporaries, in a late article, had some excellent remarks on culture. But we think the writer of that essay, whoever he may be, considers culture too exclusively as an intellectual result. For true culture seems to us the product of social and moral causes, as well as of intellectual ones.

For example, Dr. Johnson was cultivated, intellectually, to a very high degree. He was a scholar, even among the giant scholars of his century; he was a poet, an essayist, a critic; he was the foremost man, in conversation, among such leading men as Burke, Goldsmith, and their compeers. But it would scarcely be correct to call Dr. Johnson a cultivated man, at least in any comprehensive sense of that term. He was, in fact, the very reverse of cultivation socially. He ate like a famished wolf; he gulped his tea down with strange noises; he contradicted people with a dogmatism that was often actually brutal. No man, guilty of such faults of manner, can be considered, in the conventional sense, a polished gentleman. He may be, in all substantial respects, a very excellent man; but he wants social culture.

On the other hand, the most perfect manners, without polish of mind also, do not make a man cultivated. The first Duke of Marlborough, in his youth, was the most finished gentleman of his day. He had, in addition, a great military genius. But he knew comparatively little of literature, or science, or any such pursuits. The snarling Swift, who, socially, was but a human hyena, was vastly more cultivated, intellectually, than Marlborough. So Beau Brummell had social culture, but not intellectual. Everybody, who mingles in society, knows men and women, who are noted for their exquisite social culture, whose manners are the admiration of everybody, yet who cannot be considered intellectually cultivated.

But should not moral culture also enter into the definition of true culture? We hold that it should. That one man is a thief or a liar, while another is not, is oftener the result of deficient moral training than is generally believed. We protest against calling a roue, a gambler, a defaulter, an unprincipled villain of any kind, a *cultivated man*, no matter how fascinating may be his manners, nor how thorough his intellectual disicpline and acquirements. Such men there are: we have known such; and we have heard them called cultivated. But we insist it is a misnomer.

The truly cultivated man is cultivated morally, socially, and intellectually. He is honest and true. He is affable to the meanest. He is thoroughly educated. And a woman of real culture is like him in these particulars.

PATCHWORK.—We have, lately, given various patterns for patchwork. Many improvements may be made in the old style of patchwork that most of us have been accustomed to see for years, and in anticipation of some improvement in the designs at present used, we will make a few remarks.

The materials necessary for patchwork are such portions of wearing apparel, whether of cloth, calico, linen, Holland, silk, velvet, cotton prints, &c., as would otherwise be thrown away, or saved for the rag-man. No matter how small the portion, it has its use. The next necessary article is some stiff paper—old envelopes, backs of letters, brown paper, &c.—to form the shapes; and lastly, the design shapes, cut out in tin, and the designs themselves. The materials should be arranged into shades and qualities. After having been cut to the requisite sizes, and the irregularities of the edges neatly remedied; when this is done, they are ready for use.

The patterns may be varied *ad infinitum*, if the person possess the least talent for drawing and designing; but for the sake of those who may not be thus gifted, we submit the following simple and effective designs, to be executed in any of the materials.

To make the Patchwork.—The pattern should be placed before the person, and the shades being selected, the several pieces arranged so as to form the design, and the edges then neatly sewn together; after which, they are either pressed, or ironed, the papers removed, and the lining proceeded with. When silks and velvets are employed, it improves the effect to combine the two, taking the silk for the lighter, and the velvet for the darker shades; or to have silk for the lighter shades, and two velvets for the others, shaded to pattern. A very pretty effect is produced by combining Holland and calico, silk and satin, silk or satin and velvet, and rough and fine cloth.

The various articles that may be manufactured, are quilts in colored and white calico; anti-macassars in silks; ottomans in silks and velvets, silks and cloth; table-covers in silks and cloth; cushions for chairs or sofas, in silks; and mats, rugs, and carpets, in cloth. We have seen many useful white quilts for children's cots made from the cuttings remaining after shirt making. The centre might be of Holland and calico, with a fringe border, knitted. Numerous rugs might be made in colored cloths, to look equal to carpets, for poor people, and wear much better.

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WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—It is not often that we copy, even for the legitimate purposes of advertising, what the newspaper press says of this Magazine. But it is well, occasionally, to make room for a few of such notices, in order to let our subscribers see that the newspapers place "Peterson" foremost for cheapness, utility, and beauty. Every month we receive several hundreds of notices, such as the following:—"Peterson," says the Wapello (Iowa) Intelligencer, "is always in time, and its arrival is always hailed with delight by the ladies; the fact is, 'Peterson' has got to be one of the necessities of the household." The Mountain (Ky.) Democrat says:—"It should form the fireside companion of every family who entertain a proper regard for good morals and refinement. Subscribe for it." The Democratic (Ohio) Union says:—"The engravings are exceedingly beautiful, and its reading pages elicit great interest from the lovers of chaste literature. If you want to be up to the top of the fashions send for this Magazine." The People's (Ind.) Press says:—"Of the merits of this work it is scarcely necessary to speak. It has obtained a world wide celebrity, and is a universal favorite wherever it is received." The Appleton (Wis.) Crescent says:—"It is elegant and sprightly, not heavy and care-worn. It is up to the times in all its departments, and is, as it deserves to be, a great favorite with the ladies." And the Neosho Valley (Kansas) Register says:—"The best Magazine for ladies in America."

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR CLUBS.—Our old friends know that we do not give people premiums for subscribing to "Peterson." We hold that every subscriber gets his or her money's worth in the Magazine. But we have always made a practice to give a premium to anybody getting up a club. The premium for 1861, is, we think, the most desirable we have ever offered. It is, as described in the Prospectus, an engraving of the largest size for framing; and the subject is one that will interest everybody. Bunyan wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," as is well known, in prison, where he was confined, for twelve long years, for his religious opinions. His wife was a heroic woman, and went before the judge, herself, to intercede for Bunyan's release: and this interview forms the subject of the engraving. The print is in line and stipple, and is one of the best works of the late Thomas Illman. It has never before been published. In no other way can it be had except from "Peterson." So get up a club, if you wish this costly affair! To those who prefer an Album, we will, as stated in the Prospectus, send an Album, instead of the engraving, if they write for it. But where no preference is expressed, we shall take it for granted that the engraving is preferred.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Occasional Productions, Political, Diplomatical, and Miscellaneous. By Richard Rush. Edited by his Executors. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The author of these papers was a son of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was also, for nearly half a century, an eminent physician in Philadelphia. Richard Rush was bred to the law, but devoted himself partially to politics, in which latter field he achieved early success, for at thirty-four he was made Attorney General of the United States, and at thirty-eight, minister to England. He subsequently became Secretary of the Treasury, was afterward appointed to secure the Smithsonian fund, and in 1847 was sent to represent his country at the Court of France. The papers in this volume are nearly all of historical value, as might be supposed from the career of their writer. The most interesting is "A Glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe in 1847, '48, and the French Revolution of 1848 which followed, while the author resided as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Paris." This article, indeed, occupies nearly half of the volume. Mr. Rush mentions, among other facts, that he was at the Tuilleries, two days before the Revolution broke out, when Louis Philippe told him, "Order will be maintained: the government has taken every precaution, and we are under no apprehension." And yet, within forty-eight hours, the Orleans dynasty was overthrown! Not less valuable, because they will help future historians, writing of this nineteenth century, to describe the social life of the English aristocracy, are two letters to Mrs. Rush, describing his visits to Grove Park and Hagley, the seats of Lords Clarendon and Lyttleton. Americans, however, will be most interested in the first article in the volume, which is a summary of certain letters, written by Gen. Washington to his private secretary, Col. Lear, and which contains the original account of the manner in which Washington received the news of St. Clair's defeat: a narrative which Irving quoted in full in his life of Washington. It is a nice thing, when writing of men in their social relations, to know what is proper to tell, without violating the sanctity of private life; but Mr. Rush, in every instance, has kept the exact line. The volume is handsomely printed, and embellished with an engraved likeness of Mr. Rush, taken from a portrait painted when he was forty. We cannot close this notice without testifying to the tact and judgment displayed by the executors, not only in their selection of their father's papers, but also in the modest introduction with which they preface the book.

The Greatness and Decline of Cæsar Birotteau. From the French of Honore de Balzac. Translated by O. W. Night and T. B. Goodrich. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—It has generally been considered that Balzac could not be translated. But the book before us is a refutation of this idea. Messrs. Night & Goodrich have achieved a difficult task with rare success, rendering into racy and idiomatic English the most idiomatic of the French novelists. Cæsar Birotteau is announced as the first of a complete series of Balzac's fictions, which Messrs. Rudd & Carleton design publishing. To ordinary American readers Balzac is known only by reputation. He is undoubtedly, in some respects, the first of French novelists. No other writer has ever drawn the middle class Parisian, with such exact truth, such finish of detail, as in this volume. The story has the fidelity of a Flemish picture. Balzac's scalpel anatomizes the human heart, such as he found it in Paris, with a thoroughness which no fibre escapes. There is no romance in Cæsar Birotteau: it out-Thackerays, so to speak, Thackeray; but, on that very account, it will be acceptable to a large circle of readers. The volume is very elegantly printed.

Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves. Translated from the French. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This work has been compiled from the notes of the late Gen. Cler, who was killed at the battle of Magenta, and who had been for many years, before being made a general, colonel of the second regiment of Zouaves. The volume is full of stirring incidents, for it takes up the Zouaves at the first organization of the corps, and carries them down to the close of the Crimean campaign. The military world, especially, is interested in these Zouaves. We hear of Zouave companies being formed everywhere in the United States: and certainly their drill, in many respects, is an improvement on the old system.

A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is really a very excellent grammar.

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The Wild Sports of India. By Capt. Henry Shakespear. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We believe that most men, who are good for anything, have a taste for that nomadic life, which, to use one of the cant phrases of the day, was the normal condition of the human race. It is curious that the richest and most highly cultivated aristocracy in the world, we mean that of England, alternates between the refinement of the saloons and the excitement of the hunter's life. Are the two extremes of civilization to meet and combine, in order to make that perfect civilization, to which all believers in progress look forward? For one, we think so. The life of cities, and of books especially, exhausts the nervous system: to recuperate ourselves, we must go back to the country, if not to the chase. A book like this, therefore, is an invaluable acquisition. It is the narrative of an English cavalry officer, who spent many years in India, and who, while there, devoted a large portion of his leisure time to hunting down the tigers, panthers, and other beasts of prey in that region. He makes no pretensions to fine writing, and yet his adventures are so graphically told, that the blood kindles and the breath sometimes catches in suspense, as one reads. Capt. Shakespear, among other exploits, killed two "man-eaters," that is tigers which were accustomed to prey on human beings only, and one of which had actually depopulated a large village. The book is written with great modesty. The concluding chapters contain some excellent remarks on the breeding and rearing of horses, and on the superiority of light cavalry over heavy dragoons. In the chapters on the horses used in India, there is much that is new about the Arab horse. Capt. Shakespear does not describe the Arabian exactly as Layard does, and as the latter saw the horse in his native deserts, we conclude that the breeds sold in India must be of mixed blood, though the captain thinks they are not. Whoever is interested in horses, especially in those adapted for the saddle, will find much useful information in these chapters.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays and Poems. By T. Babington Macaulay. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D Appleton & Co.*—This is a new and revised edition of various fugitive essays and poems by the late Lord Macaulay. Among the most interesting articles are "Mirabeau," "William Pitt," "Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers," and "Sadler's Law of Population." Many of the earlier poems and ballads of Macaulay are also included in the volume. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents of the work.

Poems. By Henry Lynden Flash. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—Many of the poems in this volume have considerable merit. We like those best which are the least pretentious, as, for instance, "Maud and I," "What She Brought Me," &c. Mr. Flash is one of our own contributors. A poem, in this collection, "Japan Lilies," may be remembered, by some of our readers. The volume is daintily printed: quite the thing for a lady's boudoir.

Primary History of the United States. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is for young beginners, and is designed to be used in schools. The text is capitally condensed and handsomely illustrated. We can recommend it cordially.

The Old Farm House. By Mrs. Caroline H. Butler Laing. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: G. G. Evans.*—Though not a first-class novel, this is, nevertheless, a very agreeable one: indeed much better than the melo-dramatic trash which is so frequently praised.

Bible Stories in Verse, for the little ones at Home. By Anna M. Hyde. 1 *vol. Philada: James Challen & Son.*—This is an excellent book for children. It is beautifully printed and profusely illustrated. The form is a small quarto.

The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush. By Anne Bowman. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this handsome little volume is already favorably known to the public. Her present work is a stirring story of Australian life, designed particularly for young people: a tale combining instruction with interest. The book is handsomely illustrated.

Virgil's Æneid. With Explanatory Notes. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A very superior edition of Virgil, which we recommend to the notice of teachers.

HORTICULTURAL.

Growing Plants in Rooms.—All rooms do not possess equal advantages for growing plants. A room with large, high windows, looking to the south, is the best; the next best is one with a southeast or southwest exposure; next, east; next, west; and the least desirable of all, one looking to any point north. A large bay window with a southern exposure possesses many advantages for growing plants, quite equal in many cases, and superior in some, to those structures absurdly called "plant cabinets," unless the latter be intended for the preservation of dried specimens, the only purpose for which most of them are fit. A basement window with a southern exposure will sometimes answer tolerably well, but a room in the upper part of the house is always to be preferred. Having secured a table and selected a room, the next thing in order will be a collection of plants; and here we would drop a caution against accumulating too large a number. Plants cannot be well grown anywhere, or under any circumstances, when crowded together; it is always more satisfactory to grow a few well than grow many indifferently. In making a list, we name only those which we know to succeed well in rooms, and which are least impatient of neglect and changes in temperature. From our list of annuals given last month may be selected schizanthus, lobelia, alyssum, mignonette, mathiola, and ageratum. Of perennials, a good selection may be made from the following, taking them somewhat in the order in which they are named: Geranium (scarlet and scented), primula sinensis, azalea, epiphyllums (indeed, the whole cacti family), spiræa reevesiana and prunifolia, roses (such as hermosa, agrippina, fragoeletta, &c.), heliotrope, laurustinus, bulbs (such as hyacinths, narcissus, crocus, ixias, babianas, &c.), calla, oranges, lemons, deutzia gracilis, weigela rosea, coronilla, petunias, cipripendium insignis, hoya (or wax-plant), verbenas, stevia, daphne, carnations, cape jasmine, pittosporum, salvias, passiflora, bouvardia, fuchsia. We do not recommend the young amateur to make so large a selection, unless several windows are fitted for the purpose of plant-growing, or unless the selection is confined mostly to one plant of a kind. A good selection for a beginner would be a few pots of alyssum, mignonnette, lobelia, geranium, primula, azalea, calla, cacti, coronilla, heliotrope, spiræa, orange, lemon, petunia, and some bulbs. It is better to begin in a small way with a few kinds easily grown, and to increase the number and variety as experience and skill are acquired.

We cannot, of course, within the limits of a single article, give directions for the cultivation of the plants we have named; we can only add a few brief remarks on their general treatment. One of the most important things to be attended to is watering; the plants should not be allowed to wilt for want of water, but they should not be watered till the surface of the pot becomes dry, and then enough should be given to go entirely through the ball of earth. The plants should be frequently syringed or sprinkled overhead, and kept clean, and free from dead leaves. Extreme changes of temperature should be avoided as much as possible; a

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moderately low temperature is to be preferred in a room to a high one; since, in the absence of a strong and diffused light, too much warmth will cause the plants to grow weak. If the windows have curtains, they should be kept up or drawn aside, and all the sun and light possible admitted to the plants at all times during the day. When the weather is mild, the window may be thrown up for awhile, or the top sash lowered a little. During very cold nights, the table may be moved to the middle of the room; and if the plants should unfortunately get frozen, darken the room and throw cold water over them repeatedly till the frost is drawn out, and then expose them gradually to the light. In this way we have saved plants when the ball of earth has been frozen as hard as a brick. Room plants should not be brought into the house till the nights get frosty, and while out of doors they should have a sunny exposure. Insects should be looked after, and destroyed on their first appearance; a little attention in this way will keep them free from such pests.

It has been objected by some that it is unhealthy to keep plants in rooms; but their arguments lack coherence and force, and we are compelled to record our experience against the position. We believe them, on the contrary, to be conducive to health, not only by their soothing and cheerful influence on the mind, but as purifiers of the air, so that all may indulge their tastes without the least apprehension of injury to their health. We have no room for an argument here, but we believe that every vegetable physiologist will sustain our position; if he will not, then, in our opinion, he has something to learn. We commend room plants to all who have a room in which to grow them, and especially to the ladies, who are necessarily much confined to the house; they will cheer many a lonely hour, and afford a balm to many a wounded heart.

HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT.

HINTS TO ECONOMISTS.—If you have a strip of land, do not throw away soap-suds. Both ashes and soap-suds are good manure for bushes and young plants.

Cream of tartar, rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves, cleanses them very much.

Woollen clothes should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.

Do not let coffee and tea stand in tin.

Scald your wooden ware often, and keep your tin ware dry.

Preserve the backs of old letters to write upon. If you have children who are learning to write, buy coarse white paper by the quantity, and keep it locked up, ready to be made into writing books. It does not cost half so much as it does to buy them at the stationers.

See that nothing is thrown away which might have served to nourish your own family, or a poorer one.

As far as it is possible, have bits of bread eaten up before they become hard; spread those that are not eaten, and let them dry, to be pounded for puddings, or soaked for brewis.

Brewis is made of crusts and dry pieces of bread, soaked a good while in hot milk, mashed up and eaten with salt. Above all, do not let crusts accumulate in such quantities that they cannot be used. With proper care there is no need of losing a particle of bread.

Attend to all the mending in the house once a week, if possible. Never put out sewing. If it be not possible to do it in your own family, hire some one into the house, and work with them.

A warming-pan full of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots.

Care should be taken not to hold the clothes near enough to scorch; and the place should be rubbed with flannel while warm.

Sal-volatile or heartshorn will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first. After it has become inured to the heat, it is not so likely to crack.

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

Linen rags should be carefully saved, for they are extremely useful in sickness. If they have become dirty and worn by cleaning silver, &c., wash them and scrape them into lint.

If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have ley whenever you want it. A gallon of strong ley, put into a great kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water. Some people use pearl-ash, or potash; but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

Do not let knives be dropped into hot dish-water. It is a good plan to have a large tin pot to wash them in, just high enough to wash the blades, without wetting the handles.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

To Avoid Chilblains.—Commence early, before frost sets in, to rub the feet and hands with opodeldoc (soap liniment); this should be done night and morning; keep the feet and hands particularly dry, using abundant friction after washing, and take plenty of exercise to promote circulation. It is the want of the latter, as much as any other cause, which induces chilblains. Never approach the fire immediately after coming in-doors from the frosty air. A skipping-rope affords admirable house exercise for children, and will effectually keep away chilblains, as well as many other complaints, if made timely use of.

Salt in Diptheria.—M. Roche mentions in L'Union Medicale, of July, 26th, 1859, that he had saved six patients in six cases of diptheria by the following mode of treatment. The false membranes were first freely cauterized with lunar caustic, and injections then made every hour against the fauces with a solution of common salt, the strength of the solution being such as not to create nausea. Chlorate of potash was also given internally; and tincture of iodine as a topical application was used in half the cases; but M. Roche considers that the irrigations with the solution of common salt were the chief agents in the case.

Toast and Water.—Take a small, solid square piece of bread, and place it on a toasting-fork at about half a yard distant from the fire; let it remain two hours at least, and as much longer as convenient, and when it has assumed a light brown color, plunge it while hot into a jug of clear, cold water. Cover it over, and let it reman till wanted for use. The longer the bread is allowed to toast, the brighter and browner the color it becomes; and the longer the maceration of the toast in the water goes on, the better, to a certain extent, and within certain limits, the result will prove.

Dr. Boerhave's Sweet Buttermilk.—Take the milk from the cow in a large, wide-mouthed bottle. In ten minutes begin shaking it till flakes of butter swim about and the milk looks thin and blue; strain it through a sieve, and drink as often as the stomach will bear. This must form the whole of the patient's diet, eating with it roasted apples and ripe fruit. Keep in a cool place, and it must not taste in the least sour when taken.

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Gloucester Jelly for Invalids.—Rice, sago, and pearl barley, each one ounce; one ounce of candied eringo root, simmered in two quarts of water till reduced to one quart. Strain, and when cold it will produce a jelly. Dissolve some in warm milk, well skimmed, and take three or four times a day. Half a teacupful of jelly to one of milk.

Remedy for Chilblains.—An excellent remedy is made by mixing together in a small bottle white wine, vinegar, turpentine, and the contents of an egg in equal proportions. With this the chilblains should be rubbed gently whenever they are in a state of irritation. Soaking the feet in warm water is a bad practice.

For Sore Eyes.—Incorporate thoroughly, in a glass mortar or vessel, one part of strong citrine ointment, with three parts of spermaceti ointment. Use the mixture night and morning, by placing a piece of the size of a pea in the corner of the eye affected.

Cure for Bunions.—I have found this ointment very useful in curing a joint which was enlarged: Iodine, twelve grains, lard, or spermaceti ointment, one-half ounce: to be rubbed in gently twice or thrice every day.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Imitation Coral.—An ingenious person can make up, with artificial coral, a great variety of useful and ornamental articles, such as work-baskets, liqueur bottle-stands, card-racks, candle ornaments, &c., all of which have a novelty in appearance, and are at the same time very pretty. To prepare this coral, procure small branches of shrubs, peel the bark off, and dry them; they are to be dipped in melted red sealing-wax, to every quarter of a pound of which should be added, prior to the melting, one ounce of bees'-wax, which will render the mixture, when cold, less brittle than sealing-wax by itself. Twigs of the black-thorn are the best kind of wood to employ for this purpose. Small articles should be fashioned before they are dipped, but larger ones require the twigs to be dipped first. After they are finished, they should be held before a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly covered and smooth.

In Preparing Skeleton Leaves, the best method is to steep them for two months in rain-water, keeping them in a warm place and exposed freely to the air. Before taking them out of the water, add a small quantity of muriatic acid, and leave them for a day or two. Lay them on a smooth piece of cardboard, and with an extremely soft brush, or fine sponge, gently and carefully wipe away those cellular parts not completely destroyed. They are then bleached with either chloride of lime or the fumes of sulphur.

For a Beautiful and Permanent Red Ink.—Pure carmine, twelve grains; solution of ammonia, three ounces. Place the carmine in a porcelain vessel; pour thereon the solution of ammonia; heat over a spirit lamp for a space of five to eight minutes, carefully managing the temperature so as not to boil; and, to the solution thus formed, add (continually stirring) eighteen grains of powdered gum arabic. When dissolved, the ink is ready for use. Instead of carmine, which is expensive, drop-lake may be used.

French Polish for Boots and Shoes.—Mix together two pints of the best vinegar and one pint of soft water; stir into it a quarter of a pound of glue, broken up, half a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire, and let it boil for ten minutes, or more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. The polish should be applied with a clean sponge.

To Prevent Mouldiness in Ink.—One and a half dozen cloves (more or less according to the size of bottle) bruised, with gum arabic are to be put into the bottle.

Black Reviver, for faded mourning dresses, black coats, &c.—1. Boil in two pints of water down to one, two oz. of Aleppo galls, in powder, two oz. of logwood, one oz. of gum arabic, then add one oz. of sulphate of iron. This may be evaporated to a powder. 2. Galls, eight oz.; logwood, green vitriol, iron filings, sumach, of each one oz.; vinegar, two pints.

To Take Stains out of Silver.—Steep the silver in soap leys for the space of four hours; then cover it over with whiting, wet with vinegar, so that it may lie thick upon it, and dry it by a fire; after which rub off the whiting, and pass it over with dry bran, and the spots will not only disappear, but the silver will look exceedingly bright.

To Mend China.—Mix together equal parts of fine glue, white of egg, and white lead, and with it anoint the edges of the articles to be mended; press them together, and when hard and dry, scrape off as much as sticks about the joint. The juice of garlic is another good cement, and leaves no mark where it has been used.

Polishing Paste.—Half a pound of mottled soap cut into pieces, mixed with half a pound of rotten-stone in powder; put them into a saucepan with enough of cold water to cover the mixture (about three pints); boil slowly, till dissolved to a paste.

To Restore the Keys of a Piano to their Original Color.—Rub on the keys with leather, a preparation of sal volatile and prepared chalk and oil.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Sugar Icing for Cake.—Beat two pounds of double refined sugar with two ounces of fine starch, sift the whole through a gauze sieve, then beat the whites of five eggs with a knife upon a pewter dish for half an hour; beat in your sugar a little at a time, or it will make the eggs fail, and injure the color; when all the sugar is put in, beat it half an hour longer, and then lay on your almond icing, spreading it even with a knife. If put on as soon as the cake comes from the oven, it will harden by the time the cake is cold.

Custard for Pies.—In a pint of good new milk, put two or three bitter almonds, a stick of cinnamon, a piece of lemon peel, and seven or eight good sized lumps of sugar; let the whole simmer gently till the flavor is extracted, then strain and stir till cold. Beat the yolks of six eggs, and mix well with the milk, then stir the whole over a slow fire till it is about the thickness of rich cream. It may be flavored with almond or rose water, of which one ounce will be sufficient.

To Prepare Cocoa.—Cocoa nibs require from two to three hours' boiling to extract all their goodness. The vessel containing them should be placed near the fire, so as to heat gradually until the decoction is at the boiling point, at which it must be kept, and not permitted to boil violently. It is a mistake to suppose that nibs are soluble, or that a high color is requisite for goodness. Flaked cocoa is nothing but the refuse of better preparations.

A Cheap Vinegar.—To a gallon of water put two pounds of coarse sugar; boil and skim it for about half an hour. Put it into a tub, and when almost cold add to it a slice of bread soaked in fresh yeast. In a week it may be put into stone bottles or a cask, and kept uncorked either in the heat of the sun or near the fire, for six months. To keep out insects, paste a bit of crape or gauze over the bunghole.

Lemonade.—Two ounces of tartaric acid, one pound of lump sugar, and a little lemon juice or essence of lemon melted in a half pint of water, but not boiled; a tablespoonful in half a tumbler of water, with a little soda, forms an agreeable and refreshing beverage.

To Candy Lemon Peel.—Boil it with sugar, and then expose it to the air till the sugar crystalizes.

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Dessert Biscuits.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, half a teacupful of cream, two eggs, leaving out the whites. Roll them out thin, cut them in whatever shape you think proper, and bake them in a quick oven.

Ginger Biscuits.—Eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, four ounces of sifted sugar, half an ounce of ginger finely powdered. Mix the whole with one egg, and roll them out quite thin, and cut them with a wineglass. Bake them in a moderate oven.

To Make Salt Meat Fresh.—Put half a pound of saltpetre into two gallons of boiling water, and let the salt meat be put into it, and remain there twelve hours, at the end of which time the salt meat will have become fresh.

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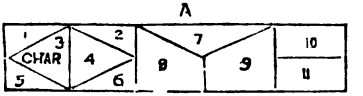
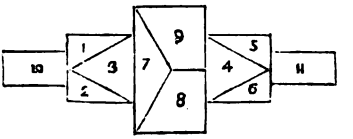
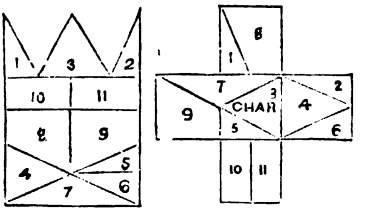
PARLOR PUZZLES.

The Cardboard.—Cut a cardboard as in figure A, and with the pieces these different diagrams may be formed.

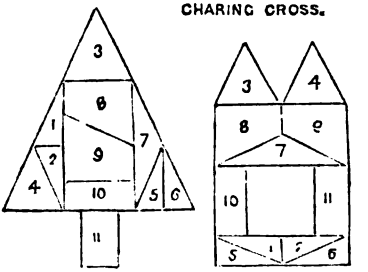
A

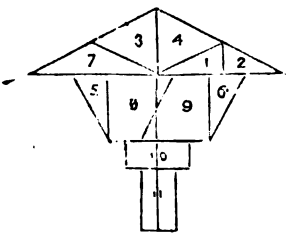


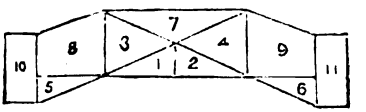




CHARING CROSS.







FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. I.—Evening Dress of White Tulle, spotted in black, trimmed with five flounces; each flounce is trimmed with a narrow crimson velvet, and edged with narrow black lace. The body is made without a point, and has a broad, wide sash of white silk striped with black velvet, and edged with crimson velvet. The body is square in the neck, *a la Raphael*, and is trimmed with puffings of tulle and velvet. Fan-shaped short sleeves over large puffs of tulle. Head-dress of crimson velvet and gold braid.

Fig. II.—Dinner Dress of Mauve-colored Silk.—The skirt is much narrower at the top than at the bottom, and

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is trimmed with five quillings of silk put on very full; each quilling is pinked at the edges, and decreases in width as they approach the waist. Body plain, with a point. Pagoda sleeve, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress of mauve velvet, and gold-colored velvet flowers.

FIG. III.—BASQUE OF BLACK SILK, FITTING THE FIGURE LOOSELY.—It has a small cape, square in front, and is entirely trimmed with two bias bands of green silk. The lower part of this basque is open at the sides.

FIG. IV.—PALETOT OF GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF GRAY RIBBED SILK, the skirt very full, on each seam is a plaiting of narrow green ribbon. *Manteau a manches* of the same silk as the dress; it is edged entirely round by a narrow plaiting of green ribbon; at the bottom of the skirt, at the seams under the arm are small *pattes*, trimmed round with a plaiting and fastened by three buttons. Large *Isabeau* sleeves, with *pattes* the same as the skirt, and trimmed to correspond. There is a small collar, and the *manteau* fastens by three buttons. See diagram on page 402.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nearly all the new winter silks are of black grounds, with small embroidered or brocaded patterns on them. Some have only spots, or arabesque figures in gold, green, and crimson; others have fuchsias, roses, or some other small or graceful flower, in only one color, as green, a new shade of purple, crimson, or violet. There are also silks of solid colors, as blue, brown, green, and fawn, with figures in the same style as the above, brocaded in black. Silks of solid colors, as plain blue, &c., will be much worn, but if these are made up with plain skirts, the quality should be better than if they are to be flounced.

Several of the newest silk dresses are trimmed with flounces, and a pretty variety is obtained when the flounces are of two different colors. For example, flounces composed of the same silk as the dress, are often placed alternately with others of a tint harmonizing with them, or they may be formed of two different shades of the same color. We have seen a dress trimmed with lilac and violet flounces, and another with flounces in two tints of green. Sometimes the flounces are disposed in separate sets, or series, and with them are intermingled narrow pinked ruches. A bias row of silk of the darker shade is also placed on the edge of the skirt. The corsages of these dresses are high, and the sleeves either long or demi-long. The trimming on the corsages and sleeves should correspond with that on the skirt. Merinos of plain colors will be much worn. Indeed these very serviceable dresses must always remain fashionable from necessity. Figured merinoes are also popular, as well as delaines of dark grounds with gay chintz-colored palms and flowers. In Paris, cloth dresses are extremely fashionable, and they are made in very elegant style. Some have the corsages richly embroidered with silk, others with braid. Many ladies who have adopted cloth dresses, have had them made with corsages opening with lappels, and showing a vest. This is in some sort the revival of a fashion which was very general a few years ago. The vest worn with a cloth dress should be of the same material as that employed in lining the lappels of the corsage, which may be either silk or velvet. The vest, however, is not generally adopted. The skirts of these cloth dresses are invariably plain, and the sleeves may be either close at the wrists, with turn-up cuffs or demi-wide with revers. Heavy materials, such as cloth or velvet, are frequently made with a skirt and long casaque, fitting closely to the figure. For a cloth dress made in this style, a trimming of rich passementerie is very effective.

For dress trimmings, gimps in all the fancy styles are very much used. Fringes are not at all worn. These gimps are also used on cloaks and other out-of-door wraps, in the shapes of medallions, loops, &c., &c.

BODIES are generally made round at the waist, although points are still worn. These are much more becoming to some figures than the round waist.

SLEEVES of every variety will be worn, either very large and flowing, or tight to the arm, or partially close with a cuff. When buttons are worn on the dress, the tight sleeve is slit up to a certain height, and buttoned behind the arm with large buttons like those on the front of the body. These buttons are continued down the front of the skirt in the cassock or Empress dresses, which are quite plain in front, and laid in wide plaits behind and at the sides.

BONNETS are still large, a little more drooping over the forehead than they have been, and more round at the sides. The trimmings are of the richest descriptions of lace, feathers, &c., but these ornaments are not put on in a great profusion. The latest novelty is the peacock's feather, which is very elegant on bonnets of black velvet. The part of the feather known as the "eye" is selected, and put on in bunches at the side of the bonnet.

SHAWLS will always be popular; but for those who prefer cloaks, the "Arab" or Bournouse style will be worn a great deal through the fall. For sacques, basques, &c., the style is very much like those of the spring, except that they are cut wider at bottom, and somewhat narrower toward the waist, in order to fit to the bell-shaped hoops which are now worn altogether. Next month we shall give some new cloak patterns.

GILT ORNAMENTS of all descriptions have made their appearance in this country, after having had a short sway in Paris, and been discarded. This fancy seems to us to be a barbarous one, and in bad taste: but as these ornaments will no doubt be worn here for a little while, we shall describe some of them. They consist of belts of bullion wire; buckles, stars, moons, flowers, insects, rings, &c., on bonnets and head-dresses; shoe-buckles, &c. These ornaments are too cheap, and will soon become so common, that we predict they will not be worn a great while by our fashionables.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Among the evening coiffures most recently introduced in Paris, we have observed one formed of a net of chenille, and having on each side barbes of black lace square at the ends. A very pretty head-dress consisting of vine-leaves and clusters of blue grapes, with red velvet intertwined, is fixed at the back of the head by a bow of red velvet. Coiffures of the style just mentioned, may be worn with black, white, or gray dresses. A much admired head-dress is composed of several small rosettes of blue ribbon, fixed low at the back of the head by a larger bow, which forms a *chignon*.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt and Zouave jacket are of dark blue velvet. The skirt is made full and is of cambric, with a lace collar. Cap of blue velvet with a cock's plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF PLAID SILK FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The seams of the front breadth have a quilling of the silk, edged with velvet, running the length of the skirt. The body is low and square, with a quilling like that on the skirt, around the neck. This quilling also forms the shoulder-strap, sash, and rosette of silk. Sleeves and chemisette of thin muslin.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A BOY SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The pantaloons, jacket, and vest are all made of brown cloth, richly braided. Small white linen collar and sleeves.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of silk with a small figure. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, the lower one much deeper than the two upper ones. The body has lappels formed of ruffles, which cross in front and have long ends at the back.

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CHRISTMAS EVE.

BRINGING HOME THE HOLLY.

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BRINGING HOME THE HOLLY.

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BERLIN WORK PATTERN.

For For Sofa Pillow, Footstool, Bag, Ottoman, or Fender-Stool, &c. &c

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THE DRESDEN CLOAK.

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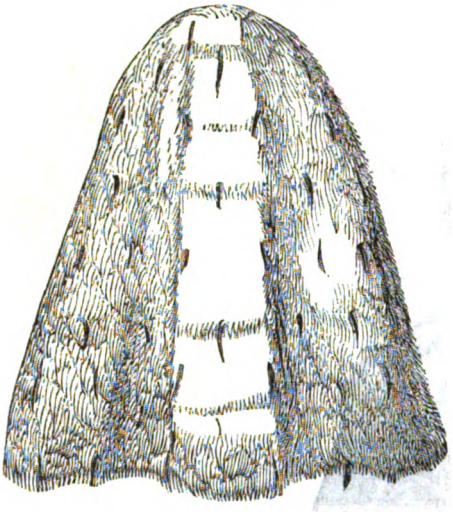
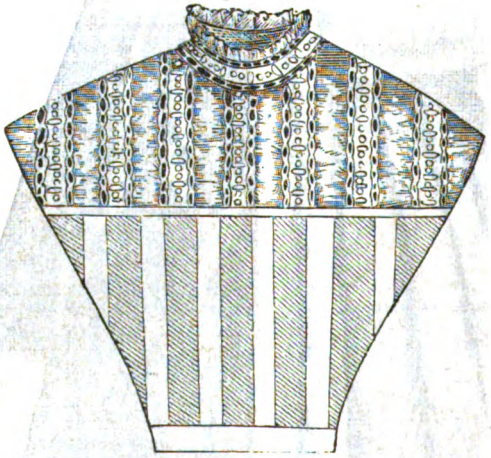
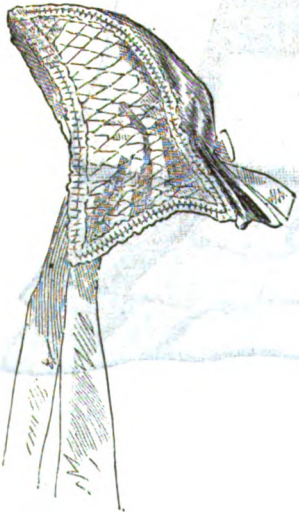


ERMINE CLOAK.

WADDED AND FURRED HOOD.



CHEMISETTE.



WADDED AND FURRED HOOD.

NECK-TIE.

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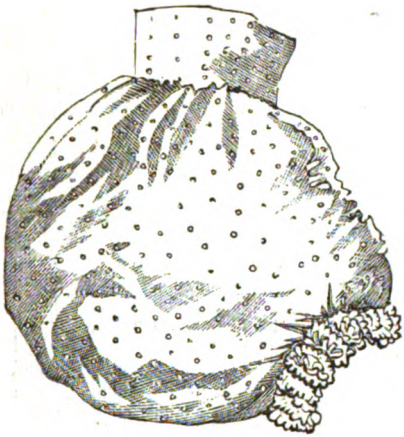

THE GLOBE SLEEVE.

SLEEVE FOR A THIN DRESS.

BLACK LACE CAPE.

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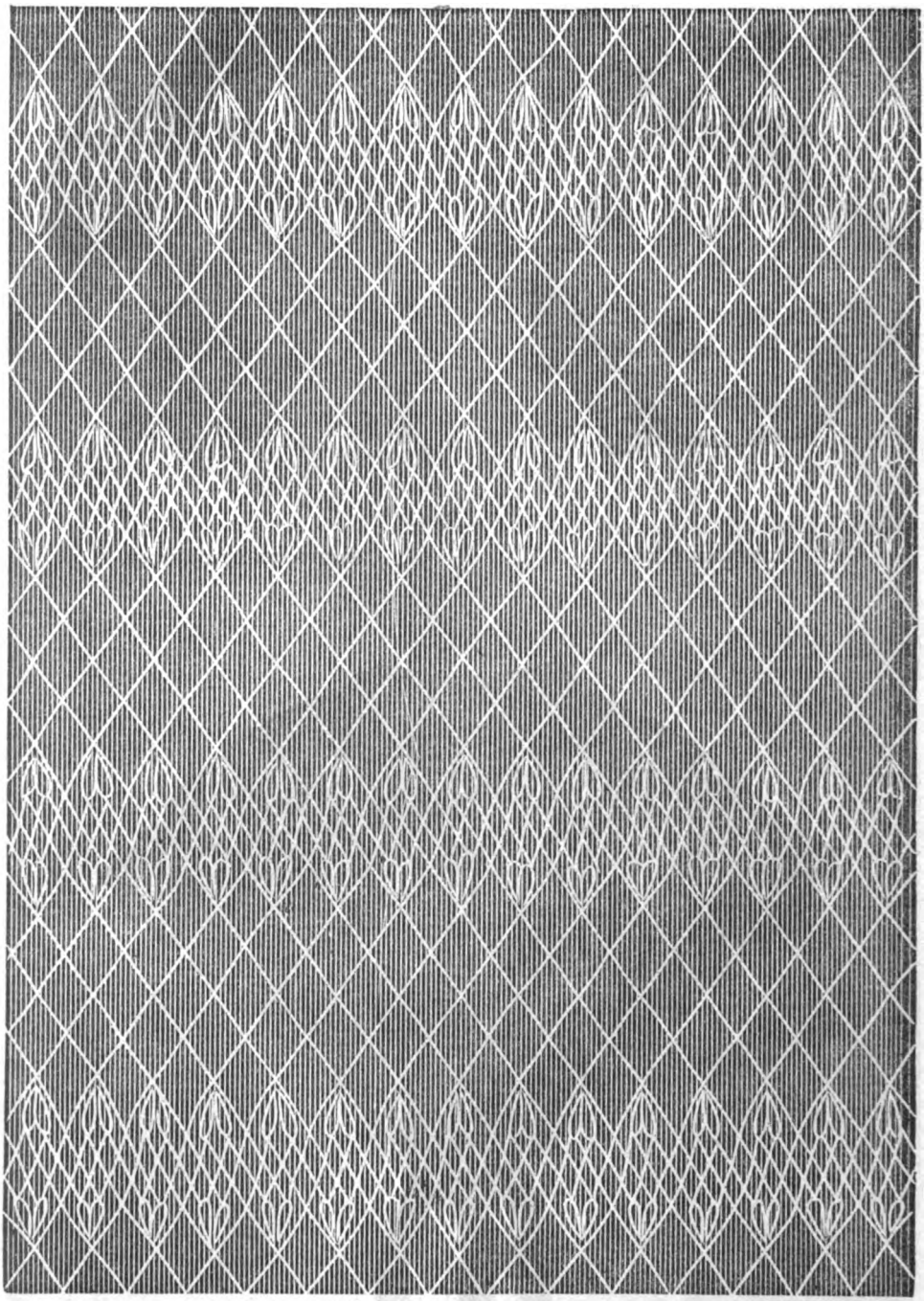

NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

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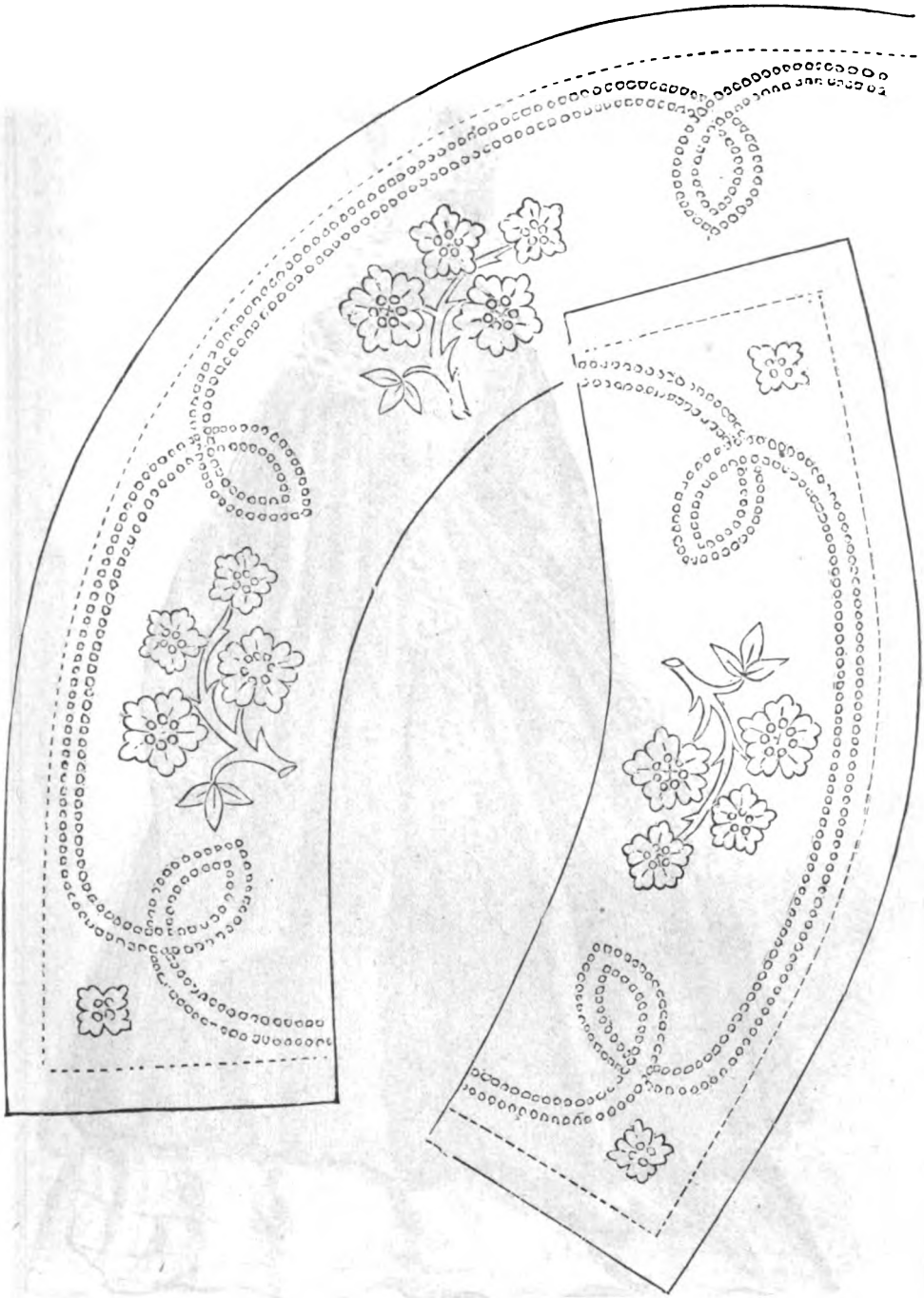

NEW STYLE OF COLLAR AND CUFF.

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THE VICTOR CLOAK.

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THE MATILDA CLOAK.

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THE SNOW-WHITE ROSE.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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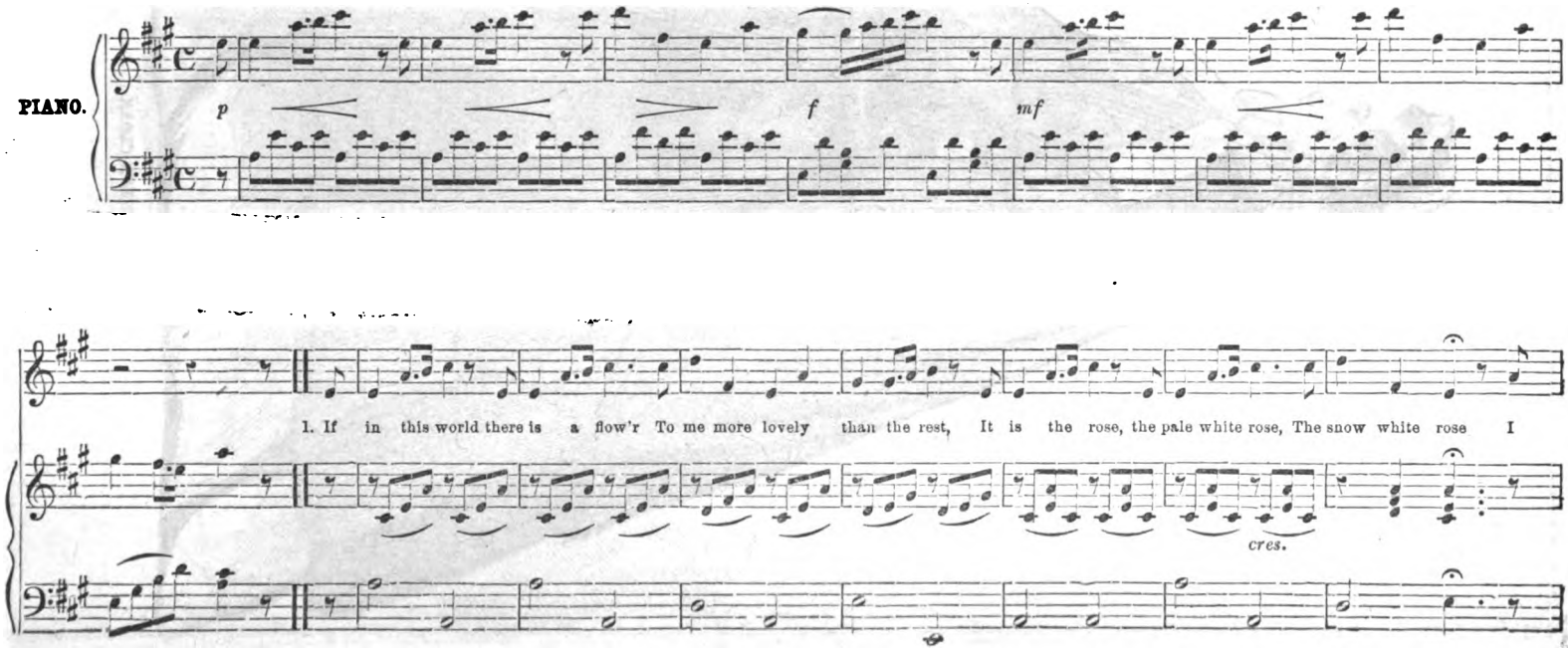

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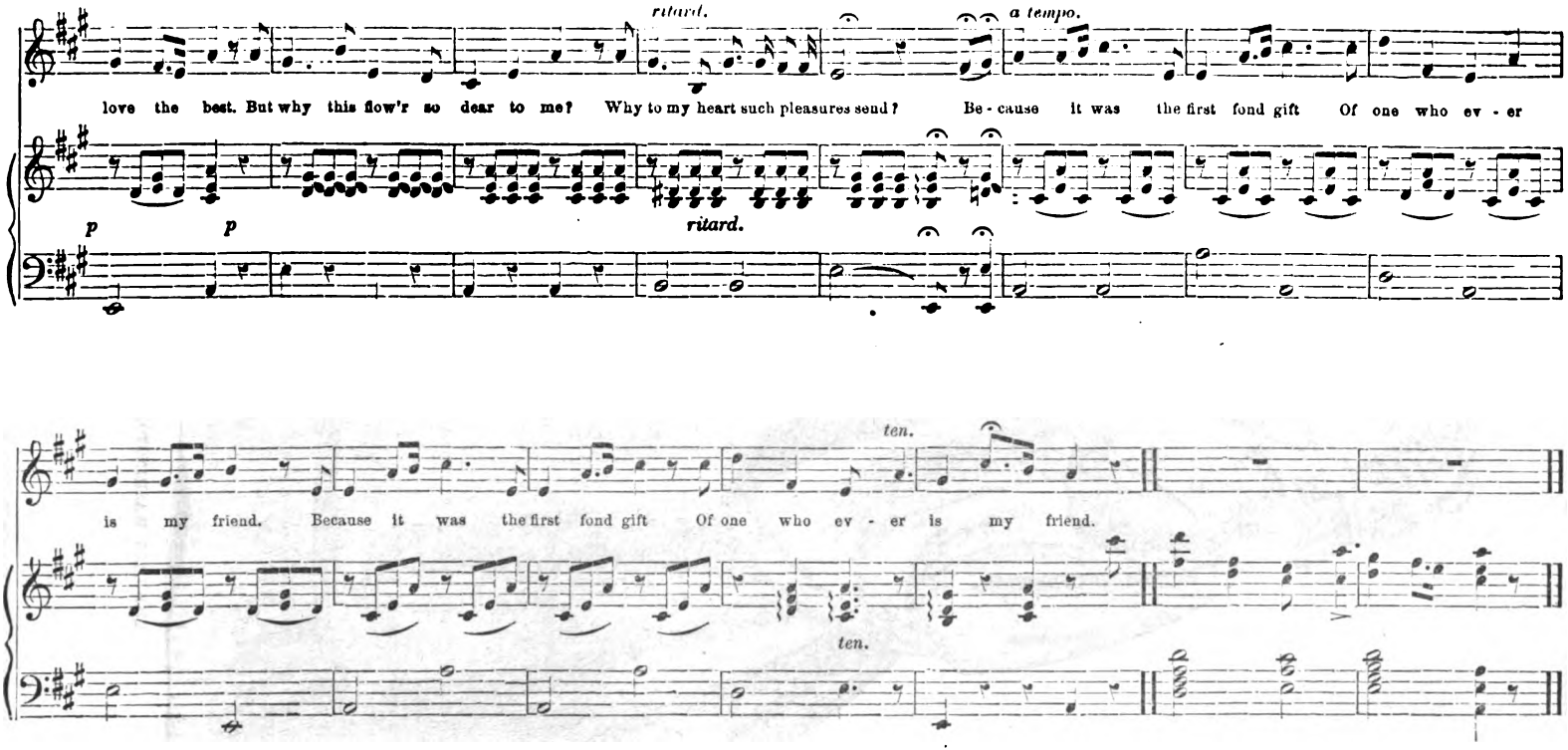

2.

And now when spring is on her way,
When flow'rs with their perfume abound,
I seek the grove and love to dwell
Where'er the snow-white rose is found,
But why this flow'r so dear to me?
Why to my heart such pleasures send?
Because it was the first fond gift
Of one who ever is my friend.

3.

Whate'er my heart may learn to prize
'Till life shall meet its certain close,
I know I ne'er shall cease to love
The beauty of the snow-white rose.
For oh, this flow'r so dear to me,
So sweet, so fair, so fair to view,
I love because it was the gift
Of one whose heart is ever true.

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THE LADY WASHINGTON CLOAK.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1860. No. 6.

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

BY MARY GRAHAM.

"WELL, Annie," said my husband to me, one day, as he came in from visiting some patients, "the next house is rented at last; so your wish to have a next door neighbor is gratified."

"Oh! delightful," I exclaimed. "Who is it? Have you seen them? How large is the family?"

"The name is Norris. I have not seen them. The family consists of a widow, a son, two daughters, and two servants," he answered, gravely.

I smiled very laconic. "And now how did you find all this out?"

"Oh! knowing that I had a wife at home who is a bit of a gossip, I took pains to inquire."

"For shame, Harry; but I will find out all you know, at least, so that you may not have your trouble for nothing."

"I know only one thing more, and that is, they will move in to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and brought the expected family, but I could not, of course, find out anything about them for awhile, I thought.

"I will not call till they have had time to get settled," I said to Harry, "but as they are moving, we might offer our assistance, as people are not very ceremonious in this little village."

Harry smiled. "You would like to know now what they have in their house, wouldn't you?"

I was indignant. But before I could give him a reply he deserved, our housemaid, who, Harry said, had her mistress' passion for becoming acquainted with strangers, ushered into the dining-room a servant, whom she announced as belonging to the new comers.

"Missus sent me to ax you for some dinner," she said, staring round the room with mouth wide open. "She says she bin' in sich a hurry she hain't had time to cook nothin'."

I filled several plates, and put a loaf of bread on a waiter—fortunately Sally had baked that morning—and we had had a ham boiled.

Harry looked at me quizzically when the girl had gone out, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "A pretty good beginning!"

Harry will tease sometimes, though he is the best creature in the world.

For the next three days it rained incessantly, and we heard nothing more from our new neighbors, but after that I went to see them. I was shown into a parlor so crowded with furniture, that it was with difficulty I made my way to a sofa.

There was a handsome rosewood piano, two small sofas, six large mahogany chairs, two large rocking-chairs and one small one, two ottomans, a mahogany centre-table, an *etagere* filled with curiosities, and four small card tables. They are wealthy, thought I.

About two weeks after this, one morning, before I had risen, our neighbor's servant came to borrow some coffee. I told Jane to give her the raw coffee. In ten minutes she returned, saying that her mistress wanted the parched coffee. I gave it rather unwillingly, as I was always exceedingly particular about the roasting, that every grain should be of a beautiful brown, and I feared that sent back would be unfit to drink.

In the course of the day, Mrs. Norris sent to borrow sugar, lard, and my scales to weigh butter. I found out that she sold butter, and my scales were in requisition twice a week.

"I don't think they can be rich," said Harry, and he was confirmed in his opinion a few days after, when he was called in to attend one of the young ladies. The furniture of the bedrooms was of the plainest description. Everything was sacrificed to show, and there were no comforts. The parlor was elegantly furnished, and the kitchen almost empty.

Things went on smoothly, however, till one morning when I had made a cake, and put it

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in the oven, thinking I would have it baked by dinner time and served for dessert, I was about to leave it to the cook, when the yellow skirt of our neighbor's servant appeared in the doorway.

"Missus says she is gwine to have comp'ny, and wants you to lend her your oven."

"Tell her," I answered, "that I am using it to bake a cake." I was really glad to have an excuse to refuse it, for I was beginning to be tired of this constant borrowing.

But I was not to escape so easily. In a few minutes my tormentor returned.

"Missus says can't you take the cake out and let her have the oven? She will sen' it right back soon as she done wid it."

I was fairly exasperated. "Tell her I *can*, but I won't," I answered, shortly, the blood mounting to my face.

The girl hastily retreated, and, on looking round, I saw Harry standing in the door, laughing with all his might.

"You would be provoked too," said I, "if you were tormented so. Day before yesterday she borrowed my scales, and my wafer irons, and she has them yet; then she borrowed oil, lard, and yesterday tea, and my lamp. Now she wants the oven. It is enough to provoke a saint."

"And my little wife does not pretend to be a saint," he said, catching me up in his arms. "Hurrah! little woman, I did not know you had so much spirit."

The next morning, our little Ella was cross at the table, and I did not at first notice Harry, but when I did, I saw him making such grimaces over his coffee, that I put down my knife and fork to see what was the matter. When he saw that I observed him, he gave me a queer look, and said, "What is the matter with this coffee?" True enough, it was horrible.

The cook was called in and interrogated. She was the best cook in the village, and was terribly mortified when I found fault.

"Well, Sally," said Harry, "is this coffee? I never tasted anything like it in my life."

"It is some coffee that Mrs. Norris sent back, sir, and I thought you didn't want to waste it. I have kept it for three days."

"Well, Annie, *give* her coffee next time. Don't lend it if we are to get back such a mixture as this."

He was in haste to visit a patient, so I could not have any more made; but I had some ready when he came to dinner, which he praised sufficiently to pacify Sally. That day a man brought our weekly supply of butter. I left my sewing to weigh it, when, to my vexation, the scales were not to be found.

"Go over to Mrs. Norris, Jane, and ask her to please to lend me my scales for a few minutes."

This caused a slight rupture for a few days, and I thought our neighbor would give me up, for, as Jane expressed it, she was mightily put down by what I said. Harry, however, doubted. His wife's temper was becoming so irritable, that he forbore to tease her as formerly, but he could not help laughing when I told him about the scales.

Two weeks passed, and Mrs. Norris seemed to have forgotten the matter, for she paid me frequent visits, and borrowed more and more.

One night the supper-table was laid, and we sat by the grate, in which the glowing coals made the room so comfortable that we could not bear to leave it. I was in a good-humor, and had my little Ella on my lap, when a rap was heard at the door, which I knew so well that my indignation rose instantly.

"Why, Annie, what is the matter?" cried my husband.

"Matter enough!" I answered, shortly. "There is Mrs. Norris' servant again, perhaps she wants to borrow Ella this time."

"Me, mamma," cried the child, running toward me. "I won't go to her."

"I will see what she wants, Annie," said my husband, going into the next room where the servant was waiting.

She wanted our dining-table. Mrs. Norris had just heard that she was to have a surprise party, and she wished to make some preparations.

"You cannot have it," answered my husband, "we have not been to tea."

"Oh! she told me, if you was at supper, to wait till you got through. I will go into the kitchen and you can call me."

"Tell your mistress that she cannot have it this evening," said Harry.

"She told me to ax for the lamp too."

"Tell her we are using that also," said he, shutting the door and going back to the fire.

"Annie," said he, "I am not very busy just now. We will go into the country for a few weeks and see your sister. We can then arrange what is best to be done, for I cannot live in this way. You are not the same person you used to be. I will not see you fretted so."

We went into the country, and the house was locked up for a month. Harry took the opportunity to go North, and see a brother who was in failing health.

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At last we returned, and, to our astonishment, we found our neighbors gone.

Our kitchen, however, had to be refurnished. Mrs. Norris had gone to a lady with whom I had left the key, and said that I had promised her the use of several things during my absence. The oven was gone, and my scales, two cake-pans that I especially valued, and my wafer irons.

"I think, Annie," said my husband, "that I will buy the next house, so that we may in future be careful whom we have for neighbors.

"SNOW-WHITE FLOWER."

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Life's earliest hope was buried
A weary, weary time ago,
And o'er its grave have drifted
Red Autumn leaves and heaps of snow;
And Spring's blue violets seven times
Have blossomed o'er the dead below.

I know not whence or wherefore
The ghost of that sweet dream to-night
Should come and stand before me,
So beautiful, and still, and white.
It is the dreary Winter,
There are no violets to-night.

Oh! beautiful and saintly!
Dream, never to be dreamed again!
White rose, perfumed faintly,
That perished in the cold Spring rain!
Life hath had brighter blossoms,
But never one like thine again.

Life hath its Summer roses,
The gorgeous blossoms of its prime;
And later growths of beauty
Are in its pleasant Autumn time:
But oh! for that sweet Spring flower
That perished in its early prime!

THE DEPARTED.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

They come to me at night-fall,
The dear, departed dead,
No mortal eye may see them,
Nor hear their noiseless tread;
I feel their cool, white fingers
Upon my brow again,
And blessed words seem hushing
Life's fever-heat, and pain.

Oh! sing not in the night-fall,
Gay songs of hope and life,
Nor tell me of its tumult,
Its pleasures, and its strife,
For I hear gentle beings,
Whose peaceful ministry
Is truer, dearer, purer,
Than all beneath the sky.

They come to me at night-fall,
The beautiful from Heaven—
Those who in Love's sweet moments
From earth and me were riven;
And while I long to clasp them,
And call them mine again,
I hear their low words hushing
Life's restless moan of pain.

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I know not how it is, but when
I gaze within thine eyes,
Those matchless orbs in which so much
Of true affection lies;
A shadow flits across my brain,
An angel form so fair;
It seems as if it were indeed
A spirit of the air;
And oh! I knew not that on earth
There was one so divine,
Until I felt thy witching glance,
And met that face of thine.

Thine eyes have caught the brightness of
The silvery stars above,
And kindled up within my heart
A pure and holy love;
And thy loved form so fair, and pure,
Unto my spirit seems
As if it were the counterpart
Of some I've seen in dreams;
And though we never, never more
On earth may meet again;
Yet on my memory's brightest page
Thy image shall remain.

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REDMAN'S RUN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 354.

CHAPTER XV.

LIKE one in a dream I heard the woman's exclamation, "Not guilty! The murderer is there!"

I saw her point toward Maurice—saw him cower down in his seat—heard the shouts and confusion which arose—but after that I have no clear recollection of anything that took place.

I did not faint, but my senses seemed locked in a trance. When I came to myself, Mr. Grant was holding a glass of water to my lips, and people were bending toward me with looks of sympathy. Order had been restored, and a solemn silence reigned throughout the room—horror and astonishment were depicted upon every countenance—even the stony faced judge looked troubled and shaken.

I saw Prudence weeping silently; her lips moving in prayer; and a little way off Maurice sat, livid and sullen, guarded by two officers.

I do not know what ceremonies passed, but at length I beheld the woman upon the witness stand prepared to give her evidence. It was the poor creature whom I had twice seen, but there was no longer a trace of insanity in her appearance. She was dreadfully emaciated, looking more like a corpse than a living woman, I felt almost as if the dead had arisen to protect me.

She was about to speak when Maurice cried out,

"I will not have my life sworn away in this manner! That woman is crazy—it is a trick—her evidence is worthless."

"I am not crazy!" replied the woman; "I was so once, driven mad by suffering and wrong. There are those here who can testify to my being in my right mind—let them be examined."

I dimly remember hearing the gentleman who had entered the court-room with her called upon for his testimony. He was a noted physician, and showed a certificate from three medical men of equal celebrity, declaring the woman's entire sanity.

Other forms must have been gone through, but I can recall nothing more until I heard that woman speaking again—every faculty of my being was absorbed in the intense eagerness with which I listened to her words.

"I had been at the house before—I was crazy then, but I had consciousness enough left to know that I wished to see Mr. Redman. I did see him, and by his orders I was again consigned to that prison, where I had worn out so many terrible years."

"Who put you in that asylum at first?" interposed the district attorney.

The woman hesitated—a passion of spent agony swept over her face—she looked appealingly toward my lawyer, but did not speak.

"You are not obliged to answer any questions of that nature," said Mr. Grant.

"But what did you want of Mr. Redman?"

"I once had a child," said the woman, with a violent effort, "I wished to know where it was buried."

She did not weep. The anguish she suffered had burned at her heart for so many years that she had no tears left.

After a pause, she went on in a cold, monotonous tone, which contrasted strangely with her words.

"After I was taken back to the asylum I had a long illness—how many weeks it lasted I do not know, for no one took the trouble to answer the questions I afterward asked concerning it—but when I recovered, my senses had come back to me, and, since that time, I have been in full and complete possession of them.

"Long after I was able to think and reason clearly, I had not the power to talk or to sit up, for the fever had so worn away my bodily strength that I was helpless as an infant. But my mind grew stronger every day, and never once betrayed the slightest symptom of falling back into its former disordered state.

"Those about me evidently did not perceive the change; if they had known that my reason had returned, I do not suppose it would have made any difference in my position; they would have detained me a close prisoner all the same, perhaps have guarded me even more carefully."

"But why?" interposed the attorney. "You do not tell us what reason the person who placed

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you there had for keeping you confined after you had regained your senses?"

"I have been told that I need not answer such questions," said the woman, "and I will not do it. Perhaps they would have released me—I cannot tell—it makes no difference now.

"At all events, from the very first, I concealed from those about me the change that had taken place. For the first time in many years, I was able to call up, distinctly, the events of my past life. It could not in any way effect my testimony to make them public, and I, therefore, decline to do so. But during the weeks I passed in that convalescent state, while still too feeble to sit up much, or to talk, if I had felt so disposed, I had arranged a plan in my mind, by which I believed it would be possible for me to escape, and effectually, any future efforts to restore me to the restraint and horrible life which I had so long endured.

"I do not tell you of my sufferings during my sojourn in that asylum, although I can remember much that occurred even during the time that I was most insane. I was treated cruelly, and, were I to relate the half that I endured, it would be set down as the ravings of a mad woman."

I know that here the woman was interrupted; a short discussion followed concerning the irrelevancy of her evidence. The woman turned toward the judge with a strange appealing look.

"Let her tell her story in her own way," he said.

After that they allowed her to proceed. Jury and audience were too much interested to remember that her manner of speech was unlike the testimony given in a court of justice, although every word bore the stamp of truth.

"Gradually my strength came back; I could sit up, walk about, and my appetite increased daily. The food they gave me would not have been fit even for a sick animal; but such as it was I ate it, my strength thrived upon it through the firm determination I had to escape from that loathsome place.

"The nurse never talked to me, left me alone a great deal of the time; and, for days, except when the regular hours for meals came round, I sat in my room without a human being near me, and the only sounds that reached my ears were the horrible ravings of the mad people in the cells below.

"Those who had charge of me, at last believed that I was gradually sinking into a state that would terminate in complete idiotcy. They made no scruple of saying so before me, but I never betrayed any sign of having understood their brutal remarks. I never once feared it myself; my mind was strong, and every faculty as acute as it had been at any period of my former life. I felt like one who had awakened from the dead; the broken recollections which I retained of my madness, were like horrible nightmares that had haunted me in the tomb.

"I did not know why I wished to live. Oftentimes I asked myself that question, but there was nothing in my soul which could give answer. Long before, I had passed out of my place in this world, and I had no more power to return to it than a ghost would have to claim the rights he had bequeathed to the living. I reflected upon those things, yet the desire to live grew daily stronger. I was to learn at length why God had brought me back from the darkness in which my senses had so long struggled, but the time had not yet come. During the whole period of my convalescence it was only a firm determination, a strange longing to live, to revisit the haunts of my past suffering, such as I can fancy a spirit might have to return to its earthly home.

"At last, I could leave my room, and they allowed me to walk about the piazza when the sun shone. I was so skeleton-like in appearance, I pretended to be so weak, that they allowed me a certain degree of liberty which would otherwise have been denied. But in reality I was strong—strong from the very power of a newly-awakened will. But I bore with patience the lagging days. I knew that I should never have more than one opportunity to escape, and the slightest suspicion of my scheme once aroused in the minds of my tormentors, would be the signal for flinging me into captivity more relentless and terrible than I had even before endured.

"I betrayed no sign of reason, or of acuteness sufficient to make them fear any such attempt. I appeared even to forget from one day to another the passages which led into the piazza, where they allowed me to walk: and the nurse grumbled exceedingly at having to take so much trouble on my account.

"'She ought to be put in with the idiots,' I heard her one day remark to a companion; 'it would save a deal of pains.'

"'But she's not idiotic yet,' the other replied.

"'Well, she would be in a week from the force of example,' was the response, and then they both laughed with a fiendish disregard of the daily sufferings before their eyes, which was fairly terrifying.

"That conversation made me afraid of overacting my part; so that when the physician

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again made his visits I appeared less stupid, although I remained perfectly quiet, refusing to talk, and apparently as incapable as ever of using my mind.

"'She is not idiotic,' he said, to the nurse; 'but she seems as crazy as ever; she'll be more quiet than formerly, I think.'

"I saw there was no danger of the nurse being allowed to have me removed to the idiots' ward, and my courage returned. I do not know that I could have borne that torture. There was a window in the hall, from which I could look down into the yard where they sat on sunny days playing with straws, lying about like sleepy animals, or crying in impotent agony like babes, but the sight was so fearful I never dared pause long to look at them.

"The opportunity of escape offered itself unexpectedly, after all my days and nights of anxious watching and plans.

"One afternoon, I was sitting on the piazza hemming a piece of coarse cloth, for I had some time before asked the nurse to give me work to do, not daring to trust myself to that frightful idleness; and the request was one too frequently made by patients to strike her as at all singular. So she gave me the sewing, and I was busily occupied with it, crouched down in the corner where I usually sat, and while my fingers moved slowly down the seam, my heart was beseeching God to have mercy upon me, and show me the means of release from that terrible place.

"As I sat there, my nurse came out on to the piazza to take down some clothes that had been hung over the railing to dry. While she was occupied in that way another woman joined her, and they began to talk.

"'I am going out for the afternoon,' said the former, 'just as soon as I put these clothes away.'

"'I want to go for half an hour,' replied the other; 'but I shan't get leave because I was out the day before yesterday.'

"'What do you want? Anything in particular?'

"'Yes, indeed. I want to go and bid my sister good-by, she's going to start for the West before daylight.'

"'Where is she?'

"'Only at my cousin Joe's, there on the turn of the Westtake road.'

"'Why 'tain't half a mile!'

"'I know that; but they won't let me go."

"'It's a shame, a body might as well be in jail as here,' replied my nurse.

"'Yes; and there's no knowing when I may see Sally agin—never, it's ten to one."

"'Well, Betsey,' replied the other, 'I'll tell you what I'll do! You've done the right thing by me many a time, and I'll be obliging in my turn. I'm going right away, and I've got the key to the side gate, so that I can come back when I like; now I'll put the key——'

"'Hush!' interrupted the other, pointing toward me. 'Can't she hear you?'

"'La, no! Look at her sewing away for dear life—she hasn't got the sense to understand if she did! I tell you, they'll all have to come round to my opinion in the end—she's going to be an idiot, and they might as well put her along with her kind first as last.'

"'It's a pity,' replied the other, who seemed to have a few instincts of humanity left. 'She's been here half her life, hain't she? I know it's ten years since I come, and she was here then.'

"'Never you mind, Betsey! She's been here long enough to show that she'll never have no more good of them poor brains of hern, and that's enough. I should think you'd ruther settle how you can see your sister——'

"'Mercy sakes, yes; but how?'

"'When I go out, I'll lock the gate after me and stick the key in a hole there is between the wall and the gate-post, on the left-hand side and just below the upper hinge—the hole goes clear through—it's too small to put your hand in, but you can run a stick in and ketch hold of the key. Now, don't forget!'

"'Indeed I won't, and I'm much obliged. If ever you want a thing of me, you've only got to ask.'

"'I know it. You're a good cretur, but kind o' weak with the patients, knockin' about does 'em good. Now remember, when you go out, shove the key back into the hole, and then we can get it from the outside.'

"'It's by the left-hand post just below the upper hinge?'

"'That's the spot—you can't miss it. 'Tain't a place that can do any harm, for it's only a little mortar knocked out, and I don't suppose anybody's noticed it; I found it by accident, and it's so handy to stick the key in that I hain't said nothing.'

"With those words, the woman took up the clothes and entered the house. Every syllable of their conversation was indelibly impressed upon my mind—I do not believe that even a return of insanity could efface them.

"I sat perfectly still. So great was the self-control I exercised, that I do not think my hand even trembled. I did not stir from the place for some time. I saw the nurse who had charge of me go down the yard toward the side gate.

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I knew the path perfectly well; it was an entrance not often used; to reach it you passed through the orchard, and the path was concealed from the house by a row of out-buildings.

"After a time, the other woman went sauntering down the yard. When I saw her disappear I crept up stairs. The woman Betsey was supposed to have charge during the absence of the other nurse, so I did not run much risk of being watched.

"I went into the room of my nurse, found a dark shawl, a straw bonnet, and a plain dress skirt. I took the bonnet in my hand, hid the shawl in the crown, and the skirt under my gown. Had any one observed me, no attention would have been paid, for I was accustomed to walk about the yard since my illness.

"In my turn I went down the path. When I was concealed by the buildings I put on the clothes I had taken. Had any of the keepers seen me, they would have supposed it one of the nurses and taken no further notice.

"I did not quicken my steps, walked quietly on through the orchard—the gate was in sight! I reached it, found the hole, and, picking up a stick, thrust it into the aperture. I could not feel the key!

"For an instant my brain reeled with agony—if the woman had thoughtlessly taken it with her! I tried again, and after a little search found where it was hidden and pulled it out.

"I unlocked the gate, opened it, passed through, locked it behind me, and restored the key to its hiding-place. From the instant that I breathed the free air without, a feeling of security came over me. I felt that God had heard my prayer—He would not allow me again to fall into the hands of my persecutors.

"I knew the road I wished to take, and my plans had been for some time arranged. I meant to go to the house of Dr. Wakeman, I knew that he would pity and assist me. It was a long walk—over thirty miles—I had to pass Redman's Run to reach it.

"I started, how I ever found strength to walk as I did I cannot tell, except it was that good spirits aided me that I might perform the work appointed.

"It was evening when I came in sight of the grounds about his—I mean Mr. Redman's place. I recollected everything at once—I had even a dim remembrance of the time I had gone there during one of my insane seasons. Except that one visit, I had not seen the spot for years, but it was familiar to me still.

"I knew there was great danger for me there, but I could not go on! I tried with all my strength, but there was a power on my soul stronger than my newly-regained will, which bade me pause. I went a little way from the road, sat down in a secluded thicket and tried to reason with myself, but it was in vain: the feeling which impelled me to enter those grounds would not be appeased.

"After a time I rose, took the path through the woods, and came out by the stream which cuts between the hills at some distance back of the house. I do not know that there was any settled resolution in my mind. I felt that it was necessary for that man and myself to meet once more. I knew very well the danger which I ran, but I had no fear.

"The twilight had deepened into evening when I reached the Run. I hid myself among the bushes and there I waited, able to think, capable of forming distinct plans, but powerless to move away and seek a place of safety, sitting there so still, with my eyes fixed upon the roaring torrent, that had I been discovered, my actions would have been considered a certain proof of my insanity.

"The night was warm for the season of the year. I wrapped myself in the shawl I had taken from the asylum and scarcely felt any chill, although I was trembling at intervals with a vague sense of some approaching crisis which I had been brought to that spot to witness.

"Many hours must have passed, but nothing disturbed my solitude. The trees shook in the night wind, the brook moaned at my feet, but there was no other sound to break the stillness. At length, I remember thinking that it must be midnight—my watching had been idle. I made a violent effort and rose to my feet, saying aloud,

"'This is only a lingering trace of madness; I have done wrong in giving way to it. If I do not continue my journey at once, I shall lose my reason again—I must go on.'

"I took a step forward—a horrible apprehension passed over me—my very hair seemed to stand on end! I could not move an inch farther—had my pursuers been standing at arm's length I could not have stirred.

"While that terrible feeling was upon me, I heard a crackling among the underbrush, I looked up and saw Charles Redman standing upon the bank of the stream. He could not see me—I stood still and watched him.

"The moon had come up bright and full—there were hazy clouds, but every object was as distinctly visible as if it had been day.

"I wondered if I should have to speak with

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him; if he discovered me I should assuredly be dragged back to my prison. I stood motionless, leaving my fate in the hands of God, too weak even to pray for help.

"For a few moments Mr. Redman walked slowly back and forth along the bank. He looked troubled and anxious, some subject full of pain evidently agitated him. I watched him with the feeling that a bird might have, fascinated by a rattlesnake, and as utterly incapable of forcing myself away from the spell of his influence.

"At length I heard another step upon the grass, and a man came out from the thicket and stood upon the bank of the stream. Mr. Redman did not hear his approach, and the man drew close to the path before he appeared to notice there was any one.

"When Mr. Redman saw him, he gave a start and put out his hand with a repellent gesture, and I could see his features work with anger and aversion. At that instant the man turned full toward the place where I was concealed—the moon burst out from between the clouds and cast its full light upon his face—I saw him distinctly as I see the persons in this room now, and his countenance was not to be forgotten, that of the young man who sits yonder guarded by the two officers."

At that instant there was a cry of agony from the bench where the witnesses were seated. Everybody turned with startled quickness toward the place.

I saw Prudence, half risen from her seat, her face ghastly white, and her arms extended with an imploring gesture.

"No, no!" she sobbed. "Don't say it, for God's sake, don't say it!"

They forced her down into her seat, and with another groan she crouched back, hiding her face in her shawl, and shaking from head to foot. The woman had scarcely looked at her, probably had not seen her face. She stood perfectly still until order was restored, then she made a movement to speak, and in a breath the same terrible stillness crept over the room.

"I saw that man," she went on, her voice taking a lower and more awe-stricken tone. "It is fearful to stand here and speak these words; but better that the guilty suffer than the innocent, whose safety depends upon the testimony that I give.

"For a few seconds neither Mr. Redman nor the other spoke. The young man turned toward him again with an insolent, defiant air, and Mr. Redman regarded him with the same look of scorn and suffering.

"'What do you want?' he asked, at length, in a low, hard voice, although every word that he then spoke, and every syllable of the conversation which followed, was distinctly audible.

"'Tell me what you want!' he repeated, when the other remained silent.

"'I wish to speak with you,' he replied, in a tone of forced calmness and indifference.

"'You can have nothing to say to me now,' answered Mr. Redman; 'I wish to be alone tonight, have the goodness to go away.'

"'I shall not go away,' he said, 'and I will talk with you. I am not a child to be frightened by looks or harsh words.'

"'No,' returned Mr. Redman, 'you are a bad, hardened man, you were never a child! You have been false and wicked all your life—you have sunk lower and lower in vice, till now you stand there, a criminal!'

"'Don't say that again!' he exclaimed, violently. 'I will not hear it——'

"'Is it not true?'

"'I don't perceive anything so terrible in what I have done.'

"'Then you think it perfectly honorable to sign another man's name to a check? You do not consider it a crime to commit a forgery?'

"'It was all your fault!' he broke out. 'You would not give me any money, you drove me perfectly furious, and you may blame yourself for the consequences.'

"'I never shall! I blame myself for not having controlled you when you were young; but of this last act I am entirely innocent.'

"'I had to have the money or be disgraced—it was a debt of honor that had to be paid.'

"'And to meet it you plunged into this guilt.'

"'I gave you fair warning that I would do it.'

"'You did not! I believed you reckless, but I never dreamed you would be guilty of a crime.'

"'I do not consider it so; it was a very different thing. You are my nearest relative, you have brought me up to believe your fortune mine; I wanted the money, you refused it, I signed your name to the check. I do not see anything so fearful in it.'

"'When a man's conscience becomes so seared that he could sign his uncle's name, his next extremity would lead him to forge that of another man.'

"'You do not believe me capable of it!'

"'I can't tell! You have disappointed me so—I can't trust you—there is not a principle of honor in your nature.'

"'You had the training of me,' cried he,

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trembling with a great fury; 'thank yourself for it—you are no better than I! What has your example been? What are you? A gambler, a libertine—don't talk to me, I won't hear it!'

"Mr. Redman clasped his hands above his head and groaned aloud,

"'This is punishment enough,' he muttered; 'the whole catalogue of my sins does not deserve a more fearful retribution than this!'

"'Will you tell me how you are going to settle it?' asked the other.

"'I don't know how!'

"'Well, it will have to be done.'

"'Do you still dare to address me in this insolent manner? Take care—take care! I have loved you deeply, borne much, but there is a limit to my forbearance. Heaven have mercy on you if you pass it, for from that moment you will have nothing to expect from me, I shall be your bitterest enemy, your sternest judge.'

"Those words roused the young man to a pitch of rage that was more like the raving of the lunatics I had left than the anger of a sane person. He shook his clenched fists at Mr. Redman, and specks of foam flew from his mouth as he bawled,

"'Do your worst; I'm not afraid! Turn against me if you will; but by the God above us you'll wish you had not! There never was criminal so reckless as I would be. I would torture your very life out!'

"'This vaunting does not terrify me; you have tried it too often; it has ceased to have any effect.'

"'For you to upbraid me!' continued the other. 'You are a fine specimen of a man to reproach me with anything that I may have done. Look back at your life! Do you think that its secrets have been kept from me? Why, I tell you, no matter how bad I may be, you are worse. If I were the vilest wretch that ever breathed, I should not be so degraded as you!'

"'Whatever my faults may have been, I was never a monster of ingratitude. All your life long you have known nothing but kindness and love.'

"'I don't ask it! I don't thank you for it! You are great at promises, but the fulfillment is less. You swore I should marry Alice Morgan——'

"'And your conduct disgusted her; she knew how vile you were.'

"By this time the passion of the two men was terrible to witness. Never, never did the wildest ravings of my insanity picture a scene so terrible.

"'I ask you one thing,' exclaimed the younger: 'will you settle this affair?'

"'No!' said Mr. Redman; 'no! Leave this place! I cast you off—disown you! Go to prison! to the gallows! I do not care; but from this moment hope nothing of me!'

"'Be careful what you do——'

"'Not a word—I will not bear it!'

"'And you will not help me out of this trouble?'

"'I will not!'

"'What shall you do? It is not much I ask. Nobody but yourself dreams the check was forged. The bankers merely wrote you that they had paid the money according to your check.'

"'I do not care!'

"'Again I ask, what will you do?'

"'Cast you off, I say! If you trouble me I will prosecute you—send you to prison!'

"'Is that your final answer?'

"'It is—I swear it!'

"There was an instant's silence. I heard nothing but the labored breathing of the two men. Suddenly, before I could move or think, the young one sprang forward. I saw him clench Mr. Redman—saw a knife gleam in his hand. He gave two quick thrusts—there was a cry—a groan—and Redman fell heavily upon the ground.

"The young man flung down the knife and ran away. Before I could stir I saw that youth come bounding down the cliff, stoop over his uncle and try to raise him. Then I gathered up my strength and went toward him.

"'He is dead!' I said.

"The youth did not appear to notice. Then I heard shouts and hurried footsteps. My only thought was of my own safety. If they saw me I should be lost, forced again to the asylum.

"I ran off through the woods, and left the young man leaning over the dead man. Once more started on my flight, I made no pause until I was miles away, and the morning had fairly broken. I stopped at a little farm house by the roadside and they gave me something to eat; but it was not the food that kept up my strength; it was the determination to escape which supported me; without that I must have sunk down hours before, and lain there until discovered.

"I reached Dr. Wakeman's house at length. He had believed me dead for years. There was only time to tell him enough of my history to enable him to recognize me, then my strength gave way completely.

"They carried me to bed and I lay there for

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weeks; not delirious or insensible, but simply unable to move or speak. I was too powerless to reflect much upon the murder I had witnessed, and what power of thought I had was so entirely centred upon other things, that I never remembered the danger that might await the youth I had left alone with the corpse of his relative.

"The physician himself has told you that it was only yesterday I learned what had occurred; after that I have known neither peace nor rest till I reached this place.

"I have nothing more to say. I came here to reveal the innocence of that young man. I have succeeded—my task is done."

After the woman had ceased to speak, I think there was silence for many moments. I was leaning forward, with my head hidden in my hands, still unable to realize that I was saved.

I knew the judge rose. There was much commotion in the court. I saw the jury go out, return, and heard the foreman speak. Then the people began to leave the court-room. I beheld Maurice led away between the two officers. I caughtthe last look of impotent hate which he cast back upon me.

I know there was a little crowd about me. Prudence's arms were around my neck. Mr. Grant was holding my hand, Mr. Morgan talking breathlessly, and a number of familiar faces divided in expression, between joy at my release and horror of the fearful tale they had first heard.

I know we passed through a side door, and entered an apartment off the court-room. They were all talking to me at once; I was trying to answer and to understand. Suddenly the door opened, and the woman whose evidence saved me entered the room, still accompanied by her faithful friend.

When Prudence saw her she groaned aloud again, and strained me close to her heart; then pushed me back, and, pale as a corpse, tottered toward the stranger.

She caught the woman's hand in hers, and cried, in a sharp, unnatural voice,

"Do you know me? Do you?"

The woman turned her hollow eyes upon her, looked keenly in her face for a moment.

"Yes," she answered, in her cold voice; "you are Prudence Winship."

"And you!" almost shrieked Prudence; "who are you?"

"When I had a name they called me Lucy Mansford."

A look like that on Prudence's face I never saw on any other human countenance. She slid slowly to her knees, her hands were raised, her eyes wandered from one to another, and words broke from her lips, harsh and struggling, as if pronounced without any effort of her own.

"Maurice Redman murdered his own father, and now his mother's evidence condemns him to death!"

We stood transfixed. In an instant the woman seized her in a vice-like clutch.

"He is my child," she whispered; "he is my child?"

"He is," again broke from Prudence's lips. She sank back upon the floor insensible.

There was a strange cry from the woman; then, before any one could stop her, she had darted through the door, and disappeared down the hall along which Maurice had been conveyed by the officers only a few moments before.

We raised Prudence, sprinkled her face with water, and she soon revived. Just as she opened her eyes the report of a pistol rang through the building. With a simultaneous impulse we all ran down the hall. The door of the room was open—an officer stood there, pale and horror-stricken.

I knew they said some words—they tried to stop me—I pushed past and entered the room. Upon the floor lay Maurice covered with blood, a dark pool already staining the boards around. As I looked there was a slight quiver of the hands, a convulsive movement of his body; then all was still.

Upon the floor beside him crouched the woman—the miserable mother. Her long hair had fallen loose, and was dabbled with blood; her hands resting upon the forehead of the corpse.

At the cry which rose she turned her face toward us—the eyes were blazing and wild, but the old smile parted the white lips still.

"Hush!" she said, in a warning whisper; "hush! you will wake the child! He is fast asleep—don't wake him—don't wake him!"

A merciful Providence had saved her from ever knowing the truth; she was irrecoverably insane.

CHAPTER XVI.

It cannot be necessary for me to give many further details of that fearful season, or of my after life.

That very evening they took me away. With Prudence and Mr. Morgan I went directly to New York; a few hours after I left the prison I was holding Alice to my heart, and her mother was weeping over us both.

After that time two whole years were spent in Europe; Mr. Morgan's family and myself

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traveled together, and old Prudence accompanied us.

At the expiration of those years Alice Morgan became my wife. There is little in tranquil happiness to record, as the story of our lives would possess slight interest. I went once to the house at Redman's Run—I dared trust no one to search my uncle's papers.

I found that all I had suspected was true—my father had placed money in his hands for my use, which he had appropriated to himself, and coined the story of my father's shame to silence my inquiries.

Freely I pardoned that—to me the first error appeared a thing easily forgiven, the after crime was only the natural consequence of the fault.

From Prudence I learned the particulars of Lucy Mansford's life.

She had been married, when young, to a friend of my uncle's; they were all in Europe together.

By some means the poor creature was enticed from her husband, and came in secret with my uncle to America. The exact truth Prudence never knew, but she proved that a dark mystery was hidden under the guilt—that the girl was innocent, and had been led by plots and force to accept her shame.

At all events, he took her to Redman's Run a half-crazed wreck, and entrusted her to Prudence's care. Maurice Redman was born in that house.

She grew constantly worse after the birth of her boy, and was at last sent to an asylum, where she dragged out twenty-five more years of her miserable life.

Prudence had long believed her dead, and all her former friends shared the delusion. The story of her disgrace had been hushed up. The exact truth was never suspected except by Prudence; the rest of the world had believed her guilty, condemned her; and though my uncle was readily pardoned, as a man always is in such cases, her memory was covered with obloquy and contempt.

She was never again returned to the asylum; we found her a refuge where she was well cared for, and during the remainder of her life her insanity was of a different kind. She was quiet and happy, believing always that she had her child with her, and retaining no recollection of her past trials, or of the terrible tragedy which had been the consummation.

The house at Redman's Run was torn down—I could not bear to leave that monument of guilt and misery standing. The estate passed into other hands; and, with the fortune which I found at my disposal, I made for my wife and myself a home far distant from everything that could remind us of the life gone by.

My tale is done.

The erring father and son sleep side by side near the place where the former met his death. Let us forbear to judge either. When the day comes that all secrets are laid bare, we cannot tell how many extenuating circumstances there may have been for each; but with saddened hearts let us, prayerfully and trustfully, leave all in the hands of Him whose judgment is not as the judgment of man.

THINGS OF BEAUTY.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

The wild-flower in the shaded wood,
  The coral from the sea,
The rosy-tinted singing shell,
  The busy, murmuring bee;
The snow-flake in the Winter time,
  Bright insects of the Spring,
The rainbow in the Summer sky,
  The fruits that Autumn bring;
The herd reposing on the green,
  Beside the water's flow;
The reaper, with his glittering scythe,
  The ready grass to mow;
The twittering brood, the busy hen,
  The pure and happy lamb
That nips (unconscious of its fate)
  The green blade by its dam;
The hanging rock, the quiet dell,
  The shepherd's peaceful home
Beneath the hoary mountain shade,
  Where safe his flock may roam;
While sheltered in the leafy tree
  The tiny birdling lies,
Its grassy cradle zephyr rocked
  Between the earth and skies;
The morning, noontide, twilight hour,
  The evening and the night,
How can I picture all the things
  That give me such delight!
The moon, the stars, the rising sun,
  And every living thing
Proclaim far more than I can do
  The glory of their King!
If things upon this changeful earth
  So lovely are to see,
Oh! in God's Paradise above
  What must the glory be?

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HOW FANNY LEE'S PRAYER WAS GRANTED.

BY ANNIE BREWSTER.

"Heart and head beat through the quiet,
Full and heavily, though slower;
In the song, I think, and by it,
Mystic presences of power
Had up-snatched me to the Timeless, then returned me to the Hour."—MRS. BROWNING.

FANNY LEE leaned out of her bedroom window and looked up through the vine branches of the "moon-opened woodbine," whose sweet blossoms rested on her fair, young forehead. The bright moon shot in slyly soft beams, and here and there in the steel blue sky glimmered out the trooping stars.

Fanny drew a long breath. She had just finished reading Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Bronte, which lay on the broad window ledge beside her; and in her hand she held "Jane Eyre," which she had taken down from her book-shelves to look over, after she had finished that sorrowful biography, which almost every one wishes had never been written, even those who comprehend it—and very few of those there are—for the honestly indignant woman who wrote it, seems scarcely to take in all the sorrow which she tells with such shuddering sympathy.

Yes, few women—and thank God for His mercy that they are only few—understand and see all the true misery of that life; and this is only when in their own lives—hidden it may be—lies the key, for which they have paid a fiery, costly price; and they lay down the book with contracted hearts and glazed eyes, saying,

"Better have been quiet. What use the telling of it? It does not help one weary-hearted sufferer."

But Fanny did not feel thus.

"A narrow ken
Hath girlhood 'twixt the sun and sward,
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then."

The sorrow of that life was beautiful to her, because of its glorious fruit of fame.

"Oh! to write such a book as Jane Eyre!" she exclaimed.

And she rested her head on the deep window casing and looked off into the distance, where, between the trees at the foot of the garden, glistened the waters of the winding creek. The surface of the stream, though shining, was unbroken, and on it lay mirrored the exact reflection of the opposite shore—the picturesque outline of some old pine trees, and the tower-like chimney of a factory, from which streamed a white column of smoke, that rose graciously into the sky, then toppled over, and fell off into feathery bits, floating here and there like tufts of down from a flight of swans—it made a perfect circle that shadow of the reality—as shadows added to the real often do.

The village clock struck one. Fanny did not hear it. Her thoughts were busy with the various sorrows and trials of the romance-like life of that family, who lived life's history solemnly, acted it seriously, and wrote it earnestly.

"But even all that trouble," said the dear, innocent girl with sweet seriousness, which she, in her girlish ignorance, thought was true philosophy and most excellent wisdom; "but even all that trouble seems glorified, and surely not hard to bear, when one possesses the consciousness of such mind-gifts as they all possessed. Yes!" she exclaimed, with that solemn earnestness which seems always to be heard—"yes, I could bear all that she did to be like her. Oh! I should not care how much I had to suffer, if I could only have granted to me such a destiny, such a result!"

And she floated off into dreams and visions of future greatness, while the moon, and stars, and soft waters, and sweet west wind breathed their night-chorus around her. While she was repeating again and again the same solemn declaration, she thought she saw an angel standing beside her. It caused her no surprise, although it had glorious wings that shone in the moonlight with a silvery violet hue, and on its head glittered a circlet as clear and shining as the foam-bells of the little meadow stream, when it danced over the old tree roots in the swamp.

"You could suffer as much, and are willing to pay that price for what she gained?" the form seemed to ask. "Weigh well your answer, for upon it may depend your future life. Such prayers as yours, such declarations, uttered with such earnestness and faith, always reach heaven, and rarely fail to be

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granted, when the one who makes the demand has sincerity and courage."

Fanny tried to think; tried honestly to weigh the suffering in the balance against the fame, then replied,

"Yes, I could bear all to be like her."

"This is your belief and wish?" repeated the angel.

"It is!" responded the girl, solemnly.

"So be it," answered the fading form, "I shall see you again when it shall be accomplished."

The village clock struck three, and Fanny awakened. The moon was near its setting, and was struggling with faint, dying light through the heavy masses of clouds which were tossed and rifted by the gusty wind. The garden was dark and gloomy; the water picture had vanished, and the factory smoke that had laid like liquid marble on the sky, was now blowing madly up and flying here and there, as if summoning every storm spirit to the alarm; scarcely a little star could be seen, they had all hidden behind the heavy hillocks of clouds. Fanny felt chilled through and through, and shivering she arose, closed the window, lowered her light, and crept off quietly to bed, thinking much of her very strange dream.

For days, and weeks, and even months it seemed to haunt her; but at last it faded from her memory; and no wonder, for a gay and happy life surrounded her. It was not a life of her own making, for she was neither brilliant nor beautiful on the surface, and, therefore, would never have arrested the fast-flowing current of society long enough to make ripples of admiration around her. But that huge log, wealth, was hers, and she, like a rare, but unknown plant, grew on its decaying bark, at the root of the goodly tree of another's public position, and while the tree rose up stately, and waxed strong, becoming ready for the axe of the workman, her little flower-like life basked in the rich sunlight, and breathed the fragrant shade, and dipped in the brilliant waves that swept around her.

She enjoyed her prosperity to the full. She grew cultured by intercourse, with not only master minds, but with the objects of beauty and luxury that wealth, or distinguished position—which is as powerful as wealth—commands Art as a handmaiden to bestow. Her stand point was in the world, she stood on one of its most dizzy heights, she blended herself with its fashions, she enjoyed its luxuries, and her energies often felt the influence of its soft, subtle crush, while she willingly veiled from herself all knowledge of its falseness and folly.

But the tree had reached its destined size—the axe was put to its root, and it was cut down, and then, in the rush and hurry that followed, the huge log was dislodged and swept off, and the little flower became known and needed—then followed its real culture for life use.

Death came, followed slowly by sorrows of many kinds: but first the death of those she leaned on and trusted in most. To seek consolation, she visited lands famous in the history of Art and Poesy, and over whose beautiful hills, and in whose glittering atmospheres, seemed to hang resplendent, in shining letters, what she valued most, the names of the great, and the good, and the gifted who had dwelt there.

She visited the grand, old Southern Europe; and as she trod its classic grounds, she lived over in fancy that beautiful Italian world of the far off past—which was everything to those gay Greeks and voluptuous Romans—their glittering pleasures, their mad races, their luxurious baths, their exhibitions at the amphitheatre, their intellectual sensuousness of epicurean meditation or conversation, in beautiful academic groves, where the refined philosophers set themselves apart in all the pride of mental opulence, and said, "Our world is better than the world of other men and women—let us drink our sweet Lotus draught alone and float on;" all this she remembered, and pondered over as one looks on a beautiful picture in a river.

In the midst of her short, luxurious life, in the succeeding season of her first trials, she had often attempted to give utterance to the vague, beautiful thoughts, or "shadows of thoughts" that floated in her mind, like the amethystine mists which hang over Alpine mountains. But she never satisfied herself. She worked with "patience, which means almost power," and had some little success, but it was not a success that pleased her. It seemed to her, also, as if she only

> "Played at art, made thrusts with a toy-sword,
> Amused the lads and maidens."

She felt she needed something, she knew not what. It was richer color that her sketches wanted. Her pencil had to be dipped deep into her own heart to find the rich flesh tint that would give life to her writings. And yet any one that knew her then would have thought she could not bear much more discipline. Her character seemed tender and yielding; yet it was only the thin layer of soft earth over a hard bed of rock. Her first griefs had almost over-

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whelmed her, but it was the bowing down that rises up with renewed strength.

The human heart is like a young horse—very restive under the first spur of grief; but it submits at last as to a superior force, when it finds that the evil is unending and inevitable. It softens down its fiery grief, and not only yields, but accepts its griefs quietly; first violent exasperations fall into the exhaustion of despair, or reckless indifference; then follows a courageous calm anxiety; then a still, resolute sadness. Pegasus is reined and bitted and moves on kindly in the harness. If it were not so, the best and truest lives would end before their duty was accomplished—the duty of learning their own life lesson and making it useful to themselves and others.

Troubles thickened, sorrows accumulated; worse than death enveloped her—shame, bitter, mortifying shame. She trod with throbbing anguish over the red-hot plough-shares spread in her path with a mute endurance, and sometimes her innocent, sorrowing wonderment grew Job-like, as it looked on the apparent injustice of her lot. She had always been pure, upright, just, and tender, and as soon as she had awakened to her life work, she lived it in earnest. But her life grew more and more sorrowful. Her straight path of duty had not only common sorrows, it even laid over the misery of others; but she walked it, nevertheless, for her obedient spirit knew no other road.

She showed woman's noblest womanliness in facing quietly and bravely the inevitable. Even those who loved her, gave her only the dark side of love—that other part of the round, which is not lighted by the blessed sun of confidence and understanding—jealousy and mistrust.

Falsehood and slander even attacked her, but she trod down the lies, and walked boldly and with a meek, womanly pride over them—yes, highly and holily; but though her strength seemed like an inspiration, the fang of the evil struck in at her woman-heel, and the mortal misery rose silently, but surely, and gnawed away like a serpent's tooth unseen at her heart, for the wound was that from which the heart never recovers, the falseness, and ridicule, and wrong from those she had trusted in and loved!

Even bitter poverty came, and she had to write for bread, without striving any longer to attain to the height of her former beautiful ambition, fame; and the sorrow and sickening she felt over her works grew greater, for they seemed

"To taste of common grain not grapes."

She drank deep of every human ill. She fulfilled Epictelus' epitaph,

"Poor, and sick in body—but beloved by the gods."

Human power to work injustice, and human feebleness to right the wrong seemed unending; and at last the oppressed humanity within her hopelessly turned its glazed, despairing eyes to heaven for relief, and it came. She laid her down to die in silence, without, as she said to herself, having writ one book, one living line, whose sound could catch, for one instant, the world's ear.

A few friends—very few—stood near her, and as one closed her blank gazing eyes, after the soul had left the poor body, she said,

"We must not mourn for her—at last she is at rest."

"Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

And they all turned away from the silent, forlorn clay with wonder in their thoughts, and gazing at each other unuttered questionings, while they strove hurriedly to pick up their own interrupted life-thread.

As her released spirit soared up from the worn-out body, she saw beside her the same shadowy form that had visited her on that sweet moonlight night of her far off youth.

"I told you you should see me again, when all should be accomplished," it said. "Look!"

She turned and looked back on her own former little world. She saw there her books famous, and her life that had been so dark and sorrowful, brightened and ornamented with every garland and gift of praise that tardy fame could bestow. She leaned against the angel's silvery violet-hued wing, and gazed from this earthly fame on to a little heap of dust, her poor earthly body. She remembered all the throbbing pain it had endured, the aching horror that had dwelt in that brain. She turned to the angel pleadingly, and said in a tone of self-reproach,

"Was it worth all that sorrow?"

"No!" replied the form, "it was not. But a Wise Power directs all earthly desires, when innocently erring, to a right end. You asked for earthly fame with honest, enthusiastic ignorance; but you asked for it influenced by noble motives. You have gained it. You see how worthless it is. But in working out that, you have gained a greater thing, this——"

"Fanny! Fanny! are you sleeping yet?"

The village clock struck eight as her mother's voice aroused her, and from the open window came in the broad, warm light of the mid-

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summer sun, the hot hum of busy insects, and the shrill song of her bird.

"You naughty girl," said her mother, as in pushing back the shutter some books fell to the floor, "here on your window ledge is 'Jane Eyre' and 'Mrs. Gaskell.' You were reading late last night. Shame on you! I thought you promised to be up early, and have the jelly made and those peaches candied before I should be awake."

Fanny sprang out on the rug, and throwing her arms around her provoked, but indulgent mother's neck, said in a low, startled voice,

"Oh! I have had such a dream!"

"To be sure you have had a dream. All young girls who sit up late over novels do have dreams," replied her mother, hastily. "But never mind your dream. Plunge into that bath I have drawn for you, and let the fresh, cool water waken you up. In a half hour the prayer bell will ring, and do try to be ready."

"But mother," said the half-awakened girl, "just wait—and let me tell you—I shall forget it all."

"Oh! I have no time to listen to your dreams, my child. You know your father has to leave for S—— at half-past nine, and I have his carpet-bag to pack. By the time you are as old as I am, my daughter, you will learn to pay little attention to novels, and less to dreams, or I am much mistaken."

And she closed the bedroom door with a fresh animated injunction to "make haste."

Fanny took her mother's advice in regard to the bath at least. Make haste she could not, for she was in such a dreamy state, that her spirit seemed only half-returned to her body, and she went through her dressing mechanically, and in a vague, mystified wonderment. As she wound the massive braids of her rich golden brown hair around her head, she looked dreamily out of the window on the waters of the creek that were now dancing merrily along, breaking into a million sparkles under the brilliant morning sunbeams, and thought of her strange, vivid, life-like vision, for dream she could not call it. Her senses grew gradually stronger and stronger under the invigorating influence of cold water and fresh air, and as she attempted to dwell on the mysterious memory, it seemed to recede farther and farther off, and at last

"Fade into the light of common day."

But a meek stillness came over her, and when she knelt at the morning prayers, a voice went up from her heart asking for a blessing on the present, while her thoughts turned prayerfully away from all wishes and questionings for the future.

And that prayer was also heard.

SAPPHO IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

A BARK flew o'er the foaming sea,
  A maiden watched its flight;
Her cheek grew pale, her brow grew red,
  Her frown like dark midnight.
The wind blew fresh—the gallant bark
  Fled Eastward from the isle;
The maiden dried a bitter tear,
  And smiled a bitter smile;
Then wildly struck the harp she held—
  "Farewell! false love of mine;
Lament who will for broken vows,
  I'll ne'er lament for thine.

Once, once before, with bleeding heart
  I saw thy good ship go;
Unaided then, by earth or Heaven,
  I bravely bore my woe.
With many a prayer I blessed the sail
  That sped thee o'er the foam,
As night by night I watched the star,
  That lit thy pathway home.
But now, although I will not ban,
  I bless no sail of thine;
Whatever prayers arise for thee,
  Thou'lt have no prayers of mine.

Did Duty call, did Honor claim,
  That thou from me shouldst range?
Ah! no—the tyrant's thirst for power,
  The rover's love for change.
But days will come, when thou will rue
  That I was left to pine;
Not all the power that tempts thy flight,
  Can buy the love like mine.

Go! false and cold—with ready smiles
  Another heart betray;
May it, like mine, with ready scorn,
  Thy worthless vows repay.
My faithful harp is left me still,
  The laurel crown is mine!
And weep who will for broken faith,
  I'll weep no more for thine."

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BETTER THAN A KING.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A GREAT gray kitchen—gray, for it was night, and the two candles did not send the flame very far; a wide-backed settle; a smell of herbs drying somewhere; a cat on the hearth; a soft, warm breeze coming in from the west windows; the sound of rustling leaves; a country maiden holding in her hand a brown book, whose yellow pages smell of age; a handsome peasant listening. There's a picture for you. Ralph, his name—Maud, hers.

"And so," read Maud, preparing to shut the old book, "the king and queen lived happily forever after."

Maud was a merry girl, and the village teacher. She gave the farmer's children lessons in spelling and arithmetic, and taught them to hemstitch and gather. Her own store of knowledge was somewhat limited. Ralph used to watch her as she sat, her bright brown hair tucked behind a little cap, her blue eyes tender with feeling, and her rosy lips parting often in smiles. Ralph himself was no common specimen of manhood. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with a pleasant countenance and the best of hearts. He had but one failing, he was too fond of the tap-room, and it promised to be a growing evil with him.

"I wish I was a king," said Ralph, one night, after his attention had been chained by a glowing story.

"You are happier as you are, Ralph," returned Maud.

"Oh! no; I don't like work—that is, work that wears one out and makes one so tired," was his reply. "Kings must be blessed mortals—free from all care—no one to say them nay—no work to do—all pleasure, all happiness—yes, I wish I was a king."

Maud looked at him, and he did not see her, for his eyes were building castles, and his face was in the shadow. Maud admired him in her heart, "What a beautiful head he has got!" she thought to herself, "and what long lashes!" Then poor Maud sighed a little, for she did not like to think.

The next day, busy at his hoeing, with perhaps a little pain in his good, broad shoulders, he said again, "Yes, I wish I was a king. It seems to me I was not born to be a farmer. How tiresome it is to hoe! It makes one hungry too. Well, dinner will soon be ready, and then—I shall only have greens, and beef, and dumplings, while kings live on the fat of the land—aye! and the ocean too, as for that matter.

Presently the horn sounded. Ralph hastened to obey it. He met Maud, who held his little brother and sister by the hand.

"How tired and heated you look!" she said.

"Yes, I'm both," he replied.

"Still want to be a king, I suppose?" she said, archly.

"Yes, indeed. I wish I was a king," he answered.

"Poor Ralph!" she said, pitifully, and passed on. The great kitchen looked cool, for the floor had been washed and sanded. The apple boughs outside shaded the nice windows; the paper curtains rattled; the board was spread with sweet bread, homemade, and goodly rows of smoking dishes. Ralph washed his face in a great pan of clear, cold water, and for a moment felt grateful and refreshed. But still he was not happy, not even with the pretty face of Maud smiling opposite.

"It is nothing for you to sit in a cool room and teach the children," he said, after dinner, in reply to some remark.

"If you were to try it once," she said, good-humoredly, "you would want to get back to your potato hoeing."

"What, is it really hard work, then?" he asked again.

"It is not easy by any means," was the reply.

"But you always look as if you were easy enough."

"Because I have learned to be contented," was the reply. The answer echoed in Ralph's brain as he walked off: but for all that he did not stop wishing that he was a king. That afternoon he paid a visit to the tap-room. It was very sultry, and, as he sat in the pleasant apartment, he thought the beer never tasted better. Suddenly, as he was raising the mug to his lips, there appeared a grotesque face on the top, and as it looked at him it winked and smiled mysteriously. As Ralph gazed in wonderment the face grinned more broadly, and said with quick words and sharp voice,

"Want to be a king?"

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"Yes," said Ralph.

"Set me down then and wait," was the response.

He set the mug down and closed the lid. A strange feeling came over him. He was helpless, but felt himself lifted and borne aloft. It was not long before consciousness came back to him. He opened his eyes—his wish was granted—he was a king. What splendors surrounded him! He was lying on a stately couch, all gold and silver and delicate net-work. The morning seemed to have dawned, and yet there was no stir in the royal household. As far as he could see he was dazzled. Chairs of velvet, gilded and carved, chairs of silk and satin, pictures behind hangings of crimson lustre, ornaments exquisitely fashioned, all beauty and profusion. He lay there wondering dreamily until a silvery sound smote his ear. In a few minutes his courtiers surrounded him, each seemingly ready to assist him.

"Well, this is not very pleasant, not to be master of one's own limbs," he said, to himself, as one placed this garment, and another that, so that by the time he was dressed he was so weary that his frame ached with the endless pulls and pushings; for though all things were done politely, and not without much compliment, still he did not feel like a free man. Besides he had a sense of weariness which he could not account for, a dull pain in the head which was very hard to bear, and a sensation of great fatigue.

"Your majesty must have ridden too hard yesterday," said one of the courtiers.

"Your majesty drank wine too late at the supper, last night," said another; from which he gathered that probably he had been toping.

He sat down to a sumptuous service alone, his courtiers ranged around him. A glass of wine was poured out, for he felt as if needing something to steady his shaking nerves. Suddenly, as he raised it to his lips, he shuddered. An unearthly thrill ran through him.

"Bring the taster," he cried, as from some new impulse. A slender, beautiful youth came near—he tasted the wine—he turned pale, staggered, and was borne away. The wine was poisoned.

"If this is one of the penalties of station," said the king to himself, "I had rather go back to my ploughing;" but the matter was not so easy; a king he was, and a king he must be till he had thoroughly learned the lessons of royalty.

Why should I give the day's experience, save to say that at night he was a jaded and worn-out king? And as he possessed a double consciousness, he wished from his heart that he could go back to the old farm and hoe potatoes again. A hunt was arranged for the next day; that the king thought might be a source of some pleasure; at any rate, the hedge of etiquette by which he was environed would be somewhat broken down. They were off as early as strict court rules would allow, and the king felt a wonderfully exhilarating influence as the cool wind blew across his temples, and he saw the early dew glistening on the hills and the fields. They passed a little school-house. In the doorway stood Maud, looking like a bright rose. The king scanned her curiously. Surely he had never half noticed her before. He stopped, smiled, when she in a sudden terror turned away, her cheek blanching, and hurried within the school-room.

"Are even the innocent girls afraid of me?" thought the king. "My reputation must have been a bad one. Well, I'll not force her to notice me; of course she doesn't know—how should she? But I declare, I never saw that Maud was so pretty before. There isn't a lady at the court so fresh and handsome."

Presently they were away off chasing the deer. "Well, this *is* fine sport," thought the king; "after all, it isn't so bad to be at the head of a great nation, if we can once in a while have such good times as this. What! ho?—what is the matter here?" he cried out, as the man next to him, one of the first officers in the kingdom, reeled and fell from his saddle.

They picked him up and examined him sorrowfully. The man was dead. There was, however, a shout heard not far off—they had found the murderer and now brought him forward.

"What didst thou do this for?" questioned the king, angrily.

"The arrow was designed for thy treacherous self," replied the forester.

"Hear him!" shouted the king, his anger stirred; "take him away and have him dealt with. We'll have thee broken on the wheel, sirrah."

"If I had only performed my mission I should not have cared," cried the audacious fellow.

And now the king was in misery all the time. He started at a shadow, almost at a tree, thinking it might be an assassin; he looked warily round upon his courtiers. In more than one face he read treachery, and their fawning manners disgusted him. "Truly there is no safety out of a potato-patch," he said, mournfully. "Would I were Ralph the farmer's boy again."

A week passed by, and they wanted him to marry.

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"Whom shall I have?" he said, partly to himself; but one of his ministers heard him and stepped before him.

"May it please your majesty," he said, "proposals have been sent from the king of Spain, who wishes an alliance formed between your majesty and her royal highness."

The king listened astonished.

"But we have never seen her," he said; and then the prime minister went into a long discussion concerning reasons of state, till the king was weary and came very near falling asleep. "Plague take all kingdoms," he thought to himself, "if these are the trials that beset the man who sits on a throne. They won't even let me marry whom I please. Not content with dressing me, feeding me, trying to poison and to shoot me, they must needs put a wife beside me whom I don't know, or care anything about. I won't be led by the nose in this way, if I am a king."

So he thought of a plan which was to disguise himself, and take a journey to Spain that he might see his future wife for himself; "And if I don't like her," he quoth, "nothing shall force me to have her." He had not ridden a mile with his few attendants on his new journey, before he met a procession. He had forgotten that it was May day, and here were the village maids turned out to celebrate the happy time. Leading them was Maud, the favorite Queen of May. Did she ever look so pretty before? Her kirtle snow-white, her cap replaced by a little hat of chip, from under which hung her beautiful brown curls, and on which was placed a lovely wreath of newly-opened roses. All pleasant breezes seemed to blow around her, and the exquisite scents of the flowers emanated from her queenly little person. There was a wonderful brilliancy in her eyes, her cheeks were red, her lips parted in happy smiles, her whole being seemed an incarnation of the season.

"That is one of the prettiest creatures I have ever seen," said a courtier to the king. But his majesty was pale and moody. He had felt his whole heart go out toward dear Maud, sweet Maud, whose hand he had taken so often in his own without one quickening pulse, and he was angry that he had not noticed her charms before. The impulse was strong upon him to call her by her name, when he first saw her; but he thought of his new estate, of his courtiers seated beside him, and the proceeding seemed undignified. As he went on his way, however, he sighed so frequently as to attract the notice of his attendants, who smiled at each other, but wisely kept their opinions to themselves.

The king was utterly disgusted at the sight of his Spanish *fiancee*. He found her high-nosed, thick-lipped, and merciless with her tongue. Be it known that she took pains to appear to the least posssible advantage, because she had some little private project of her own in hand, which this marriage would effectually break up.

"I don't like her," said the king.

"But reasons of state?"

"Hang your reasons of state!" cried he, like a bluff, jolly old farmer; "I tell you I won't have her, and there's an end of the matter!"

In vain the chief advisers talked of policy, of defeat, of the thousand and one things that might happen if he would, and that wouldn't happen if he didn't. He turned a deaf ear to it all, for there was but one image in his thoughts —the image of pretty Maud, the May Queen.

"I'll have her or none," he said to himself.

After awhile, however, his ministers and courtiers teased him so, that he reluctantly gave them a hope that ultimately he might accede to their wishes. Meantime he had as much as he could do to keep on the alert against those who he was sure were thirsting for his life. His head was filled with state papers, petitions, and the myriad cares that he was far too conscientious to throw off. Only once he descended from his dignity, and managed to escape the notice of the jealous eyes watching him on every side; and, donning an old shirt, marvelously like the one in which he hoed potatoes, he went shyly into the town where was the homestead of an old farmer he had called his father. Breathlessly he stood at the window of the little school-room. There was nobody there, for the scholars had been dismissed. There was her seat, however: the chair with the claw feet that had been loaned from the best room at home. There was her desk with her inkstand on it, and the pen her fingers had used. There was her coquettish little black silk apron hanging upon a nail. Oh! how mute but suggestive were all these things! They spoke of her presence. Should he go farther? Yes, he *must* see Maud, she who possessed his whole soul; so off he went, and was passing that identical potato-patch, when he saw a sight that almost turned him into stone. There, under the shadow of the one grand old apple tree that stood alone in the field, sat Maud, leaning against the trunk; while, bending over her, with a world of love in his dark eyes, stood the counterpart of himself, Ralph, the farmer's boy, speaking eventful words. Then Maud glanced up, her gray eyes

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beaming an answer in the honest face, the blush mantling her delicate skin, her lips like scarlet threads, and both were happy. But the sight filled the poor *pseudo* king with rage. He hurried back almost like a madman, cursing himself for his foolishness in giving up real for imaginary happiness. He astonished his courtiers by a greater want of good manners—for a king—than ever, and grew harsh and morose, so that there were serious thoughts of putting him out of the way in some manner. At last his folly reached to such a pitch, that he declared he would have Maud, the schoolmistress, before any high-born lady in the land; and he gave orders, secretly, that she should be captured and brought to the palace. This was easily done, for in those days the word of a king was law in such cases, and men dared not sue for justice. The pretty, innocent Maud was taken from her school and forced away she knew not whither. Half-frightened to death, she was set down by the king's palace, and then conveyed by a private entrance to one of the most magnificent apartments in the whole mansion. As the poor child stood there, pale, indignant, frightened, yet wondering at the splendors on every hand, several persons attired with the utmost elegance entered, bearing caskets on salvers, which they deposited on ivory tables. Then came women also habited regally, holding rich brocades embroidered with jewels. These they spread out till every couch gleamed with rare and sparkling beauty. But poor Maud stood restless, excited, and unhappy. What did all these shows mean? All horrible things which she had read thronged her imagination; she trembled, and tears filled her eyes. Presently she heard soft music, then doors opened, and the king, magnificently appareled, entered. Maud started back with fear in her looks, but his majesty gently advanced.

"Sweet maiden," he said, "those who have found favor in the king's eyes should not shrink in his presence. We have long known your virtues, and often dwelt upon your beauty. Come, therefore, and share our throne, for we offer you honorable marriage."

Abashed, surprised, Maud stood looking upon him in strange bewilderment. The king woo her, the peasant's daughter? Impossible; she must be dreaming.

"Oh! your majesty, let me go home," she cried, imploringly. "I am but a simple peasant girl, who, having through favor received a better education than falls to the lot of my peers, your majesty may think deserving of greater favor. But, I assure you, I have no wish to leave my humble home—my lowly lot contents me."

"Your words but make me more desirous to call you mine," replied the king, trembling now with eagerness and fear. "I know your station, and your modesty enhances your worth. My word is law, and it has gone forth that the beautiful Maud, the sweetest maiden in all the kingdom, shall be my own lawful queen."

"Oh! most gracious sire," cried Maud, her face growing white, "you surely will not put such an edict into effect without my sanction. Consider that every maiden should have the right of disposing herself, and I—I—am——"

The rich color had rushed back to her cheek; her eyes were downcast. The king waited frowningly; she looking up and seeing no mercy, ran and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh! your majesty," she cried, and her voice was choked with tears and maiden shame, "my word has passed. I love and am betrothed to an honest farmer; I would rather be his little wife than a queen. Do not force me to be miserable—to break Ralph's heart—oh! sire, be merciful—be merciful!"

The king turned his face away. He was half-crazed with anger at his own folly—with his passion. Yet how could he resist that gentle voice, those pleading eyes, and be a man? He lifted her, and before speaking threw open the lids of the boxes that stood before her. She started back almost blinded with the brilliance of costly gems, diamonds, and precious stones, a wondrous collection.

"Maud, these shall be yours—they are fitting for my queen—these fabrics," and he pointed to the brocades, and tissues, and laces, "you will reign supreme in a heart that adores you; the half of my throne shall be yours; the hearts of millions; for all will love you. Maud, do not drive me to despair; seldom has monarch so pleaded."

But she stood steadfast.

"I do not prize the splendors, the jewels, or the throne," she said, with tremulous sweetness, "so much as one little word from my Ralph. Oh! sire, do not detain me, he is breaking his heart at my absence," and she wept bitterly.

The king grew hard, relentless, and cruel. His very soul seemed turning to adamant; murder was in his thoughts, for he hated the man she loved.

"No," he thundered—"no, again no! You are here, you are in my power, and here you shall stay." A scream so shrill, so ear-piercing sounded, that—well, rubbing his eyes violently,

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Ralph found himself sitting upright on the hard bench in the tap-room, and saw the bar-maid who laughed at the top of her voice.

"Such a scrimaging as ye must ha' been into!" she cried, as soon as she could regain her gravity; "'twas worth the price to Lancaster Fair jest to watch you're motions, man. What ha' ye been dreaming about, a fight or a bargain? Oh! it was sport to see ye;" and again she relapsed into a wilder peal of laughter.

Very slowly Ralph regained his scattered senses; but in his strange dream he had gained a now, a delicious experience. For when, as he neared his father's house, he met Maud coming from her school, his sleepy eyes grew bright with pleasure. She, looking down, only said, "Oh! Ralph, you have been to the tap-room again."

"Only promise me you'll love me, Maud, and I'll promise never to go in the tap-room again. Maud?"

She looked up. He remembered that glance—he had seen it in his dream—he knew now what she had known for a long, long time, she did love him. Maud often wondered afterward at Ralph's fluency upon the subject of kings and queens: but he did not tell her of his dream till long after they were married.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh! the cold, cold snow is falling,
And the old pine creaks and moans—
And the chestnuts 'neath my window
Utter weird, unearthly groans;
And I cannot help gray sadness
From shading Hope's fair bow,
For I have a little brother
Lying 'neath the frozen snow.

Out in the gloomy church-yard,
Deep in the rough, cold earth
He sleeps—nor smiles to welcome
The sound of Christmas mirth!
Mirth o'er the blazing yule-log,
Mirth in the ruddy glow;
Weep for my little brother,
Who lies beneath the snow!

His blue eyes dim and glassy,
His hair damp with the grave!
That shining hair which o'er his brow
Dropt in an amber wave!
My God! let down a rain of peace
Upon this drought of woe!
Oh! how the storm weaves o'er that grave
Its winding sheet of snow!

But ah! a thought, 'tis angel-winged!
Unto my grief is given!
My little brother's soul has gone
Up to a happy Heaven!
And God has crowned his waxen brow
With victory's palms, I know;
My little brother is not cold
Beneath the solemn snow!

THE SECRET.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Last night when the rosy twilight
On meadow and streamlet fell,
She came to my arms, my darling,
With a strange sweet tale to tell;
And nestling away in the shadows,
Lest the envious stars might see
How brighter by far were her shining eyes,
Than they ever might hope to be.

And lightly smoothing my braided hair
In her soft caressing way,
Said, "Alice, my darling sister,
I have something so strange to say;
You are doubly dear to-night, Alice,
The reason I cannot tell,
But I am very sure that never before
Have I loved you one-half as well."

Then the sobs she had smothered so bravely
In joyful tears ran wild,
And I kissed her blushing cheeks as she lay
In my arms like a happy child.
With her wet face hid in my bosom
The wonderful story came,
He had told her a dear, sweet secret,
And asked her to bear his name.

I knew that we were poor, while he
Had wealth and an honored name,
I knew of his manly worth and truth,
His genius and rising fame;
Then I laid my hand on her shining curls,
And felt with a glow of pride
The holy love of her warm, pure heart,
Fit dower for a monarch's bride!

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THE RULING PASSION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 389.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE Arnolds had sailed, taking Amy with them; Hagar was left entire mistress of the farm house, an honor which she undoubtedly made the most of. There is no describing the comfortable meals that she took *tete-a-tete* with her sable lover before the kitchen fire. Whether it was that the absence and consent of her mistress had made Hagar unusually confiding, or that Dan became more courageous with the house all to themselves, it is difficult to say; but certain it was that, in less than three days after the family left home, Hagar and Dan were an engaged couple, and fell into those pleasant confidences that make the month before marriage a pleasant forerunner of the veritable honeymoon.

Still there was some little mystery about Hagar's movements that Dan could not help observing—a sly way of putting things out of sight when he came in suddenly, and of turning her back toward him when at work, which was rather depressing to a newly engaged man, who thirsted for mutual confidence, thorough appreciation, and all that sort of thing.

This state of affairs lasted only one day in the kitchen; but the effect remained behind, for Dan was of a susceptible temperament, and tormented with these exquisite sensibilities that vulgar persons denominate jealousy. Just now, of course, all these feelings were ready to start into full grown life with the first provocation. The very day after Dan had been blessed with a promise of Hagar's fair hand, as he denominated that hard-working member which washed Mrs. Arnold's dishes three times a day, he went to Norwich, and was hailed, while passing the post-office, with news that a letter had just arrived, directed to Miss Hagar Dun, to the care of Mr. B. Arnold.

Dan took the letter with studied indifference, but his heart had given one leap at first, and then fell in his bosom like a lump of granite. Who but the black gemman, Peter, could write to Hagar—his Hagar? Perhaps the dandy negro had proposed in that very letter—what if Hagar should repent and look back with longing after a person who could offer her freedom, perhaps, with all the glory of a city life?

Dan ruminated in this fashion all the way home. Every ten steps he took out the letter, bent it into a tube, and examined the writing, not one word of which could the poor fellow have read, even with the help of a broken seal. Of course this process inflamed his imagination till every crudely formed letter, as he afterward poetically expressed it, was like a copperhead sent by that unprincipled negro to sting him in his happiness.

What should he do? Give the letter to Hagar, and thus immolate himself on the altar of a noble integrity? "Well," as Dan said, putting on his crownless hat with a dash, "he wasn't quite up to that, no how. Hagar was hisen, and hisen she should be in spite of a tarnal heap of crooked marks done up in that way just to tanterlize him."

So, with this indecorous, and, I grieve to say, immoral conclusion, Dan crushed the letter in his hand, and the hand deep in his trousers pocket, where he held on, as if determined to strangle every word it contained before the paper saw daylight again.

When Dan appeared before his betrothed, he was still crushing her letter deep down into his pocket, and there he stood, gazing upon her with a sort of mournful ferocity which set his eyes in a glare, and made his face blacker than ever.

Hagar observed this, and came toward him, rubbing a teacup hard with her crash towel, in a way that Dan took for defiance.

"Oh! Hagar! Hagar!" he cried, with a burst of indignant tenderness that made his thick lips quiver and his white teeth gleam.

"Why, Dan, what am it as 'stresses yer? Hearn anything 'bout our folks? Oh! my, der sloop is sunk! Dey have all gone plump to de bottom, ebery one on 'em. Gor Amighty hab mercy on us all, for we're poor niggers widout no master, no missus, nor nobody else ter tell us what ter do!"

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This outbreak in the wrong direction astonished Dan so completely that he stood more rigid than ever, with his usually sleepy eyes wide open, and his lips falling heavily apart.

"Where was it? When was it? Oh! Dan! Dan! Lub me now a'most ter death, for I hain't got nobody else ter 'spress 'fection for me."

Hagar dashed the towel down from her eyes, and, making a plunge at her lover, threw both arms around his neck, so full of genuine grief that she really was quite unconscious of her own tender demonstration.

The granite of Dan's heart melted within him; but as he attempted to withdraw his hand to return her embrace, that fatal letter rattled in his pocket and he was rock again.

"Miss Dun, will yer jest please ter rise from dis bussom? Yer fergets der blushing 'priety as is so facernatin' in de fair sect."

"Dan," cried Hagar, aghast, and blushing till she grew black as midnight in the face, "scuse me, I wasn't concentious of what I was a-doing; them deaths came so sudden I——"

"There ain't no deaths as I know on, Miss Dun, on'y there may be," said Dan, settling himself in his clothes, which had been slightly deranged by Hagar's embrace.

"No death! Then the sloop hain't sunk?"

"Not as I know on."

"No, no; den what has happened?"

"Nothin'!"

"Nothin'! And yer did this jest ter cheat me out ob a tender embrace. Oh! Dan!"

Hagar's eyes began to sparkle, and, taking the dish-towel which had just been doing duty at her eyes between both hands, she commenced to wring and twist it ominously.

"No, I didn't neither," said Dan, eyeing the towel askance. "It was you as offered; not I as asked."

"Dan!"

Hagar gave the towel an extra twist, and gathered both ends in her hand.

"Don't," said Dan, lifting his disengaged hand, "Hagar Dun, don't yer 'tempt ter obliterate de majesty ob de man yer goin' ter marry."

This was magnificently said, and Hagar's hand fell, dropping one end of the crash, which began slowly to untwist and resolve itself into a dish-towel again.

"Dan," she said, rendered almost breathless by his imposing look, "Dan, what does all dis 'mount to?"

"Nothin'," said Dan, towering with the grandeur of his conquest.

"Nothin'! Den what made yer look so?"

"I didn't look, no how."

"Dan, yer did."

"Yer mistook."

"No, I ain't. It's on yer face yit!"

"Den it's 'cause I'so 'stonished at dese unproper 'ceedings 'bout nothin'."

Hagar drew back quite crestfallen, and went to the kitchen table, where her dish-towel was put to its legitimate use again.

Dan saw her dejected air, and relented.

"Hagar," he said, drawing toward her.

"What am it, Dan?" was her meek reply.

"Dew ye lub me, Hagar?"

"Yer knows I duz."

"And nobody 'sides me?"

"Oh! Dan, how could I?"

"True 'nough," said Dan, drawing himself up; "but does yer?"

"Oh! Dan, if yer could but read dis bussom you'd see nothin' but yer own image and 'scription dar."

"But Peter?"

"Peter! I don't care dat for him!" cried Hagar, lifting her wet hand from the dish-pan, and snapping her fingers till a little shower of drops flashed over her lover.

"You doesn't, Hagar? Say dat 'ere agin, jest once."

"Not that!" cried the excited damsel, making her fingers crack again. "He's mean as pusley, dat ar nigger, Pete, and meaner too. Mind I says it."

"And if he was here now, don't say yer wouldn't speak to him," said Dan, artfully.

"Yes, I does say it."

"Fair and square?"

"Fair and square. Try me if I don't toe de mark, dat's all."

"And if he was ter write yer a letter all crinkle crankled over like a bush fence, would yer read it?" inquired the arch rogue.

"Read it! What, I? No, I rather think you'd find out!" she said, with emphasis, as if reading had been one of her lightest accomplishments.

"But yer'd kinder want ter know what was in it, now wouldn't yer?"

"Not a word! If that 'ere imperent nigger should dare ter sen a letter ter me, I'd chuck it right inter the fire, see if I wouldn't."

"Now, would yer?" said the sly scamp, hitching up his shoulders and striking a position, as if he were about to break into a double shuffle, while the hand crept about eagerly in his pocket.

"Yes, I would—thar!"

"Den, chuck dis 'ere varmint goes—dar!"

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The hand was jerked out of his pocket, Pete's letter flew into the midst of a bright blaze and flashed up the chimney, a black scroll fringed with scintillations of fire.

"Why, Dan, what am you 'bout?" cried Hagar, with her mouth and eyes wide open.

"Jest ter save yer de trouble of doin' it yerself, I've sent Pete's letter sky-high—he! he! he!—oh! golly, I'se so happy! Jest come to dis bussom, lubliest ob de fair sext, yer Dan 'aint gwine to derject yer from dat seat ob happiness agin no how. Lubly Hagar, don't look so skeered, I knows yer lub me—dat are letter am de proof—and I'se happy as a rabbit in snow-time wid a chunk of sweet apple under his nose, oh! Hagar!"

While Dan was uttering this speech, and approaching Hagar with the most insinuating tenderness, that remarkable female had been making up her mind and twisting the towel at the same moment. When he stooped gallantly to gather the sable roses from her hot cheek, her arm flew back, and crash came the twisted towel on his head, with a force and precision that made Dan dash into a break-down at once. Hagar, half crying, and yet shrieking with delight, prepared herself for another onset, but Dan, seeing her design, bolted through the outdoor and fled for the barn.

That night, I am grieved to say, Dan went supperless to bed, on the highest hay-mow that he could reach by desperate climbing, and Hagar, in her lonely room, had time to reflect that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and that, after all, she could not have read Peter's letter if it had reached her ever so safely. Then there was something that touched Hagar in the boldness of the burning, and the skill by which she had been led to almost authorize it. For the first time, our sable damsel began to feel a dawning of pride about her lover. Then thrills of fear set in, lest she had gone too far, and driven him quite away with her hempen flail.

All night long she listened for some sound of his return, but a dead stillness settled around her, and the heart in her honest bosom grew heavier and heavier, till she fell asleep with tears swelling under her black eye-lids. In the morning Hagar arose penitent and subdued—no fire in the kitchen—no Dan to fill her teakettle and grind the rye-coffee, while she prepared the substantial dishes and spread the table. This was very lonely after the devotion and tender courtship of the days that had gone before. Still Hagar hoped and watched; at every sound her heart gave a leap and fell back again, like a trout in its brook, but no Dan presented himself. Still, like a sensible woman, Hagar went on with her work; she cut the rosiest slices of ham for his eating, made the coffee as strong again as usual, and brought out a lump of the richest maple-sugar to sweeten it with. Still no Dan.

Everything was ready—the hot Johnny-cake, the ham, with its delicious flavor sending up its steam through a brace of fried eggs, that lay crisp and golden on each ruddy slice.

Hagar had no heart to eat her breakfast alone, so she covered the dishes, placed them in a warm corner of the hearth, and went forth in search of the lost one. A forlorn hope led her to the barn. If he had not taken shelter there what could she do? Perhaps her cruelty had driven him to desperation, and he had taken to drink and fallen into total depravity. It seemed an age since she had driven the poor fellow forth—quite long enough for a desperate man to work out his ruin, and break her heart with the knowledge of it.

With these penitent feelings Hagar entered the barn and looked sorrowfully around. Everything was still. A group of chickens picking up wheat, on the threshing-floor, was all the sign of life she could discover. But in a desperate hope she lifted up her voice and called out hoarsely,

"Dan! ho, Dan!"

No answer—nothing but a faint rustle of the hay far overhead. It might be a chicken building its nest, but the sound was not exactly like that.

"Dan, oh! speak, am yer thar?"

A more decided rustle, and out from the hay a dusky head, looking down upon her from a loft far up in the top of the barn.

"Oh! Dan, come down—come down—I'se so sorry, 'pend on't I'll never do it agin."

"Oh! Hagar, how could yer?"

"Come," said Hagar, rebuked by the tender reproach, and lifting her eyes imploringly upward, "come and see what I'se got for yer."

"Dat crash towel," muttered Dan, rubbing his wool dolorously.

"Oh! Dan, I'se 'pented ob dat in dust and ashes, I has, so don't fling it in my face no more. I'se cut one ob de new hams, and cooked dem eggs yer brought in last thing afore yer went ter town—and sich a Johnny-cake! Do come afore its cold!"

Dan waited for no more, but came scrambling down from the upper loft, his wool bristling with hay, and his face shining with smiles. At

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the second mow he made a halt, overtaken by a sober second thought.

"Hagar," he said, looking down upon her with benign fascination, "if I comes when yer calls me, and you should throw dem fair arms round dis neck, I should 'preciate it dis time, and no mistake."

Hagar waved her hand with great dignity.

"Don't yer mention it, Dan. I blushes all over at de 'membrance ob my indiscreetness—smudder dat thought in yer bussom, and come down to breakfast. It's getting cold."

Dan slid down the hay and lighted on the floor with a rebound. Then the two breakfasted lovingly together.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When the marriage of Laura de Montreuil was settled upon, her brother, always kind and over-indulgent, purchased one of those fine old mansions that are now almost swept away from the shades of New Haven, and fitted it up for her future home. With the quick look which accompanies refinement like his, he saw that the future bridegroom would be best pleased by a broad display of that wealth and elegance which it had always been his ambition to obtain. So he gave way to Laura's rather sumptuous taste, and out of the fine old mansion, with its grounds stiffly laid out with box borders, tall poplars, and groups of old-fashioned shrubbery, she wrought for herself and lover a sort of fairy palace. Silken and snowy draperies floated over the windows. Thick carpets yielded, like wood-moss, to the tread; chairs, sofas, and cabinets that might have graced the rooms of a court lady, gave imposing grandeur to the low-ceiled rooms and ponderous mantlepieces; andirons of bronze and glittering brass stood guard in each broad fire-place, and upon the upper leaf of the massive hall-door a ponderous brass knocker reverberated in announcement of each visitor as he entered the house.

If the house was cheery and sumptuous, certainly it was the more fit for that brilliant and queenly girl, who seemed born for a palace, and to be the sovereign of any hall she trod.

Laura, like many another loving and noble girl, could have made herself content in any place with the husband of her choice; but she was not the less in love, or the less charming, because the power of gathering objects of beauty around her existed to an almost unlimited extent. She had been accustomed to things of beauty all her life, and in her own nature was luxurious. But deep beneath all this lay a character so grand and strong that she could have flung all these outside belongings from her life without a sigh, had the real good of a beloved object required it.

But the luxuries which wealth gives are pleasant things, and love nestled in velvet is not the less love, if the spirit of self-sacrifice broods there even with folded wings.

With Laura life was full of superb happiness. Proud of her lover, glorying in his fine person and strong character, she worshiped where a weaker woman would only have loved. She exulted in the power of bestowing upon the princely man—for such he was to her—wealth and luxuries that a monarch might have been content with. If she could have gathered the rosy clouds of morning, and looped them above his couch with stars from heaven, she would have left the skies so much darker for his sake. His step, as it fell on the oaken floor of the hall, thrilled her like music; his smile fell upon her like sunshine on a rose, her cheek bloomed and her lips parted redder beneath it. The white eye-lids grew tremulous as they drooped to shade the happiness that sparkled beneath them. At such times love made her very, very beautiful.

Arnold was happy, too, after a fashion. Indeed, it may be considered doubtful if men like him, wax in principle and iron in self-love, can ever experience those sensitive regrets which wing every wrong with a pang to those of more sensitive natures. With his strong, hard, fervid character, to will was to be right, and every effort of conscience to reach his heart fell away unheeded as rain drips from the plumage of a bird, only touching the outer surface. He seemed cheerful, perhaps was so, for with the arrogance of a powerful organization, he looked with contempt upon the efforts of those less boldly gifted, and had cast all fear of consequences from his mind. Was that weak, pretty girl by the saw-mill at Yantic Falls to break up his magnificent fortunes; she who still blushed with pleasure if he but looked upon her? As for "the old folks at home," were they not chained to his wishes by their own exceeding love for himself? Besides, if they attempted any annoyance, was he not equal to the occasion? Arnold was a traitor, but never a coward. His sins were all strong and audacious. Money, pomp, and power were his ruling passion. To the shrine of that deity he was ready to lay down every honest affection, every honorable feeling. The glitter of life won his idolatry, its solid gold he trampled under foot, without feeling its value or regretting its loss.

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Thus Arnold was happy—if the last moments of such men can be called happiness—even in committing an act of domestic treason more cruel than that which has left his name black on the lips of posterity. His intellect was powerful, its perversion complete; while the feeble conscience, that sometimes fluttered through his better moments, was like a helpless bird beating its way through a storm.

Another man would have asked for a quiet, if not secret marriage; but to Arnold half his ideas of happiness lay in the eclat of a splendid festival, so, with his usual reckless daring, he sent out boldly and proclaimed his coming grandeur, by invitations far and near. With him success was nothing, if the world were not challenged to admire and envy.

When Paul de Montreuil returned from Norwich, bringing word that the whole Arnold family would come to the wedding, Arnold asked a few careless questions about his visits, and, among others, if he had seen anything of the Leonards.

Yes, Paul remembered seeing Joshua Leonard swinging some children in the minister's orchard, and having admired the pretty Amy as she came in from a supper-table under the apple trees, where she had been busy as a bee, her companions told him.

Arnold listened attentively, and a cloud came to his forehead. Did he wish to hear that Amy was pining herself to death? Could his clamorous self-love be appeased with nothing less than that?

Then Paul spoke of his own prosperous wooing, and the face of the hard man cleared up radiantly. What, a double marriage! would all the vast wealth of the De Montreuils pass into his own family? He had accomplished all this, and how? By sweeping aside scruples over which common men stumbled or stood still. How the man gloried in his own hardihood!

But Laura was happy as a bird of paradise. Hannah, whom she loved so, should be twice her sister. Paul bound to her and her idol by new ties, she could hardly believe in her own happiness, it seemed fabulous.

This was the state of things when the Maria Jane from Norwich put in at the long wharf, and its passengers made the way to the hotel, which was scarcely more than a nominal home to the younger Arnold. A sad and dejected party it was which presented itself before the good landlady. They looked more—as she afterward expressed herself—like people going to a funeral than a wedding, with such faces! all the lights she could put in her best room failed to render it cheerful. Then the young man was away, as usual, and she felt herself quite put about to entertain them.

True enough, Arnold was with Laura that evening, and a more perfect contrast between the dim room where the Arnold family sat, and the exquisite boudoir in which the young man was lounging away the last few hours of his single life, could not well be imagined.

Laura stood before him in her wedding-garments. The crimson curtains, sweeping over the windows, served that lovely picture as a background—the lights of a gilded candelabrum fell athwart her robe of thick white silk, and made the silver bouquets with which it was brocaded, glitter like frost work; diamond drops fell like dew among the white roses that crowned the sweep of her beautiful hair, and lighted up her stomacher in clusters of rainbow flame. The sleeves, which fitted close down to her elbow, terminated in a mist of lace, like that which left a scarcely perceptible shadow on her bosom.

From the rustling folds of her robe her little feet peeped out, with dainty satin shoes, balanced on heels that seemed cut from coral, and with rubies lying like frozen flame in the heart of each white rosette.

With his usual haste for gratification, he had urged her to don this dress, that he might know how beautiful she would be when the wedding evening came; why should he wait till then and share her presence with so many others?

He had been praising her; you could have told it by the peachy bloom on her cheeks, the shy gladness that broke through those curling lashes. Yes, she was beautiful, and he had told her so. The fever of half-sated admiration glowed in his eyes, the triumph of his "ruling passion" was so vivid that she could not help but think it love.

"Now," she said, blushing and shrinking like an over-dressed child, "may I go and put these things away before the gloss is brushed off? or have you some defect to point out?"

"Defect!" exclaimed Arnold, with ardor. "Who shall presume to question anything you wear or say? Not I! To the depths of my heart I feel how beautiful you are. Not the natives here! When they have seen anything approaching this it will astonish them."

"I hope so, if that pleases you," she said, blushing happily, as she swept past him and tried to make her escape.

He caught her hand and kissed it ardently. She laughed and struggled till the dimples came

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to her cheeks; then with half-tender, half-coquettish protest, obeyed his gesture, and sunk to an ottoman which stood by his chair. Thus, with those rich garments settling around her like crusted snow, she formed another picture, at which he gazed in greedy triumph.

There is seldom perfect equality in marriage, because from depth of affection or circumstance the balance of love preponderates on one side or the other, thus rendering one party the monarch, and the other a subject. That man or woman is generous indeed if he or she never presume upon the power which is obtained through excess of love in another. Arnold was not of this class. He loved to test the extent of his authority over that queenly nature, and kept her at his feet, as we trifle with a child.

"So you like the dress?" she said, looking down upon it; "but I was very foolish to indulge you. It will seem old and familiar on our wedding day."

"Perhaps so," he said, carelessly; "but I am always brushing the down from my fruit. Never mind, it is pretty enough for a second examination, and one never tires of these things; there is power as well as show in them.'

He touched the cluster of jewels on her bosom with a gleam in his eyes that made her shrink. Did he indeed value those things so much, not because they were hers, but from the value that they represented?

She felt this question in her heart without putting it clearly before her intellect, but it made her thoughtful for a moment. He saw it, and touched her cheek. "Do you love me?" he said, in a voice that was in its very tones a caress. She brightened, like a flower when the sun rises, but only answered with a brilliant flash of the eyes and a smile that fell upon him like a glow of light.

He leaned back in his chair, toying with the rings upon her fingers, and smiling in the fullness of his content.

That instant a heavy knock sounded from the front door, and directly after a servant passed in from the hall, announcing an old gentleman who was in search of Mr. Arnold.

Laura started up, blushing crimson beneath the admiring eyes of her servant, which were fixed on her singular costume. She stood a moment irresolute, then fled through a side door, while Arnold followed her with an earnest glance. He saw the white folds of her dress fluttering through the darkness beyond, and, half-tempted to follow, moved a step toward the door.

"Go, go," cried a laughing voice. "It will take me a good hour to get into a civilized dress again; but come in the morning early, perhaps they will have arrived; but any way don't fail to come. *Au revoir!*"

She glided back a few steps, kissed her hand, and darted off, calling out, "*Au revoir! au revoir!*"

Arnold turned away, and followed the servant, who stood waiting outside the door.

An old man stood in the hall waiting.

"Ah! is it you, sir?" said Arnold, holding out his hand with some constraint. "I did not expect you quite so soon."

The old man took the hand reached out to him; but Arnold noticed that the hard fingers which closed on his were cold as ice.

"They have all come, I suppose," said Arnold, dropping the hand, as he turned to search for his hat: "so I will go with you at once. You must have had a good wind?"

"Yes, I think so; but didn't notice about it," answered the father, absently; and they went out together, falling into dead silence, as they threaded the dark streets; not arm in arm, but walking a little apart, as if some invisible bar kept them from that close proximity which persons who love each other without stint are sure to seek.

While the elder Arnold had been standing in the hall of de Montreuil's dwelling, a female figure, which had followed him all the way from the hotel, lingered in the shadows that lay heavily on the street waiting for him to come forth. She had not watched long when the two men whom she most wished, yet dreaded, to see, appeared in the open door, revealed clearly by a tall light which a servant held in the background. She saw that the old man's face was pale and strangely stern, while a black frown lowered on the forehead of his son. She shrank against the palings of a vast garden, whose fragrance swept across her like a mockery, as the two men passed her so near that an outstretched hand might have touched them. Her heart beat so thick and fast that she grew faint in the atmosphere of his presence; but when he was gone, and she heard only the sound of his retreating footsteps, she staggered forward with a moan upon her lips, as if to follow.

The servant stood in the doorway, holding up his candle that the two guests might find their way more surely into the street. He was retreating and about to close the door, when Amy came rapidly up the steps and asked for the lady.

It was still early in the evening, and the man

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naturally mistook her for one of the sewing-women who had been constantly going in and out of the house, almost at will, for the last ten days. So, merely observing that mademoiselle was in her own apartment, he, no doubt, turned into a side room, and left her alone in the hall. A broad, oaken staircase, with carved ballustrades, ascended from the hall. At the first landing stood a bronze statue, holding a torch with one hand, while it pointed upward with the other. To her excited imagination this image seemed directing her to her destination: so she mounted the stairs and glided away into the chambers above. There was no light in the upper hall, save that which came from the landing below, but that proved enough to reveal something of the chamber which she entered through a door which stood ajar. It was a spacious apartment, with a vast white bed standing in the centre, like a snow heap, for floods of white drapery brooded over and fell around it, looking grandly spectral in the dim gleams that shot up from the statue. The wind, as it stole through the window, brought with it a rustle of the silken curtains, and some delicate perfume penetrated the atmosphere, as if flowers were breathing somewhere in the darkness. Beyond the bed, an arrow of light shot half across the room from a door that stood on the latch. Amy crossed the carpet, without a sound, for it was thick and heavy as velvet moss. A moment's hesitation, a quick breath, and she knocked at the door.

There was a sweeping rustle of silks within—a slight jingle, as if some ornament had been hastily flung down, and then a clear voice called out,

"Come in!"

Amy opened the door and stood on the threshhold, struck dumb by the scene which presented itself. Before a dressing-table, draped with white lace, and surmounted by a mirror so broad and bright that it flung back a dozen beautiful objects, stood Laura de Montreuil, in full bridal dress, as if she had just come from the altar. Like a white swan, who admires its own graceful image in a lake, she surveyed herself, with a sort of pleasant wonder that anything could be so beautiful. Her round arms were uplifted, and she was bending her head slightly sideways, trying to undo the wreath of roses that crowned it.

"Why don't you come and help me?" she cried, dropping her hands wearily.

Amy stepped forward and took the crown from her head, absolutely unconscious of the action. Laura's face was bent downward, and she had no idea that it was not her maid who offered the service, till she resumed her position and saw Amy Leonard standing before her with the bridal crown in her hands. A pang of astonishment seized upon her; she reached forth her hand, took the roses, and laid them slowly on the table, keeping her fascinated eyes on that pale face.

"Amy Leonard!"

"Yes, lady, it is I," said Amy, in so sad a voice that Laura's heart fell to the sound.

They stood in silence, looking at each other until both grew white with intuitive dread.

"You wish to talk with me—you have something to say," faltered Laura at last, trembling in all her limbs.

"Yes," answered Amy, "I came on purpose, and found my way here. How, I can hardly tell, for it seems as if I were walking in a dream."

"Well," said Laura, faintly, "we are together; you have a right to say anything to me, no matter how cruel the thing is. You saved my life, Amy Leonard, and it belongs to you. What you want to say may be death, you know, but speak; I am only a coward in one thing."

"And I in everything," said Amy.

"No, no, Amy Leonard, you are an angel! I only wish I were one bit like you. Coward! Great heavens! and those logs rolling and dipping you down, down, into those black waters—still you held on—I feel your grip in my hair now. I hear the waters gurgle, and see the black streams pouring over that poor face. May God forsake me if I ever forget that fearful time, Amy."

"That was nothing. We must not think of it, for it looks like a claim. I couldn't help doing what I did, you know, and didn't consider what I was about. There was no merit, not a bit. If I hung on tight to you, or the log, it was just the cowardice that was in me. So forget that. You must. I can't have it remembered in any way."

Laura shook her head, smiling sadly enough.

"I cannot forget anything, Amy, and should hate myself if that one hour of our two lives could ever leave my heart."

Amy heard this impatiently, and put out her hands, as if to force back the gratitude that oppressed her.

"Stop!" she said, with a wild glitter of the eye. "That dress—that room—the roses with which I have decrowned you—what do they mean? Are you already married to my—to Benedict Arnold?"

Laura blushed like a crimson sunset, and

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gathering both hands over the jewels on her bosom, strove to hide them in the shame of her detected vanity.

"Are you married?" said Amy, with cold stillness.

"No. It was a piece of folly. He wanted to see how it would look, so I put the dress on; for oh! Amy, I can deny him no one thing that he asks. Don't think worse of me than I deserve. Indeed I don't care myself. It isn't vanity nor pride, only he wished it."

Amy saw nothing of the dusky blush—heard nothing of this breathless excuse, except the first words: *She was not married.*

There was no brightening of the face, only a look of infinite relief, as if the tension of some painful doubt had broken away.

Amy cast down her eyes and trembled. How was she to begin? What could she say, being just to the truth and yet keeping faith with him?

Laura looked at her visitor with anxiety, not unmingled with impatience; but Amy drooped her head upon her bosom, till the features were almost hidden; and then a strange terror came upon Laura, her eyes shone painfully, her lips parted and grew white. She recoiled to the dressing-table, and pressed one hand hard upon it for support.

Amy looked up, and the white faces of those two miserable young creatures read each other. Laura spoke first, but her voice, usually mellow and joyous, was so hoarse and low, that a look of terror broke into Amy's face, and she advanced a step, prompted to offer help.

Laura pushed her back with both hands, desperately, soothingly. Where was her gratitude then? What did she care for the life which would henceforth prey upon her soul like poison? Why was it given back to her? She fell upon her knees by the table, its filmy drapery trembled beneath the shiver of her frame. The jewels she had just taken off flung a rainbow of mocking light athwart her forehead. She crushed the white roses under the weight of her arm, and thus the glittering mirror reflected her.

A long, dead silence followed, and then Laura lifted her face. It was white, and locked.

"Is this thing true?"

Amy bent her head. She could not speak.

Laura struggled slowly to her feet. She did not look like the same being who stood at the mirror only a few minutes before.

"Tell me all," she said, shivering.

"Ask him!"

"Him! Ask him! The traitor! The double dyed traitor!" she cried, clenching her hand, while the hot life flamed back to her marble cheeks. "And you—you! Shameless!"

"No, not that," said Amy, in a low voice. "I have done wrong, but not to him or you."

"Not to me! his betrothed! his bride! his wife! Not to me!"

"No, lady, not to you. He loved me—or, God help me! I thought so—long before your face ever darkened our lives."

"He loved you!"

"Yes, he loved me——"

"And I—I——"

The unhappy young creature seemed sinking in the whirlwind of her own passion.

"Be appeased," said Amy, sadly. "He does not love me now, or why should you wear those garments?"

"He does not love you now—no, no. How could he?"

She wrung her hands, she clasped them fiercely above her head, and walked the room to and fro like a panther bounding to its jungle. All at once she stopped before Amy who was following her with affrighted eyes. She gazed at her till the fiery rage in her glance burned down.

"You saved my life—you saved my life—you, Amy Leonard. Oh! if you could take it now. If I could tear it out and fling it at your feet!"

"It was not my fault," pleaded Amy. "I couldn't help it any more than I could help him loving you."

"Loving me! Do you believe that?"

"Yes, I believe it."

"You believed this and did not die?"

"Oh, me! who could help it? Neither death nor love will come for the asking, or I should not be here to torture you."

"But you are soft and gentle—such people can change. See here, Amy, I am rich, very, rich. Oh! heavens! what is this? Am I so mean?—so lost?"

Again that noble girl bent to the whirlwind of her great sorrow. Surely the outrage that man had put upon her justified even that tempest of scorn and anguish. At last she was quieter, a mournful calmness came on, through which her grand nature began to reveal itself. She went into the next room and fell upon her knees before the white bed, wrestling with herself like one who would soon learn "to suffer and grow strong."

Amy knelt down also. Poor girl! that moment she would have given him up, could the sacrifice have been made without sin. Nay, so gentle and so true was her pure heart that she

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would—for such things may be and sometimes are among women—she would have gone away with her innocent shame to suffer life alone, such was her gentle compassion for the unhappy girl in the next room.

While she was still on her knees Laura came in, a large cloak was flung over the whiteness of her robe, and the hood lined with crimson silk made the pallor of her face more impressive. She touched Amy on the shoulder.

"Come!"

"Where?"

"To the hotel where he has gone."

Amy stood up, wondering at the calmness that had fallen upon that noble face.

Without another word of explanation they went out together.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Paul de Montreuil, with the keen vigilance of love, had been the first to learn that the Arnold family had arrived. Before Hannah had changed her traveling dress, he was at the hotel whispering the joy which her presence gave him in her pleased ear. Mrs. Arnold was in her chamber, waiting with a heavy heart for the return of her husband, and for the first sight of her son.

But the two men did not return so promptly as she expected, under one of the noble elms which shaded the grounds around the village they had paused in deep conversation. Both were agitated, and the voice of the old man was stern and deep, almost as if it had been uttering a malediction.

"Yes, Benedict," he was saying, "before this girl should be left to her ruin, I will tell that which shall destroy you."

"What, the thing you hinted at when I was home! as if I gave it a thought."

"I saw you fire the shavings with my own eyes, but could not believe what I saw till the flames broke out of the windows, and the store was in a bright blaze."

"You saw this and did not inform. It is too late now, so don't threaten, no one would believe you; the insurance has been paid and spent long ago. I thought my own father knew me better than to suppose I would be frightened into anything, especially with threats about a dead matter like this. Besides you allowed the insurance to be paid without speaking."

"True, true, I was a coward, and had no strength from that hour till the good God saw fit to call me back to his fold. I tried to drown all I saw that night out of my brain. But since then I have become a man, an honest man, for that debt of sin has been paid, every farthing."

"Paid! What, the insurance?"

"Yes, Benedict, your sin has made me a poor man, but, thank God, I am free of that sin."

"You have played the fool to this extent, and how?"

"I have mortgaged the farm, and your mother and I are working and saving every way to keep the old roof over our heads; but your debt is paid so far as man is concerned."

"So you have given away the home from over my mother's head, and now follow me with reproaches. It is doubtless the part of a good Christian to first disinherit, and then pursue an only son with threats of ruin."

"I do no such thing, Benedict. So far as the power lay in me I have atoned for your crime."

"Crime, sir!"

"Crime, I said, but another I will never see go unpunished. This girl, the daughter of my old friend—while it is time—she must be saved."

"But I am pledged, openly pledged to marry another; you know that, yet come to me with this sort of preaching, as if faithlessness to one woman were not the same as desertion of another. I cannot marry both, that you must allow."

"I will not argue this matter," said the elder Arnold, "but my pledge is given to Joshua Leonard. It shall be fulfilled."

"Not by me, sir, I am not to be coerced. If the girl has pursued me here, take her back again before she attempts mischief, or it'll be the worse for her, tell her this."

"No, I will not."

"Then I will, and in words that shall make themselves felt in every nerve of her body. How dare she pursue me in this way?"

Arnold came out from the shadow of the elm. As he ceased speaking and walked angrily across the green, the starlight shone on his face, and it was that of a demon. He entered the hotel with an imperious step and a storm in his eyes. With these feelings he had no wish to meet his mother, and received Hannah's affectionate greeting almost with a rebuff. He was annoyed at Paul's presence, and, drawing Hannah aside, whispered in rude haste,

"Where is she? Where is Amy Leonard? I must see her alone."

"I don't know, Ben, she went out, I fancy. But what is the matter, you look so strange, and father too? Dear father, you are pale."

Before the old man could answer, there was a quick sound of feet in the passage, and Laura de Montreuil entered, leading Amy by the hand.

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When the proud girl saw her brother, she stopped short and drew a sharp breath, but directly her eyes fell upon Benedict with a clear, stern light that pierced through his audacious self-possession.

"Sir," she said, with grand self-possession, "look upon this fair creature, and then, if you can, refuse the redress I have come to demand."

Arnold cast a withering glance at Amy, but she bore it gently. He bent toward her and hissed through his shut teeth, "Is this the way you keep an oath, traitoress?"

Amy drew back briefly saying, "It is kept."

He gained a little courage at this, and, approaching Laura, would have taken her hand, but she stepped back rebuking him like a queen.

"Let me speak with you one moment alone," he pleaded.

"When this lady is your wife, never till then."

"Laura, do you, can you cast me off, because a jealous girl pursues me with accusations that are false?"

"She false! Look at her, is that a face to doubt?"

"You never loved me, Laura, or this person would have no power to change you so."

She silenced him with an imperious gesture.

"Remember," he said, drawing so close that his breath swept her cheek, "the ceremony of to-morrow night. Nothing can prevent it. Why expose your delicacy by this public scene?"

His breath made Laura faint, she turned away dizzy and pale.

"Go home and let me settle this," he urged, triumphing in her emotion. "Paul, Paul de Montreuil, take your sister home, she is excited, I have been cruelly maligned to her. Dear Laura, I entreat you go home. In the morning I will explain."

Laura called back her strength, the red pride flashed into her cheeks again. She turned to her brother, who came up greatly agitated, the scene had taken him completely by surprise.

"Paul, Paul, let us go away. This man—oh! Paul, this man——"

She could not finish the sentence. All the anguish and pride of her nature rose up and overpowered the words.

"What is this? Give me some explanation," said Paul, with dignity. "Is it that you have refused to marry this gentleman?"

"Yes, brother, I refuse."

"Beware, Laura, or I may take you at your word," whispered Arnold.

She regarded him for a moment with lofty pride; then turning to her brother, she said,

"Yes, Paul, I do most solemnly refuse to marry this bad man."

"And you mean this?" whispered Arnold.

She did not answer him, but looked at her brother.

"There will be a wedding to-morrow night, and at your house, Paul; but the bride is changed. See, I have dragged my wedding dress through the streets in dust and dew. Hers shall be pure and white as snow. She gave me life, I give her—oh! Paul, Paul, take me home."

"One word more," said Arnold, fiercely. "Do you, Laura de Montreuil, break our engagement here and forever?"

"Now and forever!" she answered, solemnly.

"And you wish me to marry this girl, Amy Leonard, at your brother's house to-morrow night?"

"I do!"

She was pale as marble, and her voice seemed passing over ice.

He laughed, a fierce, mocking laugh, turned carelessly away and threw his arm over Amy's shoulder.

"It is quite unnecessary, we have been married, Amy Leonard and I, more than a year. Look up, little wife, and tell this lady if I speak the truth."

Had a cannon ball fallen in the midst of that room it could not have created greater consternation. Every face was pale, every tongue was silent; Arnold alone retained his self-possession. He would have drawn Amy to his side for the brutal pleasure of wounding her rival, but the delicate young creature shrunk weeping from his caress. Paul took his outraged sister by the hand, his face was stern as death; for the time, he forgot everything else in the outrage that had been offered to his sister, his proud, beautiful sister.

"To-morrow," he said, with cold scorn in his voice, "I shall demand an explanation."

"It is here," said Arnold, laughing hoarsely, "and a fair one surely. Of course a man with one wife cannot marry another, fond as ladies become at times. There is but one explanation. I am married to this pretty little soul, and consequently must decline acting at any other ceremony. My good father has been greatly exercised about my matrimonial plans of late, I hope he is satisfied now. As for my sister—"

He looked around, as he spoke, with a pang of natural compassion for the breaking up of that young life, but the eyes which he expected to meet, full of reproaches, were closed. Hannah in attempting to leave the sofa, where she

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had sat that evening with Paul, had fainted dead away. She had fallen like a corpse among the crimson cushions, a broken-hearted woman from that hour to the end of her life.

Paul cast one agonized look on her cold face, and, taking his sister's arm, left the house filled with stern wrath.

After they were gone, Arnold turned to his father: "Now, sir, while my sister is senseless and my mother away, let us end this scene forever. This young person is my legally married wife. I acknowledge her as such before the whole world—the more willingly because I know it will torture the haughty vixen who has just left us. Tell your deacons and our good neighbors in Norwich that they must carry their church discipline somewhere else. *My wife* is no subject for it. As for the old folks at the saw-mill, tell them that in forcing a wife upon me before I was ready to claim her, they have lost a daughter. Now, Amy, child, see if anything can be done for this poor girl. What a pity it is that so many complications arise in an affair of this kind! Now, father, I hope you are satisfied. So, while Amy attends to Hannah, suppose we find my mother. Dear old soul she will be glad to hear the news."

The insolent son and heavy-hearted father went out together, leaving Amy with her newly found sister, whose heart had broken as she fell away into insensibility—broken, as women's hearts can break, with a long burden of life vital in them still.

Mrs. Arnold, that pure and gentle soul, met her son with placid joy. She was told that Amy had been openly recognized as his wife, and never knew of the painful scene which we have described, for no one had the heart to enlighten her.

The next day the Arnolds returned to their home; but Amy, poor, lonely, heavy-hearted Amy was left behind with her husband, punished, oh! how bitterly, for her first great sin of concealment and disobedience.

Two days after this Paul de Montreuil and his sister left New Haven and America. How Laura managed to appease the stern wrath of her brother, no one ever knew but Arnold. And he never met them again. Years after this, Laura de Montreuil, the most lovely and coldly beautiful woman at the Court of France, fainted in the presence of the queen and all her ladies, when the great political treason of Benedict Arnold first left its infamy on the American name. But long before that, his gentle wife, Amy, lay in the grave-yard behind the church where the old gray-headed parents still reverently worshiped. A little way off were two other graves, where the parents of Benedict Arnold slept the sleep of the righteous.

LINES FOR MATTIE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Now in the nightfall, gentle girl,
I weave a simple rhyme for thee,
While shadows creep along the world,
And stars look down upon the sea.
Thy heart is joyous now, and brave,
No sadness mingles in thy song;
And yet I know, this side the grave
No earth-born pleasures linger long.

But if the shadows dim thy joy,
While life's great night-time cometh on,
May stars of hope, and holy love,
Shine o'er thy spirit one by one;
And God's sweet benediction rest
Upon thy woman's heart for aye;
And, leaning softly on this breast,
I pray that you may live and die.

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Sitting beside the stream of Death
Is a maiden young and fair:
The dew is coldly upon her cheek,
And is dripping from off her hair.

With an anxious eye she is gazing out
Far over the murky wave,
And is clasping her hands like one who calls
On God's great mercy to save.

As though she were waiting and watching for one
Who is coming to take her away,
She has watched by the dark, oblivious waves
Throughout the sorrowful day.

With a soft, faint ray of hope in her eye,
Chanting a mournful song,
She has waited there since the morning dawned,
But she will not wait there long.

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SUNSHINE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It was a rare thing to see a shutter wide open on the dwelling of Mrs. Campion. If the phenomenon were observed at all, it was quite early in the morning. She had a great aversion to sunlight, and never allowed it to come in, even through the smallest crevice, if the means of exclusion were within her reach. Nearly every room in her house had, even at noonday, a twilight dimness. She lived in shadow; and, it might almost be said, in silence also. The house of Mrs. Campion was one of those quiet, shaded places that impress you like a wooded valley. Were there no children in her home, that it was so still and free from sunshine? Yes, Mrs. Campion had two children, pale, proper little beings, who were not given to loud words or rude behavior like others of their kind. John never stamped through the hall, nor went down stairs three steps at a time, nor hallooed to his sister from the first to the third story—oh, no! John was guiltless of all such juvenile improprieties. And as for Clara, she was, and had been from the time she could walk, a miniature lady.

Such, in brief, was the home of Mrs. Campion and her children. What of Mr. Campion? Oh! He passed, two or three years ago, from one house of silence to another. He had been known as a genial, cheerful man; but, long before he passed to that other silent house, a change had come over him. In the beginning of his married life, Mr. Campion, on returning home at meal times, or other occasions, would throw open the shutters, as most men do, and let in the light. But, instantly, his wife would close them, saying,

"How can you do so, Henry?"

Or, "Oh! dear! You'll blind me!"

Or, she would complain of the "dreadful glare," or the danger of fading carpets and curtains.

For awhile, Mr. Campion went on opening the blinds and letting in the sunshine that was so pleasant to him; but Mrs. Campion had more will and persistence than her husband, and as this fancy for having her house in shadow was not a thing of indifference, she did not give up her point. If he opened the shutters, she instantly closed them; sometimes using fretful words; sometimes only making a few impatient gestures; and sometimes restoring her beloved twilight without a remark, or sign of feeling. Remonstrance on his part had no effect. She listened to no reasons. She was mistress in her own home, and would order it as she pleased.

Mr. Campion was a kind, peace-loving man; and after discovering that his wife was "set" in her purpose to curtain their home with gloom, gave up the struggle for sunlight, and sat down in the shadows of perpetual evening. But, he was like a bird, and could not sing in the night. So he grew silent; and the cheerfulness went out of him—silent and moody at times; and the moodiness often went over into positive ill-nature.

Mrs. Campion felt the change, and being now and then hurt by her husband's ill-nature, wept for the pain she suffered.

In the beginning, evening was the brightest season in their home, the shadow-dispersing gas lamps flooding their sitting-room with rays, that to Mr. Campion brought memories of sunshine. But Mrs. Campion soon grew weary of this "fierce glare," as she called it, and substituted them for a soft astral moonlight.

"I'll sit in another room," said Mr. Campion, when he saw the high, shaded lamp of old time on the table in their cosy sitting-room, which, because of its strong evening light, had become to him the most cheerful place in the house.

Mrs. Campion smiled in her placid way, and answered, in her usually dead level tone,

"How absurd! This soft astral is far more pleasant than sharp, blinding gas."

"For owls and bats, it may be," answered Mr. Campion, with some impatience of tone. He felt disturbed and uncomfortable. The introduction of this astral lamp, without notice or consultation, made it plainly evident that the cheerful gas light had been finally banished from the room.

"You are complimentary," said Mrs. Campion.

"I didn't mean to be so," he returned, icily, and rising, left the apartment. Going into the parlor, he lit three of the burners there, and sat in the clear, strong light with which they filled the room, reading and alone, until bed time.

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On the next evening, the astral lamp was lighted again, and again Mr. Campion sat alone in the parlor.

"I am sorry you will do so," said Mrs. Campion, as they met, at bed time, in their chamber. She spoke evenly, yet with the tone of one who felt slightly hurt by conduct of which there was good reason to complain. "I can't endure that glitter and quiver of gas light. It seems to stun my sense of vision. I should grow blind if I had to endure its perpetual glare."

"It is because you live all day, like a night bird, in twilight dimness," answered Mr. Campion. "Your very eyes are losing their native power."

"No, that is only an assumption. It stands to reason that all intense light must hurt the eyes. It so hurts mine, and I would be wrong not to protect them."

Mr. Campion was not a strong, stern, self-willed man. There was a spirit of acquiescence about him; a desire to accommodate himself to others, instead of forcing others to bend to his wishes or peculiarities. So, in this case, he was the one to give way. The argument of his wife, that the glitter and glare of the quivering gas hurt her vision, overcame his sudden flurry of opposition, and on the third evening he sat down in the soft astral moonlight.

From that time, Mr. Campion seemed to lose the old facility for smiling. Once, almost every word came forth with an attendant smile. Now his even voice rarely touched a note of joy; now from his parting lips rarely went over his face a rippling sign of pleasant feeling. He seemed to give up the hope of getting back again into the sunshine that he loved. To hear the prison doors shut heavily on his spirit; barring out the blessed light.

In less than two years afterward, Mr. Campion died. He was not, as we have said, a strong, self-willed, self-reliant man; but kind, good, and yielding. Yet he had certain needs of the soul, which could not go unsatisfied, without the foundations of life being touched. One of these was the need of cheerful surroundings. He was fond of the bright and beautiful in nature; and grew sombre and restless with deep yearnings when they were withdrawn. We do not say that it was in consequence of living in a home so shadowed, that Mr. Campion drooped like a plant from which nutrition and sunshine have been taken, and at last died. But, we think, if he had found more cheerfulness and sunlight there, the life forces would longer have kept their even beat.

The shadow of death was now upon the household, in addition to the previous gloom, and in this deeper shadow Mrs. Campion lived with her two children. No wonder they grew up quiet, pale, soft-treading, proper things—model children in the eyes of some mothers who were daily stunned with the noisy, vigorous life around them. But they were not healthy children. How could they be?

An old school friend, who had removed to a distant city shortly after her marriage, and with whom Mrs. Campion had regularly corresponded, came to pay her a long promised visit. It was two or three years after the death of her husband.

"I really can't see you in this darkened room," said the friend, on meeting Mrs. Campion. "Let in the light."

Mrs. Campion merely drew one of the heavy curtains that hung before the window, a little aside.

"I can't see you yet, Clara dear. Let in more light. Open the shutter."

But Mrs. Campion only looped back the curtain a little farther.

"It won't do," said the other, in a decided way. And, going to the window, she threw back the shutters widely.

"Ah, now your face is clear!" And she grasped warmly both Mrs. Campion's hands, and looked at her with a long, earnest, tender look.

"How changed you are, Clara! I should hardly have known you."

"You are changed but little," replied Mrs. Campion. "Your eyes are as full of light, and your countenance almost as fresh as when I last saw you. Time has dealt kindly with you, Mary—kinder than he has with me."

And Mrs. Campion's quiet voice grew sad. Then she turned to the window and drew in the shutters, shadowing the room again.

"No—no; don't do that," said the friend, quickly. "I can't see you; and your face is too precious to my eyes. I will not have it veiled after this fashion. Open the shutters."

Just a crack was made, giving only an intimation of light.

"Farther than that, Clara—farther—farther still!" As Mrs. Campion pressed against the shutter, and moved them as slowly as the hand of a clock. "Why, bless me, dear! You really seem to be afraid of light; one of God's best gifts, and free for all as air and water. I don't wonder that you are pale and faded if you live in a twilight such as this. Push the shutters wide open! There; that is the way."

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Mrs. Campion's eyes blinked, and the lids contracted nervously under the stimulant of the light which now filled the room. But she had to bear the annoyance in deference to a visitor and friend, who, truth to say, did not, at the moment, appear half so agreeable as in the olden time when they were sportive girls together.

"And now, where are your children, Clara?" asked the friend, after they had talked awhile, her loud voice affrighting the echoes of the room from a sleep in which they had long been bound. "You have written me so freely about them, that I feel almost as much interest in them as in my own."

Mrs. Campion arose at this, saying, "They are at their lessons. I will bring them."

But, before leaving the room, she went, as by instinct, to the open window, and bowed the shutters. Mary did not object, but the moment Mrs. Campion left the room, she threw the shutters back and fastened them in place, saying to herself,

"I can't live in a dungeon like this!"

In a little while, the mother came in with her two children; but there was such a strong light in the room that all of them showed a nervous contraction of the eyelids.

"These are my jewels, Mary," said Mrs. Campion, as she presented John and Clara.

Her friend took their shadowy-looking hands, gazed into their pale faces, and kissed their pure brows and delicate lips. She thought rather of some exquisite artist-work, than of flesh and blood children, as she looked at them.

"They are delicate, you see, as I often wrote you," said Mrs. Campion, when the children left the room.

"As are all things grown in the shade," was the answer.

"What do you mean by that, Mary?"

"Just what I say. Anybody, with half an eye, can tell a plant that has grown up, tall, slender, and blanched in the shade; or, a human being who has half-developed under the same unfavorable circumstances. Your children are house-plants, reared in darkened rooms, Clara; and I do not wonder to see them pale and puny, nor to hear you complain of their delicate health."

Mrs. Campion arose, and, going to the window commenced closing the shutters. The light was annoying her; and, forgetting, for the moment, that her friend had asked to have its companionship, she was about to exclude it again.

"Pray don't, Clara!" exclaimed Mary. "Why, I do believe you are a monomaniac on the subject of light. What do you think the sun was made for?"

"Not to blind us with its glare, certainly," answered Mrs. Campion.

"And it will not, unless we look, foolishly, into its bright face. No, it was not made to blind us with its glare, but as the medium of all good in nature: light, warmth, health, beauty. It is the soul of nature. Shut out its blessed beams, and you rob yourself of God's best gift to the outer world. If I could so arrange it, I would let the sun look, for an hour each day, with his broad, smiling face, right down into every room in my house, as the best sanitary dispensation possible to adopt. His bright rays would drink up every sluggish, damp exhalation that might be lurking there to do a work of evil —they would purify the air, and make it more fit to do its office in the lungs—they would give an atmosphere of cheerfulness to last through all the live-long day. Do you keep every room in your house as this was a little while ago, Clara?"

"Yes; I cannot bear strong lights."

"I don't wonder that your husband died, then, if it was so in his life-time," said the friend, in her free, out-spoken way.

Mrs. Campion slightly started, and looked a little strangely at her friend.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Oh! I only said it. Men like plenty of sunshine. They cannot live without it. They grow, for the most part, you know, out, as it were in the open fields, and they acquire the habit of using a great deal of sunlight. Take it from them, and they grow moody, morose, or sick. I know. I've seen it. Don't men always throw open the shutters when they come into a darkened room. They cannot breathe in the close, dusky atmosphere."

Mrs. Campion looked down at the floor in a thoughtful way. She remembered how her husband plead for more light in their dwelling, and how she had rigidly denied him even a gleam of sunshine. And he did change, in a few years, from a cheerful, pleasant man, to a silent, gloomy, and ill-natured one. She sighed at the reminiscence.

"What quiet children yours are!" said Mary, referring to John and Clara, an hour or two after she had seen them. "I haven't heard a sound of voice or footstep since they were here. No one would know that there was a child in the house."

"They are good, quiet, orderly children," replied Mrs. Campion.

"Getting ready for heaven as fast as possible,

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I doubt not," was answered, a little impatiently.

"Mary!" There was a tone of reproof in the voice of Mrs. Campion.

"Just as I say. Getting ready for heaven. Of course they are not long for this world."

"Mary!" The tone of reproof was deeper.

"You mustn't be offended, Clara," said the other; "I'm a plain-spoken woman, as I was always, to your knowledge, a plain-spoken girl. Outright and downright is my motto. Now, I've got pretty sharp eyes, and I've seen enough since I've been here to make one thing as plain to me as daylight. Do you wish to know what that is?"

"Say on."

"There is one green hillock in your graveyard; and there will be two more before many years, if you don't take care. Children can't grow up, sunless and motionless, and live beyond a brief season. In some rough assault of the elements, from which you will find it impossible to guard them, the balance of feebly equipoised health will be lost, and they will wither and die in a day. I warn you of this; and may the warning not come too late. Open the windows of your house. Let in the sunshine. It will send new life leaping along the veins of your children; give activity and consequent vigor to their limbs, and restore to them the gift of sonorous speech, that wonderful expander of the lungs. Children, and no noise in a house! No wild company, gay laughter, nor shouting! Why, these are the very sounds of healthy growth and development, Clara! What strange infatuation has come over you? Don't be offended with me for this plain talk. It is a true friend speaking to a beloved friend, and for her good. Reason must, and does, tell you that I am right."

Just then John came, with his noiseless step, into the room.

"Mother," said he, "my head feels bad again."

"Then you must have some medicine." And Mrs. Campion arose. As she did so, her friend laid a hand upon her arm, and said,

"Medicine?"

"Yes. The doctor left a draught for him to take whenever he has this strange, heavy feeling in his head of which he now complains."

"Give him a draught of sunshine; but no doctor's stuff to break down the little vitality he has left," replied the friend, in her positive way. "Come, let me see the room in which the children play and study; or, maybe, they never play."

And rising, she drew her arm in that of Mrs. Campion, and pressed her toward the door.

"Dim and sunless, like every other room I have seen," said she, on looking at the bowed shutters and curtained windows of the children's special apartment. "Now I'll stake my life on it that mould will be found somewhere creeping along the walls. I can smell it in the close air, and it is poison to the lungs."

She pushed open all the shutters, and looped back all the curtains, letting in a flood of light. Then, going to a corner of the room farthest from the windows, she laid her hand on the wall, and said, instantly,

"Damp, as I supposed! And just look here, Clara. Don't you see these spots of mould? Here is one as large as a dollar; and this is almost as broad as your hand. And see! half this breadth of paper is loosened from the wall, and actually wet! As you value the precious lives of your children, don't let them breathe the air of this room again, until it has drank, for days, its fill of sunshine."

Mrs. Campion looked surprised, and even startled. It was only too true. The walls were damp in places, and spots of mould were discoloring the paper.

"A damp, close, mouldy air for the lungs of delicate children like these!" said the friend, almost indignantly. "It is little less than murder to expose them so. Don't be hurt with me! Don't be offended! I can't help speaking out plainly. It is a case of life and death, and I could not be conscience-free and remain silent."

Nobody had ever made so bold as to talk after this fashion to Mrs. Campion; though there were plenty of her visiting friends who spoke among themselves of her children as plants growing up in the shade, and not likely to reach maturity; and of her house as one of the gloomiest places they had ever seen.

"You exaggerate the matter," said Mrs. Campion, in a perplexed way.

"Not in the smallest iota, Clara, dear!" was answered. "Your children are pale, puny, and sick for lack of sunshine. Let it come in through every window. Take down your curtains and swing open the shutters. There is life, health, vigor, and beauty all around your home, seeking every day for an entrance, but you bar them out. Take John into a lighted and well aired room, and, my word for it, in less than an hour that strange feeling about his head will be gone."

"You think so?"

"I do. Try it. The remedy is simple; and

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cheaper and safer than doctor's stuff. Try it, Clara."

Mrs. Campion felt excited and anxious. The language of her friend had both startled and alarmed her.

"I will," she answered.

So the shutters of one of the chambers were swung back, the curtains drawn, and a window opened to let in the soft air that was warmer than the temperature of the room. Just one narrow gleam of golden sunshine found its way in and lay smiling upon the carpet.

In this room the two friends sat down, and the children were told to remain and occupy themselves as they pleased.

"Does your head still feel badly?" asked Mrs. Campion.

"Yes," replied John, in a quiet, patient way.

Mrs. Campion and her friend began talking about old times, and the children were left to themselves. At first the broad light was scarcely less pleasant to them than to their mother, but this was only for a little while. The friend noticed that they were soon attracted by the patch of sunshine on the floor, and that they sat down beside it, and pleased themselves by holding up their hands and looking at the light through their half-transparent fingers. It was a novelty for them to see the stranger sunbeams inside their dwelling. Soon they began to talk sportively to each other across the sheet of rays in which motes were dancing; and anon, their voices broke out in little ripples of laughter. Mrs. Campion looked toward them in surprise. It was such a new thing to hear them laugh.

"How is your head, John?" she asked.

The boy, called back from a state of pleasurable excitement, looked up at his mother with a questioning air, as if he did not clearly understand her.

"Does your head feel any better?"

John put his hands to his head; shook it once or twice; looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied,

"My head feels all right, mother."

"I knew it would be so," said the friend, in a whisper, bending toward Mrs. Campion. "Sunshine is all they want. Give it to them, Clara, in unstinted measure. They cannot live without it."

Mrs. Campion did not answer; but the incident was making its impression. For the rest of that day, the children were permitted to enjoy this lighted room, and, before night, they actually grew noisy in the expression of their hilarious feelings.

"Why, what an appetite you have, John!" said Mrs. Campion, at tea time, as the boy asked for a second biscuit—he rarely eat more than half of one.

"I'm right down hungry!" was his smiling answer.

Now that smile on John's face was a novelty, and Mrs. Campion saw it with a feeling of pleasure such as she had not felt for a long time, a very long time.

"There is great virtue in sunshine," said her friend, in a low tone.

"I believe it, Mary," was the answer.

"It is to the body what love is to the soul. Take both away, and there can be neither health nor happiness."

Mrs. Campion went on, from that time, to prove the truth of her friend's theory. The banished light streamed back, once more, into her dwelling.

With its return, came health of body and mind to both herself and children. She believes in sunshine now as much as she once believed in twilight shadows.

THE SPRING FLOWER.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THAT pleasant hope was buried
A weary, weary time ago,
And o'er its grave have drifted
Red Autumn leaves and heaps of snow,
And Spring's blue violets seven times
Have blossomed o'er the dead below.

And so I know not wherefore
The ghost of that sweet dream to-night
Should come and stand before me
So exquisitely fair and white.
Oh, love! it is the Winter!
There are no violets to-night!

Oh! beautiful and saintly!
Fair dream, that left such early pain!
White rose, perfumed faintly,
That perished in the cold Spring rain!
Life may have brighter blossoms,
But never one like thine again.

Life hath its Summer roses—
The lavish garlands of its prime—
And later growths of beauty
Make glad its pleasant Autumn time—
But ah! for that sweet Spring flower
That perished in its early prime!

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FIRST AND LAST.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

The name of Archibald Gimple had been respected in Pennybrook for several generations, for it generally belonged to men who understood the art of keeping what was their own, and getting what was their neighbors'; and the present incumbent of this dignity was considered fully equal, in these respects, to the Archibald Gimples who had preceded him. He considered farming the only respectable employment upon the face of the earth, and looked suspiciously upon all who were of a different calling. He was considered to be "rather set in his ways," but being so fully persuaded, himself, that his ways were always right ones, every one else involuntarily fell into the same way of thinking.

Archibald Gimple had married, somewhat late in life, a meek little woman, who probably accepted him because she did not dare to say no; and who seriously offended him by inconveniently departing this life before their infant daughter had reached the momentous crisis of teething. Archibald and "Mrs. Chick" could have laid their wise heads together upon the propriety of the late Mrs. Gimple's "making an effort;" but as this was a thing which she had never done in the whole course of her life, it could not be expected of her at the last moment.

The widower felt rather glad than thankful when he remembered his sister Perditha—the family had had a confused idea of Shakspeare, and the still less learned corrupted it into "Puddither"—although young in years, she was old in looks, and equal to any sort of emergency; and she was now requested to assume the place in her brother's household which Mrs. Gimple had so lately abandoned.

The baby had been named "Seraph" by its dying mother; and although Archibald looked upon it disdainfully as a cognomen "with nothing about it to take hold of," he respected the wishes of the dead sufficiently to leave it unchanged. The name was also a great affliction to Miss Perditha; if it had been "Sarah," she said, she could have gotten along with it; but it was hard work to twist her tongue to say, "Seraph"—it always seemed as if she was talking about some kind of flying thing.

And "a flying thing" the little Seraph proved as soon as she was old enough to get into mischief; bewildering her aunt, and bewitching her father, until Miss Perditha was sorely perplexed between her desire of punishing the offender, and her fear of offending her brother. For it was very soon apparent that all the capacity of loving in Archibald Gimple's nature was drawn out, and appropriated by the blue-eyed mite who called him father. Miss Perditha declared that the child could twist him around her finger; and her sweet, little, winning ways were perfectly irresistible. She was a very pretty child, too, and the name suited her admirably.

Things went on pretty well until Seraph was about eight years old, when Miss Perditha began seriously to reflect that it was time to establish some sort of standing point between herself and her niece. The little damsel was exceedingly refractory, and she was getting entirely too old to have her own way so much; so Miss Perditha resolved that she should have *hers* on the very first opportunity.

The "opportunity" came on a sunny afternoon in October.

Miss Perditha had turned the house upside down for the semi-annual cleaning; and the delights of routing out closets, and turning various non-paying tenants adrift upon the world with their helpless families—to say nothing of an unlimited sway over soap-suds and scrubbing-brushes—banished from her mind, for several hours, the small circumstance of Miss Seraph's existence.

But after awhile, various little tasks, which eight-years-old fingers could very well accomplish to the relief of older ones, created a want for the damsel's company; and caused a summons for "*Ser-r-aff!*" to resound through the house in various tones, until it reached a very sharp "*Ser-aff!*" accompanied by an imperative command to "come right straight away this very instant!"

But no Seraph came, and Miss Perditha waxed indignant. The child was quite accustomed to rambling off by herself, and her absence was frequently looked upon as a relief; but that she should be out of the way when she was wanted, was a piece of malicious inattention that could not be passed over.

"Miss Puddither," observed Almira Hipple,

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who had come to do the whitewashing, as she suspended her brush midway in the air, "If I was swearin' on a jury, *I* should say she was down the well, drowned herself, I des' say—young ones always help along in that way sich times as these."

"Miss Puddither" did look down the well, with a little trembling lest Seraph's bright eyes might be closed forever at the bottom of it; but just at this moment, a vision was entering the gate that caused her to abandon the search.

It was Seraph, herself; and yet so lovely, with her bright curls crowned with a wreath of autumn leaves, and her cheeks glowing with the rose-tint that seldom deepened—that, in spite of the quaint, little dress of coarse, brown merino, and the rough, country shoes, she looked like a wood-nymph, or one of those sweet, childish visions that float through German legends.

But Miss Perditha did not think of any of these things; she merely told Seraph that she looked like a fool, and inquired where she had been.

"I have been out, aunt Perditha," was the non-committal reply.

"'*Out*,' indeed!" exclaimed Miss Perditha, as she bore wrathfully down on the little forest queen, "it'll be *one* while, I guess, before you get 'out' again, unless you tell me right away where you've been!"

"I've been in the woods," said Seraph, very composedly.

"I should think you *had!*" continued Miss Perditha, whose wrath was by no means appeased, "and rollin' your head in the leaves, I should think! seein' that so many have stuck in your curls."

The culprit was being borne up stairs during this colloquy. "Perhaps," observed her aunt, "you'd like to walk into the closet, until you can remember where you've been all this time, and what you've been doin'?"

"Aunt Perditha," said the child, earnestly, for she was not partial to closets, "I tell you I've been in the woods, and I haven't been doing anything—I mean anything bad."

Now Seraph was not an obstinate or a deceitful child—she was not more explicit in this case simply because she knew, from past experience, that Miss Perditha would only ridicule the pleasure she had taken in the beauty of those October woods; and something kept her silent respecting all mention of her companion.

"March in!" said the enraged spinster, as they reached the destined closet; and poor little Seraph was ignominiously pushed in by the shoulders, and heard the key turn in the lock with a feeling of heart sinking, which can only be appreciated by those who have been similarly situated. But she was a brave, little thing; and instead of crying or screaming, she settled herself as comfortably as possible, and, mounting the good steed Imagination, was soon back in the woods again.

Miss Perditha returned to her work with a flushed face, and remarked to Miss Hipple that "She didn't care a pin about knowin' where the young one had been—she guessed she hadn't been at no great harm, any how—but when she set out to do a thing, she meant to carry it through, and before Seraph came out of that closet, *one* of 'em had got to give in, and she quessed that her name wouldn't be Perditha Gimple."

"Then," replied Almira, "it'll hev' to be changed to Puddither somethin' else, for that 'ere little Seruff ain't the kind to 'give in.'"

"We shall see," said Miss Perditha, with a lofty air.

Seraph had been in captivity an hour, when Miss Perditha heard a voice from the closet.

Rather triumphantly, she went to the door to receive the expected confession. "What is it?" she inquired.

"Aunt Perditha," said Seraph, very quietly, "I'm cold."

This would never do! Suppose that the child should get sick, Archibald would tear her eyes out; so, under the influence of these thoughts, Miss Perditha very considerately enveloped the culprit in a large blanket.

"Aunt Perditha," remarked Seraph, "I'm very much obliged to you for wrapping me up so nicely, but I *ain't* obliged to you for putting me in the closet."

The door was locked again; and although Miss Perditha made frequent visits to that neighborhood, for the express purpose of listening for the first sound of "giving in" from Seraph, her ears were not refreshed by anything of the kind; and, at last, she was obliged to take the child out, for fear that her brother would come in and find her there. Seraph did not bear malice; and, curling herself up in Miss Perditha's lap, she went fast asleep, with the leaf-crowned curls resting against her shoulder.

So Archibald Gimple found her when he came in; and to him she gave an account of herself without any reservation.

John Enden, a boy of thirteen, the son of a neighbor, had found her outside of the gate, whither she had retreated to escape the house-cleaning, and invited her to go chestnutting

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with him. She always liked John, for he was never rude to her at school, but helped her with her lessons, and shielded her from punishment; and the two children walked off, hand in hand, to the woods, which were not far distant. The chestnuts proved to be few and far between, but they managed to enjoy themselves extravagantly; and John wreathed the curls of his pretty, little companion in the fantastic manner that had excited Miss Perditha's contempt; and then the boy looked admiringly at Seraph, and told her that she must be his little wife, and asked if she would make him this promise? To which Seraph replied, with much dignity, that she was too young to think of such things yet; but when she got to be as old as he was, which seemed to her very ancient indeed, she thought it very likely that she would—if her father would let her.

"And I want you to let me, father," she added, "for John is so nice—and then I s'pose we should live in the same house, and we could go to the woods every day." With this sage conclusion, the young lady went off to sleep again.

"Sister Perdithy," said Archibald, looking anything but pleased, "I don't want any of this nonsense in the child's head!"

"And I should like to know, brother Archibald," replied Miss Perditha, in a dignified manner, "how I am *to* help it? You think as if all *I* had to do was jest to take a fine toothcomb and comb it out! I should think *I*'d had trouble enough with the young one for *one* day; and I guess that any notion *she* takes into her head she'll carry out, for she's the most obstinate little cretur' *I* ever laid eyes on!"

"I don't want no partic'ler dealin's with none o' that Enden kit," continued Archibald, wrathfully, "a poor, shiftless set, from the father down, that don't know how to make money nor to keep it neither—and what Seraph'll hev' ain't goin' to stop *them* leaks, I guess! I'd ruther give it to somebody that'd make more of it than less."

The next day, John Enden, who was a manly little fellow, presented himself before Mr. Archibald Gimple, as that gentleman was leaning over his front gate; and modestly requested, not exactly that Seraph should be handed over into his keeping at once, but that such an arrangement might be quaranteed to him at no very distant period—about thirteen years for a lady, and eighteen for a gentleman, Master Enden appeared to consider a justifiable age for committing matrimony.

There are some people so unfortunately constituted that they never can, under any circumstances, appreciate the ridiculous. This was the case with Archibald Gimple; and instead of answering with kind pleasantry the enthusiastic boy, whose handsome, intelligent face was lifted up to him so hopefully, he moved his hat slightly on one side, which gave him a sort of rakish appearance, and, fixing his eyes on John with a look that caused the bright color to spread itself over his face, he slowly remarked,

"Young man, I think you've been down in the cellar lately after cider, and forgot to whistle all the way up."

John did not think this very kind; but he controlled his feelings sufficiently to answer firmly, but respectfully,

"I have not been after cider, sir. We haven't any to go after; but I do like Seraph very much, and she says that she likes me; and if you will promise not to let her marry anybody else, I am going to be a great man some of these days, and then she shall have whatever she likes."

"How do you expect to be a great man?" asked Archibald, dryly.

"I expect to *work*," replied John, a little proudly.

"Humph!" was the encouraging rejoinder, although Archibald Gimple was somewhat softened by this prompt avowal, "When you own that cottage over there," said he, pointing with his finger, "and have enough else to keep a wife, of your own earning, I'll promise to give you Seraph."

With the feelings of malicious characters in fairy tales, when they have set some impossible task to a victim, Archibald withdrew into the house; and John Enden eyed the pretty cottage with a resolute determination. That cottage, with Seraph in it, to be *his!* Why, it was worth any amount of toil and trying; and, although only a boy of thirteen, and Seraph a child of eight, it appeared by no means an impossible accomplishment.

And this was Seraph Gimple's first offer.

When John Enden was eighteen, he left home to seek his fortune. Seraph had turned her bright ringlets up in a comb, and looked quite womanly; but she still retained her childish affection for John, and her winning, mischievous ways. Archibald Gimple seldom unbent to the aspiring youth; and whenever he thought of him, it was with a feeling of extreme dissatisfaction. The boy had grown tall and handsome, and there was a certain self-respect about him that was particularly irritating to Archibald.

John went to New York, as clerk in a large establishment, and began manfully to fight his

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way up to Seraph; while his unwilling father-in-law elect could scarcely conceal his pleasure at being rid of him, and sincerely hoped that no perverse wind would waft him back again.

John did return, sometimes, for a short summer vacation; and always found Seraph more lovely than ever, and every time it became harder to leave her. But this was his only hope of staying with her always, and he went bravely back to work.

When Seraph was about seventeen, her father, one evening, brought home a gentleman with him who was quite different from any one she had ever seen before. He called himself Christopher Geales; and Mr. Gimple became acquainted with him at the Pennybrook Hotel, where he was sojourning for awhile.

He was apparently about thirty years old, and was quite handsome and distinguished-looking. There was nothing alarmingly showy about him, however; his expression was rather melancholy, and he had a sensible, matter-of-fact way of talking that won Mr. Gimple's confidence. No one would have suspected him of being a speculator; he seemed to have a vast fund of knowledge upon any subject, and yet it came out inadvertently as though the owner were rather desirous of concealing it.

Mr. Geales came to tea; and his manner to Seraph was respectfully reserved; while Miss Gimple was the delighted recipient of many flattering little attentions, until she began to imagine that she did not look so very old, after all, and Mr. Geales must be a *very* sensible man.

Archibald Gimple had many conversations with the stranger, after that; and in a short time, Mr. Geales became quite domesticated at the house. The two made numerous journeys over the farm; and Mr. Geales was continually picking up bits of stone or earth, and explaining them to his companion, much to Perditha's perplexity; for, although she tried hard to listen to these conferences, she never was able to take in sufficient to form any conclusions. Queer measurements of land seemed to be going on, too; and Archibald Gimple began to hold his head still higher, and to feel more self-important than ever.

"How would my little Seraph like to ride in her own carriage," said he, one day, "with a pair of splendid horses, and a fine coachman and footman?"

Seraph was very naturally surprised to find such visions floating through the mind of her staid father; but she answered, pleasantly, that they might be fine, but she didn't believe that John would ever be able to afford them, and she could be quite happy without them, as she always had been.

"There are other folks in the world besides John!" exclaimed her father, impatiently. "I wish that you'd never seen him!"

"Oh! father," remonstrated Seraph, with a heart-broken look; but Archibald Gimple banged the gate after him, as he strode angrily down the road, and Seraph went to her own room to indulge in a private fit of crying.

That evening, Mr. Geales asked her to marry him.

Seraph was considerably surprised and frightened; but she withdrew the little hand that he had taken possession of as soon as possible, and told him of her engagement to John Enden.

Mr. Geales bit his lip, and it was well that she did not see his face; but when she looked up again, she encountered only an expression of respectful interest, and a few kind words drew from her the whole story. Mr. Geales assured her that he had no idea of this before; and that now he should keep a constant eye upon John, because he might be able to aid him, or rather to put him in the way of aiding himself, which he should take pleasure in doing for Seraph's sake.

All this, Seraph thought, was very kind indeed of Mr. Geales; and she expressed her thanks so prettily that he became firmly determined not to permit John Enden to win the prize. That night he wrote a letter to some city acquaintances, the consequence of which was a most unexpected visit.

John Enden sat at his plodding work in the dull counting-house, wearily wondering when the goal would be reached at this rate, and tormented by the fear that Seraph might be forced by her father to accept some more favored suitor before he had earned the right to claim her; when his thoughts were brought back to the present by hearing an inquiry for Mr. Enden.

Two plain, respectable-looking strangers had approached him; and, with the facility of a castle-builder, John immediately prepared himself to hear that he was "to go somewhere and hear something to his advantage."

He was not to go, however; it was to be told him then and there; and the visitors, one of whom announced himself as "Mr. Mettlegate," and his companion as "Mr. Clickwell," blandly addressed John, as though they were perfectly acquainted with all his affairs; and, remarking that they had been told of the faithful manner in which Mr. Enden discharged all the business entrusted to him, and his desire of increasing his income, they had called to offer him a little

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occupation for his evenings, if he had no objection to further employment.

Objection! John was but twenty-two; and his heart gave a great bound when he thought of Seraph and the cottage, which seemed nearer than they had ever yet been; but he stood gazing at Mr. Mettlegate in silence, while that gentleman proceeded to unfold the nature of the "employment."

He was examining John's handwriting, and having shown it to Mr. Clickwell, both professed themselves satisfied with it.

"In the first place," said Mr. Mettlegate, impressively, "this little transaction between us must never be mentioned. The part that you are to fill is one that is eagerly desired by a number of persons, and we should probably excite enmity by thus favoring you; then, too, employers have a natural jealousy of their clerks undertaking any business but theirs, and on many accounts it will be better to keep it entirely between ourselves."

John promised strict secresy—what would he not have promised then?

Mr. Mettlegate, however, merely informed him that his employment would be confined to writing; and, having given him particular directions to find a street and number in an out-of-the-way region, where he was to call that evening, the gentlemen departed.

John received several reproofs during the day for the unusually careless manner in which his work was executed, but his mind was full of other matter; and punctually at the hour appointed, he turned into the obscure street to which he had been directed.

While gazing about for the number, for it was extremely dark, he felt a hand laid upon his arm; and, turning in some fear, he encountered the benignant gaze of Mr. Clickwell, who took him at once under his wing; and after parading around several blocks, in what appeared to John a very zigzag and confusing manner, they reached the back entrance of a large, shabby-looking house.

Mr. Clickwell led the way through dark passages, and up innumerable flights of stairs, until John concluded that they must have reached the very top of the house. They entered a large room, very nicely fitted up as a large library, and containing several queer-looking tables, covered with papers and utensils, and one large desk that was quite formidable in its proportions.

At this desk John was seated; and then Mr. Mettlegate made his appearance.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Enden," said that gentleman, with a manner of mingled dignity and benevolence; "but before proceeding to business, I wish to arrange a few preliminaries with you. The nature of your employment must remain a secret even from you—it is enough to say that it is state business ('another word wanted there,' murmured Mr. Clickwell, in a tone that nobody heard) in which you will be engaged, and probably you have not the slightest idea of the position of the individual who now addresses you?"

John admitted that he had not; but in his own mind he set him down as the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or Secretary of State.

Mr. Mettlegate smiled in a manner suited to disguised royalty conversing familiarly with a subject, and said, (still as disguised royalty,)

"You will never know me in any other character than that of 'Mr. Mettlegate;' my present business is to make you satisfied with *him*. As your work here can only be done in what should be your hours of recreation, it is but right that your compensation should be high."

He then mentioned a sum for every evening's work that fairly startled John into the belief that he must be dreaming. The alacrity with which he seized his pen caused his companion to smile; and very soon John was writing away for dear life, copying over and over again the signature on a piece of written paper before him, and which appeared to be the transfer of a large sum of money. Mr. Clickwell was working at one of the tables, and from the glimpse that John caught of his employment, he imagined that this must be a branch of the mint.

At length Mr. Mettlegate pronounced John's work perfect, and praised his new clerk's skillfulness very highly. Gold was put into his hand, at his departure, and an instant dismissal threatened if a living creature were informed of this night's work. But there was no fear of John, and so Mr. Mettlegate felt; his frank, open nature was entirely unsuspicious of evil, and he had a dim idea that he was serving his country in some honorable way, at the same time that he was working for Seraph.

"What under the sun air you doin'?" inquired a neighbor of Archibald Gimple.

Archibald smiled in a superior manner, as he replied,

"Ain't sure that I'm *doin'* anything; I'm *tryin'* to do."

"Thought you didn't approve of tryin'?" continued the neigbor. "'Pears to me I've heerd tell of a man who upsot his hull house diggin' under it for a pot of gold."

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This was not at all agreeable to Archibald, and he vouchsafed no reply.

Mr. Geales had persuaded his friend, as well as himself, that copper was to be found in great abundance on the Gimple farm; and drew such a glowing picture of the fabulous profits to be derived from working the mine, that Archibald Gimple, opposed as he was to all experiments, and "new fangled notions," fell eagerly in with the plan, and drew nearly all his spare funds to carry on the operations.

Miss Perditha looked upon Mr. Geales with very different feelings when she found that he wanted her niece, instead of herself; and she cautioned "brother Archibald" in vain against reposing too much trust in a stranger. His mind was set upon dazzling all Pennybrook, and casting a fresh halo upon the name of Gimple; and the voice of "Sister Perdithy" sounded in his ears very much like the buzzing of a noisy fly.

Time wore on, as the novelists say; and one June morning, John Enden came back to Pennybrook with money enough to buy Seraph of her father. The pretty cottage was not for sale just then; but this was not the point, as long as he had money enough to get it.

Archibald Gimple was very uneasy during this interview; and demanded rather abruptly where John had gotten his money so soon.

"*Honestly*, sir," replied the young man, with a flushed face, "by working at all sorts of hours, and thinking of Seraph to keep me from being tired."

This was straightforward enough; and finding no sufficient reason for breaking the compact, Archibald just refused point blank to give him his daughter, without any reason at all.

John Enden's feelings cannot be described; but with no word of disrespect for the father of Seraph, he quietly left the house in the hope that a short reflection would bring Mr. Gimple to his senses.

"Oh! father!" exclaimed Seraph, who had been in an adjoining room during the interview, "you *promised!*"

Archibald turned from his daughter's pleading face to superintend the operations of the workmen; and Seraph flew to aunt Perditha.

"Seraph," said she, in a solemn manner, "I feel it in my bones that somehow or another, and at some time or other, you'll marry John Enden. I'll never forgit the time I locked you up in the closet, and had to wrap you in a blanket to keep you from ketchin' cold, and how you stuck it out there, hour after hour, until I got scared, and had to fetch you out. I think jest the same now as I did then, that you air the most obstinate little cretur *I* ever laid eyes on, and whatever you set out to do, you'll *do*."

With which comforting remarks, aunt Perditha kissed the tearful face of her pretty niece, and sat down again to her sewing.

Seraph *was* "an obstinate little cretur"—she began to grow pale and thin with all her might; and not even waffles, her favorite weakness, could tempt her, as Miss Perditha said, "to eat more than enough to keep a bird alive;" which is rather indefinite, as it is generally understood that some birds eat a great deal more than others—vultures, for instance. Seraph's appetite, however, was on the canary bird pattern.

Archibald Gimple was considerably troubled. His only child, the pride of his heart, was fading away before his eyes; and his hardly-earned money was doing the same thing, with no present prospect of getting it back. Seraph's looks made him really unhappy; and when Mr. Geales came to talk to him, as a friend of both parties, and try to persuade him to receive John Enden as a son-in-law, he was quite ready to be persuaded; and Mr. Geales had the pleasure of doing a benevolent and disinterested action.

The gratitude of the young couple was unbounded; and Seraph confessed to aunt Perditha that, if she had never seen John, she did think she should have loved Mr. Geales. This benevolent Howard was very much occupied in writing letters; but, grateful as they felt, he was not at all missed—Miss Perditha doubted if the roof of the house would be, if it should take a notion to come off.

The young couple were to live at home until the owner of the cottage was disposed to sell it; and Miss Perditha and Almira Hipple again worked in concert to make Seraph's room as attractive as possible. The bride-elect, as Miss Perditha observed, was in such a flutter that she wasn't worth her salt; and, as for John, he did nothing but be in the way.

The day arrived; and the stiff, white-satin dress, which John had brought from the city, was made up in the queer fashion of forty years ago; but Seraph could not be disfigured, even by that barbarous style, and a lovelier bride had never been seen in Pennybrook.

Seraph stood before the glass, with a slight feeling of pardonable vanity, waiting for the summons to go down stairs, and wondering why they made such a noise below—when in rushed Almira Hipple, in a great state of excitement, exclaiming in a very vague and disconnected manner,

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"Don't go down, Seruff! P'raps they'll want *you*, too!"

"Of course, they want her," said Miss Perditha, sternly. "What do you mean, Almiry? Is it time to go down?"

"My sakes me!" continued "Almiry," still regarding Seraph, "if you ain't had a blessed escape of bein' a forgeress!"

Miss Perditha rushed down stairs, but Seraph was before her. How she got down she never could tell; every vestige of color had left her face, and, white as the bridal dress she wore, she was possessed with the one idea that something dreadful had happened to John.

As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she saw a carriage at the door, and John Enden lifted into it by two police officers. Her father's anger was too deep for words, except a murmured execration—Mr. Geales looked regretful, but satisfied that justice should take its course—and the invited guests whispered together in little knots about "forgery" and "counterfeiting."

John's head was bowed, and he made no resistance; but at the last moment he turned, and beheld his wife that would have been close beside him. "Oh! Seraph!" he exclaimed, and he would have said more, but the men hurried him into the carriage, while kind hands seized Seraph, and carried her up stairs.

Poor John! he was the victim of a deeply-laid scheme: counterfeit money was found upon him when the officers came to him, and the proofs of forgery were just as conclusive. The villains, whose tool he had been, had exposed him in obedience to orders they had received; but they had effected their escape, and were now far beyond the reach of the law. John Enden was taken to the States' Prison.

For a long time Seraph showed no signs of life. The deadly swoon into which she had fallen was alarming; and then brain fever set in, and it seemed doubtful if she would ever leave the room alive. Day after day, and week after week was she watched and tended; and at last reason and consciousness returned. But John was lost to her forever; her father had taken a savage pleasure in telling her, as soon as she was able to bear it, that he was expiating his crime in the States' Prison; and Archibald had forbidden any one to mention his name again.

The Endens could not stay in Pennybrook after their disgrace; they moved off, no one knew where, and all clue to John was lost. Seraph shed bitter tears to think how he had deceived her; but it was a long, long time before she could cease to love him.

The Gimple farm, indignant at being mistaken for a copper-mine, revenged itself by becoming neither one nor the other; and Archibald Gimple, a broken-down old man, pleaded with his daughter to save him from want by marrying Mr. Geales. It was a long time before Seraph consented, but finally she married him; and her husband faithfully took charge of them all as long as his money lasted. Seraph never knew her husband's guilt toward John Enden, and it was well for her peace of mind that she did not; he was always kind and affectionate to her, and when he died she sincerely lamented him, although not as she would have lamented John. He had ruined himself, as he ruined his father-in-law; but Archibald Gimple was now beyond all earthly care for "food and raiment," and only Seraph and aunt Perditha were left.

Miss Gimple had a little property, with which she purchased a small house in another part of Pennybrook; and resuming her original trade of tailoress, aunt and niece lived together, and worked and suffered in concert.

On a sultry afternoon in August, two ladies sat in the narrow strip of entry (which not even courtesy could dignify by the name of "hall,") that belonged to a small, plain house in a by street of Pennybrook. The day was very warm, and the front door had been left open to admit all the breeze there was to enter—giving a fine view of the marigolds, coxcombs, and French lilacs that adorned "the court-yard."

The ladies, who both wore spectacles, were sewing busily on men's garments; and there was a sweetness of expression in the face of the younger one that had outlived the perishing beauty of features and complexion.

"Seraph!" exclaimed the elder lady, peering sharply through her spectacles, "there comes one of them plaguey men, I do believe, with somethin' to sell! Why can't they git some honest employment, instead of trapsin' round the country? Looks like that horrid man with the papers of needles, who bawls at you to keep 'em until he comes for 'em—and then when he *does* come, he declares that he's left a paper more than he has and wants you to pay for 'em!"

Seraph smiled sweetly, but with perfect indifference, and afterward she gave a little sigh; while Miss Perditha Gimple, a spry maiden of over eighty, moved to the door to overwhelm the intruder.

"Clear out!" she exclaimed, in a shrill voice, "don't want none o' your trash and trumpery!"

He was an elderly, white-haired man; and he now looked very composedly at the excited

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spinster. "Can I see the lady of the house?" said he.

"What do you take *me* for, I should like to know?" was the indignant rejoinder. "Do you s'pose I'm a 'help,' or what?"

The man smiled a little, as he put the question in a different form, "Can I see Mrs. Seraph Geales?"

"I dare say you ken, if you open your eyes," said Miss Perditha, tartly; for Seraph stood in the doorway, shading her face with her hand, and looking almost breathlessly at the man.

"Who—who are you?" said she, at last.

"Do you know me, Seraph?" asked a voice that was marvelously familiar; and John Enden came close up to her.

She looked at him for a moment, and then remembering where she had last seen him, she turned and walked into the house. More than forty years had passed since then, and Seraph sat down and wept like a child. John Enden followed her, and sat down a little way off, gazing at her with a loving, commiserating look.

"Well, if this ain't imperdence!" exclaimed Miss Perditha, who still felt it her duty to act as duenna, "*I* should think you wouldn't hev the face to come into this house at all!"

But the intruder sat looking at Seraph; and in a few moments he spoke, "Do not look upon me as a villain, Seraph; I am an innocent man, and have suffered most unjustly—when you are calm, I will tell you about it."

Although the youthful brightness had long since departed from Seraph's eyes, the gentle, confiding look was still there, and such a look she now fixed upon John Enden; while Miss Perditha took up the neglected work with much apparent dignity, although inwardly consumed by curiosity to hear what John had to say.

"My first knowledge of forgers, Seraph, came with the discovery that I had been made their tool. It was a cruel, cruel business—but the disgrace, the imprisonment, and all, were nothing to losing *you*. I had toiled for you, Seraph, and that very toil was the means of losing you! I was not kept long in imprisonment, though—I had a few kind friends, and through their exertions, it was proved that I was innocent. But I was ill for a long time after that, and out of my mind; and when I at last recovered, and heard of you, you were married. I cared for nothing in the world then, and went off to sea in a fit of despair. We were chased by pirates, and captured; and I, and several companions, were sold into slavery. For twenty years, Seraph, I wore chains; and, at the end of that time, we escaped. I had gained some knowledge of trade, and contrived to take with me some of the gold which I felt that I had justly earned; I traveled about with merchandise from place to place—until, at last, I have reached my native shore with more than money enough to buy the cottage. I could not rest without coming to tell you this, Seraph."

Seraph Geales went up to John Enden and took his hand. "Forgive us all," said she, "the wrong that we have done you—and to prove it, come and live in Pennybrook."

"I will, Seraph," was the reply, "but it must be as we promised to live, so many years ago."

"Oh! John!" exclaimed Seraph, pointing to the silver hair so neatly banded beneath her cap, "do you not see that I am an old woman now, and you are an old man? We should both rather be thinking of the Land where 'there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'"

"And will it make us think of it any the less," pleaded John, "if we spend our few remaining years together? Seraph," he continued, earnestly, "had you married me *then*, do you believe that you would have ceased to love me when 'an old man?' Or that I would have ceased to love *you* when 'an old woman?'"

"No! no!" replied Seraph, covering her face with her hands, as she thought of all those long years, when they might and should have been together, "but people would laugh at us, John, for marrying at *our* age."

"Let them laugh," said he, "it is not our fault that we have been obliged to wait so long; and I want you and aunt Perditha both to help me keep house."

"Aunt Perditha," said Seraph, when John had left them, "what do *you* think of it? Doesn't it seem foolish?"

"I always believe," said Miss Gimple, as she creased down a seam, "in followin' out a principle, all things bein' equal—and, as long as you once made up your mind to marry John Enden, and was hindered by 'unforseen circumstances,' I should show that I know'd my own mind by doin' it now—the circumstances bein' out of the way."

"But we are so *old*, now," said Seraph, sadly.

"Well, I don't calkilate that you expect to grow any younger?" said Miss Perditha.

With Miss Gimple's advice may have been mingled the idea that "keeping house" for John Enden would be much pleasanter than tailoressing; but she really loved her niece, and thought that she was only considering Seraph's interests.

They were married on that fifteenth of October; and although they tried to keep it as quiet as possible, the bells were rung furiously.

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BABY'S AUNT.

BY ANNA TAYLOR.

I COULD scarcely forgive Robert Selwyn for falling in love with and marrying my pretty sister Nellie, and then like the ogre in the fairy tale carrying her off to his castle in the mountains, or at least to some place where I seldom saw her. So I was not at all sorry when Nellie came home for her first visit, to find that business had detained her husband in the city. How glad I was to see Nellie again, to feel her arms around my neck, and her kisses upon my cheek as of old; and when her baby was brought into the house, in the arms of its thick-lipped, dusky-faced nurse, we all clustered around him, admiring his round, symmetrical limbs, draped in lace, and muslin, and embroidery, his golden hair trained into the cunningest of French rolls on the top of his head, and falling in the brightest of clustering rings down beside his pink cheeks, his great, staring blue eyes, and his mouth as arch and crimson as Nellie's own! Grandpapa patted his cheeks and called him a fine little fellow, Miss Grey said he was a proper nice child, and I thought that I could love him for Nellie's sake. But when I stooped down and shook my ringlets in his face, he put his arm around her neck and looked at me so defiantly, that I am sure the little rogue made up his mind at once that we were rivals, and that he would have Nellie all to himself in spite of me. A terrible despotism was his week's reign in our household. It seemed strange to me how such a mere morsel of humanity could keep the house in such a perpetual turmoil. Twice, during that memorable visit, did he fall down the steps into the passage at imminent risk of life and limbs; once was a physician sent for in all haste to extract a kernel of corn he had contrived to insert in one of his nostrils; and at another time he was only saved from strangulation, by Miss Grey's presence of mind in running her fingers down his throat and removing a button which he had found on the carpet and conveyed surreptitiously to his mouth, that depository for all infantine treasures.

One might have supposed, from these perpetually recurring accidents, that he was meditating upon the great problem of existence, and experimenting as to the speediest means of terminating it. There were passages in my favorite books, which I had promised myself much pleasure in reading to Nellie, but never did I take up poem, or romance, or essay, but that baby contrived to distract her attention completely from the whole matter by his laughter or his weeping. If we went out for a ramble, Nellie's thoughts were constantly wandering back to her boy at home; so though the brook had the same pleasant murmur we listened to in our girlhood, though the woods were just as shady and the wild flowers just as sweet, yet the scene had lost its enchantment for her, and could never detain her long from little Philip.

Old friends called, and that baby had to be brought forward and examined and admired and petted and caressed; over and over again the color of his hair and eyes was discussed, the number of his teeth ascertained, and a decision arrived at as to whether he most resembled papa, or mamma. Over and over again, elderly ladies offered sage advice, and the younger ones indulged in a style of talk popularly supposed to be understood by babies, clipping and mutilating their words, as if, like Mrs. Plornish, they fancied that would make the English language intelligible to one who could not otherwise understand it: and wonderful was it accounted when, parrot-like, he lisped the few syllables he had learned to speak. In fact that baby was the principal figure in every scene, whereas I thought his size and capacity should have placed him in the background or perspective.

I suppose I shall be thought selfish, but it is not pleasant, after being petted and spoiled all one's life-time, to be coolly set aside and supplanted in every one's heart by—a baby. Papa used to take some interest in my affairs, but he is now wholly wrapped up in his grandchild, and I think confidently expects that he will one day occupy the Presidential chair. Miss Grey has set her heart upon his becoming a minister, and has devised her small means, which would have otherwise been left as a legacy to me, to educate him for that profession; and as for Nellie, though she once loved me as a sister, I am sure she looks upon and speaks of me now—would you believe it?—only as "Baby's Aunt."

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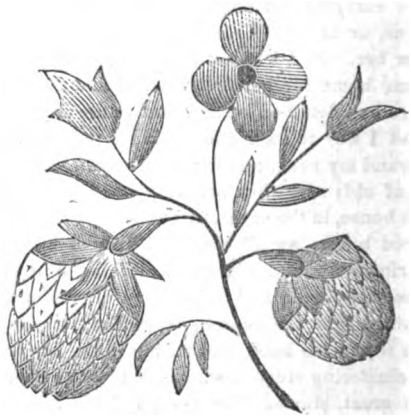
LADIES' NECK-TIE: LATEST STYLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

TAKE a three-cornered piece of silk, lay four or five plaits on the bias side, until the point is only a little over a finger long. This point is to be embroidered, a bunch for the centre, (for which we give a very pretty pattern full size,) and the sides are to be chain-stitched in blocks as seen in the design, sewing a small jet bead in the centre of every block. The dots on the strawberries are done in the same way. Fit the point to the neck, cutting off the ends in front. Edge all round with a narrow black thread lace. Make a bow and ends for the front, embroidering the ends, and edging them with lace to match the point.

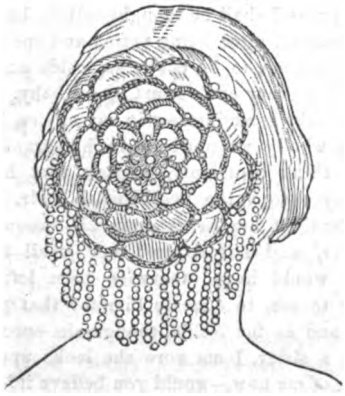


FULL-SIZED PATTERN FOR THE EMBROIDERY.

It is to be worn over a walking dress, with a very small linen collar, and may be made of any color to suit the dress or bonnet trimmings, *always* embroidered with black.

WEAVING OR PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.—NO. IV.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE chain of which this net is composed may be worked in several lengths, but we do not advise that it should be attempted with hair measuring less than twelve or fourteen inches. Ten strands, of about sixteen hairs each, are to be prepared. The wire for the centre must not exceed the fourth of an inch in circumference.

Draw ten equidistant radiating lines on the table with chalk, and letter them with the first ten letters of the alphabet, beginning from the central line at the top of the table, and proceeding toward the right; having done this, work as follows:—

1st Round.—Lift strand *j* into the place of *b;* lift strand *b* into the place of *d;* lift strand *d* into the place of *f;* lift strand *f* into the place of *h;* lift strand *h* on to the vacant *j*.

2nd Round.—Lift strand *a* into the place of *i;*

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lift strand *i* into the place of *g;* lift strand *g* into the place of *e;* lift strand *e* into the place of *c;* lift strand *c* on to the vacant *a*.

The first round is worked toward the right; the second round is worked toward the left; these two are to be repeated alternately until the hair is all worked up.

When the plait has been scalded, dried, and slipped off the tube, instead of cementing the ends, let them be tied very neatly and firmly with silk of the same color as the hair. So many lengths must be worked as will be requisite for making the net, and, when these are all completed, cut out a circular piece of white cartridge paper of the size it is wished the net shall be; then with a lead pencil draw a circle in the centre about the size of a half dollar; around this draw a succession of circles until the paper is filled up; let the first three or four be an inch apart, the next three or four an inch and a quarter, and the others an inch and a half apart.

We shall now require straw-needles, or fine bead-needles, very fine thread for tacking, and very fine, or split-silk, of the color of the hair, for sewing; likewise about half a dozen strings of Roman-pearl beads, or of the gold or steel-colored glass beads about the size of small peas.

With fine white thread tack the chain over the central penciled circle, and then proceed to form with it ten or twelve equal-sized loops, which shall occupy the space between this central circle and the next penciled one, and tack these loops also to the paper. Then take another needle, threaded with silk, and with it fasten off the ends of the circle, and fasten down the extremities of each loop to the circle, putting on a bead at each place where the loop joins the circle. The second round of loops are to occupy the space between the second and third penciled circles, and, like the loops in chain-crochet, are to rise, each one from the centres of the previous ones; tack these to the paper with thread, and then fasten them down to the others with silk, and attach a bead at each junction. About every three rounds it will be necessary to add four extra loops, one in each quarter of the circle. All the rounds are to be done in the way already described—namely, the loops first tacked to the paper, and then sewn into their places; a bead is to be affixed to each extremity of every loop. When all is completed, remove the tacking threads, detach the net from the paper, and run a string or chain of beads in and out, through the outermost round of loops; of course these beads must be of the same kind as those already used about the net; finish off the ends with a tassel of beads, and the work is complete, and forms a very pretty head-dress.

A watch-guard may also be worked with this pattern.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

CHILD'S DRESS.

CHILD'S COAT.

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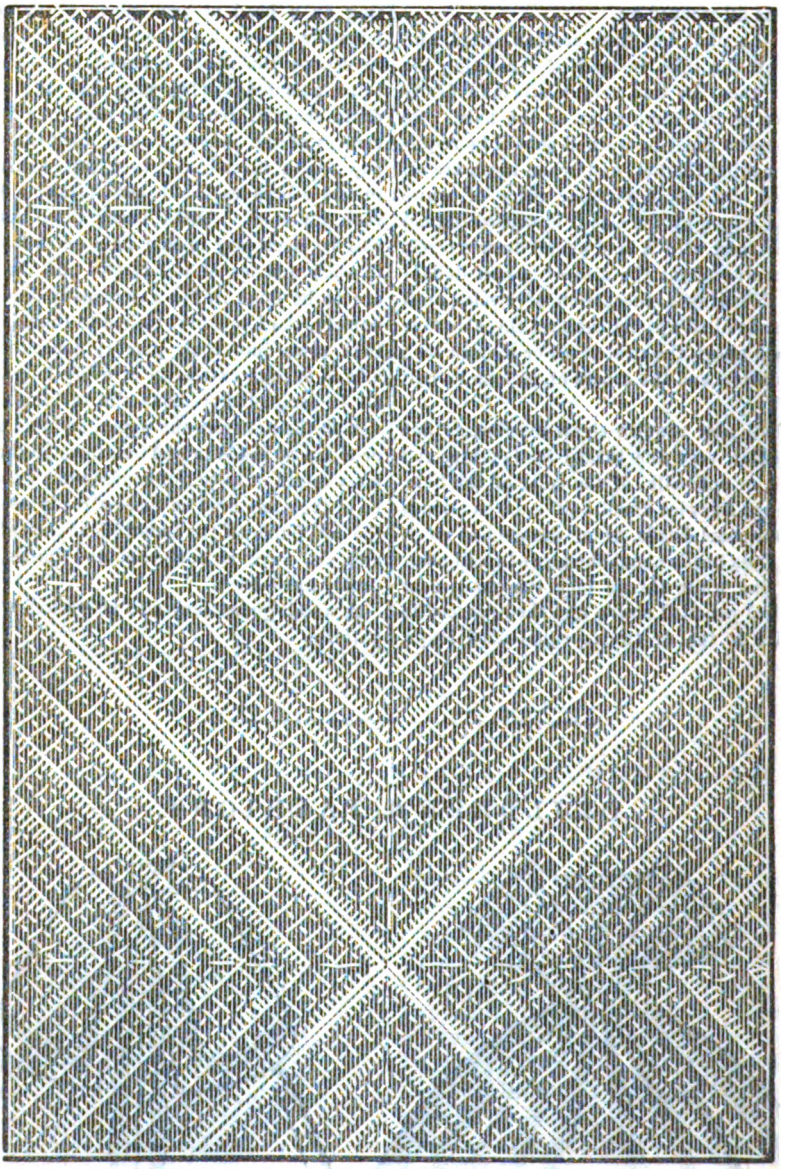
KNITTED PATCHWORK COUNTERPANE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



COMMENCE by casting on three loops. Bring the cotton forward and knit the row thus, making a loop at the beginning of each row; continue thus until there are seven loops upon the needle, then knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 3. Back row: knit 3 first and 3 last, purl all the intermediate; the same must be done with all the back rows. Front row: knit 3, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 3. Back row as before. Front row: knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1,

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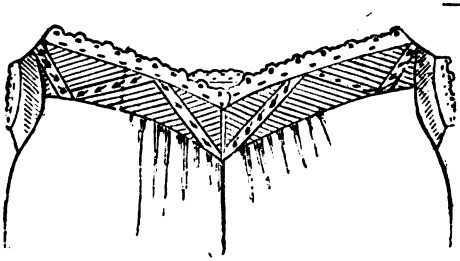
knit 1 (this is the central loop), make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. Back row. Front row: knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. Back row. Front row: knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 5, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. Back row. Front row: knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 7, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. Back row. Front row: knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, and knit 2, make 1, knit 1 (this last is the central loop and must be kept so all through the knitting), make 1, knit 2, and narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. Back row. Then in continuing to enlarge the diamond the same rules must be followed—namely, to commence a new point as soon as there are five central loops for the narrow lines, and for the wide when there are nine. In reducing the diamond from the widest part work as follows: Front row: knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, and knit 1, and narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 2, and narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 2, and narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 2, and narrow, make 1, narrow. Slip narrow and bind (this is narrowing at the centre): make 1, narrow, and knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, and knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, and knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, and knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3. These instructions must be followed until by constantly narrowing in the centre, there are no more than nine loops left upon the needle, when they must be knitted backward and forward, narrowing one each row until only three remain, when they must be cast off, the diamond being completed.

Whenever the word "narrow" occurs in the above directions, the following instructions are to be remembered. When the line of knitting leans from right to left it must be done by slipping one knitting and binding. When the line leans from left to right the loops must be knitted together. The appearance of the work is much improved by following this rule.

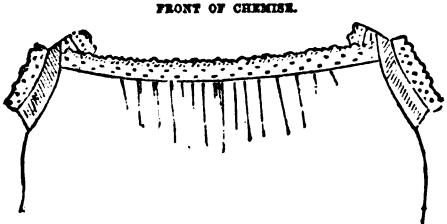
In this way, when a little facility has been acquired, this knitted patchwork becomes a very pleasant occupation. A few trials, even if it should be found necessary to recommence several times, need not be considered tedious, the parts being on merely a small scale, which is very different from the intricate difficulty of a large piece of work of this sort, when mistakes require that several rows should be taken back upon the needles.

PATTERN FOR A CHEMISE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



FRONT OF CHEMISE.



BACK OF CHEMISE.

THINKING that a pattern of under-linen would be exceedingly acceptable to many of the subscribers to "Peterson," we, this month, give one of a Chemise of the newest make. The back is straight, edged with a piece of work only; the front is trimmed with insertion, embroidery, and small tucks let in between the insertion. This trimming is of a pointed form; and the body of the Chemise in front must be cut the same shape, to fit on to this. The width of the long-cloth, or linen, is sufficient for the width of the garment, and should be gored at the top, the gores that are cut off being placed at the bottom, and the arm-hole shaped out. The sleeve is cut in two pieces, and should be joined together by a double row of stitching; it is made of Scotch cambric, with very small tucks run in it, to match the trimming in front. For strength and durability, we would recommend that this be made of the same material as the Chemise. As our space is limited, we have only been able to give, in the diagram, the half of both the back and front, as far down as the top of the gore; but the illustration of the garment itself will clearly show how it should be made. The front is gathered from A to B; the part from A to the bottom of the point, and the same from B to C, being put on quite plain; it is gored from D to E, and the gore that comes

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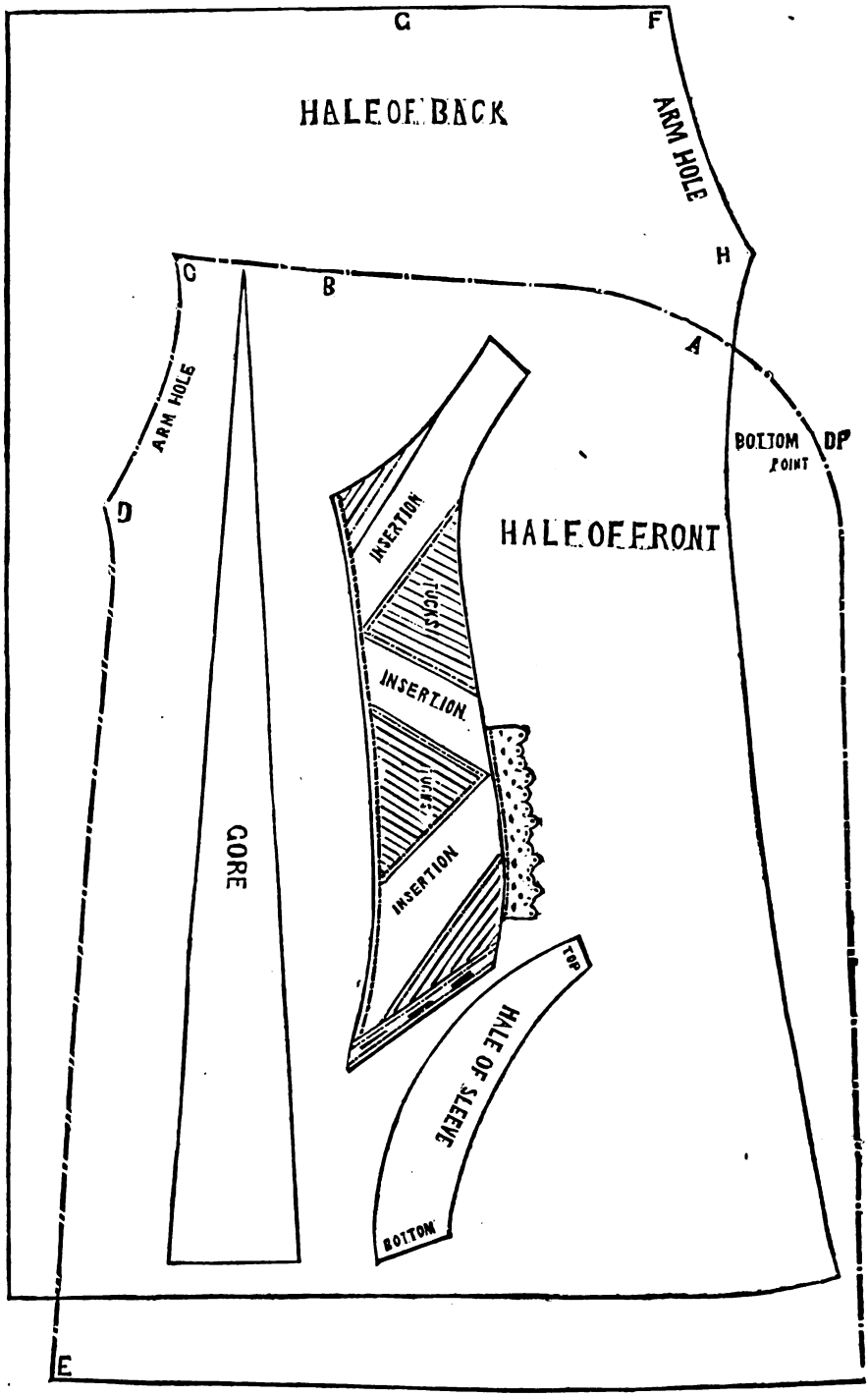

off is put on to the bottom. The back of the Chemise is plain from F to G; and the other portion of the back is gathered into the work on the top. It is gored from H to F; the gore that comes off being put on to the bottom, in the same manner as with the front gore.

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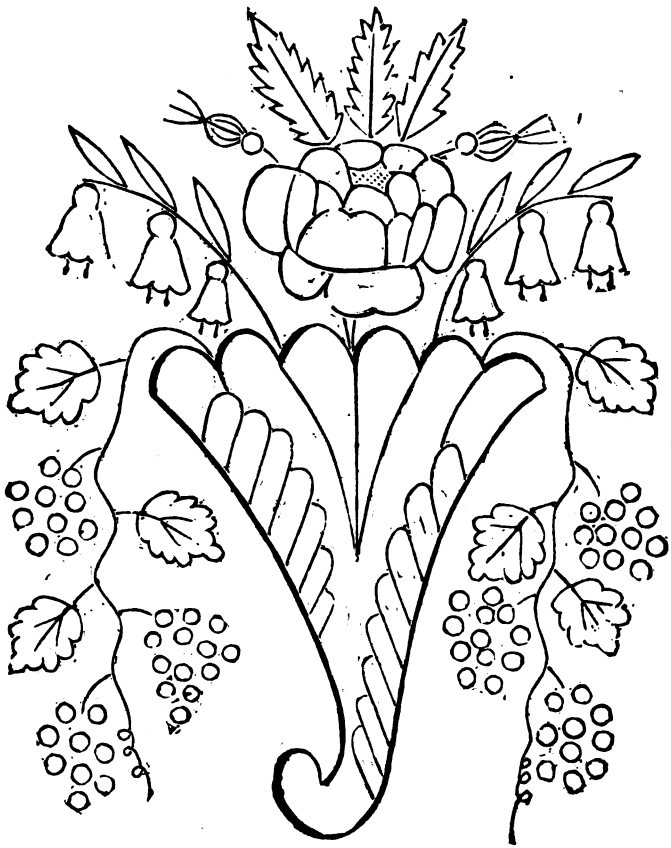
PATTERN FOR CHRISTMAS SLIPPER.

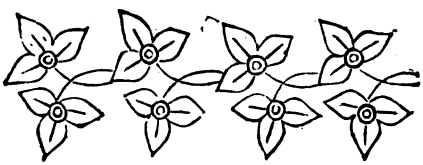
BY MRS. H. M. ALLEN.



THIS pattern is intended to represent a vase and flowers. A pair of slippers, worked in this style, would make a very suitable Christmas or New-Year's Gift. The fruit and flowers are to be worked in colored silk, to imitate nature: the vase in gold color and green.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERIES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



INSERTION.

EDGING.

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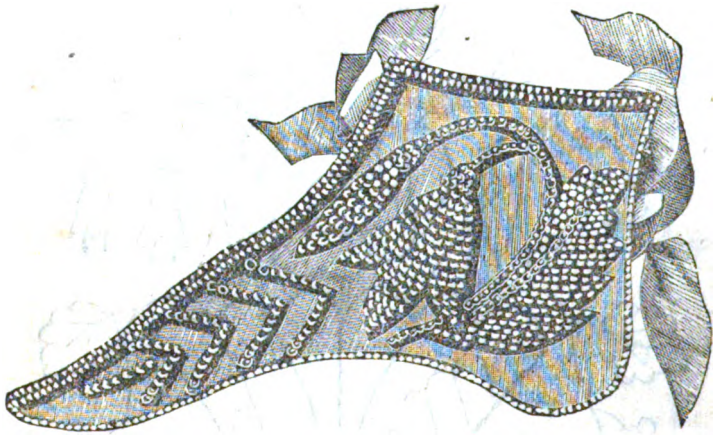
A NEEDLE-BOOK AND PINCUSHION COMBINED.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Two nails of violet-colored silk, some white chalk beads, some crystal, also some gold, a little larger than seed beads, a small piece of fine flannel for the needles and pins, and some penny ribbon for tying.

First cut the exact shape in tissue paper, then cut four pieces the same in card-board, also four pieces of flannel somewhat less in size, and four pieces of silk, two large and two a little smaller, for the lining.

FOR THE PINCUSHION.—Cut four thicknesses of flannel, cover two pieces of card-board, tack the flannel on to one piece of the former, and to the second piece sew on a small piece of the silk, about half an inch in width, but tapering toward the end represented as the heel, now sew this on the first covered piece, sew the two pieces of card-board up at the back of the heel, round the ancle and instep.

FOR THE NEEDLE-BOOK.—Cover two pieces of card-board and line them with some silk, then snip the edges of the flannel and sew them to the instep part of the pattern. Now sew the two portions of the design together at the part which represents the instep. Sew on the beads, as shown in the engraving, only observe that underneath the flowers and leaves is a piece of white calico to throw up the white of the beads. A small pair of scissors may be inserted between the needle-book and cushion.

NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

IN the front of the number is a new pattern for a Netted Window Curtain. It is worked on two different meshes, the larger three-quarters of an inch wide, the smaller just one half of that size: both should be flat, as it is more easy to keep the loops perfectly regular on a flat mesh than on a round one. The number of loops for the curtain may be from eighty to a hundred, but this must, of course, depend upon the height of the apartment for which they are intended.

Having cast on the required number for the first row, net three more plain rows, all on the same mesh; then net the next row, still using the large mesh, three twists round the finger, so as to make a treble loop on each loop of the last row; this being done, take the small mesh and net a row on all the loops of the last row,

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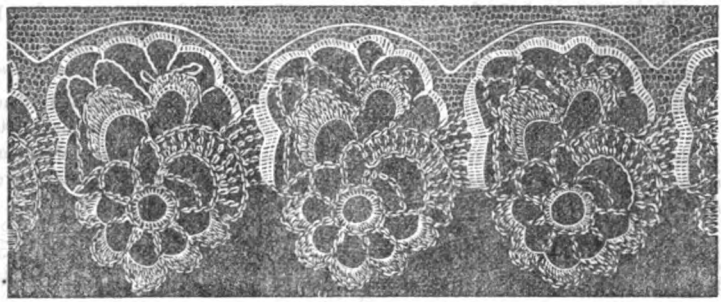
dividing them separately, a loop on each loop; net two more rows with the same small mesh; then net a row on the large mesh; then, still with the large mesh, net a row, taking up three in one, but particularly noticing, in commencing the row, that these three are opposite to the three on the contrary side of the small netting, so as to preserve the regularity of the pattern. After this the whole must be repeated. The curtain may be as wide and full as the window may require, as repeating the stripes is all that is necessary for that purpose. When hung up the effect is particularly light and pretty, the rarity of the netting forming an extremely ornamental stripe.

Casting on eighty loops makes a very good-sized curtain; a hundred loops a large one. The cotton ought not to be too fine.

A VEIL BORDER.

BY MRS. WARREN.

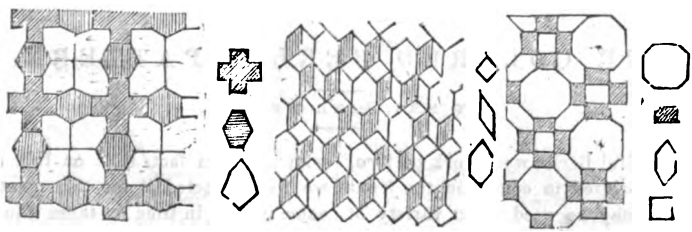


MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 36. No. 4 Penelope Hook. Sufficient rather coarse Brussels net for a veil.

1*st Row.*—11 ch unite in a circle; 3 dc 3 ch *u* this circle till there are 8 chs of 3. End with 3 ch dc *u* circle.

2*nd Row.*—7 ch dc *u* 3 ch. Repeat all round. 13 ch dc *u* 2nd of the 7 chs; 3 ch T (or turn on reverse side); 1 L 1 ch in each loop for 12 times; 3 ch dc *u* next 7 ch of flower; 11 ch dc *u* next; 1 ch T 7 dc *u* 11 ch. 11 L *u* same, 5 dc *u* same; 9 ch dc *u* 3rd 1 ch; 1 ch T 5 dc *u* 9 ch; 5 ch 5 dc *u* same, 5 ch 3 dc *u* same; 9 ch dc on the centre of the L stitches; 9 ch dc on the end of the L stitches; 7 ch 1 L *u* the chs of flower already worked into; 9 ch T dc *u* next chs 7 ch dc *u* same; 7 ch dc *u* next, 7 ch 1 L between the two 5 chs; 7 ch 1 L in same loop, 9 ch 1 L on centre of next 5 dc, 5 ch 1 L *u* 3rd 1 ch; 2 ch 1 L 2 ch between each 1 ch for 5 times, 3 ch dc *u* the 3 ch at the end of the L stitches, 5 ch dc *u* 1st chs of flower, 5 L *u* same; dc *u* same; 1 dc *u* next 5 L dc *u* same. Repeat *u* all the 7 chs the same. 3 ch 13 dc *u* next chs; 9 dc *u* next; fasten off. Make a second piece, do not fasten off, but draw the cotton through, and with a fine needle sew on to the first piece as in engraving. When a sufficient length is completed, tack it round the veil very evenly, and buttonhole or overcast the edge on to the net, then with same cotton run a line just inside the pattern, and sew it slanting ways over.

COMBINATION DESIGNS IN PATCHWORK.



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TO IMITATE FOREST LEAVES.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.*

MATERIALS.—Red, green, yellow, and brown sealing-wax, muslin leaves of different forms, fitch brushes.

The leaves must be stemmed, that is, have wires to them. Dissolve the sealing-wax, each color in a separate bottle as before directed. Apply the wax to the leaves with a fitch brush, they may be very prettily variegated by dipping the brush in the different bottles of wax. These leaves are very pretty for ornamenting flower or fruit baskets as a substitute for leather work; it will also do for leather work as a substitute for varnish; they are also pretty for mixing with dried grasses.

* Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 48 north Ninth street, Philadelphia, deals in materials, &c., for potichomanie, paper flowers, wax flowers, and all sorts of fancy work. Orders promptly attended to.

BABY'S SACQUE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—¾ oz. of white split zephyr, ½ oz. colored split zephyr.

FOR THE SACQUE BODY.—Commence with 38 shells, crochet 12 rows. Then divide into three parts, thus: 10 shells for each front, and 18 for the back. Then crochet each 12 rows. Work 6 rows for the shoulder, narrowing every row. Join the shoulder seams, and work two rows across. For the border, work 12 rows, increasing in the last four rows, so that there will be 10 stitches in every shell.

FOR THE SLEEVE.—14 shells for the width, work 12 rows. 6 rows for the border. Finish the sacque with 1 row of shells all round. A narrow ribbon same color of the border for the waist and neck.

OUR COLORED BERLIN PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE very beautiful Berlin wool-work pattern, which is given, printed in colors, in the front of the number, may be used for a variety of purposes. In fact, it is on this account, that we have selected it for this month, as it will come in, just in time for those who wish to make

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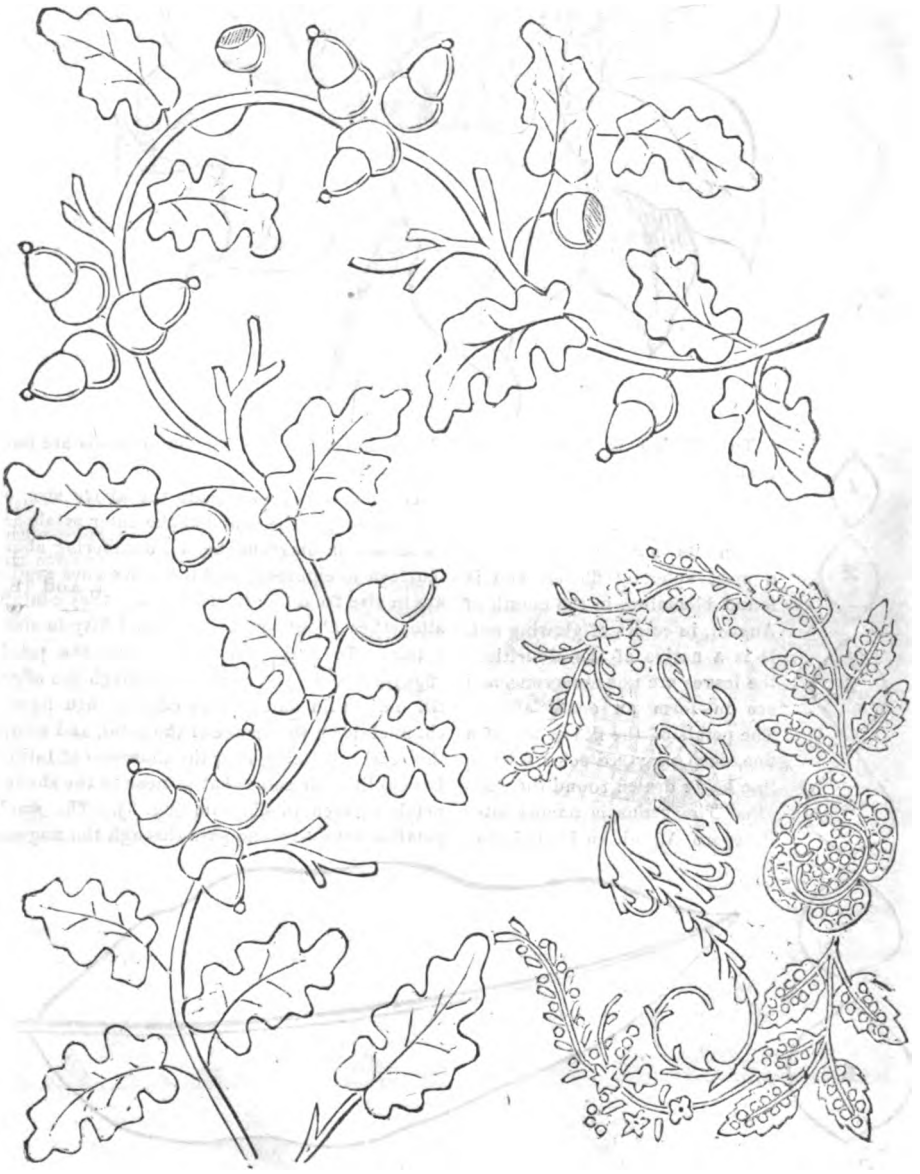
up Christmas and New-Year's Gifts. Worked on canvas of a moderate fineness, with single Berlin wool, it will serve for a sofa-pillow, footstool, bag, &c. Worked on a coarser canvas, in double Berlin wool, which would have a beautiful effect, it would then be admirably adapted for an ottoman, fender-stool, &c. The white and yellow may be worked in *filoselle*, which would very decidedly increase the richness and brightness of the pattern.

We may here say that Christmas gifts, worked by the giver, are always more cherished than those which are purchased; and for a very natural reason.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR INFANT'S CLOAK.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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TO MAKE A WAX ALPINA.

BY CHARLES PEPPER.

THE Alpina is "one of the grandest plants in Flora's kingdom. As represented in our illustration, it is nearly one-fourth its natural size. It is a most splendid flower, and is found blooming, in the month of August, in colors of glowing red. It is a native of the Mauritius; the leaves are not numerous, and are in form an acute oblong. The petals of the flower are of a fine, deep, rosy-red color, a white line being drawn round the margin. The genus is named after Prospero Alpini, an Italian physician and botanist. The outer petals are bold and noble.

The flower may be made the above size, or twice as large; the shape of the outer petals are as shown in diagram (fig. 1), numbering about fourteen to eighteen; and the inner ones graduate in size from one to six (fig. 2); they contain altogether about one hundred and fifty to sixty petals. To make the flower, cut the petals (figures 1 and 2) of white wax; pinch the edges till quite thin and feather-edged; then form a channel down the centre of the petal, and mould the petal something after the character of Lilium Lancifolium, or somewhat as near to the shaded petal, as seen in diagram (fig. 3). The small petals must every one pass through the fingers,

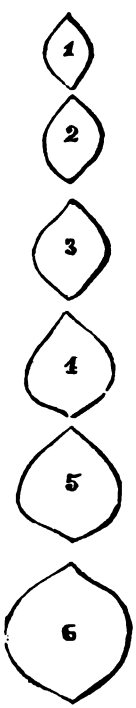

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

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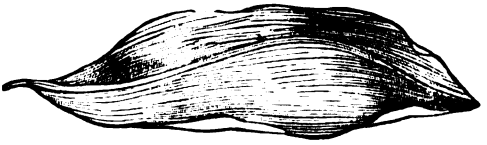


Fig. 3.

under the process of tapering the edges; after which, mould the inner leaves a little hollow, similarly to a rose petal, and form a slight mark down the centre, as in the large ones. After preparing the petals thus far, proceed to tint with carmine and French white, or Chinese white mixed with a little gall, and having the tint, as stated in the description, a fine, deep, rosy-red, with a fine white margin round the edges of the petals. In forming the flower, prepare a foundation about the size of a silver dollar, of a conical shape toward the centre (as seen in diagram, fig. 4), of pieces of white wax; place a stout pin of wire in the centre, and fix the petals No. 1 (of fig. 2), so that one laps a little over the other. Then No. 2, in like manner, bringing the point of each petal between the petals of the preceding row, and so on till the whole are fixed. Finally, proceed with the larger ones, placing them as gracefully as possible, to give a noble effect. This flower looks well by itself, with a bud and a few leaves.

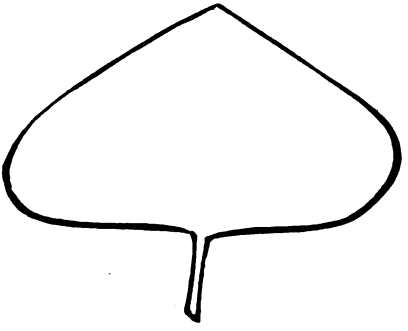
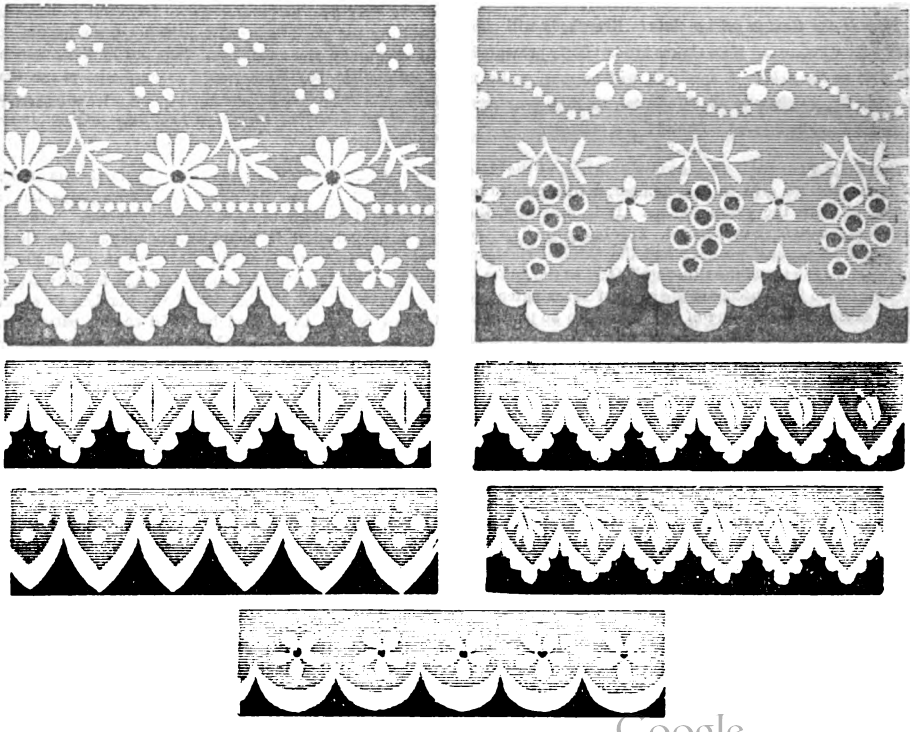


Fig. 4.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1861—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1861. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers; while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and still costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1861 will be even better than for 1860.

In addition to our usual quantity of original stories, from the best writers of the country, we shall publish, in 1861, the following copy-right novelets:

A BROKEN LIFE,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BARBARA'S AMBITION,
BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

HARLEY BROOKS,
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

One of these—that by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—will run through the entire year. The others will be shorter. If we have room, we shall give, over and above these, a copy-right novelet, which we have in hand, by MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are but fairly presented. *Be first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that your own copy need not be injured. *Do not lose a moment!*

OUR TITLE-PAGE FOR 1860.—As is our custom, at the close of each year, we give, in this number, a title-page to be bound up with the year's volume. It is, decidedly, the prettiest one we have ever issued. This being the "Ladies' *National* Magazine," we have had the national emblems designed for the top of the title-page. And as the *ladies* of America have just purchased the home of Washington, we have caused an engraving of Mt. Vernon to be placed at the bottom. The four landscapes at the sides represent Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn. In the centre is a child's face, copied from one of the most graceful of Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures. There are, so to speak, in this title-page, seven pictures in one.

CHRISTMAS EVE: BRINGING HOME THE HOLLY.—This beautiful plate represents a custom, almost universal in England, and beginning to be practiced in parts of the United States. Two children have been out, gathering holly, with which to adorn the rooms at home, and are sturdily plodding their way back, in spite of the heavy snow drifts. It is, we think, one of the most charming pictures we have ever published.

THE JANUARY NUMBER will be ready by the first of December, and will outshine anything, in the Magazine line, ever seen. Be early with your clubs!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Why cannot we Americans originate names for our towns less shocking than those that meet the ear on almost every train of cars. How monotonous it is, to hear, at each station, for miles, the cry of Holden! North Holden! East Holden! West Holden! Holden Centre! Holden Corner! South Holden! Holdenville! till we long to cry out, let the next Holding be holding your tongue.

Have we no originality? If not, let us call a council of Indians from some of the scattered tribes, and listen to their language for awhile. We should soon get names enough, breathing of poetry, tenderness, and truth, too.

There is hardly a name the Indians have given but is significant of some beautiful feature of nature, whose living pictures they have framed in thoughts so lustrous, that time can never tarnish, nor age destroy them. Compare Cayahoga, Cayuga, Wyoming, Oneida, with Bristol, Leeds, York, Birmingham. How majestic the former! how insignificant the latter. Our mountains, Wachusett, Holyoke, Menadux, Kittaning, Alleghany—do they not bear in their very sound evidences of their beauty and grandeur? And Juniata—sweet Juniata!—of what else can we think than a softly flowing and sparkling river meandering between banks of crimson and green—now blushing with their weight of flowers, now deliciously cool and dark, with the bending foliage and fringing grasses that border them?

Let us originate. Let us coin words that can be found in neither spelling-book or dictionary, rather than remain such serfs to custom. Let the points of the compass be upon court-houses and steeples; do not make them handles for our towns. If Mr. Tausey, or Mr. Poppy, build lots of houses on some tract of land and thus found a village, do not, we pray you, perpetuate those delightful cognomens by calling the place Poppyville, or Tauseytown, because it will only make you ridiculous. Step out of the common course a little, pay some regard to euphony—please the muses, and *make* a name that shall reflect credit upon your taste as an American, as well as your ingenuity and independence.

OUR BERLIN WOOL PATTERN.—This is not only one of the most elegant patterns ever published in a magazine, but is also adapted for an unusual variety of purposes. No other American periodical, it should be remembered, gives these colored Berlin patterns at all. In retail stores, in Philadelphia, a single pattern, like this, is sold for fifty cents. Yet we give it, and all the rest of the number, for about eighteen cents. Costly and beautiful as this pattern is, however, it is nothing to what the one in our January number will be, which will be printed in no less than twelve colors.

REFUND THE MONEY.—The Montezuma (Iowa) Register says:—"Peterson's Magazine is at hand, filled with the choicest matter. All its articles are eminently pure and chaste in tone and sentiment. Subscribe for Peterson, *and if at the close of the year you are not fully satisfied we will refund the money.*" When a disinterested journal makes such a promise as that, surely nobody can hesitate to take "Peterson" in preference to any other Magazine.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.—One of our engravings, this month, represents a children's party on Christmas Eve. Prominent in the fore-ground is a little fellow, as you see, who is determined to kiss the pretty girl he has caught under the mistletoe.

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WOMEN IN FRANCE.—A recent English writer speaks as follows as to the different treatment of woman in England and in France. His remarks will apply, in nearly as great force, to the United States. "Chivalry," he says, "originated first in the South of France, with all its complicated code of sentiments and customs, and left an indelible trace, not merely on the manners, but on the whole imagination of France. It is the feeling which lay at the root of French chivalry that still influences the position of women in France. They are highly esteemed in England, they deserve it; they have made their own position. But in France their society, independently of their merit, is indispensable. Few men past thirty years old will go habitually to a house except for the mistress of it. The French feeling is not gallantry, in the usual acceptance of the word; it is not the young and handsome only that are centres of society. The taste for woman's society and sympathy is universal, and beauties are exceptions. In England a woman's beauty and her virtues are what every man thinks of as the charm of his house. He talks with rapture of the woman who will nurse him and pour out his tea. In France you do not hear much about a woman's coffee. "*Est elle aimable*"—(*aimable* does not mean a virtue but an *agrement*)—"*a t-elle de l'esprit?*" is the second question, if not the first that every man asks. It does not mean anything wonderful; it means, *Has she the quick perception that seizes what is said and returns change for your thoughts?* Sociability, the love of conversing, is an absolute necessity. We know men who would rather live in extreme poverty in Paris than go away for a comfortable income; not from any love of its localities, but they are afraid of being *ennuyed* for want of the conversation they find in every *salon*. Why does a man prefer his club to a drawing-room where his lady presides? And why do men in Germany never go to one but by special invitation, with a supper to make it bearable? They are as fond of their home as the French, but they have less need of companionship in their wives. But whatever is the cause, the effect is certain; and in consequence of this preference for their society, the middle-aged and the old ladies have the same relative value, according to their intellectual merit, that men have. We never heard anybody in France call a man an old woman because he was a fool of a particular twaddling kind. Old women are thought quite as capable of wisdom as old men, and, in fact, they have more influence. We do not say that women are not duly appreciated in England. We have often been struck with the patronizing and also kindly manner with which a gentleman will go up to a lady, and endeavor to draw her out. But he does it from good feeling, and not all for his own satisfaction, so that she ought to be more obliged."

American gentlemen should ponder on this.

CLOAK PATTERNS FOR WINTER.—We give, in this number, four of the most fashionable patterns for cloaks, which have appeared this season in Paris. We are indebted for these to the firm of YARD, GILLMORE & Co., Chesnut above Sixth street, Philadelphia, dealers in silks and fancy goods, and importers of cloaks and mantillas. These patterns were engraved from the original drawings, made in Paris from cloaks just designed. We mention this fact to show how superior are our facilities for giving the fashions in advance. Messrs. YARD, GILLMORE & Co., are at the head of their business in Philadelphia, a city which is known, in Paris, as importing the most elegant goods sold for the United States market. This enterprising firm, we may add, are just moving into the most splendid store, of its kind, in this city, built expressly for them of white marble, after designs by J. McArthur, one of our best architects. It is nearly opposite their present location.

BUNYAN'S WIFE INTERCEDING FOR HIS RELEASE.—"Bunyan," said Macaulay, "is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists." "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been read by almost everybody. It has been translated into more languages than any book except the Bible. This wonderful work was written in prison, where Bunyan was confined for his religious opinions. During the twelve years of his incarceration, his chief solace, after his wife and child, was his pen. This wife was a remarkable woman. At every opportunity she besieged the judges for his relief, and even went up to the House of Lords in his behalf. The subject of our premium picture, for 1861, is one of those interviews with the judges. The engraving is of the largest size for framing, and contains nineteen figures, all executed in the highest style of art. In the foreground of this fine work is seen the undaunted wife pleading for her husband. Before her sits the haughty, intolerant judge; and around her scowls an angry mob; yet she pleads on, brave in her heroic woman's soul. No picture of equal merit has ever been offered for a premium. It would adorn any parlor in the land. It was engraved expressly for us, at an enormous cost. It cannot be had, therefore, except by getting up a club for "Peterson." So, if you wish this elegant engraving, send on a club!

BEST OF ITS CLASS.—The Aurora (Ind.) Commercial says: "Peterson's Magazine for November is received. It is a superior number. We regard Peterson as the best Magazine of its class for ladies." And this seems to be the universal voice of our exchanges.

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETS.—The Whitewater (Wis.) Register says that "Redman's Run" and "The Ruling Passion," are two of the most powerful and absorbing tales ever contributed to an American Magazine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Curiosities of Natural History. Second Series. By Francis T. Buckland, M. A. 1 *vol.* 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—The author of this volume, a son of the celebrated Dr. Buckland, is a surgeon in the British army, and is already favorably known as the author of a first series of "Curiosities of Natural History." Science has had few more accurate observers. Every man, it has been said, is born with a specialty; and that of Mr. Buckland is to note the habits of animals. To this faculty of observation, he joins that of graphic description. Hence, this work, as well as its predecessor, is deeply interesting. All of the articles are excellent, but that which fascinated us the most, and which, we think, will generally be best liked, is "A Hunt on the Sea Shore." Those portions of it, particularly, which discuss mermaids and mermen, will find eager readers. No one can have any proper idea of the sagacity of animals till he has perused a work like this. On the other hand, it is astonishing how many absurd stories have been handed down, from one generation to another, and believed in, which an accurate observer, such as Mr. Buckland, dispels

Cousin Harry. By Mrs. Grey. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It was a saying of the celebrated philosopher, historian, jurist, and statesman, Sir James Mackintosh, that he liked nothing better than to lie on the sofa, after dinner, and read a good love-story. Mrs. Grey, as a novelist, is a writer of love stories rather than of satires, and therefore would have been an author after Mackintosh's own heart. "Cousin Harry," the book now before us, is the latest of Mrs. Grey's productions, and, in some respects, is, we think, her best. The volume is reprinted, in excellent style, from the London edition.

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Poems. By Sarah Gould. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Perhaps the right way to judge of a poet's merit is to let him or her speak for himself or herself. We, therefore, select the following as one of the best poems in the volume before us: it is a sonnet addressed to "Pauline."

White-browed Anemones, daughters of the sun,
And blue-eyed violets, with the mignonette,
And pale, pink roses with the valley's pet,
The myrtle, iris, lily, every one,
Becomes a sweet interpreter of thee;
And as I list the voices of thy soul,
So soft and gentle, yet in their control
Strong and subduing, clearly do I see
The latent strength that slumbers in thy spirit,
Where lofty faith and aspirations high,
And holy loves keep closest company,
Building the Heaven predestined souls inherit.
Oh! the sweet influence of thy soul on mine
Is as an affluence of the most Divine.

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help" and "Life of George Stephenson." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—There are thirty-five biographical sketches in the volume before us. James Watt, Dr. Arnold, Hugh Miller, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thomas Carlyle, Francis Jeffrey, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sarah Margaret Fuller, and others, celebrated in literature or elsewhere, are the subjects. The biographies are tersely written, and bring out, with great skill, the select points in the characters of those whose life-story is narrated. A more useful contribution, of its kind, to practical human knowledge, has never fallen under our notice. Portraits of Watt, Arnold, Browning, Hawthorne, Leigh Hunt, and Gerald Massey, adorn the volume.

Over the Cliffs. By Charlotte Chanter. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this novel is said to be a sister of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Inferior in intellectual ability to the author of "Alton Locke," she is yet superior to most writers of her sex, and is not without some of her brother's mental characteristics. "Over the Cliffs" is really a very readable book. The scene of the story is laid partly in the west of England, and partly on the ocean. The incidents at sea, especially, are graphically depicted, we might say wonderfully so for a woman.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California. By Thomas H. Hittell. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Books of this character will always be popular. Men never tire of reading adventures "by flood and field." The career of James Capen Adams, however, seems to have been even more varied than is usual among men of his class.

Jack in the Forecastle; or, Incidents in the Early Life of Hawser Martingale. By the author of "Tales of the Ocean," "Salt Water Bubbles." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This work professes to be a faithful account of the adventures of the writer at sea, between the years 1809 and 1817; and it is quite as interesting, in its way, as the life of the western hunter, just noticed.

The Housekeeper's Encyclopedia. By Mrs. E. F. Haskell. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a work of very great merit. Many of the receipts are original, and all, that we have had tested, good. The author has gone minutely into many things, which, to experienced persons, may seem superfluous, but for which young housekeepers will thank her.

The Fairy Nightcaps. By the author of "Aunt Fanny's Stories." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A most excellent book for little folks, prettily illustrated and neatly printed.

The Parables of our Lord. By R. Chevenix Trench. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is an American edition, condensed from the English one, of a work well known, by reputation at least, to the religious public. Condensations and abridgements are generally dangerous experiments; but in this case, the task has been executed with such success, that Dean Trench himself cannot find fault with it: and the result will be to popularize a very excellent book, which, otherwise, would have remained too large and costly for the public in general.

Odd People. Being a popular description of singular races of Man. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This work has been published, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, under an arrangement with the author. For boys it will prove a book of absorbing interest. Among the subjects are "Bushmen," "The Man Eaters," "The Fuegian Dwarfs," "The Turcomans," and "The Centaurs."

First Greek Book. With Notes and Vocabularies. By Albert Harkness. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this volume is professor of Greek in Brown University. The work contains an outline of the forms and inflections of the language, a complete analytical syntax, and an introductory Greek reader.

The Little Nightcap Letters. By the author of "The Fairy Nightcaps." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A companion book to "The Fairy Nightcaps." Either, or both, would make nice Christmas gifts.

HORTICULTURAL.

AUTUMNAL AND WINTER ROSES.—The autumnal and winter roses are frequently divided into two classes: The perfectly hardy and hard-wooded kinds, of stiff and moderate growth; and the free-growing, softer-wooded sorts, tenderer in various degrees, according to constitution, comprising the noisettes, the Bourbons, the Chinese, the tea-scented, and the fairy or Laurenccan roses. Of the former, the Scotch perpetual is well known. A first-rate flower is the crimson perpetual, or rose-du-roi, perfect in form, full pink, finely scented; it requires cutting back freely every year, and highly manured soil, as do all the autumnals. The four-seasons rose is a bright, semi-double, fragrant flower, which deserves cultivation, as it will put forth blooms quite late in the fall.

Hybrid perpetuals are more in number than excellence. To open well, they must not be too double, and the petals must have a peculiar texture, otherwise they are stuck together by the dews and rain; and the blooms, instead of expanding, fall off in the shape of a mouldy ball. The Madame Laffay, and Prince Albert, both crimson, are good; Julie de Krudner and La Favorite, are delicate pink, fragrant and pretty. The Geant des Batailles, deep bright crimson; Comte Bobrinsky, vivid scarlet: Gloire de Rosomanes, velvety crimson scarlet: Comte de Montalivet, violet and red; Sir John Franklin, Gloire de la France, Baronne Hallez, Alexandrine Bachmeteff, Paul Duprez, Triomphe de Paris, and General Castellane, all rich crimson: Jules Margattin, and Lady Alice Peel, cherry-color. All these various sorts make an admirable appearance in a collection.

The Bourbon roses, derived from the original bright pink, semi-double Ile de Bourbon, are very persevering bloomers, with handsome foliage, and mostly of free growth. Among the esteemed sorts may be mentioned the Madame Desprez, double, pink, globular, in clusters, with very vigorous growth and of great hardihood—a very useful rose, either for a standard, a wall, or a pillar: Souvenir de Malmaison, a magnificent, flesh-colored, vigorous rose: and the Queen of the Bourbons, delicate pinky buff, double, and very fragrant.

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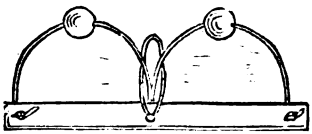
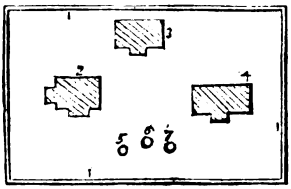
PARLOR PASTIMES.

THE STRING AND BALLS.—Get an oblong strip of wood or ivory, and bore three holes in it, as shown in the cut. Then take a piece of twine, passing the two ends through the holes at the extremities, fastening them with a knot, and



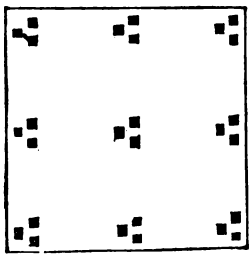
thread upon it two beads or rings, as depicted above. The puzzle is to get both beads on the same side, without removing the string from the holes, or untying the knots.

THE FOUNTAINS.—1 is a wall, 2, 3, 4, three houses, and 5, 6, 7, three fountains or canals. It is required to bring the



water from 5 to 4, from 7 to 2, and from 6 to 3, without one crossing the other, or passing outside of the wall 1.

THE NUNS. Twenty-four nuns were arranged in a convent by night by a sister, to count nine each way, as in the diagram. Four of them went out for a walk by moonlight. How were the remainder placed in the square so as still to count nine each way? The four who went out returned,



bringing with them four friends; how were they all placed still to count nine each way, and thus to deceive the sister as to whether there were twenty, twenty-four, twenty-eight, or thirty-two in the square?

ART RECREATIONS.

J. E. TILTON & CO., 161 Washington street, Boston, publish, for Grecian and Antique Painting, the following elegant Pictures, which we send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. New Pictures constantly being published. Each are prepared on suitable paper, with tints, &c.; and full directions to paint, to mix each color, frame, &c., without extra charge. There are no other publishers of such pictures, nor can any other pictures be made to so fully resemble a canvas oil painting, or remain perfect as these. The coarse and cheap pictures are not suitable, and disgust people of taste with these beautiful arts.

	Size of Plate, beside margin.	Price.
On the Prairie, very fine, - - - - -	19 by 27,	$2,00
Mary Dow, companion to Barefoot Boy, -	16 by 22,	60
The Barefoot Boy, companion to Mary Dow,	16 by 22,	60
The Rector's Ward, - - - - - -	19 by 25,	1,00
The Marriage of John Alden, in the "Courtship of Miles Standish," - - - - -	14 by 17,	1,50
The Virgin and Child, the celebrated Madonna della Scala, by Correggio, - -	16 by 22,	1,00
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Hiawatha's Wooing, from Longfellow, -	14 by 18,	1,50
The Farm Yard, by Herring, companion to Hiawatha's Wooing, - - - - -	13 by 19,	1,50
The Jews-Harp Lesson, by Brunet, - -	9 by 11,	60
The Little Bird, by Brunet, - - - -	9 by 11,	60
Les Orphelines, copy from celebrated painting, - - - - - - - - - -	9 by 11,	1,00

They are the originators of the several most popular new styles of painting, and publishers of the new book, ART RECREATIONS. The careful experience of several years is given in this book, with that of Professor Day, the pioneer teacher, who has successfully taught in Europe and the best seminaries in New England.

Its value to teachers will be obvious, and to those living at a great distance, for it gives instructions how to make all materials used, valuable receipts, &c. Some of the branches taught are

Pencil Drawing, Oil Painting, Crayon Drawing and Painting, Paper Flowers, Moss-Work, Papier Mache, Cone-Work, Feather Flowers, Hair-Work, Potichomanie, Leather-Work, Theorem Painting, Gilding and Bronzing, Taxidermy, or the Art of Preserving Birds, Grecian Painting, Antique Painting, Oriental Painting, Wax Flowers, from the crude wax, to the beautiful and perfect flower, fruit, &c., Sign Painting, Shell Work, Painting on Ground Glass, Magic Lantern, Imitation of Pearl, Sealing-Wax Painting, Panorama Painting, Embroidery, Coloring Photographs, Water-Coloring, the Aquarium, &c., &c.

The work is elegantly illustrated, large 12 mo. Price $1,50. This and all our pictures and books sent, post-paid, by mail.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, ETC.

A Remedy for Sleeplessness.—How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of great importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, mansion or cottage, and may minister to the comfort of thousands, who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Tincture for the Teeth.—Take of Florentine iris root eight ounces, bruised cloves one ounce, ambergris one scruple. Bruise the root, and put the whole ingredients into a glass bottle, with a quart of rectified spirits of wine. Cork close, and agitate it once a day for a fortnight, keeping it in a warm place. About a tea-spoonful is sufficient at a time; in this a soft tooth-brush should be dipped, and then worked into a lather on the teeth and gums. It cleanses the teeth, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Apply the tincture in the morning, and before retiring to rest.

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Diarrhœa.—The first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels is absolute quietude on a bed. Nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice may be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step taken in diarrhœa, every spoonful of liquid only aggravates the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woolen flannel bound tightly round the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front, and kept well in its place. In the practice of many years we have never failed to notice a gratifying result to follow these observances.

Bunions may be checked in their early development by binding the joint with adhesive plaster, and keeping it on as long as any uneasiness is felt. The bandaging should be perfect, and it might be well to extend it round the foot. An inflamed bunion should be poulticed, and larger shoes be worn. Iodine, twelve grains, lard or spermaceti ointment half an ounce, makes a capital ointment for bunions. It should be rubbed on gently twice or thrice a day. Enlarged joints should be rubbed thrice a day with common salad oil, care being taken at the same time, not to strain or over-tax the feet by too great or too frequent exercise. Slippers, and *loose* ones, should invariably be worn. On no account have tight-fitting shoes, slippers, or boots.

Chilblain Liniment.—One ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, half an ounce of liquid subacetate of lead: mix and apply in the usual way three or four times a day. Some persons use vinegar as a preventive; its efficacy might be increased by the addition to the vinegar of one-fourth of its quantity of camphorated spirit.

The Best Remedy for Chapped Hands.—Rub a little glycerine (which can be bought at any chemist's), upon your hands at night, and wear gloves in bed.

THE TOILET.

Chapped Hands are usually the result of cold, and though not so serious as chilblains, are very detrimental to delicate hands. They leave the true skin, which is acutely sensible, bare, raw, and sore; and thus cause irritation and inflammation. This may alike occur from the summer's heat as the cold of winter; and equally attack the lips, face, and hands, or any other part exposed to heat or cold. For the cure of chapped hands, take three drachms of bole ammoniac; three drachms of myrrh, and a drachm of white lead. Incorporate these with a sufficient quantity of goose-grease; and with this anoint the parts affected; and wear worsted gloves; or, take myrrh, one ounce, litharge, one drachm, honey, four ounces, yellow wax, two ounces, oil of roses, six ounces. Mix the whole in one well blended mass for use. When the hands are chapped, avoid putting them in water. To whiten the hands, and preserve them from being chapped, rub them with a tallow candle before retiring, and wear a pair of gloves through the night.

To Make Eau de Cologne.—Take half an ounce of oil of sweet marjoram, half an ounce of oil of thyme, half an ounce of essence of violets, half an ounce of essence of carnations, six drops of oil of cinnamon. Mix all these articles together in a clean bottle, shake it well and cork tightly. It improves by keeping.

For Removing Scurf from the Head.—Take two ounces of castor oil, six ounces of olive oil, and an ounce and a half of tincture of cantharides; mix it well, and add two drachms of essence of bergamot, to render it agreeable. *Or*—Mix equal quantities of rum and oil, and use it like oil alone.

Hair Oils, &c.—When used moderately, oils, ointments, &c., tend to strengthen the hair, especially when it is naturally dry. When used in excess, however, they clog the pores, prevent the escape of the natural secretions, and cause the hair to wither and fall off. The varieties of "Oils," "Greases," "Ointments," rivaling each other in their high-sounding pretensions, which are daily imposed upon public credulity, are interminable. We add one or two of the most simple. *For Thickening the Hair.*—To one ounce of Palma Christi oil, add a sufficient quantity of bergamot or lavender to scent it. Apply it to the parts where it is most needed, brushing it well into the hair. *An Ointment for the Hair.*—Mix two ounces of bear's grease, half an ounce of honey, one drachm of laudanum, three drachms of the powder of southernwood, three drachms of the balsam of Peru, one and a half drachms of the ashes of the roots of bulrushes, and a small quantity of the oil of sweet almonds.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Choice and Management of Tooth-Brushes.—After the general care required by the teeth themselves, there is no article of personal comfort and cleanliness demanding greater nicety of choice and management than the tooth-brush employed in our daily toilet. In the choice, that brush should be selected which is the finest and softest, and has the bristles the most evenly and closely set; and in the management, all that will be required to preserve it in an admirable condition for the gums and teeth will be, after using, to immerse it in a tumbler of clear water twice, pressing the bristles against the side of the glass to wash out the powder, and then gently rubbing quite dry over a cloth stretched tightly over the fore-finger. This manipulation requires a moment or two in the execution, and if once adopted will not fail to be constantly employed.

Rice Flour Cement.—An excellent cement may be made from rice flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which afford much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster clay, models, busts, bas relievos, &c., may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish, and very durable.

To Clean Silk.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned:—Quarter of a pound of honey; quarter of a pound of soft soap; two wine-glasses of gin; three gills of boiling water. Mix and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold, soft water; hang it up to drain; and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

To Remove the Smell of Paint from a Room.—Place a vessel full of lighted charcoal in the middle of the room, and throw on it two or three handfuls of juniper berries; shut the windows, the chimney, and the door close. Twenty-four hours afterward the room may be opened, when it will be found that the sickly, unwholesome smell will be entirely gone. The smoke of the juniper berry possesses this advantage, that should anything be left in the room, such as tapestry, &c., none of it will be injured. Having seen this tried, we can guarantee its efficacy.

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To Fill a Decayed Tooth.—The following plan has been recommended to us by one who has tested its efficacy:—Procure a small piece of gutta-percha, drop it into boiling water, then, with the thumb and finger take off as much as you suppose will fill up the tooth nearly level, and while in this soft state press it into the tooth; then hold on that side of the mouth cold water two or three times, which will harden it.

To Remove Rust from Iron.—Pound glass to a fine powder; having nailed some strong woolen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum-water, and sift thereon some of the powdered glass: let it dry; repeat this operation three times, and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from iron with the cloth thus prepared.

Washing.—A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen, cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one-half the labor, and saving full one-half of soap. The clothes will be improved in color equally as if they were bleached.

Fluid Ink.—Ink may be rendered fluid by putting into the ink-stand a small quantity, about the size of a pin's head, of prepared ox-galls, which may be purchased at any artists' color shop.

RECEIPTS FOR GAME.

Game Puddings.—Game of any description can be made into puddings, and when partly boned, well spiced, with minced truffle or mushroom, mace, and a clove of garlic, and boiled within a light paste, they are very rich, and the paste particularly fine, as it absorbs so much of the gravy; but the boiling deprives the game of much of its high flavor, and a woodcock or a snipe should never be so dressed, as they lose all the savor of the trail.

Or:—Make a batter with flour, milk, eggs, pepper, and salt; pour a little into the bottom of a pudding-dish; then put seasoned poultry or game of any kind into it, and a little shred onion; pour the remainder of the batter over, and bake in a slow oven.

A single chicken, partridge, or pigeon may be thus made into a dumpling:—Stuff it with chopped oysters, lay it on its back in the paste, and put a bit of butter rolled in flour on the breast; close the paste in the form of a dumpling, put it into hot water, and let it boil for two hours.

Game ought not to be thrown away even when it has been kept a very long time; for when it seems to be spoiled, it may often be made fit for eating by nicely cleaning it, and washing with vinegar and water. If there is danger of birds not keeping, draw, crop, and pick them: then wash in two or three waters, and rub them with salt. Have ready a large saucepan of boiling water, and plunge them into it one by one, drawing them up and down by the legs, that the water may pass through them. Let them stay in it five or six minutes; then hang them up in a cold place. When drained, pepper and salt the inside well. By this method the most delicate birds may be preserved. Before roasting, wash them well. But, as a general rule, no game should be washed, for one half the game that is sent to table is spoiled, by being saturated in water.

In *dressing Game* be careful to keep a clear fire. Let it be done of a bright brown, but not much roasted, or the fine flavor will be destroyed. It requires to be continually basted, and to be sent up beautifully frothed. Wild-fowl take a much shorter time than domestic poultry.

The following will give pretty nearly the time required for roasting the several birds:—Wild ducks quarter of an hour, widgeons the same, pheasants half of an hour, grouse three-quarters of an hour, quails ten minutes, woodcocks twenty minutes, partridges from twenty to twenty-five minutes. A hare will take an hour; the hind part requires most heat, and that should be attended to, as it commonly happens that the thick part of the thigh is underdone, as well as the shoulders. The blood stagnated round the neck and shoulders is not easily removed: to do this, put these parts into a pan of lukewarm water, and prick them with a skewer; before dressing, rub and squeeze it out.

To take off the fishy taste which wild-fowl sometimes have, put an onion, salt, and hot water into the dripping-pan, and baste them for the first ten minutes with this; then take away the pan, and baste constantly with butter.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Exeter Pudding.—Put in a proper sized basin ten ounces of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of sago, seven ounces of suet, chopped fine, six ounces of moist sugar, the peel of half a lemon, grated, a quarter of a pint of rum, and four eggs. Stir for a few minutes with a spoon, add three more eggs, and four tablespoonfuls of clouted cream. Mix well. It is then ready to fill the mould. Butter the mould well, put in a handful of bread crumbs, and have ready six penny sponge cakes, two ounces of ratifias, and half a pound of any jam you like. Cover the bottom of the mould with a layer of ratifias, just cover them with a layer of the mixture, cut the sponge-cakes lengthways, spread thickly each piece with jam, put a layer in the mould, then a few ratifias, afterward some of the mixture, and so on, until the mould is full, taking care that a layer of the mixture is on the top of the pudding. It will take about forty minutes baking. The sauce—Put in a small stewpan three tablespoonfuls of black currant jelly, and two glasses of sherry; warm on the fire and pour over the pudding, and serve hot.

Whipt Syllabubs.—Stir gently one pint of scalded cream the same way until it becomes smooth and thick, but not to let it curdle, then add, while stirring, four ounces of loaf sugar, rolled and sifted, the grated rind of one lemon, and the juice of two, two glasses of sherry wine, and, finally, the whites of three eggs beaten to a high froth with a small pine whisk. Fill your glasses, and, having left some syllabub in your bowl to raise the requisite froth for the tops of your filled glasses, begin and whisk it well, taking off every bubble, as it rises, with a teaspoon, placing it on the glass, and continuing to raise a pyramid of bubbles on each till enough to complete the light appearance. Syllabubs should be always made the day before they are to be eaten, and form a very pretty addition to the supper-table.

Spinach.—The leaves of the spinach should be picked from the stems; it should then be well washed in clean, cold water, until the whole of the dirt and grit is removed; three or four waters should be employed, it will not otherwise be got thoroughly clean; let it drain in a sieve, or shake it in a cloth, to remove the clinging water. Place it in a saucepan with boiling water, there should be very little, it will be done in ten minutes; squeeze out the water, chop the spinach finely, seasoning well with pepper and salt; pour three or four large spoonfuls of gravy over it, place it before the fire, until much of the moisture has evaporated, and then serve.

To Make Marmalade.—Take one dozen Seville oranges, half a dozen sweet ones, and two lemons. Halve and quarter the bitter ones, squeeze the juice, and then scrape the pulp out of the skin; then squeeze the juice out of the half dozen sweet ones, also out of the lemons. Put the peel of the bitter ones in salt and water all night; boil them until you can run a straw through them, changing the water four times, then take them out and lay them on a sieve to drain. After that, scrape the loose strings out and cut them in small slices. Weigh all together, and add their weight and a half of lump sugar, and boil twenty-five minutes. Put it in small glasses, and cover with brandy papers.

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Ice Pudding.—Take a sponge-cake, cut it into slices, pour one pint of custard over it, line your mould with orange candied peel. With each layer of cake put a few raisins and chopped almonds, tie it down, and boil or steam it one hour and a half. Whip half a pint of cream and pour over it just before going to the table.

Orange Sponge.—Boil two ounces and a half of isinglass in half a pint of water, strain it when lukewarm, add the juice of eight oranges to it, and the juice of one lemon, sweeten it to the taste. Whisk it one hour, then put it in your mould; let it stand twelve hours.

Mock Ice.—Boil a quarter of a pound of isinglass in a cup of water, strain it when cold. Cut the sediment from the bottom, dissolve it, and put to it a pint of cream, sweeten with strawberry jam. Simmer it altogether, and put it into a mould.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. I.—Walking Dress of blue Silk.—The cloak is of blue velvet, and is cut to fit the figure loosely. It has a small berthe cape, and large, loose sleeves; and is embroidered around the sleeves, pockets, cape, and up the sides in silk. Bonnet of blue velvet.

Fig. II.—Dress of Magenta colored Silk.—Cloak of black silk, with very large, loose sleeves. The skirt of the cloak is put in quite full to yoke, and it is trimmed with a puffing of silk. Bonnet of Magenta colored silk, with a white plume. The front trimming and cap strings are ornamented in gold.

Fig. III.—Lady Washington Cloak of black Velvet, trimmed with *passementerie.*

Fig. IV.—The Matilda Cloak of black Silk, ornamented with buttons and galoon.

Fig. V.—The Victor Cloak for the carriage, of black velvet, trimmed with fur.

Fig. VI.—The Dresden Cloak of very heavy cloth, of an entirely new style.

Fig. VII.—Large Ermine Cape.

Fig. VIII.—Hood of Quilted Silk, with a fur border.

Fig. IX.—Hood of black Velvet, faced with a quilted silk border, trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. These hoods are particularly comfortable for sleighing or riding in the country.

We give also engravings of various new styles of capes, chemisettes, sleeves, &c., which it is not necessary to describe.

General Remarks.—Dresses for the house have the skirts long, extremely wide at the bottom, this width being reduced at the top by the breadths being gored; the fullness is set into the waist in large, hollow plaits; this refers equally to silks, poplins, mohairs, and all the more substantial materials. For silk dresses, narrow flounces are fashionable, either trimmed with narrow black lace or the edges pinked. Deep fullings of silk divided into puffings by straps of narrow black velvet, is also a very stylish trimming. Fluting is also very much employed on the skirts, sleeves, and bodies of dresses. The extent to which it is used is quite remarkable, and its variety in width, in application, endless. This fluting is made by putting on a trimming of silk or velvet in deep box plaits, which are caught at the bottom of and fastened by a stitch. This gives the fluted appearance to the trimming. In Paris there have been a good many silk dresses made in the following style:—At the bottom of the skirt one broad flounce, cut the bias way, and surmounted by a narrow flounce forming a heading to the broad one. Both flounces are cut out at the edges, and a second jupe, finished with a hem, descends just to the top of the narrow flounce. A broad ceinture of silk the same as the dress, and with fringed ends, is fastened on one side of the waist, the ends flowing over the skirt. Another favorite style of trimming for silk dresses consists of a broad band of velvet, the color of the silk placed quite at the edge of the skirt.

Flounces will be the ornament mostly used on silk dresses; either several narrow ones to the knee, or one larger surmounted by narrower ones, or by a trimming.

Large Buttons, called macarons, surrounded with lace, are in great favor as ornaments for redingotes, or a simple style of dress.

Passementerie, which has so long played an important part in toilettes, will continue so to do; it is much employed both for robes and mantelets.

Bodies of dresses are made high and generally closed to the throat, though those made slightly open in front are becoming more popular; these last have pieces like the lappels of a coat turned back: sometimes these lappels or *revers* are of the same material as the dress, and sometimes of velvet. Waists of nearly all dresses, except evening dresses, are made round, and have narrow belts and clasps, or a sash of the same material as the dress. Wide, open sleeves are still worn, but they are narrower at the top than the sleeves of last winter. Some tight sleeves have also made their appearance again; but for close sleeves, those puffed from the shoulder to the wrist are preferred, though some have been made tight to the elbow, with three puffings above.

Zouave Jackets are in vogue this winter. Their smart appearance and great convenience are strong recommendations in their favor. They will be slightly wadded.

White Dresses are very popular for evening wear, this winter, and they are very much trimmed with black velvet, silk, or lace. Coral ornaments are very much worn with these dresses.

Paletots, or loose sacques, made long, with a collar and wide sleeves, are considered the most fashionable. Some are made in a mixture of cotton and wool, and, with pockets, have a smart appearance. Gray, trimmed with a ribbon, and with large buttons of the same color, is a favorite. Those in black silks are more dressy. They are either plain or finished with a guipure passementerie, or a quilling of ribbon. We have noticed some with an insertion of guipure all round, and a white ribbon passed under it. The fronts and seams were stitched with white. The contrast is rather violent, and to some tastes may not be acceptable. Its originality is, perhaps, its principal recommendation. The buttons with which these paletots are ornamented have a white figure in the centre on a black ground.

Bonnets are made somewhat more round in front, and have a great deal of gold in the trimmings.

Nets are still worn both in neglige and full dress. Some have every mesh covered by a little gold star; others are entirely of gold with a small coronet of *pompons* forming a bandeau; and others again are made of large cords of silk. A beautiful net made lately to wear with a white dress trimmed with daisies, had the meshes composed of very small daisies.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Child's Dress, a very pretty and new pattern. (See page 473.)

Fig. II.—Child's Coat, extremely suitable for the season. (See page 473.)

General Remarks.—A very pretty out-door dress, just completed for a little girl, consists of a frock and large, round pelerine of dark-blue poplin. The skirt and the edge of the pelerine are trimmed with several rows of black velvet, the lowest row being much wider than those above it. The hat with the brim turned up is composed of black velvet, and ornamented with a feather. The collar, chemisette, and under-sleeves consist of worked muslin, and the trousers are edged with needle-work.

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